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"TEARS, IDLE TEARS."

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

—Tennyson, "The Princess."

AUNT MARIA'S MONEY.

By B. F. Paul.

WHEN my youngest uncle came home and told my grandfather that he was engaged to Miss Smitherson, the dear, old man was paralyzed with dismay, and all the relations and friends who knew Miss Smitherson were paralyzed, too, and expressed their opinion that my uncle had been thwarted through the machinations of old Smitherson.

This was ten years or so before I was born. By that time the lady had quarreled with half her husband's relations, and by the time I was eighteen she had quarreled with the other half, only excepting myself, to whom, for some unaccountable reason, she had conceived a violent and somewhat embarrassing affection. As by this time my parents were dead and had left their children very ill-provided for, we thought it better from prudential motives to encourage this affection, my aunt being one of our few prosperous relations, and our only wealthy one, as, in addition to her own fortune, she had caused my late uncle to make a will leaving her absolute mistress of all he possessed; so when he died she was worth a considerable fortune. Her two sons were entirely dependent on her caprices, and as she had already quarreled violently with the elder, there was every chance that she might leave me a comfortable income. I therefore responded with hypocritical warmth to her fond overtures, and always accepted her frequent and pressing invitations, though I reaped much weariness and not a little irritation from her exacting society.

These visits were, however, rendered endurable by the society of my cousin Edgar, the younger and favorite son, of whom I was really very fond, and with whom I sometimes even fancied myself in love when wearied with the excessive ardor of Cyril Cavendish, an impetuous bank clerk, who had fixed his youthful affections upon me, and whose assurances as to my personal charms were often a great comfort to me when wounded in spirit by the plain speaking of my brothers.

One day Edgar came to me with a greatly perturbed expression, and said he wanted me to help him out of a difficulty. I said I would do my best, and, after some beating about the bush, he informed me that he was deeply in love with Augusta Denaby, a rather pretty girl who lived in the next parish.

"Augusta Denaby?" I exclaimed. "Why, you know Aunt Maria detests her and would cut you off with a dollar if you ventured to marry her." "That's just the difficulty," responded Edgar. "Just because Mrs. Denaby offended mother a dozen years ago, she hasn't a good word to say for any of the family. She has hardly spoken to any of them, and, I believe, has never even seen Augusta. I am sure, if she once got to know her, she couldn't help liking her, and now that Mrs. Denaby is dead, there's no reason the enmity should be kept up. But, you see, Kitty, mother has made up her mind that you and I are to marry each other, and she is expecting me to propose to you while you are here."

"But I don't want to marry you," I returned, with some warmth, Cyril suddenly becoming precious in my sight.

"I know you don't," replied Edgar, "and I don't want to marry you, so we are of one mind on that point. But, you see, Kitty, I shall get no peace till I ask you; so what I want you to do is to refuse me, and then I can tell mother that you wouldn't have me, and I shall be reduced to despair and go off and marry Augusta, and mother will throw all the blame upon you. Then we shall gradually work round, so that mother will get to know and like Augusta, and all will end happily."

I was filled with indignation at this suggestion. Mean, selfish fellow! Why should I be sacrificed, just to further his own ends, and be deprived of the comfortable provision for the future upon which I was depending at my aunt's death? I resolved upon revenge.

"Very well," said I, coldly. "I will do what I can for you. But you are sure your mother wants us to marry?" "Yes," he asked me only this morn-

ing if I had proposed yet," he replied. "Very well, then, do so," said I. "Well, then, Kitty, will you be my wife?" said Edgar.

"With pleasure!" I responded, with a sweet smile. "But, Kitty, you must refuse me," said Edgar, much taken aback.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said I, with gentle firmness. "Far be it from me to go against the wishes of my dear aunt, to whom I owe so much. I shall go and tell her at once how happy you have made me."

I did, and my aunt embraced me warmly, almost with tears, and I embraced her with equal fervor, and told her that I could never do enough to show my gratitude. My aunt insisted that we should be married at once, only allowing time for the purchase of an elaborate trousseau with which she intended to provide me.

