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NO.



## THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

Henry Van Dyke, the noted Presbyterian divine and professor of English literature in Princeton University, was first represented in this series when his poem, "The Song-Sparrow," was printed, with a sketch of his life.

Do you remember, father—  
It seems so long ago—  
The day we fished together  
Along the Pocono?  
At dusk I waited for you,  
Beside the lumber mill,  
And there I heard a hidden bird,  
That chanted "Whip-poor-will."

The place was all deserted;  
The mill-wheel hung at rest;  
The lonely star of evening  
Was quivering in the west;  
The veil of night was falling;  
The winds were folded still;  
And everywhere the trembling air  
Re-echoed, "Whip-poor-will."

You seemed so long in coming,  
I felt so much alone;  
The wide, dark world was round me,  
And life was all unknown;  
The hand of sorrow touched me,  
And made my senses thrill  
With all the pain that haunts the strain  
Of mournful "whip-poor-will."

What did I know of trouble?  
An idle little lad,  
I had not learned the lessons  
That make men wise and sad.  
I dreamed of grief and parting,  
And sometimes seemed to fill  
My heart with tears, while in my ears  
Resounded, "Whip-poor-will."

'Twas but a shadowy sadness,  
That lightly passed away;  
But I have known the substance  
Of sorrow, since that day.  
For nevermore at twilight,  
Beside the silent mill,  
I'll wait for you, in the falling dew,  
And hear the whip-poor-will.

But if you still remember,  
In that fair land of light,  
The pains and fears that touch us  
Along this edge of night,  
I think all earthly grieving,  
And all our mortal ill,  
To you must seem like a boy's sad dream,  
Who hears the whip-poor-will.

## The Capitulation of Celia.

## A Love Story For the Married.

"DID I tell you that I had asked auntie to come here, Len?"  
"No, you certainly did not," replied Leonard Vancourt, his forehead lowering into a frown, as he helped himself to a second piece of toast. "Might I inquire which of the two is going to afford us the delicious delight of her presence—Clarissa the saturnine, or Amelia the magpie imitator?"  
"Len!" The delicately traced eyebrows were raised in indignant expostulation. "I think that it is particularly unkind of you to speak in that manner of my relations. You used to say that Aunt Amelia was a shrewd business woman."

"I would be the last to deny her that qualification, Celia," remarked Vancourt, grimly. "It was positively a stroke of genius the way the old reptile—ahem—lady palmed off on to me that property in Southwark. Fifteen houses, my dear, with only rudimentary drainage and a hungry County Council waiting on me to render the same effective. Aunt Amelia ought to have been a company promoter. Egad! she would have made her fortune at the game, my respected aunt-in-law, has it in her bones. Where is the Daily Express?"

Celia's lip commenced to quiver.  
"I think that you are horrid, Len," she vouchsafed at length, glancing reproachfully at her husband, who suddenly became immersed in the money market column of the paper which he had discovered under the table.

"I must say that I think you are particularly unkind to speak of my relations in the way you always do! You should not forget, dear, that Aunt Clarissa has been more than a mother to me, and brought me up since I was a tiny tot; the first time you ever met me, Len, was at her house."  
"I know," replied Vancourt casually. "But if it hadn't been for Gus Harrington taking me to Rutland Gate I should never have seen either of you. I remember the evening well. I took an instinctive dislike to your respected, more than a mother of an aunt! A feeling incidentally which has intensified ever since."

"You used to say that you were very fond of her—before we were married, Len."

Vancourt coughed dryly.  
"I was diplomatic, Celia," he said quietly, as, laying aside his paper, he buttered a piece of toast. "You see, as I could only see you in her house, I was obliged, in a sort of a way, to hold the candle to the—your aunt."

"She was very fond of you, Len." Celia Vancourt's eyes were bent reproachfully on his.

"Ahem! That was very kind of her, dear. You see, Celia, I had shakels; in London society I was considered rather a decent match at the time I married you." His accent was irritatingly sardonic.

"Do you mean to insinuate that Aunt Clarissa liked you because you were well off and had a house in Park Lane?" demanded Celia, her face flushing an angry pink.

"Aunt Amelia did, anyway," smiled Vancourt unfeelingly. "My spare cash made her Southwark property boom in a manner which brought a smile to her face! She had me on toast, Celia."

