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TWO WHO FAILED.

A man failed after trying long,
And then sat down and wondered why;
He saw not where he had been wrong,
Nor where fair chances had slipped by.
All that he did was sit and gaze
Upon the hopes strewn round him there
And wonder on through all his days
Why fate had marked him for despair.

Another failed and stepped aside
And saw the causes of his woe—
He saw where efforts misapplied
Had aided chance to bring him low—
And, taking note of all the past,
And turning into newer ways,
He tried again and filled at last
The hopes of all his eager days.

MY NEW HOUSEKEEPER.

By HORACE EATON WALKER.

Of course I do not claim to be a model housekeeper; but Adolphus well knew that I was the child of aristocratic parents, and he had fair warning, too, as my father said, on giving me to him, that I was a good girl, an educated young lady, and with a little patience and perseverance could be developed into a real helpmeet.

"I take her for better and for worse, my dear Mr. Hartshorn," he said, "and I really believe that none of us will live to regret my union with your only child."

Of course, we all hoped so and believed so; for Adolphus Marston was a fine young man, of good family, and with habits of life above the average. So matters were consummated, I becoming his willing bride.

At first we took our meals at the nearest restaurant, as our new cottage was not yet fitted, to the requirements of my fastidious new husband. I had resolved from the very first not to ruffle his temper; and while mine was not of the sweetest, I being to some intents and purposes a spoiled child, I decided to hold my peace if the heavens fell. I saw a growing impatience on his part, however, and could easily see that taking his meals at a cafe was decidedly annoying on account of the delays of orders, the muddy coffee, the impertinence of waiters, and other disagreeable etceteras.

Finally I ventured to ask him if he was tired of taking his meals out. He was very tired, and was now ready for business, the business of housekeeping.

"But, Dolphy, may I ask the name of our housekeeper?"

"It is Adolphus Marston!"

I simply stared, for so far as I was aware, he knew little or nothing of the culinary art. I patiently awaited coming events, which were now rapidly casting their shadows before.

Not long after this we were happily settled in our new home; the restaurant was abandoned for all time, and our larder filled to repletion. Of course our first venture was breakfast, and I wondered at his remaining in bed so late; as it was an excessively cold morning, the sitting room and kitchen fires would both need tending, and he was due at the office at 8 o'clock.

I was later awakened however from a light nap by hearing Adolphus moving hurriedly about the sitting room. An intense chilliness was in the atmosphere, and there seemed to be trouble of some kind.

I wondered what it was, but I did not wonder audibly. Silence seemed to be golden at this hour. Presently I heard Adolphus descend the kitchen stairs, and arising, I inspected the sitting room. It was a sight to behold. Ashes to right of me, ashes to left of me, ashes everywhere. I could have sat down and cried; but as he had not lost patience why should I? So, on hearing his returning footsteps hastily retired, and when he re-entered the room loaded with kindling wood paper, shavings and a whole box of matches, I was as unconscious as the seven sleepers. But poking his chilled nose through the portiers Adolphus announced:

"Hortense, the sitting room fire is out."

"Indeed!"

"And the fire is also out in the kitchen stove."

"Can't I help you?"

"Oh, no! I'm the housekeeper for one week. At the end of that time I shall either commit suicide or go to a lunatic asylum or fall into a high fever."

After more noise than a threshing machine, and dust, smoke and some remarks Adolphus announced to himself that the fire was going. As soon as he left the room I arose and dressed, not to receive callers, but in my com-

monest gown, as from present indication I knew that the unexpected was sure to happen, and it did. I understood very little about a broom, and much less about a carpet sweeper, but between them both I managed to make the sitting room presentable. Then a call from the kitchen.

"Hortense are you up?"

"Yes, dear."

"How much water do you put in biscuit flour?"

"Just a little, so it will knead, Dolphy, dear."

A rattle of dishes, a noise of spoons and moulding board, then—

"Hortense, how much cream of tartar for a batch of biscuit?"

"I guess a teaspoonful."

"How much soda?"

"I guess a teaspoonful."

"You could tell me what a quayer, a demi-semi-quaver is in music, a bar, a breve, a crochet, a chord, and 'not guess at it. So don't guess a teaspoonful, but how much soda."

"Enough to suit the taste."

