

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

Single Copy 5 Cents.

VOL. XVI.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1906.

NO. 47.

MY PSALM.

I mourn no more my vanished years;
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear;
But grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plow no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff—I lay
Aside the tolling car;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of Spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the Autumn morn.

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given.

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal—
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;—
That whoso'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turn'd me back;—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;—

That death seems but a cover'd way
Which opens into light;
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset all,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

"Can't We Try Each Other Once More."

It was almost time for the Philadelphia express to be called, and in the waiting room the usual quota of travelers had gathered. It was a common enough scene, but full of absorbing interest to a serious mite of a child sitting like an obedient little statue on the seat where her companions had placed her, hands sedately folded in her lap and her plump little legs barely long enough to dangle over the edge.

Her wide eyes questioned each face about her with wistful intentness, and there were occasional evidences of a mighty struggle of cogitation in her little mind. The man with her was kind enough, after his own lights but he was not used to children, and this child was not used to him, and she was lonely.

The Desbrosses street ferry had just come in, and among the string of passengers who hurried into the waiting room were a man and woman, upon whom the child's eyes fixed themselves in speculative admiration. This was a stately and beautiful lady. The man was large, and perhaps would some day be larger, but now he carried his bigness of height and breadth with an enviable easy swing. He went to the window and bought one single ticket, and then the two came and sat diagonally opposite the child and her companion. The woman was speaking in a constrainedly polite tone.

"There are but a few moments to wait. I beg that you will not consider it necessary to stay. There was no occasion for your coming at all."

"You forget that there are still some appearances to maintain," he answered stiffly. "There is no occasion to create any more gossip than is necessary, and this is an absurd hour for you to start."

"Isn't it a little late to consider appearances?" she asked, with a touch of scorn in her voice, chafing at his rigid supervision of her actions, which he did not attempt to explain by any warmer motive than conventionality. She knew what he meant—that it put him in the light of a brute that she should be fleeing from his home unattended at a particularly inconvenient hour. She knew that it was an absurd journey, bringing her at her destination at midnight, but she could not endure that silent house for another minute. The fever to be among her own people—the few, the very few, who would sympathize and ask no cruel questions—had rushed irresistibly upon her a few hours before, and she had recklessly made her preparations and started. What matter? They had agreed that the hollow sham of their married life had better end at once, and that later they would be legally separated. It soon would be known to the world, and New York had become a cell of torment to her.

And he—when he was coldest he was always punctiliously polite, and he had insisted on seeing her off if she was determined to take this foolish journey. His face had been hard and indifferent as the door—their door—had closed upon them as man and wife, and the ride to the ferry had been made in rigid silence.

Her eyes caught the child's unwavering gaze, and her face softened from its flinty composure. She had no children of her own, and this was such an unconsciously pathetic figure, with her grimly folded hands and solemn

The little traveler smiled faintly and looked shyly away. Then the eyes crept back again, and friendly communication was established. For a few moments she sat in sober consideration, weighing some mighty problem in her mind, and ever and anon slipping a tentative glance toward the stately lady; then there was a cautious peep at the caretaker's face, and with the anxious haste of one who gathers all his courage for a desperate leap, she slid swiftly down and was across the way before her com-

panion could realize what had happened.

"Won't you, please," she began, eagerly, her eyes searching the woman's face, "won't you please tell me what a divorce is?"

There! it was out—that awful, unanswered question which had been tormenting her small soul for days upon days—and her bolstered-up courage suddenly subsided into flatness as she realized the magnitude of her temerity in asking this strange and beautiful lady a question which had invariably met with a startled rebuff from others. Her eyes went to the floor and she dropped obviously.

The effect was electrical. The two faces before her seemed suddenly immobilized. The woman looked ahead of her with hard, unseeing eyes, and winced as though struck; but the man, with a man's distaste for a scene, was the first to treat this conversational bomb as a casual matter. He leaned forward in the most friendly manner possible, although his ruddy skin had taken on a still warmer tint, and forced a smile as he looked into the wide eyes that gazed wonderingly into his own.

"Well, now, what makes you ask such a funny question?" he queried.

"I wanted to know so bad," she said, appealingly. "Mamma's got one, but she's gone away, and everybody says 'Be still, w'en I ask them. Nobody will tell me what a divorce is. Did it hurt mamma?' she cried. Her eyes still urged their question—the question that she had asked again and again, but to which no one had given her an answer.

The woman leaned forward, gathered the little bundle of loneliness into her arms and held her close.

"Where has mamma gone, dear?" she asked. Her husband had leaned back again and was staring at the floor. Husband and wife ignored each other.

"Gone to be an angel," was the prompt answer. "Papa went away first, but he didn't go to be angel. Cook said so. An' mamma cried and cried, an' got sick and went to bed, an' I heard nurse tell cook that mamma had a divorce. An' w'en I asked mamma w'ot that was she jus' cried and hugged me; and I asked nurse, an' she cried, an' she scolded me an' said I musn't ever say such a thing again. Then they took mamma away in a long carriage with flowers in it, an' the lady next door came in an' said the divorce killed mamma. An' to-day I asked the lawyer-man over there an' he just jumped an' said, 'My good gracious, child! I do so want to know what a divorce is.' It was a long speech for a small girl, but the words tripped over each other in their haste to escape, and there were plenty more waiting to be released.

