ROANOKE BEACON.

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HOPE'S DREAMING.

I know it's coming, coming,
But the sails seem far away,
My ship—sweet ship of love for me;
I know it's speeding swiftly
To the light of dawning day,
My ship—sweet ship on life's dark sea.

Soon I'll feel the pressing
Of a soft, caressing kiss,
From lips—sweet lips of love for me;
Soon I will be resting
In the arms of endless bliss,
With love—sweet love that is to be.

The heart that's weeping, weeping,
Will smile through changing tears,
When day—sweet day of love shall break
The soul that's sorrow burdened,
When the music sweet it hears,
Will sing—will sing for dear love's sake.

—Edward N. Woods, in Atlanta Constitution.

The Hitch in the System.

CHARLIE NELthrope was a prig of the first water. He looked at all things and discussed all things from a supremely priggish point of view, but no subject displayed his priggishness to such advantage—or shall I say disadvantage—as the subject of women. On that subject he "held himself an indisputable authority." There was no reason why he should, for he was young as yet, and had really had no special experience of the opposite sex, but your full-blown, typical prig generally rises superior to such a secondary consideration as reason. Charlie rose superior to it and would expound his views and theories at as great length and with as much assurance as if he had devoted a long life and highly cultured intellect to the study of that particular hieroglyphic which is called woman.

He was a great believer in what he called "systematic training." That is to say, he considered women ought to be treated according to a certain system that he had evolved from his inner consciousness. The beauty of the system in his eyes was the fact that it required no modifications, but might with safety be rigorously enforced in every case. It could not fail.

Charlie was the lucky possessor of an unencumbered estate with a very considerable rent roll, and he intended to find a woman who loved him for what he was, without a though for what he had, and who would have shared a mud hut or a garret with him just as gladly as she would share his fine old place in Yorkshire. When he had found her he meant to train her on his infallible system. That was his programme, and it never occurred to him to distrust his powers of carrying it out. His belief in himself was absolute, and the infallibility of his reasoning and judgment a thing that, to his mind, did not admit of the slightest shadow of a doubt.

Eva Carrington, the bride-elect, was a beauty.

A softly-tinted skin, satin-smooth and veined like the petal of a rose; fair, fluffy hair that shone golden bright in the sunlight; clear, smiling eyes of Heaven's own blue, and innocent rosy lips that looked just made for the first kiss of love, were all blended together in a dainty and most fascinating whole. Her manner was childishly fresh and simple, and men found her altogether delightful. Women had their doubts of her—doubts that were principally due to the childlike manner aforesaid, and to a certain pretty trick of looking quickly up and then down with those great innocent eyes of hers—but women, of course, are invariably spiteful and unfair towards their own sex. Men, as we all know, have the monopoly of just and generous judgment.

Well, Eva's soft blue eyes and bright little ways wrought dire destruction in the ranks of the stronger sex, but she appeared quite unconscious of her power, or indifferent to it. To all intents and purposes she was completely wrapped up in the man she had promised to marry. His will was her law, and to please him the chief object of her life. In short, his programme seemed in a fair way to be carried out.

Her total submission delighted him, and he took every advantage of it. It was not in him to show generosity to a woman, or, indeed, to anything he thought weaker than himself. He was the sort of man who is brutal to his dogs and horses, and overbearing to his servants—who, in short, tyrannizes whenever he can do so without fear of retaliation. His nature asserted itself in his dealings with the woman he loved, and he took the keenest possible pleasure in trading on her forbearance, taxing her endurance to the utmost, and showing off her pliant will and obedient temper to the world at large. It was all a part of the system that could not fail.

Ninety-nine women out of a hundred would have torn the system to shreds and scattered it to the four winds of heaven. Eva Carrington was the hundredth woman. She submitted to everything with the most remarkable patience, and no word of complaint or reproach ever passed her lips.

But after a time she grew quieter, and her bright spirits seemed to flag. Her merry girlish laughter was not nearly so ready as it had been six months ago, and the corners of her pretty mouth began to droop with a wistful expression that was pathetic enough to touch the hardest of masculine hearts.

Charlie's friends all noticed the change, and commented upon it among themselves, and applied to him a varied selection of opprobrious epithets. Lord Dolly Dashwood displayed a surprising amount of fluency on the subject. "Beastly cad. No idea how to treat a woman. Ought to be horsewhipped, don't you know. Shall have to cut him, by Jove! Can't stand this sort of thing, you know. Beyond a joke."

Thus said his lordship, and a good deal more that would not look well on paper.

Charlie went on giving his petty arrogance full play, until, as was only to be expected, things came to a crisis. The wonder was they had not done so long before.

