

# The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XIII.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1902.

NO. 25.

## KIT'S SWEETHEART.

BY WILLIAM WALDO.

JACK CARDREW whistled. Then up went his eyebrows, a second indication of surprise. Then he laid the note on the table, and, standing over it with his hands on his hips in a commanding fashion, he read it again to make quite sure of its contents:

"Dear Jack:—Can't possibly get back for half an hour. Be my good angel, there's a good chap. Madeline and I have had a tiff; nothing really serious, only she is so impetuous. She promised to call to-day, and we were to thrash the whole thing out over a luncheon of the daintiest conceiving, and here I am simply booked for an hour or more with my only moneyed relation. My dear old Jack, you see my dilemma and your duty! If Madeline goes to Half Moon street and finds me not there, that beautiful half hoop, with the pearls, et cetera, (which, by the by, is still unpaid for), will return into my possession (or the jeweler's), and Madeline—Oh, Jack, my dear old chap, you must explain how unhappy I was having to go out! If I stayed, I could make it up with Madeline, and we should be married, but I should offend my disgustingly rich uncle and lose my income. On the other hand, I am now in pleasant proximity to the income, while the wife—precious, impetuous Madeline—is in danger of being lost forever. So you must pacify her until I come. And I say, old boy, do just slip in a few incidental touches as to my—ahem!—many qualities. Paint my virtues in all the iridescent hues of an abnormally healthy imagination. Butter me up for all you are worth. Bring us together like the good fairy in the story book, and I shall ever remain your grateful  
KIT."

"P. S.—Say I'm a real good chap and all that sort of thing."  
Here was a strange situation. Jack reviewed it critically, marking off the main points on his finger ends. Kit, the best chap in the world, though a little impetuous, vexes Madeline, also impetuous. Madeline consents to a general amnesty to discuss terms of peace. Kit appoints—here Jack consults his watch—a quarter of twelve. Madeline agrees. Kit is ambushed by a hopelessly wealthy uncle, and Madeline is on the point of coming to the agreed spot to find herself, in plain English, spoofted! Item: One intermediary—viz, and to wit, Jack Cardrew—who hereby swears and undertakes to pacify, mollify, soothe, soften and otherwise stroke down Madeline.

After which mental declaration Jack fell into an armchair and tried to picture Miss Madeline Nelthorpe laughing at the odd chance that was to give him his first introduction to Kit's sweetheart.

She was late. It was five minutes to twelve. Jack strode the room with all the seriousness of a professional expert in smoothing over the waters of true love. To complete the picture he thrust his right hand with an air of careless meditation into his double-breasted jacket and hooked his forefinger into his watch pocket. It came in contact with a hard, smooth substance. A bright light illumined Jack's face as he very carefully and tenderly withdrew a dance programme. It would inspire him in Kit's cause. He knew what it was to love. He had a very deep and sincere attachment for—he looked at the programme against the eighth dance—"pink with blue dots." So brief, so unintelligible, yet how sweet a morsel of womanhood was contained in those magic if slightly unromantic words, "pink with blue dots!" And to think that was all he knew of her! Her name, her chaperon, alike unknown to him! The music of her voice, the delightful roguish laugh, the deep, unfathomable blue dots—eyes, I mean—lingered in his memory like some pleasant dream.

Yes, he could plead to Miss Nelthorpe on Kit's behalf with a lover's enthusiasm. He could speak from experience, for Cupid had taken him by the hand and shown him a wonderful new world, a realm hitherto undreamed of, a beautiful pink paradise with—well, blue dots.

Twelve o'clock. She was late. Just then the door opened, and Miss Nelthorpe was announced.

Jack came forward to meet her, then stopped dead. Could it be? Kit's sweetheart this?

"Mr. Cardrew," exclaimed the bewitching visitor in a tone of genuine amazement, "what a surprise!"

"Pink with blue dots," cried Jack, with a look of chagrin.

"Then you haven't forgotten me?"

"Forgotten you? No; I wish I had. I mean I wish—oh, to think what I have promised!"

And he let slip the little suede fingers of his lost angel and metaphorically turned his back on paradise.

"The eighth dance," said Miss Nelthorpe, with a sigh and a half laugh.

"The seventh heaven," groaned Jack.

"Miss Nelthorpe, let me tell you everything," continued the unhappy Cardrew, taking a low seat by the girl's side and assuming a martyr at the stake expression. "When I saw you melt into a crowd hovering and pressing about the refreshment buffet at the dance the other night, I felt almost inclined to run after you and beg you not to leave me. The thought that we might never meet again chilled and sickened me. For the truth is, I was hopelessly, desperately, madly, blindly and all the rest of it, in love with you."