The woman's voice was calm and even as she answered; the curve of her cheek vouchsafed her husband's yew was as fair and cold as the snow, but the eyes fixed on the child burned like living coals.

"But who takes care of you, dear?" "I don't know," she said, slowly, as though this were a new idea to her. "Mamma did, but she went to be an angel so awful soon; an' nurse an' cook did, but they kissed me an' cried an' went away the day that lots of people came to our house an' bought things. Now the lawyer-man is taking me away to live with mamma's ammie. I guess, brightening up, 'she'll take care of me now.'"

She lifted a supplicating face to the woman bending over her, and with a child's unwearied insistence again sought an answer to the question that lay so heavily on her little soul.

"Won't you please tell me w'ot a divorce is?"

It was a delicate situation. The man leaned forward and answered for his wife, who had mutely turned her head away. He was fond of children.

"Now see here; suppose I tell you, will you promise not to worry about it any more?"

A vigorous nod. He remained silent a moment, trying to formulate an answer so simple that the child's mind could grasp it, then spoke to the anxious face:

"Well, a divorce is—a divorce—well, two people get married, you know; and sometimes it doesn't work as well as they thought it would, so they go to the lawyer-man like yours over there and get unmarried."

He floundered hopelessly over his definition, ending it with an uncomfortably red face, for it was harder than he had anticipated, and two searching eyes gazed to your face are apt to be disconcerting.

The little one nestled back against the bosom which exhaled the same faint, uncatchable sweet odor that had always clung to mamma's dresses, and, with her inquiring eyes still searching the man's face, propounded the next link in the endless chain of a child's interrogations.

"Please, w'y do they want to get unmarried?"

The face above her was white, the arm about her trembled. The husband studied the floor intently a few moments before answering, a frown gathering between his eyes and a little droop of scorn—self-scorn—pulling down the corners of his mouth.

"God knows," he said slowly, and stared at the floor again.

A stentorian voice was intoning the departure of the Philadelphia express, and with a nervous start the woman looked up from the child on her lap to see the "lawyer-man" approaching them.

"Pardon me for interrupting you, but the little girl must be going now," he said, raising his hat and bowing.

The child clung silently to her new friend before leaving, and in the woman's eyes there were hot tears, and in her throat an aching dryness, as she gave the upturned face a lingering kiss and let her go.

Her husband stood at her elbow as lawyer and charge passed through the doorway, the child twisting around for a last look. Would she rebuff him, turning the low scorn of her eyes on him? Had he been a fool to detect any feeling for him in the whiteness of her face as she bent over the child? Would he only make himself ridiculous? The stubborn pride which had helped to drive them so far apart tingled at the notion. But wasn't it worth the risk?

"Your train goes next," he reminded her, watching her face intently. "I want to go with you, Honora. Of course, I won't go if it is offensive to you, but this is such a wretched business. Do you know what we are trying to do, dear? Can't we try each other once more? I know I've been a hidebound brute; I was just cursed pride all through; but I love you, dear, and can't give you up. Let me come with you, just part way if you like, Honora, dear!"

In his heart he cursed the public waiting room and passing people, forcing him to stand like a miserable automaton and cautiously mumble the words that came rushing into his mind.

Her hand touched his arm for an instant, her eyes looked into his, and she turned toward him like a weary child.

"Oh, no," she whispered back, a sob catching her voice. "I don't want to go away, dear! Oh, my husband, I want to go back with you! I want to go home!"—Agnès Louise Provost, in *Woman's Home Companion*.

Large Families in Great Britain.

In St. Botolph's church, Aldgate, there is a monument to the memory of Agnes, widow of William Bond, who "bore him 16 children, eight boys and eight girls."

That was in the spacious 16th century, but it is noteworthy that John Gully, grandfather of the late speaker of the Commons, had 24 children. A year or two ago a Northampton shoemaker entered as his plea in the police court that he was the father of 32 children, of whom 27 were living; while 20 years ago Chester boasted of a couple who were "the happy father and delighted mother of 33 children," ten of them being alive in 1890.

But the record in family numbers belongs to Scotland. It is that of a Scotch weaver in the 16th century whose wife bore him 62 children. Only 12 died in childhood, 46 sons and four daughters living to be 21 and upward. This almost incredible record is fully and absolutely authenticated. Sir John Bowes and three other gentlemen each adopted and reared ten of this prodigious family.—*London Daily Chronicle*.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Pickpocket (to lawyer who has got him free)—Even you believed me guilty.

Lawyer—Oh, no, not in the least. "Then why did you leave your watch and pocketbook at home?"—Translated for *Tales from Meggendorfer Blatter*.

It is said that there are 10,000 tons of copper in Shanghai.



For the Younger Children...



TOYS.