On the occasion of Lady Brown-Jones's ball he went the length of forbidding his fiancee to dance round dances with any one but himself, and, though she received his commands without a murmur, her soul rose in passionate revolt against his tyranny. This last test that he had devised seemed to her the worst of all. As a matter of fact, she had submitted patiently to far harder ones; but we all know the feminine capacity for swallowing a camel and straining at a gnat, and Eva was no less inconsequent than the rest of her sex. The gnat stuck in her throat and obstinately refused to be dislodged. There always must be a last straw, and this was it.

When the ball was half over Lord Dolly put in an appearance, and at that moment Eva happened to be sitting quite alone, Charlie had left her for a minute or two to speak to a friend, and she was looking wistfully at the maze of couples that revolved before her. Lord Dolly made straight for her.

"Not dancing, Miss Carrington! Luck for me, by Jove! Ripping waltz, this. Have a turn?"

He stuck out his elbow invitingly, but Eva turned away, biting her lip.

"No, thank you!" she answered, in a low tone, "I can't dance with you, Lord Dolly."

"Can't?" echoed his lordship. "How's that? What's up? Not ill, are you? Not cross with me—eh?"

Eva shook her head.

"No, I am not ill or cross, but—but I have promised Charlie only to waltz with him. He doesn't like to see me waltzing with other men."

Lord Dolly choked down a forcible but inelegant remark, cleared his throat violently, and ran his fingers through his hair. The two latter proceedings were signs of severe mental disturbance.

There was a slight pause.

"And he dances so awfully badly," Eva went on, with a queer little catch in her breath. "He can't waltz a bit—not a little wee bit. He—holds you all wrong."

Her voice quivered and broke on the last word, and she looked up at the man by her side with great tearful eyes, like forget-me-nots drowned in dew.

That look finished it. Lord Dolly was only a man.

"Beastly shame!" he said, hurriedly. "Come with me. Nice and quiet out on the veranda. A fellow can talk there, don't you know. Come along!"

And Eva went.

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Charlie Nelthorpe was bristling with outraged pride and wounded self-esteem when he went to pay his customary visit to Eva on the day following Lady Brown-Jones's ball. The fact that Eva could forget herself and the respect that was due to him so far as to sit on the veranda with Lord Dolly for half an hour had been a severe blow to him, and he had not yet recovered from the shock. He had refrained from commenting upon her conduct at the time, but now he meant to take it out of her and reduce her to the state of abject penitence that he considered befitting the occasion.

She was reading when he went into the room, but she laid her book aside at once.

"Oh, Charlie, is that you?"

Charlie frowned.

"How often have I told you, my dear Eva, that a self-evident fact requires no asserting?" he asked in his most dogmatic tone.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"How often? Oh, I don't know. A hundred times, I dare say. You look cross, Charlie."

Charlie frowned again. There was an intangible something in Eva's tone and manner that was not wont to be there. Something that he could neither define nor understand, though he felt it instinctively.

"I am not cross, Eva, but I am grieved—grieved beyond measure. Your conduct last night caused me acute pain, the more so as you expressed no regret for it. But I hope you are in a better frame of mind today, and ready to say you are sorry for what you did. Until you have done so I really don't feel that I can kiss you."

Charlie fully expected that this stupendous threat would reduce Eva to the lowest depths of despair and bring her, figuratively speaking to her knees; but for once he was out in his calculations. She drew up her slender figure and pursed up her rosy lips with an air that made him feel vaguely uneasy. Was it possible, he wondered, that she intended to defy him? Yes. Her next words proved that it was so.

"I am not sorry," she said, "not a bit. I am glad. I would do it again."

Charlie gasped. The situation was so unlooked for that he could not rise to it all at once.

"As for kissing me," Eva went on, with a little disdainful moue, "well, you will never have the chance of doing that again, so you need not excite yourself."

Charlie found his voice then.

"You are talking at random now, Eva," he said severely, "a bad habit against which I have always warned you. Will you be kind enough to explain yourself?"

Eva tilted her small nose in the air, and a horrible doubt suddenly assailed him. Was there—could there be a hitch in the infallible system after all? The thought appalled him.

"Oh, certainly," Eva answered, "I can do it in a very few words. Lord Dolly proposed to me last night, and I accepted him."

Charlie gasped again.

"But you are engaged to me," he ejaculated. "You must be mad. You can't seriously contemplate throwing me over for Dolly Dashwood? The thing's impossible!"

She looked at him and smiled.

"Incredible as it may seem to you, I do contemplate it."

"But—but—but," stammered Charlie, "this is very—er—extraordinary behavior on your part, Eva. Are you aware that you propose to treat me in a most dishonorable way, and—and—er—in short, very badly?"

Her face grew grave.

