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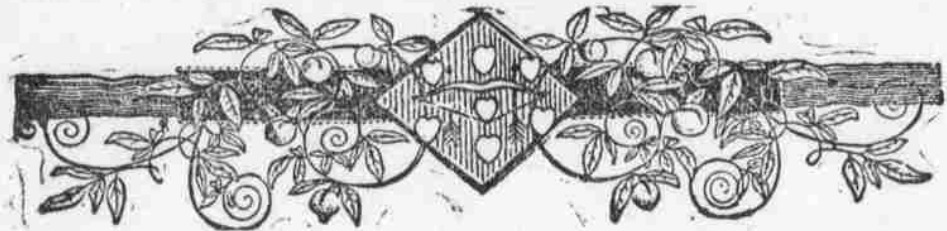
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## A Franco-Yankee Hat

By Elizabeth McCracken.

THEY were at breakfast at the little round table on their little side porch. The sun was shining; the morning-glories, so carefully trained by Lilla herself, were waving their bright, rainbow-tinted cups; the wrens, who had a nest under the eaves, were chirping. George was softly whistling for sheer lightness of heart, but Lilla was wrapped in silence. She gazed meditatively and silently into space. George began to take alarm. Silence, especially at breakfast, was not Lilla's normal state. Unless she went into town to shop, she did not see George from breakfast until evening. As she had been married but four months one week and two days—to be as accurate as she—she did not often go into town to shop; and she always had so much to say to George!

"What are you thinking about, my dear?" he asked, finally. He was fond of calling her "my dear;" it made them both seem so much older.

"Hats," was Lilla's reply. "I must get one," she continued, "and I was wondering what kind. What would you advise?"

"Me?" exclaimed George, in ungrammatical dismay. "I don't know anything about girls' hats!"

"You are an artist," said Lilla, "and besides, you've always admired mine." "Yes," said George. "Why don't you get another one like them?" he suggested eagerly.

Lilla laughed merrily. "What a sight it would be! They've all been different. Imagine—a composite hat!" She laughed again, and then she said soberly, "But the fact remains that I must get a hat. I really must, and I wish you would come with me and help me select it."

"By all means, my dear!" George cheerfully replied. "Any time you like; but you see how little I really know about even your hats."

"Well, you can tell me how I look in the ones I try on."

George laughed; and he laughed again as Lilla, before leaving him at the front steps, said, "Then you will meet me at noon to-day, and allow at least an hour—"

"At least an hour? My dear girl, does it take you an hour to buy a hat?"

"It takes me two!" said Lilla, impressively. "What are you laughing at?"

"Hats!" retorted George, mirthfully; but he met Lilla punctually at noon.

"Have you allowed an hour?" she asked, as they went together to what she gravely told him was the only possible place to buy a proper hat.

"An hour and a half," he replied, as they went into the only possible place. He wondered why it was the only possible place; he had seen hats, presumably proper, exhibited in many other windows. He followed Lilla in silence; he was suddenly curious as to the cost of girls' hats. Lilla's father was rich. George knew that until her marriage she had not been in the habit of giving the cost of her hats, or, indeed, the cost of anything, very serious attention.

He was very far from rich, and as he looked at Lilla, accustomed all her life to all the things that money can buy, a fear seized him. He had told Lilla once that he was a poor man, and she had smiled a slow, wise smile, and said, "Oh, are you?" He had been so happily sure that she had understood him, and that she had been willing to forego some of the things that money can buy for the sake of those things that money cannot buy. He had been into the only possible place to buy a proper hat.

She smiled at his grave face. "Don't look so solemn, my dear," she whispered. "The safety of the commonwealth isn't at stake."

She was so like her usual self now that he could not be very solemn, and her all too obvious lack of logic in the buying of a hat interested him deeply. "Don't you know what you want?" he inquired, during the absence of the attendant, as Lilla tried on a black hat, and then a white one, and then a brown one.

"Oh, dear, yes!" she said. "Then why don't you ask for it?" he said.

Lilla laughed softly. "I can't; I never know just what it is until I see it."

George stared at her in comic astonishment. "My dear girl—"

"It's madness—but it has some method," said the dear girl, with laughing eyes. "It is so delightfully domestic—and funny—to have my husband come with me to buy a hat," she added in a whisper, as the attendant returned with still a different hat.

