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TWO CAREERS.

BY JENNIE BETTS HARTSWICK.

What has she done that men should stay
The jostling hurry of their way
To seek with wonder-eager eyes
The darkened mansion where she lies?
Has she done that, far and wide,
Has flashed the word that she has died—
That folk in distant lands have said
To one another, "She is dead?"
Why should the lips of strangers raise
To her a monument of praise?
Ah, it was hers to conquer fame,
She made a Name.

And she who lies so whitely still,
Untouched of joy, unwept of ill,
Has she done aught? Why, surely, no;
The records of her living show
No laurels won, no glory gained,
No effort crowned, no height attained;
In life she championed no cause;
Why should the passing people pause?
One little household's narrow scope
Hold all her heart and all her hope,
Too lowly she for fame's high dome,
She made a home.

—Harper's Bazar.

IN LATITUDE 37¹/₂ WEST.

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

THE STORY OF A FEW MINUTES' WILD ADVENTURE AND AWFUL PERIL JUST OUT FROM MORRIS COVE.

WHEN you were a boy," asked Helen, thoughtfully, "did you ever imagine things?"

"Oh?"

"Ever make believe you were—what you weren't, you know—Jack the Giant Killer, a Fairy Prince, King Arthur—"

"I used to make believe I was a locomotive sometimes, and go choo, choo, choo," I replied with an effort.

"Oh!"

She seemed disappointed. I put my pipe back between my teeth and pulled my cap further over my eyes, yet not so far as to shut her out of vision. She was very lovely. She wore white things. Her sleeves were rolled up to her elbows—I could see the dimples occasionally—and her hair, a broad, flapping thing of white cloth with a scarf floating away from it, was getting very, very wet from the water that had splashed in the bottom of the boat. I wanted to warn her of this, but the sun was so jolly, the air so balmy, and I was so altogether comfortable that conversation was repellent.

Helen drew in her line dreamily, scowled ferociously at finding the bait intact, and dropped it back again into the smooth green water. Then she folded her wet, brown hands on the gunwale, and stared thoughtfully across the harbor. She was very lovely. The sun made glints of copper in her brown hair. Behind her, half a mile away, was the beach, golden in the morning sunlight; above it the green-clad bluff, topped by the hideous, veranda-mad hotel. Over all was a cloudless blue sky. About us was the sea, green around the boat, blue further away, shot with dazzling flecks and blurs of sunlight.

From the beach came the soft hush of the tiny waves. Afar off a locomotive shrieked shrilly. Seven silvery chimneys floated across from the gleaming white yacht in front of the clubhouse, and were echoed over and over by smaller craft. Under my head the lazy swell lapped sleepily at the bow.

"I—I think you have a bite," said Helen, doubtfully.

I glanced at where my line was tied around a toke-pin.

"Yes, I believe I have," I said.

"Aren't you going to see?" asked Helen.

I closed my eyes negatively.

"You're the laziest man I ever saw," she said.

"Not lazy; philanthropic. I am giving a little fishie a nice breakfast."

Helen watched my line. Presently she sighed. "It's all over."

I shuddered and closed my eyes again. After a minute or two the end of the painter began to dig into my back, and I stirred uncomfortably and looked at Helen. She was observing me intently from two very wide open blue eyes. She laughed softly.

"I thought I could do it, she triumphed.

"It was the painter," I denied, indignantly.

"Very well," she replied, soothingly. "Let's make believe."

"All right; go ahead."

She scowled until she had two creases over her nose and looked at me as though I wasn't there; then she said, "We're shipwrecked."

"The deuce!" said I.

"Yes; three days out from—from—" "Morris Cove."

"Liverpool," she continued, frowning. "We ran into a terrible storm, which dismantled us."

"Oh, well, we can do without mantels," I comforted.

"Both masts went by the board and the captain and second officer and the entire crew were swept overboard in a heavy sea."

I shuddered. "He owed me three dollars," I mourned.

"He was a godless man," said Helen, severely.

"I beg your pardon?"

"He was a godless man. He was—ah—intoxicated at the time of the disaster. It was a judgment."

"It was," I affirmed. I shook my head sadly. Then I asked, "Where were we at that time?"

"In latitude thirty-seven and a half west," said Helen, glibly.

"Must have been a bargain," I murmured.