She rapped her knife impatiently on the immaculate damask. "Leonard," she remarked, with dignity, "I would have you remember that you are speaking of my relations."

"I have no desire to rob you of your ownership, dear," remarked Vancourt; then added, as he commenced his breakfast in real earnest, "I wish to goodness that you would manage to see that we got bacon for breakfast that is not salty enough to skin the inside of one's mouth. I don't believe that the tradesmen would dare to sell such abominable meat to anybody else but us."

Celia's face grew tearful-looking, as she poured herself out a cup of tea; then, glancing across the table at the sombrely annoyed features of her husband, said, irritably:

"I never met such a growling man as you are in my life! The moment anything puts you out you quarrel with your food. Goodness knows, I am fanciful enough, but I don't find this bacon a bit salty."

"Of course not! It is quite sufficient for me to say that it is for you to declare the contrary," said Vancourt, angrily. "I never met such a contradictory woman as you are in the whole course of my existence. I am just about sick of it!"

"And I am tired to death of you and your grumbling," retorted Celia, flushing with anger. "Everything that I do is wrong. I can't make out what on earth made you marry me!"  
"Because I was a victim of the throes of driving lunacy, that's why," said Vancourt savagely. "I wish now that I had never set eyes on you. Why, ever since my marriage I have never known what it is to have a decent breakfast. If I don't get a high egg I get salt bacon which a sailor would kick at, and if I get neither of those two things I have a piece of fish which would disgrace an East End cook-shop put in front of me."

He sniffed indignantly, as, turning in his chair, he picked up his discarded paper and, flattening it out angrily, commenced to read its contents.

"Very well, Leonard," said Celia, dignity struggling with tears for mastery in her voice. "Since you are as sorry to have ever met me as I am to have ever come across you I will ask Aunt Clarissa when she comes here—"

"I tell you she isn't coming here!" interrupted Vancourt peremptorily. "I won't have the old cat in the house—so there! I'm master here, kindly remember."

"And I am mistress!" retorted Celia. "So Aunt Clarissa will come and—"

"What?"  
"And when she does, I shall tell her that—how you—"  
and ask her to—"  
continued Celia, heading his—  
"want to see—"  
"Oh, very—"

with as much dignity as he could assume. "As such is the case, and since I am not allowed to be master of my own house, we had better separate amicably. I, for one, shall be very pleased to be freed from a nagging woman!"

"And I, from a—brute!"  
"That is a question of opinion," remarked Vancourt easily. "I have been asked by Carstairs to go for a cruise, and as his yacht leaves Southampton the day after to-morrow I may as well go with him until I have decided what I will do. Of course, I shall leave you the house—I will clear out." He crossed the room to the door, adding, as he opened it, "There will be enough money paid into your account to satisfy your requirements." Then, without awaiting a reply, he closed the door behind him, Celia gazing half disconsolately, half defiantly, at the vacant chair on the other side of the table.

Vancourt had not been gone long before he returned, dressed in faultless style, a Raglan over his arm and a bowler in his hand.

"Well, I'll say goodbye," he said lightly, extending his hand to his wife. "I've told Job to pack up my duds and to bring them to me at the Carlton. I shall be stopping there till to-morrow morning, when I shall leave for Southampton."

"I see."  
"We shall be cruising about the Mediterranean for about two months," he continued, eyeing his wife covertly as he spoke. "After which I may go to South Africa for a few months to do some big game shooting."

"You will enjoy yourself, I hope," said Celia, placing her slim hand in his. "Of course, if we ever meet in society we need not be dead cuts, need we, Leonard?"

Her deep blue eyes were raised almost wistfully to his.  
"Of course not," he said, with a strained laugh, as, pressing her cold hand to his, he went toward the door. "Addio, little woman; it is a pity that we should go our several ways, don't you think so?"

"Yes, it is! Goodbye." Her voice faded away into a whisper, adding quaveringly to herself as the door closed behind her husband, "he might have kissed me before he went. I don't think that—he minded leaving me, and I—oh, I don't care!" she cried angrily, dashing away the tears which had gathered on her lashes. "If he had tried to kiss me, I'd have slapped his face for him! I hate Leonard, and now that I am free I shall be as happy as—"

The harsh clang of the hall door below caused her to stop abruptly. For a moment Celia stood silent, then, sinking onto a sofa, she buried her fluffy head amid a bevy of cushions, and cried as if her heart would break.

