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YE RHYMESTER'S GALAXY.

(A Trick of the Trade.)

Here's a maid of Colonial cast,
With a short waisted gown and some
curls,
Wee slippers, high-heeled, narrow last;
Demurest and shyest of girls;
And now she a-marketing trips;
And now she the minuet dances,
Her name must be right on your lips—
Fair Peggy, of courtly romances!

Here's a maid in trim tailor-suit,
Or raglan or pockets, I wis,
With a stout, common-sense little boot;
A dashing, unfettered young Miss.
She's off in her automobile,
To run it she's perfectly able.
(She's the same who once perched on a
wheel),
Her name—you have guessed it—is Mabel.

Here's a maid in an artless array
Of dimity—gingham—et cetera,
Who teases and mocks night and day;
A fluffy and kittenish pet,
Perhaps, with arms bared, dimply-nice,
She ensconced in the kitchen—'tis
Dolly!

But, if she is strong in advice,
And piquant and learned—'tis Polly!
Here's the maid who most often is sung,
Whose graces we ever recall;
Who moves like a vision among
The Peggys and Mabels and all.
No matter how varied the guise
The words of the poet may bring her,
Unchanged she remains in the eyes
And heart of her lover and singer.
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Puck.

THE STORY OF A JOURNEY.

By Martha Baker Dunn.

AS Marion Lincoln walked along the platform of the Riverton railway station, she felt that this September day was a white one in her calendar. She was happily conscious, as she hurried toward the car, that for once she was thoroughly well dressed, from the plumes on her pretty hat to the tips of her immaculate shoes.

Moreover, she was leaving the routine of her home duties, the sometimes exacting charge of an invalid mother and a family of active young brothers and sisters, to spend two weeks with a school friend—two weeks, she told herself, in which to be merry and foolish and irresponsible, and to forget Aunt Julia's constant reminders that "Life is duty."

Marion thought she desired more than anything else to be what she called "real all through," and the realities of dainty dress and harmonious surroundings were not always possible on the small income which remained from her father's estate. As she hastened on her way she was thinking of her mother's parting words.

"Good-by, dear!" Mrs. Lincoln had said, "Enjoy yourself all you can, but—hesitating a little, as wise mothers sometimes do, over the expediency of pointing a moral—"remember to live up to your clothes."

When Marion entered the car in the bravery of her pretty brown costume, more than one eye glanced at her bright face with approval, and a broad-shouldered young man, who bowed to her as she passed his seat, thought with a new interest:

"What has the girl done to herself? I never realized before how attractive she is."

Marion herself felt that the presence of Paige Warren added the last touch to the brightness of her white day. To be sure, she knew him only "a little," as she would have phrased it. She had seen him once or twice at the infrequent parties which the social life of Riverton afforded, and he had been "nice" to her when they chanced to meet, with the unfeeling politeness which he showed to every one.

The handsome young fellow embodied to her much that she had most longed for—breeding, social position and those winning personal qualities which give significance to it all. She admired Alice Warren, Paige's sister, even more than she did the young man himself, and dreamed of her friendship as the height of unattainable bliss.

"Perhaps he won't know it," she said to herself, as she settled her place in the seat she had chosen, "but for once I am dressed as well as his sister Alice would be, and though I suppose it is snobbish, somehow my fine feathers make me feel finer every way, body and spirit."

Then she was startled by a quavering old voice close to her ear.

"Air you goin' as far as Brandon?" it asked.

Marion turned to find the wrinkled yet childishly round face of a little old woman bending toward her from the seat behind. The face was framed by a close, drawn-silk bonnet that had grown rusty with long use.

"I am going to the first station beyond Brandon," Marion replied, civilly.

"Can I do anything for you?"

She asked the question with a conscious sinking of the heart. Surely her white day, the day consecrated to entire leisure and elegance, was not going to be spoiled by the intrusion of this strange-looking old body!

"Why, she is a perfect figure of fun!" Marion groaned, inwardly. "I can't,

I simply cannot have her on my hands! This is my vacation, and I have earned it. One can't be doing one's duty all the time, whatever Aunt Julia may say!"

"I wish you'd come back and set with me," the quavering voice persisted, unheeding the girl's reluctant air. "I've got a good deal to tell you, and I can't half make you hear while you're settin' so fur off there, and the cars rattlin' an' rumblin' like all get out."