"Shortly after," she continued, "the storm abated. Alone and unassisted you rigged a jury mast."

"I did!" I assented, eagerly. I strove to look heroic, even going to the length of removing my pipe; then a natural generosity reproved me. "But you forget yourself," I charged; "you forget the—er—the splendid assistance you rendered me. You forget how, lashed to—er—lashed to a hen coop, you labored bravely with me through the long watches of the night, and when morning dawned gray and cheerless over a tossing, leaden sea, you—"

"Nothing of the sort," she interrupted. "You forget that I am a passenger. I passed the awful hours in my stateroom, praying for morning, expecting every moment to be the last."

"Oh," said I. "I had the wrong book; it's Clark, Russell, isn't it?"

She paid no heed. With eyes fixed upon the distant horizon she spoke on like a seer. "A spell of calm weather followed."

"It did," I said, humbly. "I saw it following."

"Hourly we scanned the ocean for sight of a sail. Once—" She paused; her voice broke with emotion. "Once, far in the distance, low down on the horizon—"

"I thought it was horizon?"

"We sighted a speck, a faint blur against the immensity of the empty world. All day we watched it, eating nothing, silently praying that it might change its course and come to our rescue. Yet when night came down we were once more alone in the vast darkness."

"Or dark vastness," I offered, helpfully.

"When morning dawned again the faint speck was longer there. A frightful loneliness, an awful hopelessness, came over us."

"It—they did."

"Yet you were brave, so brave!" She looked at me admiringly. "What could I say? I waved a hand carelessly, and smoothed my tie."

"While there's life there's hope," I murmured.

"You bade me keep up my courage. Ah, I needed your comfort then! Life was very empty for a while. You—"

"Well, you had me," I reminded.

"Then—then the food gave out."

"What?"

"Starvation stared us in the face."

"No, no!" I cried. "Not that! Anything but that!"

"The barrel which we had believed held—held plumduff and—"

"Devised kidneys!"

"Hard tack—"

"Oh!"

"We discovered to be filled only with—"

"Crullers," I said, imploringly. "With—with crumb-bells!"

"Dumb-bells? Why dumb-bells?" I asked, coldly.

For an instant she looked non-plussed. Then she said, falteringly, "I don't know. They—they were part of the cargo, I think."

"Maybe she's a training-ship," I suggested.

Helen blinked.

"Starvation stared us—"

"You said that once."

"With a groan you covered your face with your hands—"

"Yes, yes," I cried. "Then, like a flash, I remembered that in the captain's cabin I had seen a box of beef-steak and onions. With an exclamation of joy I dashed headlong down the companionway. The box was still there. Seizing a large, thick steak, I hurried to the galley—"

"You're quite wrong," interrupted Helen, inexorably. "Hunger has gone to your brain. You've had nothing to eat for three days, and—"

"No, no, please! Not three days! One, if you must, but not—"

"For three weary days," she insisted. I groaned aloud and passed a trembling hand across the front of my shirt. It was true! The pangs of hunger were already biting. I looked longingly toward the store.

"But that was not the worst!"

"Stop, stop!" I beseeched.

"The next day we drank the last of our meagre store of water. Then indeed Death hovered nigh."

"Tell me one thing," I begged, in broken whispers. "The—the cask of Burgundy, vintage of '78, and the two dozen bottles of Scotch whisky in the captain's cupboard, they—they were still there?"

Helen looked across at me pityingly, and shook her head. With an anguished cry I hid my face in my hands.

"We found the cask stove in and the bottles broken to atoms."

"Did we?" I muttered, vacantly. "I had forgotten."

"Without food and water—"

"Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink!" I gibbered.

"For three days we have drifted over a cruel, glassy sea, under a burning, pitiless sky."

"Pitiless sky," I echoed, with parched lips.

"And yet—and yet through it all there has been one thing to comfort us, one bright spot in the darkness of despair."

I looked toward her eagerly. "I knew it! I knew it! There was one bottle saved! He had hidden it in his bunk!"

"Hush!" she said.

I sank back again, weak and dispirited.

"And that," she continued, with a wrapt, dreamy expression in her eyes, "and that was our love for each other."

"Eh?"

"And that was our love for each other," repeated Helen, softly.

"Oh—er—yes; that, of course," I said, hurriedly.