"Mr. Cardrew!" ejaculated she, rising with a pretty glow in her cheeks.

"Sit down," said Jack quietly and with a matter of fact air. "For three whole days I have felt the ebb and flow of a strong tide of passion. I have suffered apprehension lest I should never see you, lest you should forget me, lest my violent attachment should work itself out like a cold in the head."

Miss Nelthorpe looked perplexed.

"An hour ago," said Jack, rising abruptly, "and I would have given all I possess to meet you. Now you are the last person in the world I desired to see. Oh, I'm an awful untucky chap!"

The visitor grew a little uneasy. "I don't understand you," she said, simply.

"I wish you hadn't come in, that's all," said Jack.

"If I had known—" began Miss Nelthorpe. "But I came to see—"

"Kit."

"Yes," assented she, surprised at Jack's boisterous interruption.

"Kit, fortunate Kit."

"And he promised to meet—"

"But you'll forgive him. He left me here and, after making me promise to wring from you an assurance of forgiveness, told me to be sure and not let you go until he came back."

"But I want to tell you—" said Miss Nelthorpe, with a roguish laugh.

"No, no. I won't listen," said Jack, resolutely. "You're going to slang Kit. You are going to blame him, scold him. Now you must forgive him. He's such a splendid chap, and—and it was I who made him go out."

"I'm glad," she said, and laughed.

"Glad? Then you didn't want to meet him and make it up?"

"No. It's not exactly that."

"After all, it was only a lover's quarrel, a slight brush, and all about a hat, a paltry toque. You see, Kit has told me everything. Now you're sorry, really sorry, Kit is out, aren't you?"

"No," began she in a petulant tone.

"Now," said Jack, in cheery tones, "I see you relenting. The hard little heart is melting."

She laughed outright.

"Very well, then," she admitted, her face wreathed in smiles. "I am sorry."

"Capital," said Jack. "He's such an awful decent chap—Kit. You'll be so happy, and I shall be so miserable!"

Miss Nelthorpe stroked her muff. As she raised her eyes she saw on a chair near by the dance programme.

"Why," she said, "that's the programme of—"

"Yes," interrupted Jack, hastily.

"Fancy your keeping it."

"The pencil, you know," replied he—

"such a jolly handy thing to have."

"Yes," responded Miss Nelthorpe, feelingly, "especially when it hasn't a point."

Jack blushed.

"By Jove," he said in desperation, "what a splendid chap Kit is!"

"Yes; you told me."

"I suppose you're simply devoted to him."

"Humph! Yes, I—I like him."

"Like him!" repeated Jack. "My dear Miss Nelthorpe, you love him; you know you do."

"Likes him," he said to himself.

"She only likes him."

The girl gave the case due consideration.

"Well," she said, "perhaps you are right, Mr. Cardrew. I do love him."

Jack's face fell.

"Loves him," he said to himself.

"I've over-persuaded her. I'm forcing

her into a loveless, distasteful marriage, and I simply worship her."

"When I say I like him—love him," explained Miss Nelthorpe, taking Jack's dismal expression as an index of his true feelings, "of course I mean in a friendly way—a brotherly way."

"Friendly!" said Jack. ("Angel!" he thought.) "Brotherly!" said Jack.

("Lovely creature!" he thought.)

"Poor old Kit!" he ejaculated in his most buoyant tone. ("She doesn't care a snap for him. She has thrown him up. She's in love with me, while I have promised—")

"Poor old Kit!" echoed Miss Nelthorpe. "If only—"

"If only," repeated Jack, coming closer and touching her gloved hand.

"Oh," she said, "you mustn't do that."

"No."

"I mean, you oughtn't to."

"No."

Silence for exactly thirty seconds.

"After all," said Jack, with a gallant attempt at gaiety, "you can't do better than stick to Kit. Make a better husband than I—"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Handsome chap, well made. I'm loose-jointed, plain. Kit's amiability itself. I'm never civil before twelve and always grumpy when the sun goes in. Kit's bright, talkative, witty, companionable. I'm silent, unsociable and dull."

"And your livers?" inquired Miss Nelthorpe.

"I don't believe Kit has one, while I—I believe I've got two. Now you see what a treasure you've got in Kit."

And Jack picked the programme up and nursed it tenderly.