"That is very pretty—and artistic," said George, judiciously, as Lilla gazed in the glass at its gray and black effect against her golden hair.

"It is a dream!" said Lilla, conclusively, as the attendant again left them. "It is exactly what I want. Do you really like it?" she added, with delightful anxiety and deference.

"Perfectly charming—and very simple," said George, critically.

"Yes, it is simple," Lilla said. She glanced again at the hat; then a queer, half-tender, half-amused expression crept into her laughing eyes, and she looked closely at George. She suddenly remembered how serious his face had been as they entered the shop.

"How hopelessly stupid of me to come here!" she thought, in dismay. "I actually forgot that I can't just get things now and send papa the bills! Still George doesn't know anything about hats. I just won't get one now, and the dear boy need never know I forgot that I can't send big bills to him. He is such a sensitive goose about money!" She smiled at her husband, described with such indignant affection, and said to the attendant:

"Thank you for showing them to me. I'm sorry, but none of them are quite what I want."

"But, my dear," George began, "you said—"

"None of them are quite what I want," repeated George's wife, decisively.

"We expect some others next week," said the attendant, who had often served Lilla. "Don't you like this gray one?" she added, indicating the one which George had been under the strongest impression that Lilla did like.

"It isn't quite what I want," replied Lilla.

"I thought you said it was exactly what you wanted," George remarked, as they went into the street.

Lilla laughed. "I changed my mind," she said. "A woman always may, you know," she further explained.

"Shall we go to some other place?" said George, still mystified. "What do you want, my dear?"

"Something to eat. I'm positively famished!" said Lilla.

"But aren't you going to buy a hat?" asked George, in surprise.

"I think I'll wait until next week." She looked up at him and added, gently, "Don't talk to me any more about hats; you said yourself that you knew nothing about them."

He did not talk to her about them, as she sat opposite him at the restaurant table, and she talked very little to him about anything. She was almost as silent as she had been at breakfast; but she smiled at him in a way that reminded him of the time he had told her that he was poor, and she had said, "Oh, are you?"

After luncheon he took her to her car, and waited until it bore her from his sight. As he started to return to his studio he said to himself, "I wonder why she changed her mind about that hat. She certainly said it was exactly what she wanted." Then all at once he understood. "Could it have been possible?" he thought, remembering her added tenderness. "The dear girl!"

For a moment he hesitated; then quickly he returned to the only possible place to buy a proper hat. The proper hat in question was in the show window. It was, as he said, very simple. He went into the shop, and to another attendant than the one who had so recently shown Lilla the hat.

"How much is that gray hat in the window?" he asked.

The attendant looked at the hat. "Twenty-eight dollars," she said. "It is a new hat from Paris."

"Lilla did know!" George said to himself.

"It is very simple!" he gasped to the attendant.

"Yes," said the attendant, "but it is from Paris."

"What is it made of?" George asked blankly, wondering how a coil of something gray and soft, combined with one strange black flower, could possibly cost \$28.00.

"Illusion," said the attendant.

"Illusion? What a name! Is illusion so expensive?"

"Oh, no; quite the contrary."

"Is it the flower, then, that is so expensive?"

"Oh, no," said the attendant, pitying his ignorance. "It is the style."

"The style?"

"The art in the making of it, I mean."

"It is artistic," said the artist, as he once more left the shop.

The price of the style fascinated him to such an extent that he lingered at the window and stared at the gray illusion and the black flower.

"Twenty-eight dollars! Upon my word! It's so simple I could draw it with four lines," he thought, in his mystification. Then a new and remarkable idea came to him, an inspired idea! He snatched out his pencil and a card and made a rapid sketch of the Parisian hat. Then he went with hasty strides from the only possible place to another place, some distance removed. He apparently desired to leave far behind him the atmosphere of Parisian style and its seeming value.

With the sketch in his hand he approached an attendant in this second shop. "Can you make a hat like that?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," she said, easily. "It is very simple. What color is it? What is it made of?"

"It is gray illusion and a black flower. Where does one get gray illusion and black flowers?"

"We can supply them," said the attendant. "Shall I show them to you?"

