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## THE YESTERDAYS OF NATIONS.

Broken pillar with crumbling stone  
Tell of her yesterdays,  
Tell of the time when she stood alone  
Mighty in all her ways.  
Trackless stretches of heaping sand,  
Red in the wasting heat,  
Breathes of sinuous saraband  
Tripped by the joyous feet.

Fallen temple and shattered tomb,  
Tumbled and gaping wall,  
Tell of clambering vine and bloom—  
Beauty that covered all.  
Silent, solemn, and echoless,  
Under the brooding sky—  
Where the profit to them that guess,  
Asking us when and why?

Once the trumpet in brazen glee  
Sang at the palace gates;  
Once the masters of minstrelsy  
Babbled of loves and hates;  
Once the sword in the jeweled sheath  
Clamored along the way—  
Dead to-day, with the crumbled wreath  
Worn in that yesterday.

So the glamour and so the pride—  
Marble and brass and gold—  
Dust of ages to come will hide  
Tombs of the years will hold.  
We, unknowing and overvain,  
Strong in our sweep and sway,  
Hug the bangles that mark our reign—  
Loving our yesterday.

—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

## HER WEDDING SILVER.

**I** DON'T know what you girls are going to give Mabel for a wedding present, but I know what I am not going to give her—and that is silver—table silver. I shall get her a lamp or a set of books or a rocking chair or—or anything, providing it isn't silver!

Such an announcement against the conventional was, naturally greeted with cries of "What in the world has happened to you?" and "For goodness's sake!" and like expressions of astonishment.

"Well, I'm just judging from my own experience. Of course, she will be hopping mad at first if I don't send her silver, but after she's been married a year or two you will hear her tongue ringing with praises of my far-sightedness! Now, when I was married, I was presented with enough table silver to start a respectable sized silver shop. Silver and cut glass having always been a hobby of mine, I perfectly reveled in the thought of how my table would shine and sparkle with pretty things, after I came home and settled down to housekeeping. Of course, I had several duplicates, but I wouldn't think of exchanging them for something I really needed."

The girls exchanged meaning glances. "But I wouldn't, truly I wouldn't. I packed them all away in the little safe that brother George bought me for that very purpose, and which I had moved up into my bedroom."

"I never saw it, where does it stand?" inquired one of the girls.

"Why, my dear, you drive a set down in front of it and written a letter on it any number of times, thinking it only a writing desk. In it I also keep my company pieces of value which I only use on state occasions. Then I have an old-fashioned traveling bag in which I keep the small table silver, such as knives and forks, tea, after dinner table and dessert spoons, the paring set, individual salts, my creamer and sugar bowl, and all the little pieces which are daily in use. And it is all such a worry!"

"Like every other housekeeper, I am afraid to leave my silver downstairs in the dining room all night for fear burglars might chance to pay us a visit. And after the day's work is done that silver has to be washed and counted, and that has become a terrible task."

"And then when I leave the house for a visit overnight I am worn to a shadow trying to contrive a hiding place for it that burglars won't suspect. I assure you I'm beginning to realize the truth of the old saying, 'Blessed is he that hath nothing.' For, unless it chances to be Mary Ann's night in, Bob and I are obliged to decline any invitation which will tear us away from that blessed silver. I had no idea when I got married that I should degenerate into a caretaker of silver, else I should have applied for a position in the Treasury at once, where I would at least be rewarded for my vigilance," and she drew a long sigh.

"Why, I've positively thought of little else than thieves and silver since I've been married. Every night for a month after we came home from our wedding trip I had the nightmare, in which I could see thieves blowing up the safe, packing my wedding silver in that tea cloth with the Mexican drawn work corners that mother gave me, and disappearing through the window, while I stood looking on at the performance, powerless to make a sound or do a thing!"

"How dreadful!" exclaimed the girl with the auburn hair.

"And then, too, you never know and never can guess what all the silver pieces are for. Listen! After we had settled down Bob said to me one day:

"I'd like it, dear, if you could contrive to have a sort of family luncheon and invite a few of my relatives. I'd like to have them see what a nice little housekeeper I married; besides it would sort of square us up, you know, for the fine wedding presents they all gave us."