"I will turn round toward you," Marion said, reluctantly, "and then it won't be necessary for me to move."

"The land's sake! 'Tain't such a great piece of business just to move one seat back. Anybody'd think to hear ye 'twas a Sabbath day's journey! There," the old countrywoman quavered on, as Marion, yielding to her insistence, rose and seated herself by her side, "that's a sight more convenient; and I might's well hand 'em over to ye right now!"

"Hand what over?" Marion, in her dislike of the situation, was almost forgetting her mother's injunction to "live up to her clothes," and spoke so abruptly as to verge on incivility; but the old woman, who was fumbling in a dingy carpet bag, paid no attention.

"These are the powders," she explained, passing the girl a small paste-board box; "to be took every hour and a half. In just twenty minutes now it'll be time for the next one. The drops are in this bottle, and I shan't need 'em unless I have an attack. Mebbe I shan't have one. I hope I shan't, I assure ye; they're so exhaustin'."

"But I don't understand," Marion objected, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry at the task thus imposed upon her, "why you should give them to me?"

"Well, who'd you expect me to give 'em to?" her new acquaintance inquired, rather sharply. "The' ain't but one other female in the car, and she looks cross enough to bite a board nail. When Almira found she couldn't come on with me herself, 'count of Nathan's takin' this time to have the croup, she says to me, 'Pick out the pleasantest-faced woman or girl you see,' she says, 'and just give your medicine right into her hands.'"

"What are your attacks?" Marion inquired faintly.

"There, don't worry till you're hurt," the prospective invalid counseled. "Like's not I shall get through without havin' one. All is, if you should see me pale's a cloth and growin' rigid, with my teeth set, you want to give me fifteen drops out of the bottle quicker'n you can say 'Scat!' I don't know whether it's heart trouble or what 'tis," she concluded. "I know it's annoyin'."

With this latter statement Marion cordially agreed.

"At any rate," she consoled herself, as her seat-mate went on pouring out confidences in regard to Lucy Ann, Almira, and their respective family affairs, "she can't be growing rigid while she is able to talk so fast."

Presently the antiquated carpet bag was produced once more, and its owner brought forth a soaked-looking parcel, done up in brown paper.

"It's the pickles that has kinder dripped through the wrappin'," she announced, placidly. "I brought me a lunch, and I might as well be eatin' it now. I guess you're forgettin' that it's time to administer one of them powders. You'd make a poor hand to care for the sick. That's my name wrote on the box—Mis' Persis Green."

At first Marion watched Mrs. Green's repast with that exaggerated sense of the importance of appearances that the young are apt to feel.

"If Paige Warren wasn't sitting behind us I could hear it better," she thought; "but I suppose he will never know that this isn't some near relative of mine I'm traveling with. It is a shame, just when I meant to be so fine, and was flattering myself that if he should come to speak to me I shouldn't have to suffer with my usual consciousness of shabbiness."

In the midst of these thoughts, however, there came a sudden revulsion of feeling. Something in the worn outline of the poor old face as it was turned toward Marion, some unconscious look of almost childish appeal in the eyes, which reminded the young girl of her own dearly loved grandmother, made her ashamed of the pettiness of her mortification.

"Mother told me to live up to my clothes," she thought, "and surely to be 'real all through,' as I am always longing to be, must mean just to do the right thing, and let people think what they choose."

"The train's goin' to stop at this depot," Mrs. Green suggested just then, "and anybody that's young and spry as you be ought to be able to get out and fetch me a cup of tea. Almira always says 't I ain't half so likely to have my attacks if I have a good cup of tea."

Marion rose cheerfully. "I'll do my best, Mrs. Green," she promised, bending almost tenderly to straighten the bonnet which framed the wrinkled face.

"Well, don't be wastin' time," her seat-mate admonished. "The tea won't do me no good if I don't have time to drink it!"

Marion hastened on her errand, smiling to herself as she did so. In her new frame of mind she was prepared to appreciate the humor of the situation. A young fellow, with a smile on his pleasant face, was waiting to help her from the car.

"Let me do it for you, won't you, whatever it is you are wanting done," Paige Warren pleaded, laughing. "I suppose your old lady needs some water for her drops now. I thought it was rather mean of her to discard all the rest of us as soon as you appeared, and pin all her confidence to you."