"How much will it cost to make it?" George asked.

The attendant told him; he thought it very little indeed, and his bewilderment increased.

The illusion and the flowers were produced. The attendant's curiosity was violently aroused, but she was properly businesslike. George actually began to look upon the buying of a girl's hat as his distinct vocation. He selected a black flower with the air of a connoisseur, and with his artist's eye chose the exact shade of gray illusion.

"How long will it take to make it?" he inquired.

"I could do it before to-night," the attendant replied. "Will you call for it, or shall I send it?"

"I'll call for it," George said.

He did call for it, and he examined it with an elaborate care that would have convulsed a less well-poised attendant. To his inexperienced eyes it was exactly like the original hat of the only possible place—save in price.

He bore it proudly home, and not until he reached the front gate and heard Lilla playing the piano in the little drawing-room did he wonder what Lilla would say. He had been so borne along on the waves of inspiration that, like many inspired persons, he had not stopped to determine his exact route. Actually he faltered. He was overwhelmed by a sense of his own appalling audacity! What would Lilla say? He felt shy of approaching her with the hat, and was indeed meditating upon the feasibility of concealing the box in the shrubbery, when Lilla herself, hearing his steps, came out into the fading light to meet him.

She had never more eagerly awaited him than on that day, never than on that day more happily wandered about the little house, which altogether was scarcely larger than her father's drawing-room, and which yet held a glory that all the money in the world could never have bought. Lilla had never until that day so keenly realized the brightness of that glory.

She came smiling into the twilight, looking like a lily in her white gown.

"Oh, my dear—" she began; then, seeing the hapless hat-box, stopped. Hat-boxes have never been recommended for unobtrusiveness. She could hardly have avoided seeing it. "My dear boy, what in the world is that?" she demanded.

Haltingly, George told her. He told her more than he realized, and she laughed until her eyes were wet and shining. She insisted upon seeing the sketch, and took immediate possession of it.

"You are a goose!" she told and retold George. "A perfect goose! Do you suppose I care how much money you have? Do you suppose I care whether my hats come from Paris or not—under the circumstances? Really, you are a goose—but I am very fond of you. To think I missed seeing you get that hat! What fun it must have been!"

She tried on the hat, and she explained to him so fully and so warmly that she did not care whether she had any hats at all, or he had any money at all, that he could not understand—and she admired the hat profusely.

"It is a perfect dream!" she said; and certainly she looked far more charming, all flushed and bright-eyed, in it than she had looked in the Parisian original.

Lilla keeps it very carefully and she never tires of relating its history.

"No," she always concludes, "I don't think George will ever again have the courage to select a hat for me, even though I positively loved the one he did select. Oh, I have had a great many other hats—naturally—and some of them were from Paris, but no other hat that I have had ever gave me such complete and happy and unusual satisfaction as that absurd Paris hat that was really not Parisian at all."—Youth's Companion.

### Good Things Go Begging.

Washington is known as the abiding place of men who have gone daft on inventions and patents, and yet it is astonishing to know by what narrow margins some people escape making fortunes. Professor Alexander Graham Bell tried again and again to persuade Senator Don Cameron to buy for \$10,000 a one-third interest in his telephone inventions. Cameron thought Bell a wild dreamer, refused to put up a dollar, and even went so far as to give orders that the inventor should no longer be admitted to his office. That one-third interest is to-day worth not less than \$20,000,000. There were many long and weary days that Professor Bell scarcely knew where he was to get the money to carry through his inventions, and he haunted the hotel and Capitol lobbies constantly, endeavoring to get some one interested in what he felt and knew would make fortunes.

There is scarcely a day that some inventor is not haunting Senators and Congressmen with appeals to help them get through some fortune-is-just-sight patent, and the struggles that Professors Bell and Morse went through in getting their inventions before the public demonstrates the fact that a good thing is about as difficult to shove along as some worthless clap-trap.—Washington Post.

### Wanted Lots of Love.

Librarians have some peculiar experiences, especially in the downtown districts, where the poor children are often sent by their elders to draw books. The other day a little chap of perhaps five and of some foreign extraction toddled into a downtown branch and, holding up a grimy card, said to the young woman in attendance:

"Please, my sister, would like a book of love."