"I agreed to this heartily, and, thinking to show my appreciation of their generosity toward us when we were married, I put on my thinking cap and contrived a luncheon composed of only such dishes as would give me a chance to use the silver and glass which they had given us, thus delicately conveying to each one of them the idea that housekeeping in general, and luncheon in particular, would have been a failure but for their thoughtfulness."

"Well, the day of the luncheon arrived, and with the guests all eager, I suppose, to see how Bob's wife could entertain, I had cut flowers for the occasion, and had ordered the ice cream to be molded in the form of hearts. I proposed to show them that ours was an ideal marriage—none of the marry-you-for-your-money kind of partnerships, so common nowadays."

"After we were all seated and fairly launched I pressed the bell for Mary Ann. As she passed the currant jelly to Aunt Amelia in the cut-glass dish that Aunt Sarah had given us for that purpose, I thought I detected a peculiar look on her face. In fact, she looked up two or three times as though she were going to speak, and then she settled back in her chair again. I began to get nervous, for I didn't know but that in opening the jar Mary Ann had broken the glass, and accidentally sprinkled some of it in the jelly. But when it came around to me I could see nothing wrong with it. I've always understood that it was a trying ordeal for a young wife to be passed upon by her husband's relatives, but never did I imagine it was anything like what I was suffering that day. As each dish was passed with its respective fork or spoon—a gift from some one of those present—reposing carefully on it, I watched to see the smile of gratification which I couldn't but believe would show itself upon the face of the donor, but to my surprise and mortification, each helping seemed to evoke the same peculiar smile that I had observed on Aunt Amelia's face when she helped herself to the jelly."

"I began to feel like a martyr at the stake, and I resolved, then and there, never to invite another relative of my husband's to break bread with me again. I noticed that they all seemed to have a dreadful time, somehow, managing their tea in the new cups which mother's sister sent us from New York. However, I thought that possibly this was the first time in their lives that they had ever been to a swell luncheon, and pity rather than fear filled my heart. From then on I pretended not to notice their awkwardness, and only prayed that the meal would soon come to an end. As the ice-cream made its appearance, with the spoons Aunt Mary had given us lying alongside, on the cut-glass ice-cream saucers that my own uncle had given us, I again straightened up and grew talkative."

"I think those spoons, Aunt Mary," I called to where she sat, at the other end of the table, "are just as sweet as they can be! What odd handles they have, too—so long!" I thought I would show her that the kind of ice-cream spoons that I had been accustomed to were entirely different."

"Yes, my dear," she answered, sweetly, "that's so they can reach the bottom of the glass to stir up the lemonade."

"I could feel the color rush to my

cheeks, I was so flustered that I just said, 'silly, 'Why, of course.'

"That's what I told you I thought they were for," put in that husband of mine, "but you said you knew better, and as it was only a trifling matter, anyway, I made up my mind that I shouldn't allow it to get us into our first quarrel." And he smiled at me from across the table. "Now that you've met Aunt Amelia, why don't you find out what that spoon with the holes in the bowl is for. I've had my doubts all along about it being for jelly."

"Well, I was going to tell you, my dear, when the maid passed it to me with the jelly; then I was afraid you'd think me a meddlesome old woman, so I concluded to let it go," spoke up Aunt Amelia in such a friendly way, "but it really is a spoon for cracked ice. I never saw one before myself, and so I bought it because I wanted to give you something that wouldn't be apt to be duplicated." The dear soul! She put it so sweetly that I just got up and went over to where she sat and gave her a kiss.

"And now," with a glance at my husband, "that we're all so well acquainted I don't suppose it would be out of place if I should ask some of the others to explain the uses of their gifts, would it?" At this they all laughed good naturedly.

"Well," began Uncle Harry, "those forks you used for oysters, the clerk told me were for strawberries, but I reckon it's all the same."

"That's what made the oysters so hard to manage, I guess. I noticed that they kept slipping up on the tines," thought I.

"That spoon that Bob used for the fruit is really a tomato server," went on Cousin Emma, "for I was with mamma when she bought it."

"And that bowl over there, with the Oriental spoon, is for mayonnaise dressing; at least I think that is what Caroline wrote me," she continued, "while every one at the table stared at the bowl which I had thoughtfully filled with powdered sugar, and placed right alongside the strawberries, where it would be handy."

