

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XIV.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1903.

NO. 29.



LOSSES.

Upon the white sea sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had
known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary
moan.

One spake with quivering lip,
Of a fair-freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone
down;
But one had wilder woe
For a fair face long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
With a most loving truth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever
green;
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spake of friends that were their
trust no more;
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free—
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from
me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure
cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest
loss."

THE INFLUENCE OF JOSEPHINE CARR.

THE young husband looked down at his pretty wife. He had enjoyed a good dinner and was in a reasonably contented mood. At least he should have been.

"Come, come, my dear," he said in a brusque way that was quite foreign to him, "you know that I don't believe in it. I don't object to your amusing yourself in your own way—and this is only a fad, but you can't expect me to join you in chasing after a set of long-haired cranks, whose antics—"

"Why, Fred, how can you! Do you call Josephine—"

"Oh, Josephine—well, she's your friend and of course a very advanced young woman. But, Dolly, I sometimes doubt the advantage of her influence over you."

"Fred, you old stupid! Why, Josephine is brilliant and cultured, and she has gone into this mental telepathy because it's so developing. That's all. I just wish you could hear her talk about thought crystallization and irresistible attraction."

"But that's just what I want to escape. And that's why I must be excused from attending you to the seance—sitting—or whatever you call the obsequies—this evening. You know how I followed you—tolisomely—and sheepishly—to those Browning and Emerson clubs, and stumbled through a Chautauque course, and groveled in mental science, but I draw the line at this thing. It is hypnotism, pure and simple, whatever they call it, and that's a dangerous thing to dabble in, though I doubt if any of you learn anything more harmful than the slinging of polysyllables and meaningless phrases."

There were real tears in the little wife's eyes as she pinned on her pretty hat before the mirror. She did so want Fred to sympathize with her.

"It is just because you are so material," she petulantly exclaimed. "If you would only put your mind into an attitude of receptivity. That's all you have to do. And the professor will be there to-night, and, oh, Fred, he is a wonder! He's a theosophist and a hypnotist, and occult and mysterious, and his name is Caspar Apollonius. Isn't that soulful?"

"Soulful? It's a mouthful. But there's the door bell. Miss Carr has come for you. I'll sit up and hear all about it when you return."

Fred Armitage was a devoted husband and usually gave a seemingly cordial approval to his wife's "enthusiasms," as he styled her fads, but this latest search for wisdom in the realms of the occult was not to his liking. Dolly should have better sense than to run after a freak professor and his silly followers with their jargon about mysteries and manifestations and soul harmonies. Of course it was all the fault of that Josephine Carr, a girl with more zeal than brains, and with a good deal too much time hanging heavily on her hands, a girl who sought to keep up with every newswoman that came along and lived in an intellectual whirlpool. He wished she wouldn't try to drag his Dolly with her. He must provide more amusement for his pretty wife—go out with her more, and read and study together at home—but pshaw! what was the use as long as she was under the influence of that Carr girl? The only thing to do was to circumvent Josephine—to undermine

her hold on his wife's affections. Not a simple matter to undertake, but Fred Armitage wasn't a man to give up easily when once he attempted to accomplish an object.

However—Dolly noticed it at dinner the following day—all thought of animosity toward the astute Josephine had evidently passed from his mind.

"By the way," he began in sprightly tones, "I met—whom do you think?—just as I was crossing Green street this afternoon?"

Of course Dolly gave it up. She was impatient to tell Fred what the professor said about soul illumination. It would be so helpful if he would only listen.

"Well, dear, it was Josephine Carr. Fine girl, that. Never saw her looking so well. Such a pretty frock."

"You goose! I should say you never saw her at all—you won't even glance at her when she comes here. Is she—but of course you didn't stop to speak to her."

"Of course I did. We had quite a little chat. Walked two blocks together. Graceful walker, isn't she? Say, that meeting must have been remarkably interesting. Josie was explaining to me about the degrees of intuitive mentality—I think she called it—and psychological soul progress—do I get that right?—and it was great! She said the professor is to be at their house to-night, just informally, and she'd be glad to have us come over and meet him. Like to go?"

The brown eyes of little Mrs. Armitage opened wide. How had Josephine managed to arouse Fred's interest when all her pleadings had brought only scoffs and ridicule? But Josie was so clever. Why couldn't she, Dolly, be clever and talk people over—at least her own husband? But she was only too glad to have him awakened to the beauties of soul study—that is what they called it—though she felt a little chagrined that evening to see him hover to Miss Carr's side, listening with intense interest to every word that fell from the young woman's lips, as though through her alone he could receive the wondrous truth of psychology.

Josephine, at first puzzled by the apparent fascination of her new convert, attempted to put forth the claims to notice of the professor and draw Fred out in one of his famous "soul talks." But Armitage, with gentle insistence, made her do most of the talking, and was so flattering a pupil that she felt it her duty to devote her energies to his conversion. And Dolly, while the professor's long-winded phrases fell on her deaf ears, sat wondering how Fred could be so attracted by such a plain girl as Joe Carr—so bold and officious, too. Fred never had liked talkative women. It was very strange.