"What though we had known each other less than a fortnight? Love—"

"What though?" I murmured.

"Love is not born of time. It may blossom in a day, an hour, a minute."

"A second!"

"So with our love," she paused, and looked dreamily over the sea. Was she, too, thinking of luncheon? But no. "We loved each other at first sight."

"We did," I affirmed, heartily.

Helen faltered; her eyelids fluttered; a tinge of pink crept over her hunger-pallid cheeks.

"Yet you would never have spoken had not Fate thrown us alone together here thousands of miles from shore."

I glanced startledly towards the beach. It was not there! In a panic my eyes swept the horizon. Thank heaven! It was over my left shoulder! The tide had swung the dory around.

"For there was a gulf between us," Helen continued. "I was an heiress, and you were merely a second officer."

"Oh, I say!" I demurred.

"But danger brought us together. Position, wealth, all else was forgotten. We loved each other; that was enough."

"Quite," I said, with satisfaction.

"There, with the tempest howling in our ears, tossed about by the angry waves, alone on the ocean, the seal of silence was broken. Danger drew us together. You spoke. Wrapped in each others' arms, for a time all was forgotten. Love held our souls."

"Eh—did I—that is, well, did I kiss you?"

"No," said Helen sharply.

"Oh," I considered. "Not even one tiny, little kiss?"

"No," Helen considered. "Well, perhaps one very, very small one," she allowed.

"I thought I remembered it," I answered, brightly. "And did you—"

"But then came the awakening," she hurried on.

"Oh, we woke up?" I asked.

"Suddenly a gust of wind forced us apart—"

"Cruel wind!" I sighed, dolorously.

"And with a loud report the sail was torn into ribbons."

"A ribbon sale?" I inquired.

"The rain fell in torrents, the lightning flashed across the sky. At the mercy of the elements, our frail bark was borne onward at awful speed. Suddenly above the sound of wind and wave the roaring of the surf upon the shore reached our ears. The moment of supreme peril was at hand! A flash of lightning, more intense than any heretofore, lighted up the scene. Before us, scarce a cable's length away, rose a towering cliff of jagged rock. Below it the surf dashed high, as though hungry—"

"Eh?"

"As though hungry for its prey. And in the weird light I saw your face. Ah, never shall I forget it! It was—"

"Maybe I hadn't shaved," I murmured, extenuatingly.

"Calm with a high and noble courage."

"Ah!"

"You took me in your arms. Our lips met in one last, long kiss. Terror passed from my heart. I was content to have it so. Silently we waited. Then with a crash and shock that threw—"

The crash came! Helen shrieked. I struggled to my knees. Watson's launch was digging its nose into the dory, and Watson was grinning down at us.

"Hello, you folks! Asleep? I want you to come aboard for lunch. I'll tow—"

I struggled to my feet, threw myself into the launch, and seized Watson's knees.

"Saved! Saved!" I sobbed.—Woman's Home Companion.

An Ingenious Scheme.

To any one who doesn't possess the modest luxury of a private car, traveling is always a thing fraught with discomfort. Columbus could be written on the pathetic struggles of the woman who travels to stow her wearing apparel away in the coffin-like confines of a lower berth. Any right-minded woman prepares to shed tears when she thinks of the next morning state of her traveling skirt. Time was when porters looked after such things, and could be induced to preserve garments overnight in mysterious places, but these days, on nine sleeping cars out of ten, the porter is instructed to inform you that he can't be responsible for anything entrusted to him. These things being as they are, I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to a lady—name to me unknown—who showed me how to dispose of a whole wardrobe in a sleeping car.

She travels a great deal, she informed me, and she never leaves home without at least a dozen of the big safety pins and hook combinations that people use to attach curtain rings—I forget the technical term for them, if I ever knew it. I was allowed to peep into her berth after she had arranged herself for the night, and I found she had fastened one of these pins into each of her more bulky garments and had hooked them all in a row to the top of the berth curtain. She said the idea was all her own and that it was the greatest comfort in the world to know that everything was hanging up neatly, just as it would be at home. For giving a really homelike atmosphere to a sleeping car I can think of no other scheme more highly to be recommended.—Washington Post.

The Retort Courteous.