"So long as you don't mind our telling you what the different things are for," said Aunt Mildred, pleasantly, "why, I may as well tell you, my dear, that that long-handled fork and spoon are not for salad, but are intended for olives and pickles when they are served in the bottle."

"Well," honestly confessed Uncle Billy, "I've really forgotten what that queer-looking spoon I bought at Biffany's is for myself; they have so many new fangled things nowadays that they didn't have when I was a boy, but it seems to me that it is a cream ladle or some such thing."

"No!" said I, triumphantly, "it isn't! That is a cheese scoop!" But I fear I rather spoiled the impression I had hoped to convey—for, upon being questioned as to how I knew, I was obliged to admit that I had seen one in a silver catalogue that some jewelry firm had mailed me."

"Well, we all had a good laugh, and our formal luncheon turned out to be a very informal one, after all, and I have always felt thoroughly at home with Bob's relatives ever since, probably due to the fact that the ice having been broken, as it was at that first luncheon."

"Well, what was wrong with the tea cups?" inquired the girl who never forgot anything.

"Oh, yes! That was the 'worst of all' concluded the one who had been telling her troubles to the others. "Do you know that the very next week after my eventful luncheon, Priscilla Clark gave a pre-nuptial luncheon and the very first course was clam bouillon, served in cups just like mine."—I. E. M., in the New York Times.

### How Forests Affect the Air.

Professor Mouillefert, of the National Agricultural College of Grignon, France, explains why it is that a balloon always descends when it is passing over a forest, making it necessary for the voyagers to throw out ballast to give it greater buoyancy. Above every forest there is a stratum of cool, moist air, produced by the abundant transpiration of the trees, which extends from 3000 to 5000 feet above the tree tops. In speaking of the absorption of moisture from the soil by the tree roots, he says that the moisture is taken from the under soil, the trees keeping the upper soil moist to a depth of four or five inches.

According to a famous musician, about fifty per cent. of the German nation understand music.

### A Flucky Dame of 1776.

The spirit of '76, as is well known, was manifest not only in the courage and heroism of the men of that stirring period but in the bravery of women as well.

"My great-grandmother," said Miss Anne, "lived near Trenton, N. J., not far from where one of the great battles was fought. She was married, but her husband had gone to war; and, with two other young married women, cousins, whose husbands had also joined the Revolutionary Army, she remained in the old homestead, awaiting anxiously such meager bits of war news as might come to them from the distant fields of action."

"One day, at noon, when the three women were seated at dinner, each with a babe in her arms, a little troop of British soldiery rode up to the house. The women heard their noise; approach but before they had time to move the soldiers, an officer and two men, in full uniform, and with jingling spurs, were in the room. Doffing his hat, the young officer sharply accosted the wife seated nearest him:

"Madame, where is your husband?"

"He has gone to town," faltered the timid creature.

"And your husband, madame?" he peremptorily demanded of the next young woman.

"He is somewhere out on the farm," she stammered, equally frightened.

"Then the officer addressed this same query to my great-grandmother:

"Where is your husband, madame?"

"My great-grandmother rose to her feet, and said boldly:

"He is gone to fight the British."

"Good!" exclaimed the officer, and he slapped my great-grandmother on the shoulder, as if she were a man and a comrade-at-arms; "you're the girl for me!"

"Then, with his men, the officer withdrew, leaving the old home and its defenseless occupants unmolested."

### The True Gentleman.

The late Frederick Temple, the octogenarian primate of the Church of England, who died last year, once gave the following outline of what he considered really gentlemanly conduct, says Collier's Weekly:

"The man who is thoroughly unselfish in all small things, he is the man in regard of whom it is quite impossible for you not to feel. That man is a gentleman. Let his rank in society be what it may, let him be ignorant of the ordinary conventionalities of social intercourse, still, if the man be truly self-sacrificing, if in his ordinary relations with his fellows there is true and genuine humility, true and genuine unselfishness, it is impossible for any man who has much to do with him not to feel, 'that man is a gentleman.' I don't care whether he is learned or not, whether he is educated or not; I don't care how ignorant he may be, or how low he may stand; I don't care if he be ever so poor; the man who constantly shows that he is giving himself up for the sake of other people, that man is at heart and in reality one of nature's gentlemen, and this is the way in which he shows it."