"Tastes differ."

"So do cooks."

A half hour passed away, I did not dare to descend to the kitchen; the noise there was simply overwhelming. I could hear him bang the roller over the moulding board, then crash! He had dropped a dish, and I heard him say he didn't see how a dish could break into so many pieces. Later I heard the oven door snap to, a few hasty steps, and then a deathly silence. What could it mean? Why this stillness? Had he fallen in a fit from mental excitement? Or was he quietly strapping his razor preparatory to cutting his throat? The suspense was horrible. I could not bear it! How cruel of me not to share his morning's troubles!

"Hortense!"

The name came with double exclamations, and the voice seemed natural.

"What, dear Dolphy?"

"Breakfast is ready!"

What a relief! I repaired to the room below; sitting in front of the stove, his chair tilted back, his feet elevated to a level with his breast, a glow of culinary satisfaction overspreading his face Adolphus said:

"Hortense, the new cook presents the compliments of the morning, announces his bill of fare as consisting of hot biscuit, hot coffee, new creamy butter, and the complete solution of the servant question. Please be seated, while I, at the head of the table, will pour the coffee, pass the butter, tender the biscuit, and as maid of all work, carry off the honors of the day!"

I was only too glad to acquiesce, for I had developed something of an appetite, and the prospective success of our first housekeeping venture filled me with those indescribable emotions every new wife must feel.

"I certainly congratulate you, dear Dolphy," I said, seating myself at the table, upon which was steaming coffee, rows of plump biscuit, and, beaming over all, my husband's glowing countenance.

"Hortense, we have settled the servant question forever and a day."

"How?"

"If the servant falleth, and the new wife is not a cook, turn immediately to the new husband, and if possessed of any brains, he will soon start sitting room and kitchen fires, prepare hot rolls, gems or biscuit, as the case may be. Eureka! I may well exclaim. Hortense, allow me to assist you to a beautifully golden biscuit!"

They were golden, and no mistake. The soda had not been spared, and the hot oven had done its work.

"Are they all right, Hortense?"

"Very fair, considering—"

"Considering? Do you mean to say his boots? Try the coffee. The aroma I have not beaten the safe man out of beyond compare."

It did have aroma, but as coffee it was flat, vapid, and altogether without character; and the creamery butter! It was the poorest kitchen cooking butter! I could not eat.

"Dolphy, let's go down to the restaurant, get a good square meal, return home, send for your mother and my mother, and hold a meeting, preparatory to taking our initial steps in successful housekeeping; for you cannot cook, I cannot cook, and therefore somebody must come who can. Am I unreasonable?"

"I guess not."

"Shall we do it?"

"By all means."

And it all resulted in the fact that our mothers secured us a cook, a chambermaid, a washerman, and though Adolphus has not solved the

mooted servant question, I am still alive, and he has not committed suicide nor made any more golden biscuit.—Waverley Magazine.

The Classic Spirit in Greece.

The classic spirit still prevails in Greece. It even pervades the common council, or whoever has the duty of naming the streets, for they are nearly all called in honor of the ancient gods, philosophers and poets of the golden age. The Boulevard of the University and the Boulevard of the Academy are the broadest and the finest avenues in the residence portion of the city, while the principal business street is named in honor of Mercury. Other streets are called after Solon, Aesculapius, Hippocrates, Aristotle, Thucydides, Pericles, Sophocles, Meander, Aphrodite, Pan, Hebe, Apollo, Jupiter, Theseus, Philip, Constantine and most of the holy apostles. One of the principal hotels is the Minerva, and it is the fashion to christen shops in honor of the great men of the past.

Classic names are also retained in baptizing children. You frequently hear of Hermes, Alcibiades and Homer, and if you will look into the directory you will be reminded of the muster roll of the army of Agamemnon, which you will find in the early part of Homer, Achilles, Ajax, Menelaus, Miltiades, Leonidas, Themistocles and other names equally familiar to students of Greek, are in daily use among the people.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Turquoises Turn Green.

About one woman in three cannot wear turquoises, the fashionable stone of the day, without turning them green. Some turquoises will turn green after being worn by any woman. Jewelers of the first class guarantee to replace turquoises if they turn green, and the annual cost of the replacements is stupendous. One jewel house has tried the experiment of having all its employees go round with dozens of turquoises strapped next to their skin to try to detect the green ones, but even when they have passed this test some of them will be brought back to customers having turned a hideous green. No reason is known for the changing of color.