A young and popular member of Parliament was addressing a meeting at which there was a considerable rowdy element present. Like the other speakers, he was frequently interrupted, until, losing patience, he called for silence, saying, "Don't let every ass bray at once." "You go on, sir," said the ring-leader, and the honorable member was left without a reply.—London Chronicle.

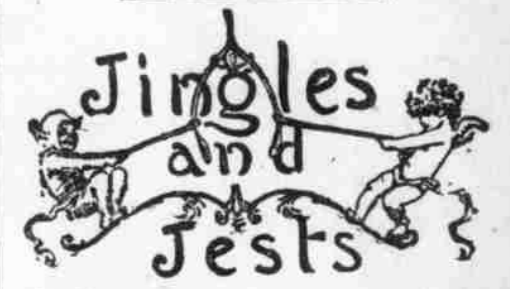
The Hopeless Idiot.

The only idiot that is absolutely hopeless is the man who sits down to reason a thing out with a woman.—New York Press.

A SONNET IN X.

Emblem of things that puzzle and perplex,
Of quantities unknown—the kinds that
mix
The algebra for youthful brains of six,
As well as those that minds of wisdom
vex;
Convenient symbol for the gentle sex,
The hidden sense of sentences prolix,
And other mysteries we try to fix
Some meaning to, O wonder letter X!

Type of the treasure in Pandora's box,
Of anything that needs a mental ax,
Or eyes more sharp than those of any lynx,
Or scent more keen than that of any fox!
Image of all obscurities that tax
The wits of man! Strange riddle of the
Sphinx!
—Frank Dempster Sherman, in Harper's Magazine.



Cholly—"Her father actually threatened to brain me." Ethel—"It doesn't seem possible. He must have been joking."—Judge.

"Of course you wouldn't marry a title." "Not if there was any other way of getting one," answered the severely practical girl.—Chicago Post.

The trust has a peculiar way
That's very far from funny;
A lot of men do all the work,
A few get all the money.
—Washington Star.

Financier—"I told me boss I couldn't afford to work for three dollars a week." Merchant—"What did he say?" Financier—"Said he hadn't noticed me tryin' to."—Judge.

The Peddler—"I want to see the mistress of the house." The Master—"Do you? Then step around to the kitchen door and ask for the cook."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Father (protestingly)—"You wish to marry my daughter, eh? Why, she has only just graduated!" Suitor (magnanimously)—"I know it! And yet I love her!"—Puck.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen
I think the saddest ones are when
Your gasoline has run its course
And small boys chorus
Gittahorse!
—New York Sun.

"Father," said the little boy, "what is a mathematician?" "A mathematician, my son, is a man who can calculate the distance between the most remote stars and who is liable to be flim-flammed in changing a \$2 bill."—Washington Star.

Ethel (statically)—"O, Charlie, would you just as leave propose all over again, and do it into this phonograph?" Cholly—"Why?" "Why, I want to have something to remember you by after you have gone in and spoken to papa about it."—Life.

Mrs. Neustile—"I paid \$100 for a Paris hat and that Pattern woman up the street managed to get one just like it. But I stopped her from wearing it!" Mrs. Neustile—"How did you do it?" Mrs. Neustile—"I gave the hat to the nurse and told her to wear it every time she took baby out."—Baltimore American.

"But I thought," observed the simple-minded person on the outskirts of the crowd, "that a king could do as he pleased." "Not at all," replied the other person, craning his neck. "Didn't you see how he shuddered when he kissed the other king? He didn't want to, but he just had to do it."—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Long (who recommended a servant)—"Yes, she was an excellent girl in every way, except she would imitate me in dress, and things like that." Miss Short—"Ah, yes. I noticed she began doing it when she came to me; but she's given it up now." Mrs. Long—"I'm glad to hear it. I expect she saw she was making herself ridiculous."—Punch.

Hemorrhage.

To stop hemorrhage of the lungs wrap the thighs and arms above the elbows with small strong cords tightly drawn and tied. This will stop the flow of blood almost instantly.

Monocles For Ladies.

Wearing monocles, the latest fashion for ladies, a craze recently started in Paris by ladies of the Servian colony, is extending to London.

A Map Cut in Marble.

The oldest map of Rome, which is preserved, is the Forum Urbis, cut in 140 pieces of marble.

If we could see ourselves as others see us we would probably change our views.