### Inking of Truth.

You can't tell a man a great truth; he must find it out himself.

It often happens that we forget yet do not forgive.

He who can feel guilty is partly innocent.

No one can reach the sublime without first passing through the stage of seeming ridiculous.

Satire is a weapon that can be used only at close quarters.

A man may become ignorant by reading too much.

One who sets his standard of conduct too high is in danger of becoming a hypocrite.

A man's reputation depends not so much on what he does as on what he says.—William M. Blatt, in the Cornhill Booklet.

### Kissing Not Dangerous.

The Stillwater Advance refers to the alleged danger of kissing and denounces it as an unmitigated slander on the women. "There can be no more danger in kissing a beautiful woman," says the paper, "than in kissing the sunlight of a new blown rose, and for the purpose of demonstrating our position we stand ready to kiss any white woman (who does not wear store teeth) from Cape Cod to Kalamazoo. We are not afraid of this diabolical kissing microbe, and the man who would recommend the abolition of the health-giving kiss is fit only for treason, stratagem and spoils and is clearly unconstitutional and should be abolished himself."—Kansas City Journal.

## LONG TRIP ON MOTORCYCLES

### Adventurous Men Plan Journey of 3,500 Miles.

Weber Benton and William Rodemacher of St. Louis are about to start on a trip of 3,500 miles on a motorcycle, the entire trip to be made in a period of three months. The men will ride their motorcycle to Kansas City, and go from there to San Francisco by train. Then the real trip will begin.

The machines they will ride weigh 175 pounds each, and are guaranteed to make a mile a minute under favorable circumstances. The machines are gasoline motors of the latest pattern. The tourists are both men of light weight; Mr. Benton tipping the scales at 120 pounds and Mr. Rodemacher at 145. They will, of course, carry no more luggage than is absolutely necessary, a camera being the most essential part.

From Frisco the proposed route will take them through the Yosemite valley and among the big trees, on down through the Mojave desert and over the pass into semi-tropic California. All the side trips which tourists usually make from Los Angeles will be gone over and then the road down the coast, through Escondido and La Jolla, to San Diego, the Naples of America, will be taken.

The tracks will have to be doubled back almost to Los Angeles and then the trip will be through the citrus belt, where the great orange and lemon groves are located. When the Sierra Madres are crossed and "Old Baldy," the big peak, fades from sight, the really serious part of the trip will be before them, for the great Colorado desert must be crossed. It was on this desert that so many people perished in their attempt to reach the "land of gold" in the early '50's.

The Grand canyon of the Colorado will be visited, and then the sagebrush country will be crossed and the Apache Indian villages in eastern Arizona will see the motor cycle for the first time.

The great Pecos valley is the next objective point and from that wonderful country the riders will tour to San Antonio and other southern Texas points. From here another double will



Cyclist and Equipment.

be made back across the Texas plains, through the Pecos valley and over the mountains to Albuquerque.

The mountain trail will be followed to Las Vegas and points of interest not on the railroad in New Mexico. The Santa Fe will be followed through Colorado and Kansas on the way to Kansas City.

### TIRED OF THE MONOTONY.

#### Why George Grossmith's Butler Was Leaving His Service.

Many and various and weird are the reasons given by servants for wanting a change of place. Here is a tale told by George Grossmith, which adds a rare and wondrous instance to the long and eccentric list:

His butler, who had been with him for nearly twenty years, went to him one day and said:

"If you please, sir, I want to leave."

"Mr. Grossmith was sorry, and asked the man his reason."

"I would rather not say, sir," was the mysterious reply.

This was uncomfortable, and Mr. Grossmith pressed the question again.

"Come," he said, "you have been with me for so long and have never complained before. Surely I have almost a right to know why you wish to leave. Your secrecy is unpleasant, and I must really beg of you to tell me your reason for leaving my service."

The butler thought a moment and then said:

"Well, sir, as you insist, I must tell you. But I don't want to. (A pause.) The fact is, sir, I've been with you for close upon twenty years, and I'm tired of the sight of you and all your family!"