Whirr-r! sounded the telephone bell in the Armitage flat next day. "That's Fred!" exclaimed Dolly, dropping her sewing.

Her husband's voice sounded faint but familiar in the distance, but gracious! what was he saying? "Just had a phone from Josephine—wanted to know if I remembered what the professor said about the 'true realization of one-ness'—told her to come around this evening and talk it over. What's that? Yes, coming to dinner—said

she'd be pleased—told her you'd be delighted—all right, eh?—goodbye."

Dolly dropped the receiver with a gasp. What strange influence could be working on her matter-of-fact husband? Why, he used to shudder when she proposed inviting Josephine to dine. And he always faked an engagement to get away as soon as possible. Well, it must be his great absorption in the new cult. She always knew if Fred ever did take up anything it would not be in a half-hearted way. Only she did wish that she and not another woman had happened to be his guiding star on the road to esoteric bliss. Esoteric fiddlesticks! Telepathy was a tiresome jumble, and she didn't more than half believe in it. But for Fred's sake she must keep up, and perhaps, after all, they could slip away from the crowd—and Josephine—and go hand in hand along the paths of occult lore.

It was a nice little dinner, nicely cooked and nicely served. For all her mental distractions, Dolly was a model little housekeeper. And Josephine enjoyed the dinner. There was no doubt of that. Again and again did Fred help her to some specially attractive delicacy. How watchful he was. The instant her plate was empty he begged her to have it refilled. And there is no doubt Josephine ate a good meal. Dolly, whose own appetite was of the canary bird order, was astonished at Josephine's capacity.

Is it any wonder, then, that the conversation languished—or that it took sudden flights into extremely practical fields? Dolly could see that Fred was disappointed over his inability to draw Josephine out. But this didn't prevent him from doing his best to please her palate.

And then, after they left the table and withdrew to the cozy library, with its restful tints and its dim lights, and Fred seated himself near Josephine, and the moment was ripe for soul utterance, even then Josephine seemed strangely distraught. Once she even yawned.

And Fred, evidently determined he wouldn't be discouraged, talked on and on, in such a steady monotone that Dolly felt like yawning herself. And Josephine replied only in monosyllables and presently did not reply at all. And then Fred held up his hand, and pointing at Josephine, where she half reclined amid the couch pillows, whispered softly to Dolly: "She is communing with her inner consciousness."

"She is asleep," murmured Dolly, a little sharply.

Perhaps she was. Anyway, when she suddenly straightened up and asked what time it was, and Fred told her, she declared she must go right home, and added that she had enjoyed such a soulful evening. And Dolly, with her mind on Josephine's expert performance at the dinner table, felt that soulful was scarcely the word for it.

But Fred caught her eye and frowned. Perhaps he read her thoughts.

Anyway, she could see that he was greatly disappointed.

Friday evening of the following week was to be a notable occasion for the small circle of Professor Apollonius's adherents. An elaborate reception was arranged in his honor and a purse—of considerable weight—was to be presented as a testimonial from his followers. But there were no pleasant anticipations of the affair for Dolly Armitage. Her feelings had undergone a change. Fred, however, had become the most ardent of soul-students. Each day his thirst for knowledge increased, but alas, it was only Josephine who could explain, only Josephine who could interpret—Josephine must be his constant inspiration.

Perhaps Josephine was a little overwhelmed at realizing her responsibility in the matter, but she was not one to shrink her duty and she felt that it rested with her to make a thorough theosophist out of Fred Armitage.

"I find Frederick very susceptible," she had the audacity to remark to Dolly. "If you had only known how to manage him, dear, you would have brought out his spiritual side long ago."

And Dolly's fingers twitched till the bracelet she was twitching broke with a vicious snap.

No wonder the little woman showed but a languid interest when on the evening of the reception Armitage urged her to make haste in her preparations.

"Hurry, Dolly. You know Apollonius is to give an exhibition of his hypnotic powers, and we don't want to miss any of it."

Dolly let the glossy piles of hair into

which she was inserting a jeweled comb fall in a mass about her shoulders.

"I don't believe I'll go, after all," she exclaimed. "I'm tired, and somehow I don't take a bit of interest in it."

"Not go! Why, Dolly, I don't want to go without you. And I must be there. Josephine expects me."

"Josephine! That's right. I understand. It's all on Josephine's account. You haven't a thought nowadays for any one but Josephine."

Armitage threw himself into an easy chair and regarded his wife with a foolish smile. "Yes, yes, I must see Josephine," he dreamily murmured. "Josephine's a seraph. Just like one of Botticelli's angels, isn't she, Dolly?"

"I should say so," exclaimed the indignant wife. "She's a moon-eyed, platter-faced friar."

"And so spiritual. She's all soul—nothing but soul."

Dolly laughed hysterically. "I guess you'd think so if you saw her walking shoes. Why, Fred Armitage, what is the matter?"

Her husband's head had sunk back, his eyes were half closed and his arms waved wildly before him as though to keep off an unseen enemy.