She watched him closely.

"So you'll forget his little unreasonableness, won't you?"

"One only condition," she said.

"And that?"

"That you will put that programme in the fire." Jack eyed it longingly.

"If I marry Kit," said the girl, with a little laugh, "it would be as well not to cherish old memories."

"It will be only a memory. Won't you let me keep it?" he asked plaintively.

"Better not," she said.

"The remembrance of the happiest quarter of an hour in all my life—"

"For Kit's sake."

Jack folded the silken cord about it and went over to the fireplace.

"A pencil is such an awfully handy thing."

"For Kit's sake." He raised it above the flames. "Wait," said the girl. "I just remember I am always wanting a pencil. Perhaps it would do if I took it." Jack handed it to her as if it were coronet of thistledown. She took it with a little queenly air of triumph and put it in her muff. "There," she said; "that means you must forget me."

Jack groaned.

"And you'll make it up with Kit?" he said, dismally. "Of—of course I want you to."

"Oh, we're very good friends," returned she.

"And when you two are married," began Jack in a thick, tragic, basso profundo.

"Married!" cried Miss Nelthorpe, breaking into a rippling flood of laughter. "Oh, we shall never marry!"

"Never marry! Ah, you are heartless to talk like that, to laugh! Poor Kit! He's in a fool's paradise."

Miss Nelthorpe grew serious.

"And would you like me to marry Kit?" she asked, taking a more than usual interest in the pattern of the carpet.

"How can you ask? For Kit's sake, yes."

"Well," she said, getting up abruptly, "I can't wait for Kit another second. It's a shame!"

Jack turned to remonstrate.

"It's of no use. I can't stay. I must leave a message."

"But he'll be back in a minute."

"Just in time to find me gone. Mr. Cardrew, may I intrust a message with you?"

"But you must stay—"

"Will you tell Kit that Madeline is in bed with a cold—"

"Madeline in bed—"

"And that I have called as a deputy peace envoy."

"You—you!" exclaimed Jack, trembling with excitement. "Then—then you are not Kit's sweetheart?"

Miss Nelthorpe laughed. "I did my best to explain—"

"Then you're mine?"

And he advanced with the energy and swiftness of passion. The girl

gave a little start and assumed an expression and carriage of dignity greatly offended.

"Mr. Cardrew," she said, her hands clasped together in her muff, her head flung in the air, "you forget—"

"I'm sorry," said Jack, abashed, "but you know how—how I love you—"

"It is wasted, believe me."

"Wasted!" echoed Jack in great dejection. "Why, what can you mean?"

"Think, Mr. Cardrew, think what it would mean?"

"I know I'm not half worthy of you—not good eno—"

"Far from handsome," said she, "lose jointed, never civil before twelve o'clock."

"I would really try to make you happy," pleaded Cardrew.

"As happy as a silent, unsociable, dull husband could, I suppose."

"Perhaps, after all, I'm not as bad as that."

"Even if you were not," said she, with imperturbable gravity, "a man with two livers—it would be like marrying a chronic bilious attack."

Jack was fairly caught.

"At any rate," he ventured, "you will let me have my programme back, since you are not going to marry Kit."

Miss Nelthorpe demurred. "You have stolen my heart," said Jack in aggrieved tones. "You have stolen my programme—"

"I should like to keep one," said the girl, prettily, "in remembrance of the second happiest quarter of an hour—"

"The pencil has no point," said Jack. "It wouldn't be of the least use."

"Very well, then," she said. "I will return it," and held it out to Jack.

He took the hand that proffered it and held it fast.

"Won't you overlook my two livers?" he pleaded.

"It's so unusual," she said.

"But you have two hearts," said Jack.

Miss Nelthorpe laughed gayly.

"What a poor card player you would make. Look, what is in your hand. What are you holding?"

"My programme," said Jack.

"And my heart," said Miss Nelthorpe. "You see, you don't know the strength of your hand."

"By George!" said Jack, "the winning heart!"

And the roses in her cheeks assented.

—King.