Fashion decrees that every woman must have a turquoise. Earrings, having come again, the turquoises are set either plain or with one diamond above them, or in a circle of small diamonds. You can spend \$500 for a very simple turquoise ornament. The fashionable pearl, earring or pendant, is set one pearl, with a diamond above it. You can get the sort of pearl that a fashionable woman calls presentable for \$1,500.—New York Press.

Fresh-Water Fishes in a Salt Bay.

According to residents in the vicinity of Bay Farm Island Bridge a remarkable discovery which may account for the famous "sink" on the narrow gauge which has cost the railroad company so dear has been made by Charles Raddits, an oysterman, known as "Deaf Charlie."

Raddits in his fishing discovered that by making a cast of the line in a certain spot he caught trout. The fresh water fish were of a peculiar species and of a delicious flavor. A natural artesian well gushed forth in the spot and emptied its waters into the brine of the bay. From some underground river, the trout, which are half blind, had found exit into the bay with the fresh water which was in such volume that they could live about the opening, confined by the surrounding salt water. Fishing within a radius of ten feet produced trout, while a little distance off there were rock cod or perch. Raddits caught salt water fish on one side of the boat and fresh on the other.—San Francisco Chronicle.

More Opinion.

It is no disgrace to be poor, but it is often inconvenient.

A few touches of nature smooth many a wrinkled skin.

Experience is a school. It is also trying, at times.

Absence of your wife's relatives makes the heart grow fonder.

The sweetest meat is not always in the largest nut. A great pedigree may contain little virtue.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The French Legion of Honor.

The largest order of merit in the world is the French Legion of Honor, which now has reached half a million members.

AN UNFINISHED STORY.

A Point Where in Telling It the Rev. Dr. Barrows Always Stops.

The Rev. Dr. John Henry Barrows, president of Oberlin College, who formerly preached to a Chicago congregation, tells a little story concerning an experience of his own that may be worth passing along. It was at the time that Dr Barrows was making arrangements for the holding of the great congress of religions here. He had an immense correspondence to take care of, and found it necessary to employ a stenographer. The young lady was pretty. It is not to be inferred that there are any but pretty lady stenographers, but the one employed by Dr. Barrows was especially comely.

The doctor fitted up a workroom on the third floor of his house, where he and the stenographer toiled hard day after day, undisturbed by callers and well away from the noises of the streets.

The work of preparing for the congress was still going forward on the 14th of February, when the doctor's little son became excited over the sending and receiving of valentines. The boy had been running about the neighborhood handing love tokens to the children he knew and many had come to him, when he remembered that he had a father up on the third floor, in addition to the One in Heaven. Going to his mother, he proposed that they send up a valentine.

"Well," said Mrs. Barrows, "it is very nice of you to remember father. How would it do for me to write a valentine for him and let you take it up?"

The boy was delighted at the idea and his mother wrote upon the sheet of paper:

"Please kiss the bearer."

This she placed in an envelope, which was properly sealed and addressed to the doctor. The boy started upstairs with his valentine, but he had been running around a good deal during the morning and his legs were weary. When he had reached the second floor he met the pretty stenographer, who had started out after postage stamps or something, and asked if she wouldn't be kind enough to hand the note to his father.

She took the envelope, gave the child a pat on the cheek and ran back upstairs, where—perhaps prompted by some feminine curiosity—she waited while Dr. Barrows opened his valentine and read, in his wife's handwriting:

"Please kiss the bearer."

Here is where Dr. Barrows always cuts the story off.—Chicago Record-Herald.

When Richard III Was Crowned.

While men's minds as well as women's are turned on coronation robes and kindred splendors, it is interesting to compare the old with the new fashions. The description of the costume worn by Richard III. at his crowning and ordered by himself was, according to a list, still extant, composed of "a doublet made of two yards and a quarter and a half of blue cloth of gold, wrought with nets and pyne apples, with a stomacher of the same, lined on all of Holland clothe, and on all of busk, instead of green clothe of gold, and a longe gown for to ride in, made of eight yerds of p'p'ul velvet furred with tymbres and a half and thirteen bakks of ermyn, and four tymbres, seventeen combs and ermyns powdered with 3300 powderings made of boggy shanks, and a payre of short spurs with gilt." To give the exact meaning of the old wording would make a pretty task for scholars the day before King Edward VII's anointing. But the "longe gown for the cycle in" is an obvious hint for today.