Dolly gazed at a moment in horrified silence. Then the meaning of it all broke upon her. She sprang to his side with words of love and pity. "Oh, you poor, hypnotized darling!" she cried, clasping the waving arms. "I see it all now. She has hypnotized you. But she shan't have you. Wake up, Fred! Don't you know me; your own wife? I'll take care of you and not let them get you, dear."

Slowly, Armitage opened his eyes and gazed at him in wonder.

"Where am I?" he murmured. "What does it mean, Dolly? What wicked power has been trying to separate us?"

"It's Josephine! She hypnotized you and tried to get you away from me. But I shan't let you go!" and Dolly threw herself upon her husband's knee, her arms clasped about his neck. "I shall stay right here and hold you tight."

Fred rubbed his hands across his brow. "I begin to understand," he said, as he gently patted the pretty head that lay upon his shoulder. "There has been some strange influence at work upon me. But I fear nothing now. You have broken the spell and called me back to my senses."

"And you don't think the influence will come back? Not if you were to meet Jo—"

"Not for a thousand Josephines! But, of course, I shouldn't wish to be the means of breaking up your friendship—"

"Friendship! With that designing creature! Fred, I shall never speak to her again. And as for the professors and cranks and 'usns, I'm done with them all. I'll never take up another fad. Now, sir, I hope you're satisfied."

"How can I help being satisfied, dear, if you are?"

But it is very fortunate that Dolly did not see the sly wink he gave his reflection in the dressing table mirror. —W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fashionable Furs.

Fashion has much to do with the position in public favor held by different furs in different years. But there are at least a few which must always hold their own on their merits, and, like diamonds, pearls and gold are never out of fashion. These are those of the sable, the seal, the beaver (for men's fur coats), the sea otter and the silver fox; and next after these are a list of at least twelve "with power to add to their number," which, though subject to the fluctuations of fashion, are among the most beautiful of natural ornaments, and additions alike to comfort and to costume. Among these secondary but most charming furs, many of which are expensive enough to make them luxuries, the marten or Canadian sable, chinchilla, mink, fisher, skunk, Arctic fox, monkey, nutria, and the red Canadian or Manchurian fox and cross fox are all deserving of a very high place.

Inquisitive People.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

The Most Expensive Chair.

The most expensive chair in the world belongs to the Pope. It is of solid silver and cost \$90,000.

HAD EARNED UMPIRE'S SCORN.

Official Not Afraid of Being Hit by Such a Batter.

Melancholy had been doing her best to mark the umpire for her own but up to the eighth inning she had not been able to leave a dent. He was not of the few whom nature seems to have especially fitted for the responsibilities thrust upon them in this life. Quick of speech, haughty and overbearing and wholly indifferent to the right of others, he delivered his decision in a way which almost invariably commanded respect even though it failed to carry conviction. But the penalty which he paid for success in his career, was a heavy one. His disposition was irretrievably ruined. He had become habitually sarcastic. A player on whom three strikes had just been called was speaking up with all the enthusiasm of a man who realized that this is a free country and the voice of the people as it ascends from the bleaching board is on his side.

"Tree strikes nottin!" was the loud laconic comment which caused the umpire to look upon him with a majestic glare and exclaim: "What's dat?"

"I said t'ree strikes nottin', an' dat's whut."

The altercation proceeded until, in a paroxysm of indignation the player lifted his bat as a weapon.

"Look out!" shouted one of the players. "He's goin' to hit ye."

But the umpire never flinched.

"Don't ye have no fear," he said as he stood in statuesque defiance "After whut he's been doin' at the bat I don't feel that I'm runnin' no risks whatever. He may strike at me, but there ain't any mortal chance of his touchin' anything."—New York Times.

FREAK OF OHIO RIVER.

Natural Amphitheater Formed by the Rushing Waters.

All the works of man are merely imitative of nature, but often there are curious reversals, such as the structure formed by the Ohio river, near Evansville, Ind. The ancients no doubt procured their inspiration for the great amphitheaters from the peculiar



Natural Sand Amphitheater. formation of mountain sides and between Evansville and Henderson, Ky., it would seem as if dame Nature had imitated the architecture of the Greeks and Romans. The yellow banks for miles show the stages of the falling water in great ledges. At one point, where the waters swirl inland, a regular series of circular steps has appeared, and if one were in Italy he might fancy he was looking on the remains of some old Roman circus.

KEPT CHURCH PEOPLE AWAKE.

Mosquitoes Have Fun With a Missouri Congregation.

The New Jersey mosquito bears the reputation of being the most malicious and persistent of his species, but he seems to have a dangerous rival in some of Missouri's extraction which have been operating at and about La Grange. "Mosquitoes have been unusually plentiful in La Grange during the last week," says the Indicator, of that place. "They came near breaking up services at the various churches Sunday evening. The congregations that evening were the liveliest ever seen in La Grange. The young girls with short skirts were kept busy scratching their lower limbs; the ladies wearing thin waists gave their attention to their shoulders, while the men with scanty supplies of hair were entertaining their 'cousins' at luncheon on the tops of their craniums. It was quite amusing to hear the smack of some person whose Irish had been aroused by the bite of a mosquito, and who had landed on the intruder with a severe blow during the services."