The unfortunate Edgar was nearly distracted. To break off his engagement with me would increase his mother even more than his refusal to propose in the first place would have done. He raged and stormed in private, declared he would commit suicide rather than marry me, would reject me at the altar, would ill-treat me in the most fearful way after we were married. But to all these threats I opposed an unruffled sweetness of demeanor and lavished a great show of affection upon him in the presence of my aunt, to whom he was unwillingly obliged to respond.

Our wedding day drew near, and Edgar, finding me unmoved by threats, now had recourse to entreaties, and even secretly brought Augusta to add her prayers to his; but to their pitiful means I only responded that nothing would induce me to disappoint my dear aunt, even if I had to sacrifice my life's happiness in the cause.

It may readily be supposed that I had not really the slightest intention of allowing Edgar to marry me. I intended to drive him into rejecting me, a course which would, I knew, deeply offend my aunt and would probably oust Edgar altogether from her favor, in which I then hoped to rise still higher by the representation that Edgar's cruelty had broken my heart. However, as the day approached and Edgar showed no signs of open rebellion, I began to be a little alarmed. What if, after all, I had to reject Edgar? That would be fatal! My aunt would never speak to me again.

The morning before the appointed wedding day Edgar came to me, pale and fierce.

"Are you determined to keep up this farce to the end?" he inquired.

"Farce?" said I, raising my brows. "I intend to obey my beloved aunt, if that is what you mean."

"Then take the consequences," he retorted, as he departed angrily and banged the door.

That evening a note was discovered in Edgar's room informing his mother that when she read it all would be over, that he could not obey her wishes in marrying me, and, rather than run counter to them, he had resolved to destroy himself.

The disquieted mother was beside herself with grief. She rushed here and there, giving contradictory orders; she ran up and down stairs as if searching for some sign of his presence; she dispatched search parties in the hope that he might yet be discovered alive; but nothing could be found, except his coat and hat on the bank of a river.

The conclusion came to was that the unfortunate young man had drowned himself, though no trace of the body could be discovered.

"You are my only hope and comfort," cried my aunt, weeping on my neck. "You must never leave me, darling!"

With some misgivings, I promised I would not.

The bereaved parents wept together, and so touching was their grief that I cried, too, although I had not the slightest apprehension that Augusta and Edgar had really drowned themselves.

However, as months passed on and nothing was heard of either of them, I began to feel rather anxious and to wonder what had befallen them.

Meanwhile a common sorrow had drawn the two unhappy households together, and, about a year after these startling events, my aunt astounded me one morning by the information that she and Mr. Denaby had resolved to unite their broken hearts and seek consolation in wedlock.

Here was a nice prospect for me! My aunt had already become very favorably disposed toward her future stepchildren, and would be certain to provide handsomely for them in her will, and, instead of being her sole heiress, I was suddenly confronted with seven rivals—the number of Augusta's brothers and sisters—and might think myself fortunate if I got off with an eighth part of what I had considered my due.

The marriage took place, and the Denabys migrated from their small house to my aunt's handsome mansion, in which I now felt myself an interloper. I returned to my former home, where my eldest sister was struggling to make both ends meet, and where I was not received with much enthusiasm.

In these circumstances, I accepted an offer of marriage from a wealthy gentleman who fell a victim to those charms which no one but Cyril had yet been able to perceive.

On the very day that I wrote to my aunt informing her of my engagement, I received a letter from her, written in great excitement, and incoherently announcing that "Edgar was not in heaven, as she had hoped," but in Canada, where he and his wife, Augusta, were happily settled and doing extremely well. Having heard of the marriage of their respective parents, they had taken courage to write and inform them that they, too, were married, and not dead, as was supposed; they hoped they should be forgiven and still hold a place in the affections of their friends.

Thus all ended well. Edgar has already attained great eminence in his adopted country; Cyril and I are both happily married—to somebody else—and my aunt is so kept in order by her second husband, who has proved to be a person of much decision of character, that she has already begged her eldest son's pardon for having discarded him, and has made an equitable will, dividing her fortune in the most proper and satisfactory manner.

I am glad to say that I am not forgotten.—New York Weekly.

Timid Swains.