"It is a cup of tea that she wants immediately," Marion's heart was light as a feather now. "If you delay she fears she won't have time to enjoy it." But as she looked at the young man's retreating figure she was glad that she had overcome her pettiness before this meeting took place. "I had rather have done it for myself," she thought, "than for him."

In an incredibly short time Warren returned, bearing the cup of tea.

"Don't go in yet," he urged, boyishly. "You can have seven minutes more of fresh air. I'll carry the tea to your patient and tell her you are coming shortly."

When he returned from his mission, Marion seemed to herself to have lost all her wonted shyness in his presence. He was still Judge Warren's son and the brother of the unattainable Alice, but somehow he had ceased to be formidable. And the change had come about through the very circumstances which she had feared would make her ridiculous in his eyes!

"How did you know about the drops?" she inquired, a little eagerly.

"Oh, she told us all about her case before you arrived on the scene. If no 'pleasant-faced woman or girl' had happened along, don't you see, she would have been forced to depend on our unsympathetic sex for the treatment of her 'attacks.'"

Marion laughed, then grew a little sober. Warren was watching her face.

"I say," he exclaimed, impulsively, "it was very good of you, the way you took the business, you know! Lots of girls would have hated it."

"I am afraid I hated it at first," Marion acknowledged; "but after a little there was a look in the poor old creature's face that somehow made me think of my own grandmother, who is the dearest old lady in the world, and I felt ashamed of my reluctance."

"I suppose she is somebody's grandmother," the young man said, rather patiently. "I don't mean to scoff, but one sees the funny side. However," with a twinkle in his merry eyes, "I'm going to stop at Brandon myself, and I promise to expiate all my past sins by seeing your friend, with all her boxes and bundles, safely in the hands of Lucy Ann herself. You said it was Lucy Ann, didn't you?"

Mrs. Green parted from her chosen attendant with characteristic gratitude.

"I might have made a wuss choice'n I did, and I might have done a good deal better!" she declared, uncompromisingly to the last. But Paige Warren lingered for a last word, which left Marion smiling happily in spite of Mrs. Green's grudging comment.

"When you come back to Riverton, Miss Lincoln," he said, "I hope you will allow me to bring my sister to call on you."

"How curiously things come about!" Marion mused, as the train rolled on. "And it has been a white day, after all."—Youth's Companion.

Questions in Arithmetic.

If a man tries to carry two potted plants from the cellar to the front yard for his wife and one falls and breaks, what commandment does the man also break?

A and B are good friends, who live next door to each other. A bought his daughter a piano for \$500. How much would B give if some one would steal the piano; also how long will A and B remain on speaking terms?

A man dies leaving a will. How many lawyers will be required to break the will and how long will it be before the lawyers own the estate of the deceased?

A doctor calls on his patient three times a day. How long will the patient live and how much will the doctor make out of the patient before he dies?

How long can a half-horse power man run a four-horse power lawn mower?

Mary has three green apples and Johnnie has seven. If Mary eats all of her green apples and Johnnie eats all of his green apples, at what hour will the funerals occur?—Ohio State Journal.

Paying the Premium.

Some few months ago a young matron telephoned to one of the young men she knew, who is connected with a large insurance firm, asking him to write a policy covering her new household effects.

"Don't tell Dick," she asked. "I want to surprise him. He really thinks I have no business head at all."

The young man assented and issued the policy. He waited a considerable time for the payment of the premium. His friendship for the young woman caused him to resist sending the bill, but he finally did so. The recipient complained bitterly to an acquaintance, who is considerable of a wag, and he readily encouraged her in her ideas.

"Now, really," she said, wrinkling her pretty brows, "this bit of paper costs next to nothing. I could have written it myself."

"Yes," said he, "but if you have a fire the company will have to pay the loss."

"Well," she suggested, "let them deduct what they say I owe them. Then they won't be out anything."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Seismatic Jonah.