### Whence Comes Electricity?

At a time when electricity is rapidly transforming the face of the globe, when it has already in great measure annihilated distance, and bids fair to abolish darkness for us, it is curious to notice how completely ignorant "the plain man" remains as to the later developments of electrical theory. Some recent correspondence has led me to think that a vague notion that electricity is a fluid which in some mysterious way flows through a telegraph wire like water through a pipe is about as far as he has got; and if we add to this some knowledge of what he calls "electric shocks," we would probably exhaust his ideas on the subject. Yet this is not to be wondered at. Even the most instructed physicists can do nothing but guess as to what electricity is, and the only point on which they agree is as to what it is not. There is, in fact, a perfect consensus of opinion among scientific writers that it is not a fluid, i. e., a continuous stream of ponderable matter, as is a liquid or a gas; and that it is not a form of energy, as is heat. Outside this limit the scientific imagination is at liberty to roam where it listeth, and although it has used this liberty to a considerable extent, no definite result has followed up to the present time.—The Academy.

### Arming the Enemy.

England is not the only country agitated by the fact that she sells arms to both possible and actual enemies. Professor Ehrenberg, in a recently published work, asks pertinently whether "the international market for Krupp guns is compatible with German interests." Krupp has striven since 1848 to interest the French Government in his guns, and only recently went to Brest at France's request to arrange for a new electrical installation. In the last Chinese campaign Krupp guns were actually used against the Germans. It is naturally repugnant to the national feeling that weapons made in Germany should serve to kill German troops. And Germany has an arbitrary way of settling national questions to the liking of the nation rather than to the individual.—London Express.

### TO CHANGE PIG NATURE.

A Government Attempt to Make It Cleanly in Its Habits.

The Department of Agriculture is about to attempt a reform. Having come to the conclusion that if the hog had a fair chance it would turn over a new leaf, forsake its present way of living and be as clean as any other domestic animal, certain scientists in the Department propose to make a series of experiments to prove it.

The plan is to build a suitable station for the preliminary work, a house with fenced inclosure. This accomplished, a number of sucklings of the Poland China variety will be taken for the first experiments.

These animals will be put into a clean pen, carpeted with moist sand and isolated from all contaminating associations. Cooling baths will be provided for the little pigs and they will be fed on dainty food.

Their education will not include reading, writing and arithmetic, since these accomplishments would not enhance the value of their flesh, but hygienic principles will be sternly inculcated and they will not be allowed to follow their natural instincts, not, at least, for a year when the compulsory education will be changed to the elective system.

At the end of this time the carefully-raised snouts will be turned loose in a large enclosure, half of which will be arranged in the same luxurious style as their former habitation, while the other half will be converted into a pigsty, a veritable old-fashioned pigsty, into which garbage will be poured for the pigs' consumption and in which there will be plenty of soft, black mud for them to wallow in.

Should the delicately nurtured pigs choose the sty the Department of Agriculture will be disappointed, but not discouraged, and will accept the choice as evidence that the pigs have not been sufficiently educated, at least, that heredity is too strong to be overcome in one generation. The same method will be tried upon the next generation of pigs, the offspring of those on which the first experiment was made, and so the work will go on from generation to generation until the natural instinct is changed and the descendants of the first pigs that the Department tried to turn to ways of cleanliness and dainty habits will of their own volition select pure and clean habitations and take a tub as often as the travelling Briton.

It is asserted by the authorities at the Department of Agriculture that the primitive hog was as clean as any other animal, but that man, who subjected it, taught it, from mistaken utilitarian motives, to eat putrid food and since no clean spring was accessible it naturally bathed in the mud of its sty. In proof of this they cite the wild hog of today, which is said to be as clean in its habits as a hound.

Their project supposes that acquired characteristics can be inherited, but this theory is opposed to the beliefs of the leading authorities on the subject, who have decided that acquired characteristics cannot be transmitted.—New York Sun.

### Troubles of Young Housewives.

A young housewife, from upstate, who had been recently married, called upon one of her neighbors in an apartment house a day or two ago looking for information, says the New York Post. She saluted her neighbor with "How do you kill crabs?" "What on earth are you talking about?" "Well, you see, my husband sent home some crabs for dinner, and he will be home soon, and I don't know how to kill them. I have been trying to drown them for an hour, and they are just as lively as ever."

Another young married woman from one of the suburbs of Boston, came to live in New York. One afternoon she was entertaining two callers at tea, when the husband of one dropped in. She knew very well that he did not care for tea, and thought her husband might not like it if she did not give him something to drink. She asked him if he would have some whisky, and on his replying in the affirmative, left the room. After a somewhat long absence, she returned with a bottle in each hand, saying: "I can't find the whisky, but here is some 'Cog-nac' and some Baltimore rye. Will either of these do?"

To provide nesting places for birds the Kaiser has had fifty-two boxes placed in the trees in various parts of the Sans Souci Park, in Potsdam.