"Can you post me on stamp flirtation—the significance of stamps placed in various positions on envelopes?" queried a sentimental youth at one of the postoffice windows. "Yes," said the stamp clerk gravely, "a stamp placed anywhere but in the upper right hand corner of the addressed side of the envelope means trouble—a lot of trouble—for postoffice people whose duty it is to cancel the stamps. And a stamp placed anywhere on the wrong side of the envelope, as is often done by foolish individuals who imagine they are flirting, means delay—the letter being held up under the impression that it is uncancelled until some one discovers the stamp on the reverse side. That's the extent of my knowledge on the subject of stamp flirtation." As the flushed youth hurried away the clerk winked at a listener and added: "I never could understand why these mushy individuals don't write their tender sentiments in the letters instead of making trouble for mail handlers by sticking stamps in all sorts of ridiculous positions."—Philadelphia Record.

The "American Accent."

An American correspondent protests against the phrases "American accent" and "nasal twang," which were used in many reports of the Torrey-Alexander mission at Liverpool. For "the impression is a general one that all Americans talk through their noses. The idea is quite as erroneous as if one should assert that all English people talk Cockney." The protest is justifiable. There is no such thing as the "American accent," except in a few words, such as "advertisement," wherein America is superior as to pronunciation and practice.

Nor does the American-born man "talk through his nose." The real difference that we all notice is a difference in the general pitch of voice. The American voice is pitched in a slightly higher key than the English; and here you may find the reason why the American assimilates French so easily. Put roughly, the case is this: the Frenchman talks from his palate, the American from the top of his throat, the Englishman from his chest and the German from his diaphragm.—London Chronicle.

Wheat Beals, of Vermont, built the first railroad known in the United States—the wooden track affair four miles long at the Quincy granite quarries in Massachusetts.



MISFIT SPECTACLES.

We wondered why the spectacles that help grandpa to read
Would make things, when I put them on,
Look very queer indeed.
Good reason why his spectacles for me
Will never do,
For, don't you see, my eyes are brown,
While grandpapa's are blue! —St. Nicholas.

THE MYSTERIOUS PLAYER.

"Molly," mamma called, softly, "don't, dear! Baby's just beginning to get sleepy."

The sharp little patter of trills and scales on the piano kept on, undiminished.

"Molly, stop playing at once!" mamma's voice had the ring of command in it, but the patter of notes still continued. She did not dare to move, for baby's eyes were narrowing drowsily to little blue slits, and they must not fly open again. When at last the noise stopped, they were shut, and baby had landed on Noddle's Island after a long trip on a "choppy" sea.

Molly tiptoed into the room.

"Molly," mamma said, gravely, "didn't you hear me tell you to stop drumming on the piano?"

"Why, I never, mamma!" whispered Molly, surprised. "I haven't been in the music-room a tail!"

"Then it must have been Faith, but it didn't sound like her. She really plays little tunes."

"Faith's out in the hammock, mamma."

"Why?" mamma said. "And the boys are gone. Who could—Hark!" The patter of notes again, running up and down the keyboard. Molly's eyes grew big with astonishment.

It was a queer little tuneless jig, with rests and "andantes" and "fortissimos" playing tag through it, and A flats and B sharps stepping on each other's heels.

Then it stopped short. Mamma held out her hand to Molly, and they stole to the music-room door together. No one there. Peter Burr lay curled on the sofa in a doze, not looking at all as if he had just seen a ghost. So the queer little mystery stayed undiscovered until, a day or two after, Molly suddenly stepped right into the middle of it. She was hurrying through the hall when she heard the piano "going" again in the funny way.

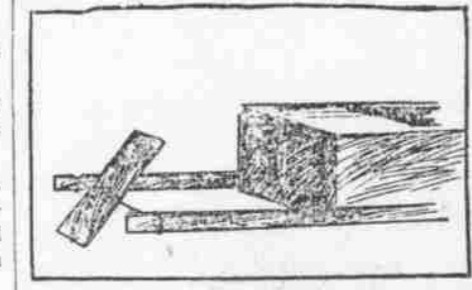
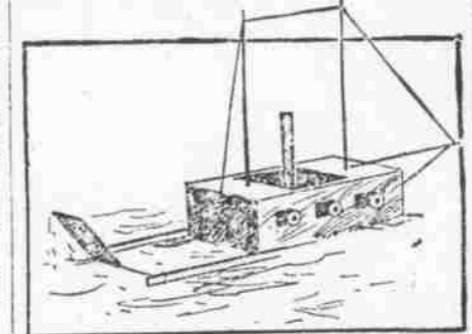
"Oh, my!" she thought. "There 'tis playing on itself again—why-ee?" For she had stopped at the door, and there was Peter Burr playing a tune all to himself! Peter Burr! Who ever would have thought? Molly stood and watched him do it. He leaped from the piano-stool to the keyboard, and whisked lightly back and forth, in great delight at his own music. His soft, padded toes struck the notes gently and made funny trills and quavers. Over and over again the tune played under his feet, and then it came to a sudden end. Peter Burr leaped down to the floor, and before Molly could unscrew the little round "off" of astonishment her lips made, he was fast asleep on the sofa.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Youth's Companion.