The librarian suppressed a smile and gave him "Children of the Abbey." The next day he returned with the book tucked under his arm and remarked:

"Please, my sister would like another book with more love in it than this one has."—New York Times.

### Relief For Historical Society.

Warren Upham, Secretary of the Minnesota State Historical Society, has received word from Washington that the society will probably secure for its museum the steering wheel of frigate Minnesota. Senator Clapp introduced a joint resolution in Congress directing the Secretary of the Navy to turn the wheel over to the Minnesota society. It is now in the navy yard in Boston. The frigate was dismantled last December. It was one of the Government's war vessels during the Civil War. It was in many historic contests, and the record of its cruises is an interesting one. Secretary Upham hopes to be able to secure a detailed history of the ship for the historical society.—St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press.

### How a Woman Talks.

Nearly every woman can talk faster than she can think.—New York Press.

### A REALIZED IDEA.

It's often very hard to find  
A man who has good sense,  
A man possessed of breadth of mind—  
Most people are so dense.

I know a man who is the most  
Hard-headed I have met;  
To talk to him you'll have to post  
Yourself on things, you bet.

His information of all sorts  
Is at his finger's ends—  
Statistics, Shakespeare and reports  
All in his talk he blends.

His business judgment's superfine;  
The tips he's given me  
Show that his views are just like mine—  
I like sagacity.

In politics he's hard to beat,  
His logic's clear and sound;  
To hear him argue is a treat,  
He covers all the ground.

The books he reads are what I call  
The proper mental food;  
I think if people read at all  
They ought to read what's good.

Religion—well, that's where he's strong,  
I hold a certain creed,  
And this man backs it right along  
As what all people need.

On any subject you can name  
Opinions he has got,  
That any one who holds the same  
Knows hit the proper spot.

In short, as I before have said,  
You'll very seldom spy  
A man with such a level head—  
He thinks the same as I.

—Chicago News.



"D'Auberge took great pains with his latest painting." "So did the critics, when they viewed it."—Baltimore Herald.

"I dream my stories," said Hicks, the author. "How you must dread going to bed!" exclaimed Cynicus.—Tit-Bits.

"Do you ever have any quarrels in your woman's club?" "Oh, no; we call them 'debates.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

In counting life's worries  
'Tis little things that tell,  
All girls with small brothers  
Know this very well.

—Philadelphia Press.

Ted—"Has the count come here to marry an American girl?" Ned—"It looks that way. His creditors paid his passage over."—Town Topics.

Mrs. Nebb—"Why do you think Mrs. De Peyster is mentally unbalanced?" Mrs. Keeptab—"Well, she permits her husband to sit on her sofa pillows."—Ohio State Journal.

A lucky man the iceman is,  
His chance for failures slim;  
While others work to earn their bread  
The weather works for him!

—Cincinnati Observer.

Grindicus—"A man can't get an education nowadays without money." Sporticus—"In other words, you claim that the tree of knowledge sprouts from the root of all evil."—Harvard Lampoon.

Little Elmer (who has an inquiring mind)—"Papa, where do those pessimists that we are always reading about live?" Professor Broadhead—"On an island of egotism in the midst of a sea of woe."—Smart Set.

Lady—"What on earth, Mary, have you been doing with that dog? He is dripping with water." Mary—"It's all Master Tom; he's been and tied him to the end of a pole and cleaned the winders with him."—Tit-Bits.

Willis—"They tell me there was a very pathetic scene in the criminal court to-day." Tommas—"Yes, everybody was in tears, except the court crier. I don't believe that man ever shed a tear in his life."—Boston Transcript.

Two young ladies were talking the other day about a third who had just become engaged to a widower, who plays the cornet and has four children. "What could be worse," exclaimed one, "than four children and a cornet?" "Nothing," said the other, "except, perhaps, six children and a trombone."—Tit-Bits.

Found a Bear Trap 100 Years Old.  
Levi A. Brown, while looking over the ruins of the old Sweet saw mill, near Gloucester, R. I., found under a shivering rock a bear trap more than 100 years old. The trap is double-springed, its saw teeth open more than nine inches, and it takes two men to set it. A short chain with a ring is attached.