Sailors have sometimes been washed overboard from their ship and in a miraculous manner washed back again; but there is on record an instance of a survivor from an earthquake whose experience is best given in the words recorded on his grave in Jamaica: "Lewis Galdy, Esq., who died on the 22d of September, 1737, aged eighty. He was born at Montpellier, in France, which place he left for his religion and settled on this island, where, in the great earthquake, 1672, he was swallowed up, and, by the wonderful Providence of God, by a second shock was thrown into the sea, where he continued swimming until he was taken up by a boat, and thus miraculously preserved." The earthquake mentioned took place in Jamaica 230 years ago.—London Daily News.

Booklet and Newspaper.

For a business enterprise which requires to be introduced to the public by long explanations and descriptions an elaborate and costly booklet may be valuable as a form of advertising. It is impossible, however, to reach everybody with such a publication without a liberal use of newspaper space to call attention to it, and even then there will be a very large proportion of the people who will never send for the booklet, and among them may be many of the particular persons it is most desirable to reach. The newspaper, on the contrary, gets into the hands of virtually everybody, and the expenditure of a sum equal to the cost of the booklets for newspaper space will accomplish more than the booklets can.

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

BY JOHN B. TAYLOR.

Two drooping eyes,
Two pouting lips;
Two angry teeth
Bite finger tips,
Two ruddy cheeks
Flash more and more;
Two dainty feet
Chastise the floor,
The maid is mad.

Two merry eyes,
Two laughing lips;
Two rows of pearls
Touch finger tips,
Two cheeks aglow
With love and glee,
Trip o'er the floor,
The maid is glad.



"This is a hard world," said Deacon Flapp, as he stepped off the car backward.—Chicago News.

"He's a kind-hearted automobilist, isn't he?" "Exceptionally so. I never knew him to run over even a child, unless he was in a hurry."—Life.

The tired fisherman now thinks,
As home he slowly winds,
"I have no fish to string, but I
Will surely string my friends."—Indianapolis Sun.

Arthur—"I would marry that girl but for one thing." Chester—"Afraid to pop the question?" Arthur—"No. Afraid to question the pop."—Town and Country.

Wife—"Do you mean to insinuate that your judgment is superior to mine?" Husband—"Certainly not, my dear. Our choice of life partners prove it isn't."—Tit-Bits.

Mac—"She said she would never forgive him." Ethel—"But she afterward married him." Mac—"That merely shows that she meant what she said."—Brooklyn Life.

Miss Singleton—"How lovely it must be when husband and wife are of one mind." Mrs. Wederly—"Well, my dear, it all depends on which one the mind belongs to."—Chicago News.

He swiftly gulps his coffee down
And bolts a piece of pie.
He gets the indigestion—
And says he wonders why.

Mother—"Don't you think you deserve a whipping for being naughty?" Son—"Yes, maw, but—" Mother—"But what?" Son—"But I don't like to hurt your feelings."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Youth—"Yes, I'm in business for myself, but I don't seem to be able to meet with any success." The Sage—"Nobody ever meets with business, young man. He must overtake it."—Philadelphia Press.

Successful Candidate—"I shan't forget the promises in virtue of which I have been elected." Political Manager—"That's right. Bear them in mind. With a little brushing up they'll probably elect you again."—Puck.

Hostess—"Oh, do, Mr. Basseau, oblige us with just one more song." The Singer—"Really, Mrs. Footenit, I'm afraid at this late hour I might disturb the neighbors." Hostess—"Never mind; they have a howling dog that disturbs us at night very often."—Boston Transcript.

"Miss Birdie," stammered the young man, "I—I feel that I can no longer disguise the sentiments that I—you must have noticed my preference for your society—and—have I said too much, Miss Birdie?" "Not yet, Mr. Bashful," replied Miss Flyppe, encouragingly.—Chicago Tribune.

Prison Poetry.

Certain criminals are given to scribbling rude verses on the walls of their cells, and in a prison on the borders of Liverpool, much doggerel of this kind is discovered from time to time. One gentleman writes in these strains, being obviously dissatisfied with the culinary arrangements:

"At morn and eve we break our fast
On bread and watery paste;
But, if long you wish to live, I ask
You to look before you taste."

Nor does the music of the chapel services please him, for he says:

"The chapel is like a pantomime,
Where discords are not rare;
And all the times are 3-4th time,
Like jigs at an Irish fair."
—Liverpool Post.

Consolation.

Of course, the rich man is not necessarily happy, but, then—he is rich.—New York Sun.