"I should be sorry to do that," she said, more gently. "I—I don't want to be dishonorable, or to treat you badly, Charlie. But I am only human, and no one but myself knows what I have gone through in the last few months. You have tried me too hard. I was very fond of you at one time, and if you had treated me fairly I should have been fond of you still. But you would wear out a saint—and I am only a woman. I don't think Lord Dolly will be hard on me. He may not be very brilliant, but at all events he is a man—the sort of man we call a gentleman—and knows how to be generous even to such an altogether inferior creature as a mere woman."

She paused and looked critically at her rejected lover, who now presented a truly pitiable appearance, with all the starch taken out of him and a general air of limp depression pervading his being.

"That is all," she went on presently. "But before you go there is one thing that I should like to impress upon you for future guidance: It is always worth a man's while to be just and fair—even to a women."

She paused again and contemplated him her big blue eyes, but he said nothing. He was too bewildered to speak. It seemed to him that all the laws of creation were reversed and the whole scheme of the universe turned upside down.

There was a hitch in the system somewhere.

It had failed!—London Truth.

The Horse's Ancestors.

The horse made its appearance in Eocene times. The earliest remains, states Stephen Bowers in a recent account of the remarkable early animals, are known as eohippus, or dawn horse. Then, in the next succeeding age, the Miocene, we have mesohippus, and toward its close miohippus. After this came protohippus and pliohippus, both in the pliocene period, and equis in quarternary times. The early forms were not larger than a fox, and what is more singular still, they had in front four perfect toes and three behind. This was especially true of Orohippus. In eohippus, or dawn horse, there are rudiments of a fifth toe. In mesohippus the fourth toe is wanting, except a small splint bone, which is not found in protohippus. In pilohyppus but one toe is found, which is slightly split, and a small splint bone, which is found on each side of the leg, as in the modern horse. Equus, or miohippus were about the size of a sheep, and protohippus was about the size of an ass. The geological records includes the remains of forty species, some of the latter rivaling the horse of to-day.—Atlanta Journal.

A Boy Starts a Chain of Tragedies.

The passion for bird's-nesting has led to a lamentable and remarkable trapedy at Argenteuil. A lad named Henri Fouquet, a farmer's son, noticed a blackbird's nest in a tree in a neighbor's garden. Getting into the garden through a hedge, he climbed the tree, when the proprietor of the place challenged him. It was night, and the young fellow, being afraid to reveal himself, kept perfectly still, whereupon his challenger fired two shots from a revolver at him in rapid succession. The lad fell mortally wounded, and was carried to a hospital. The father, on seeing his dying son there, was almost mad with grief. Rushing home, he said to his wife: "Run to the hospital if you want to see the youngster alive." The wretched woman did as she was bidden, and the son expired in her arms. On returning home another terrible shock awaited her. Her husband had hanged himself. She rushed toward the river with the intention of drowning herself, but some neighbors ran after her and restrained her. It is feared that her reason is gone.—London News.

A Spud in His Pocket.

"I wonder if that potato would grow?"

The speaker stood on the postoffice steps, and was addressing a friend. He held in his hand a round, spongy substance, not much larger than a marble, which seemed to be withered by age.

"If it did grow it would raise very small potatoes. Is that your contribution to our beautiful city charity of raising food for the unemployed?"

"No; that is my cure for rheumatism. I used to be a sufferer from that complaint, and I tried all the usual remedies, but nothing ever helped me like this potato. When it loses its virtue I shall get another one. I have never had a twinge of rheumatism since I tried the potato cure."

"The faith cure, you mean," said his friend as they walked off together. —Detroit Free Press.

LADIES' COLUMN

MODEST UNTO DEATH.

Advices just received from India show that the modesty of the Hindoo female is as great as that of the heroine who figures in the delightful French idyll called "Paul and Virginia." A house at Pema, a village near Tikara, caught fire the other day. Within it were eleven women, one a newly married bride. The latter, not willing to expose herself to the public gaze, declined to leave the place, and the rest resolved to stay with her. The consequence was that all were fearfully scorched before they could be rescued. Seven of them have since died, and the others are lying in a precarious state.—New York Advertiser.

NEW EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

A new employment for women has been opened by the Bank of England, which has for the first time this year found work for six lady clerks—work that their quick fingers and thorough accuracy enable them to perform with great skill. Their duties are to count and compare the bank notes which, having been in circulation, return to the bank never to be reissued. Lady clerks were employed in Messrs. Barings' office four or five years ago, where they were required to count over the dividend warrants and compare them with the counterfoils issued for interest warrants of foreign loans paid by the house.—New York Times.

MORAL: DON'T CURL.

A pretty lady cashier, with hair that does not like to curl, a pair of curling tongs, a spirit lamp, a lace curtain, and various articles of feminine wearing apparel, came near causing a disastrous fire in the great Auditorium Hotel in Chicago a day or two since. Fortunately, the pretty cashier was possessed of presence of mind, and pluck, as well as of hair that refuses to stay in curl, and instead of screaming fire, and starting a panic, she quietly went about extinguishing the fire, or a great deal of damage might have been done. As it was, only a few of her clothes were consumed, and some damage was inflicted on the furniture of the room where the recalcitrant hair was being reduced to order.—New Orleans Picayune.