One Method of Advertising.

At a popular summer resort there was quite a colony of Kentuckians last summer. One day the landlord was startled by the receipt of a telegram from Louisville as follows:

"William Henry Robinson died last night."

This was signed Harold Douglass Robinson. The landlord, believing that some Kentuckian of fame had just died, had news announced in the local paper, with black rules around the announcement. Then he began to ask his guests who William Henry Robinson was. Nobody knew. After a while it dawned on the landlord. Harold Douglass was a young Louisville man who had engaged a room. His father had died, and Harold Douglass took this method of announcing that he would not join the festive colony. Harold Douglass in a born advertiser.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ANCIENT TIME-MAKERS.

Ways of Keeping Track of Hours Before Days of Clocks.

In the United States the oldest time-piece is the famous Endicott sun-dial, made in London in 1530, and it was brought to this country the same year by Governor Endicott at the time he brought the fleet of ships laden with emigrants to settle in and around Salem. The dial stood for a great number of years in front of the Endicott mansion in Salem and was in the hands of the family until sixty or seventy years ago when it was placed in the care of the East India Marine Society of Salem. The society held it in trust until 1869, when it came into the possession of the Essex Institute, where it now rests in a glass case in the museum.

Being unable to reclaim the original, members of the family have on different occasions had replicas made in bronze and placed near their residences. The sun dial the Kink Ahaz, who lived 742 years before Christ, is the first dial on record in the world. This dial was a graduated instrument having degree marks of some kind which showed the daily course of the sun. The Old Testament tells us that it was known in Jerusalem as early as seven centuries before Christ and the manner of its mention indicates that it was a novelty in that city at that time. The sun dial took many forms. The art of dialling involved mathematical problems of considerable complexity, and it is very likely that this contributed to the knowledge of mathematics which the world possessed at that early period.

Imperfect sun dials were common in Rome about a century and a half before the Christian era, so common indeed, that, as new inventions nowadays afford material for the photographer, they were targets for the funny men of the period. The Romans later perfected a sun dial suitable to their latitude, which was much more accurate. The dial was later adopted and improved by European nations, and some very accurate ones were made by clockmakers throughout Europe. A dial, or rather a series of dials of every conceivable description forming a structure, was erected in Whitehall, London, in 1669, by order of King Charles II. It was the invention of Francis Heil, a Jesuit and professor of mathematics at Liege. Vertical dials, inclining dials, and dials for showing time, as computed by various nations at different periods, were all included and ranged on platforms.

Of these bowls or brackets appear to have been the most attractive. One, on the first platform to show the hour by fire, consisted of a little glass bowl filled with clear water. This bowl was about three inches in diameter, and was placed in the middle of another sphere, about six inches in diameter, consisting of several rings or circles, representing the hour circles in the heavens. The hour was known by applying the hand to these circles when the sun shone, and that circle where the hand felt burned by the sun beams passing through the bowl filled with water showed the true hour.

King Alfred measured time by burning candles, marked with circular lines to indicate the hours. Ingenious devices were adopted to prevent the candle before it was burned, but this was a very imperfect method of thus, as it were, make "time speed on its flight" by melting the tallow of draughts from striking the flame, and time keeping.—Boston Globe.

Waterloo of an Amateur Detective.

A careless young woman in starting to leave a car, dropped her purse. A young man, who evidently intended to leave the car at the same time, saw her drop the purse, picked it up and put it in his pocket.

But his action had not been unnoticed. Just as he stepped from the car an elderly man gripped him by the arm and whispered, "If you don't give that purse to the young lady this instant I'll expose you."

"Yes certainly!" gasped the astonished young man. Then with a grin, "I beg your pardon Elizabeth; you dropped your purse."

"Oh, thank you, Jim," she replied as she took it.

"I hope you are satisfied," said Jim, turning to the elderly man. "The lady is my sister."—Forward.

People who study political economy sometimes know nothing of the other kind.