A CIGAR-BOX BOAT.

The first thing to be done is to secure a good, strong cigar box and to

rip away its lid. Cut two pieces of pasteboard, each the width of the box by one-third of its length, and tack these across the front and back of the opening. This makes a fore and after deck. With a hatchet chop from an umbrella rib two masts a foot long, pushing one through the fore and one through the after deck, and pounding both firmly into the bottom of the cigar box. Take what remains of the umbrella rib, say three inches; lay half of it along the middle of the fore deck, allowing the other half to project; secure it to the pasteboard with sealing wax, and the bowsprit is in position.

Now the cigar box commences to resemble a ship and it is time to begin the propeller. For this purpose, cut from the cover two strips of wood an inch broad, and tack these to the sides of the box just at the bottom, so that five inches stick out at each side of the back of the box. The position of the strips to the box is the position of shafts to a wagon, except that they are behind instead of in front. They must be tacked very strongly. When this is done, run a stout rubber band from the end of one shaft to the end of the other. Cut out of what is left of the cigar-box top a paddle four



A CIGAR-BOX BOAT AND PADDLE.

inches long and an inch and a half wide, and the motive power of the boat is ready. You have only to push the paddle between the two sides of the box, midway between the shafts, and turn it round from left to right until the rubber is twisted tight. When you let go of the paddle it will turn rapidly until the elastic is untwisted, and if the boat is in the water the turning will send it ahead. The stronger this apparatus and the tighter the rubber is twisted the farther the boat will go.

What remains to be done is only to make the box water tight and to increase its likeness to a ship. The first task can be accomplished by calking the cracks inside the box and the holes made by the masts with putty or gum. If neither is handy, light a candle and let the tallow drip into the proper places. Run a string from the mainmast to the foremast, and from the foremast to the bowsprit for rigging, and give a tiny flag to the top of each. Cut portholes along the side of the boat, or paint them there with ink.

A spool can be made to look like a donkey engine, a tiny box will serve as a cabin, and the vessel is ready to be floated. If the work is done neatly the craft will be as trim and as serviceable as an iron toy that would cost from \$3 to \$10 in any of the shops. —New York Evening Mail.



FLOWER NOTES.

Don't put all your flower bulbs in pots or beds, but tuck clusters of them here and there amid the shrubbery, says the Woman's Magazine.

Crocus may be twice its own depth beneath the soil and if left undisturbed will sow its own seed and multiply.

Lilies of the valley, narcissus, crocus, snowdrops and scyllias are among the things that should be planted in the fall to come up early in the spring.

Be sure to obtain new plants each full of the Chinese primrose, as these plants do not bloom so well in the house the second year.

In selecting bulbs, if done personally, choose the heavy solid ones in preference to the large, flabby or soft—the former often hold two or three spikes.

Keep the asters, the dahlias, the cosmos, chrysanthemums, and all the late bloomers that will keep the garden bright until freezing weather, well fertilized, watered and well cultivated.

Hyacinths need deep planting, fully eight inches from the top of bulb to surface of soil. This insures healthy, stocky plants that are able to hold up a heavy truss of bloom without staking.

GRAFTING.