"He's gone!" she muttered in a strangled voice, broken by sobs. "And I made—sure that he would come back."

Meanwhile, outside in the street, Leonard Vancourt hailed a hansom, and, stepping into it, was soon bowling in the direction of the Carlton. "I am afraid that I have made a fool of myself," he soliloquized. "I made sure that she would have stopped me before I left the house; of course, it's all most unearthly rot to think for a moment that I could live without my little Celia. A day would be bad enough, but two months—I have half a mind to turn back and say that I was only bluffing, only I should look such an ass if I did. I might have kissed her before I left, though! Poor little girlie, she half raised her face to mine when I said good-bye and—oh, I am going to chuck this fool's game and shall toddle back, and she can stodge me with high eggs and salt bacon as much as she jolly well likes if she will only take me on again. Cabby, I—"

His sentence was never finished, for, as he pushed open the trapdoor above his head the pole of a brewer's dray crashed into the side of the hansom.

When Leonard Vancourt came to his senses it was to find himself swathed in bandages lying in bed in a darkened and familiar room, while curled up beside him on the immaculate counterpane sat Celia, her slim fingers cooling his fevered brow.

"Hullo, girlie!" he exclaimed, with a weak attempt at hilarity. "I haven't gone after all, you see."

"Are you sorry, Len, that such is not the case?" she queried gently, nestling her tear-stained cheek against his.

"Would you mind, dearest—I mean—Celia—if I said that I was glad?" he asked, slowly.

"Mind! Oh, Len, you are the dearest in all the world!" she cried, im-

pulsively. "I thought that you would have come back, but when I found that you did not I just sat down and wrote to the Carlton to ask you to, dear."

"And I hoped that you would call me back, Celia," he said, delightedly. "And when I found that you did not, girlie, I thought that I would just come back and say that you might do any mortal thing you jolly well liked, if you would only take me on again, Celia."

She passed her hand caressingly over his cheek.

"Call me girlie," she whispered, happily. "You know, dearest, how I hate Celia."

"I don't," Vancourt replied, fondly. "I love her better than the whole world! Kiss me, girlie."—New York News

### Preventive Medicine.

In looking over the history of the search for a means of cure, one is struck by the great value of the ounce of prevention. Keeping the germs out is in every way preferable to dealing with the matter they have once entered the body. This fact scientific medicine is impressing more and more deeply on the minds of public authorities and the people, and their response in the form of provisions for improved public and private sanitation is one of the striking features of the social progress of the present time. All the more enlightened nations, States and cities of the world possess organized departments of health, which, with varying degrees of thoroughness, deal with the problems presented by the infectious diseases in the light of the latest discoveries.

Fifty years ago the term preventive medicine was unknown. To-day it represents a great body of well-attested and accepted principles. It has cleaned our streets, it has helped to build our model tenements, it has purified our food and our drinking water, it has entered our homes and kept away disease, it has prolonged our lives and it has made the world a sweeter place in which to live.—Medical News.

### A Queer Centenarian.

There died in New York the other day a most remarkable woman, Mme. Avon de Vermont. This lady was born in Germany on October 5, 1800. At the age of thirty she married a French soldier, who during the Napoleonic wars, had been quartered in her native town and who had seen her as a little girl and loved her. Quite romantic. Few men take the trouble to go back after the lapse of fifteen or twenty years. But the strange and remarkable features of Mme. de Vermont's case were not concerned with her love story. The fact is that she, being 102 years old, didn't die in a poor house. Nor does it appear that she had all her life been addicted to the use of whisky and tobacco. It may be difficult for the reader to believe this, but the good old lady seems to have had exemplary habits, notwithstanding her great age; moreover, her declining years were passed with members of her own family instead of upon public charity. After this encouraging case almost any of us may be justified in endeavoring to live a hundred years.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Hail! the New Woman.

The Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, supposedly the most conservative body of men in England, have given way to the onward march of woman. They have granted permission to an Indian woman, Miss Cornelia Sorabji, to frequent their library and consult and use the books therein. Miss Sorabji has passed the examination for the degree of B. C. L. at Oxford and received the certificate for intellectual fitness for the degree, which is not yet granted to women by the university. In Bombay she obtained the university degree of LL. B., and has been successful in court work. She is the only woman in the world that can study in the Lincoln's Inns Library.