THAT SAGGING DRESS.

Even the plan of using fancy pins to hold the skirt and belt together at the back, does not work always satisfactorily. A very pretty woman has a number of belts that completely overcome the skirt difficulty. The belts do not always match the skirts by any means. She usually has a stock and belt to match, however. The belts are made either of muslin, linen, silk or ribbon, and in the middle of the back a piece of the belt ribbon is ruffled on to the lower edge of the belt for about three inches each side of the point exactly marking the centre of the back of the belt. This can be caught to the skirt at the corners with a couple of pins, and not only conceals the entire strip where the skirt sags and shows the dress belt under that of ribbon, but it was rather ornamental as well, and the woman hasn't any patent on the idea which originated in her own brain.—New York Journal.

FASHION NOTES.

Bonnets are made entirely of ivy, with little tufts or rose-pink roses in front and back.

Silk and wool stuffs in dull colors shot with bright threads and checks are most la mode for street wear.

Embroidery is worn much more in Paris than lace. In fact, all the more expensive robes are embroidered, and gold and silver effects are popular.

Pique has come into favor with a rush. A stunning promenade gown of this fabric has revers, belt and roll collar entirely covered with gold and black embroidered spider's web.

Soft changeable silks and silks of a small check with large bunches of flowers strewn over them are worn. Perhaps the prettiest in the newer silks is one that has a small dot of the same color in chenille on it.

In the new checked taffetas, combinations of blue and green, brown and old rose, green and pink, etc., are seen. Fine stripes of black, blue, green and brown are woven in some of the checked designs, producing a novel and charming effect.

Every time you see long gloves at a great bargain get them; that is, if you ever wear such gloves. The kid put into long gloves is much better than that used for short ones, and the long ones will cleanse and cleanse till they fall to pieces, and yet not lose shape.

One of the prettiest and coolest accessories of summer dresses is a blouse front made of India mull, batiste or net, banded with lace insertion, in perpendicular stripes of the thin fabric and the insertion, if the wearer is inclined to stoutness, and in Breton style if slender.

The gay Inverness capes are the prettiest of all the cool day wraps of the season. They are almost a necessity with the big sleeves, and in deep red or fawn brown, with plaid or peachblow silk linings and the straps which let them fly without dropping, are very fetching.

Very pretty silk waists are made with blouse fronts and trimmed with diagonal rows of wide white guipure insertion. The belt of such a waist is of ribbon or of narrowly-folded silk, and the collar is of insertion and silk turned down, or, if a stock be preferred, is made of the silk laid plain or in plaits.

A Chinese Banquet.

"I once attended a swell Chinese banquet, and was not a little surprised at the way in which some of the delicacies were served," said Walter F. Logan, of Sacramento, Cal., at the Laclede last night. "After we had discussed the more substantial portion of the repast and dessert was being served, oranges were placed before each guest, the skins of which had apparently not been broken, yet from which the pulp had in some mysterious manner been removed and four or five different kinds of jelly substituted in its place. The guests expressed a good deal of astonishment as to how such an operation had been accomplished, but their amazement was only increased when a dish of eggs, the shells of which appeared to be perfectly whole, was placed upon the table. Examination showed the contents of the eggs had been removed and the shells filled with nuts and candy. Our host smilingly refused to tell us how such wonderful results had been accomplished, and we left the house completely mystified."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Sour and Sweet on the Same Tree.

"Upon my place at home is an apple tree, the fruit of which is sweet on one side and sour on the other," said C. E. Harrington, of Baltimore, at the Emery. "It has been known for many years that these apples existed, but no one has ever been able to explain the phenomenon. The tree in my yard is an old one, and I do not believe that it was ever grafted. I think that it is a peculiar original kind of fruit. One of these apples is about the size of an ordinary 'limber twig,' one side being green and the other having a slight rosy tinge. The green side is sour enough to put a person's teeth on edge, while the other is sweeter than is usually liked. Except as a curiosity the fruit is not very desirable on that account, but I have submitted it to a number of leading horticulturists and have never yet found one who was able to explain and classify the fruit."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Curious Old Church Nave.

The nave of the church at Greenstead, or Greenstead Ongar, England, one of the most ancient churches of Britain, is extremely curious, being composed of the half-trunks of oaks, set upright and close to one another.

The trunks, about one and one-half feet in diameter, have been split through the center and roughly hewn at each end to let them into a sill at the bottom and into a plank at the top, where they are fastened by wooden pegs. The nave is twenty feet nine inches long by fourteen wide, and is believed to have been erected about 1013 as a shrine for the reception of the body of St. Edmund, king and martyr.—Garden and Forest.