Grafting is generally done at the beginning of the season's growth, about the time we call "starting of the sap," though it may be successfully done later. There are so many kinds of grafting and so many different ways of doing it that our brief space does not justify entering into details. Any means of bringing the part to be attached in such connection with that which is to become the sustaining part, as to permit a ready flow of the sap from the one into the other and keep it there, and so as to prevent air and weather effects from disturbing grafting. The method most employed by non-professionals is known as cleft grafting. Cut the stock at right angles and pare smooth, being careful not to injure the bark at or below the cut. Split to depth of two inches, and insert a wedge to hold the split open. Carefully insert one or two scions, made into a wedge at the lower end, so that the line between the wood and bark of the stock exactly fits the corresponding line of the scion. To be sure of securing this result the scion may be inserted at a slight angle, so that these lines are sure to cross. Remove the opening wedge and the work is done. Now carefully wax the entire end of the stock, covering every part of the wound, and fitting it closely around the scions, so as to exclude both air and water. Make wax, by weight, resin four parts, beeswax two parts, tallow one part; melt and thoroughly mix, and pour into cold water. Grease the hands and work as candy.

IN THE OLD ORCHARD.

Professor W. P. Herrick, of the Michigan Agricultural College, gives the following advice concerning old orchards:

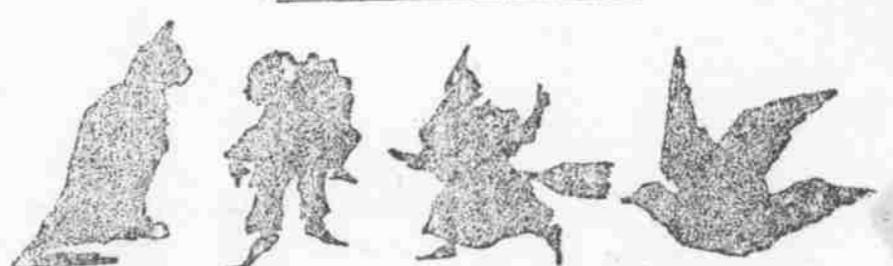
"Get into the orchard with the pruning saw. For this work you need men of experience. Too many so-called tree pruners are tree butchers. Their zeal is much greater than their knowledge. The only absolute rule in pruning that can be laid down is to cut out all dead wood. Branches that are badly injured, diseased, crossed or that from weak crotches should be removed, after which some small limbs may be cut out, and if the tree top is very thick there should be a judicious thinning of large branches. Let the pruning extend through two or three seasons rather than one.

"Nearly all old orchards are in sod. This must be broken up—absolutely must if success is to be attained. Start its cultivation and keep it going. Plow in a good dressing of stable manure, or plow and then harrow in a good dressing of fertilizers rich in potash and phosphoric acid. In the words of the parable of the barren fig tree, 'dig about it and dung it.'

"With a short handle hoe or some kind of a box scraper remove the old rough bark which shelter innumerable insects and fungi and then spray thoroughly, while the trees are in dormant condition, with copper sulphate at the rate of one pound to twenty-five gallons of water.

"Make up your mind to feed, prune, spray, sow cover crops and cultivate the orchard for the remainder of its life. If the orchard fails to appreciate the treatment outlined above, let it down and plant anew. 'Why numbereth it the ground?' Do not expect too much nor look for quick returns. 'As the twig is bent the tree is inclined,' and a season or two of good care cannot make up for a lifetime of neglect. Do not follow years of outrageous treatment with unreasonable expectations."

Dr. William G. Anderson, instructor of the gymnasium at Yale, will make an inspection of the leading school and college gymnasts of the north and middle West.



THE SHADOW SHOW

By Charlotte Shields.



"Come, children," says mama, "you surely must know
"Tis true you were ready to come to the show."
Then we scamper up stairs as fast as can be,
For we knew just what mama means, you see.
Our bed is the grand stand, the tickets our covers,
And the actors all come from faraway towns.
The lamp is turned up until it is bright,
And mama takes paper and crumples it tight.
First flossing it this way, then bending it slack,
Pulling it out or pressing it flat,
Till the shadows it makes upon the white wall

Are funniest figures, both short and tall.
Here comes an old soldier, so brave and so true;
And then—the old woman that lived in a shoe!
A Chinaman next with a pack on his back,
And shoes with points as sharp as a tack.
And there is a witch—very plainly you see,
She surely is after the Chinaman's tea.
And—well, I declare!—there's Tabby, the cat,
Looking as if she were seeing a rat.
"And the bird," mama says, "with its wings outspread,
Is flying home to its tree to be bed;
The time for birds to be in their nest,
And 'tis time for children to lie down and rest."