### The Archbishop as a Singer.

A story is told of the late Archbishop of Canterbury one evening dropping in at a London church and taking a back seat beside a bricklayer, who proved to be as capable of blurring out his thoughts as the Archbishop himself. A hymn was announced which happened to be a favorite with Dr. Temple, who sang with great enjoyment. The bricklayer stood it for a verse or two, and then he said, "You'd better stow it; you're spillin' the service."

The church that begins at home is often so weak that it stays there.

### THE GREATEST THING OF ALL.

That she has golden hair divine  
To me is no great shakes,  
But I bow down before the fine  
Plump waffles that she makes.

Her classic features that I see  
My thirst for beauty slakes;  
Yet not so much are they to me  
As are the cakes she bakes.

I love her eyes, whose limpid blue  
Rivals Norwegian lakes;  
Yet I forget them—so would you—  
When browsing on her steaks.

Girls, if you're pretty, nothing more,  
You are but arrant fakes.  
A husband's love flies out the door  
Whene'er his stomach aches.  
—Tom Masson.



Jerold—"I took Dolly out in my auto yesterday." Harold—"Of course you proposed to her?" Jerold—"No! Every time I started to I broke down."—Puck.

Gladys—"So he proposed in his auto after a week's acquaintance? What did you tell him?" Dolly—"Told him he was exceeding the speed limit."—Puck.

She—"I would prefer a quiet home wedding, but father is opposed to it." He—"I wonder why?" She—"Oh, he's awfully deaf, you know."—Chicago News.

Mrs. Fortey—"He was pleased to say I held my age very well." Mrs. Snappe—"Why shouldn't you? Think of the years of practice you've had."—Philadelphia Press.

"I hope you never talk back when naughty boys call you bad names?" "No, ma'am. I'm a little tongue tied. I always hit 'em with a rock."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

"I had a mind to buy a steam vehicle." "You changed your mind?" "Yes; I have now half a mind to buy a gasoliner and half a mind to buy an electric."—Automobile Magazine.

"Where are the songs of yesterday?" "Sings the bard in a ballad of sorrow; While the songs that are driving our sleep away  
Are the songs of to-day and to-morrow."  
—New York Times.

City Friend—"In this house occurred New York's most famous murder mystery." Country Cousin—"Indeed? Which do you mean?" City Friend—"The one the police solved."—Judge.

Youngwed (on bridal tour)—"I would like rooms for myself and wife." Hotel Clerk—"Suite, I suppose?" Youngwed—"That's what. She's the sweetest thing that ever happened."—Chicago News.

First Youth—"That was a great tragedy, wasn't it? Did you take your parents to see it?" Second Youth—"Oh, no! They are too old for that sort of thing. They went to a farce comedy."—Life.

She—"It was fortunate that you were such a fine French scholar. I suppose when you were in Paris you had difficulty in making yourself understood?" He—"Not when I talked English."—Boston Transcript.

A cook there was kneading her dough,  
When in at the door walked her bough.  
She said, "I am busy,  
So don't make me dusy  
With love talk, but get up and gough."  
—Baltimore American.

Squire (to rural lad)—"Now, my boy, tell me how do you know an old partridge from a young one?" Boy—"By teeth, sir." Squire—"Nonsense, boy! You ought to know better. A partridge hasn't got any teeth." Boy—"No, sir; but I have."—Punch.

"I'm afraid, Bobby," said his mother, "that when I tell your father what a naughty boy you've been he will punish you severely." "Have you got to tell him?" asked Bobby, earnestly. "Oh, yes, I shall tell him immediately after dinner." The look of Bobby's face deepened. "Well, father," said he, "give him a better dinner than usual. You might do that much for me."—Tit-Bits.

### What Paris Doctors Earn.

In Paris there are, according to the London Lancet, 2600 medical practitioners; of these forty have a gross income of from \$40,000 to \$60,000, fifty of \$20,000, fifty from \$10,000 to \$20,000, 200 hundred from \$6000 to \$10,000, 200 from \$4000 to \$6000, and 1700 earn on an average \$725 a year. In the whole of France there are 10000 physicians who gain on an average \$350 a year gross.

The impeccable aristocrat would like to chop up his family tree for wood.