All up and down the land I go
With mother, making calls,
And sit in chairs so much too high
In strange and different halls,
And cannot think of things to say,
And feel so pleased to start away.

But when we come to home again
I'm glad as glad can be
To see the very oldest toys
All waiting there for me—
The horse with missing tail, the blocks,
And all the soldiers in their box.

The horse-cart with the broken shaft,
The doll that will not talk,
The little duck that ran so fast,
And now can't even walk,
They all are friends so tried and true
Because of what they used to do.

And every day when I'm away
I never ought to leave them once,
They're sensitive, you know,
And just to comfort them a mite
I take them all to bed at night.
—Carolyn Bailey, in *Youth's Companion*.

A SNAIL'S WAYS.

One day I found a snail in the woods.
He was crawling on a mossy log. His shell was glossy and of a light brown color. The snail, too, was pale brown. He looked soft, as if he had been made out of jelly. He had a pair of horns thrust out from the front of his head, to warn him of danger.

When I picked up the shell, Mr. Small quickly tucked himself out of sight inside. I took the shell home in my pocket, and at night laid it out on my table. In the morning it was gone.

Looking about the room, I found the snail climbing up the wall, half way to the ceiling.

I stood on a chair, touched him gently on the head, and, in a fright, he drew into his shell, and it fell from the wall into my hand.

Then I took a large china dish, and put in it a nice stone from the brook. The stone had little lichens and bits of water weeds on it. I put water in the dish. Then I set the snail on the stone.

Snails like cool, moist things. My snail at once came out to see his new home. He began to travel around it at a great rate. He crept to the water on every side. I saw that he ate the lichens. So I brought a nice young lettuce leaf, wet it, and laid it on the stone. When the snail in his journey reached it, he touched it with his horns. Then he crept upon the edge of the leaf, turned sidewise, and began to eat fast.

He seemed very hungry. He moved along the edge of the leaf, gnawing as he went. After he had eaten about a quarter of the way along the left he turned and went back, still eating. So he kept on until he had cut a deep scallop. Then he went to another place and ate out another scallop. The children said he liked scalloped lettuce.

I kept the leaf wet. At first I thought the greedy little creature did nothing but eat. I found that he liked to play and was fond of travel. He would go to the edge of the water, and, holding fast to the stone, would dip his head in for a drink, or to get it wet.

When he did this, he drew in his horns until they could not be seen. Then he tried to cross the water and to reach the side of the dish.

He would cling fast by the hind part of his body, raise his head, and stretch himself as far as he could, and try to take hold of the dish. He often fell short and tumbled into the water. But out he would come and try again. When he succeeded, he would walk all around the rim of the dish.

One night he came out, dropped to the floor, crept over the carpet, up the leg of the table, along the top, and then traveled all over Nan's new bonnet. He tried to eat the artificial leaves on the bonnet. There I caught him in the morning.

Wherever he went he left a thin trail like glue. I could follow his steps as you can those of a careless boy who forgets to wipe his feet.—*Julia McNair Wright, in Holiday Magazine*.

A VERY SHORT LESSON.

"Oh, dear!" whined James. "I just hate to do errands. Does Sarah need the sugar right away?"

"Right away," said mamma. "She is baking doughnuts, and wants the powdered sugar to roll them in while they are warm. Run, dear, and get it as soon as you can."

"When I get big, I'll never do a single thing that I don't want to," said James, when he was back at his play once more. "It seems little boys have to do all the mean jobs, and it isn't fair."

"But you like doughnuts so well," said mamma, "and Sarah does so many nice things for you that I should think you would like to do errands for her once in a while. Do you think you would be happier if you only did the things you enjoy?"

"Course," said James, promptly. "I'd like to try that way for a while."

"Well, suppose you do this week. We'll all do just things we like, and see if we get along better. I think you

will be ready to go back to the old way before supper time, though."

"Indeed I won't, mamma. That is the best thing you could say, for I want to play in the sand pile all day at my fort without having to do a single thing. Are you sure you mean it?"

"Perfectly certain, James. We will wait till you are ready to go back to the old way, if that is a month."

"Nothing but bread and butter for dinner?" said James, in great surprise. "I'm as hungry as anything."

"I told Sarah to get some other things," said mamma, buttering a slice of bread for herself, "but she said she wanted to finish canning her berries. She hates cooking, anyway. Don't you want anything for dinner?"

"Yes, please spread me some bread, mamma."

"I just hate to spread bread, dear. Help yourself."

"This is the afternoon of the party, mamma," said James, watching the hands of the clock drag slowly around to three. He thought that surely he would get something besides bread and butter at the party, and he was so hungry! When he asked Sarah for a doughnut in the kitchen, she was too busy to do more than complain because he bothered her.

"Is that so?" asked mamma, without looking up from her book.

"When will you get me ready, mamma," went on James, as the big hand moved a little farther. "I'm afraid I'll be late."

"I don't want to stop reading," said mamma. "I thought we were to do only the things we liked to-day, and I don't like to leave this comfortable chair."

James went slowly to his room and began to put on his new suit by himself, but everything went wrong. A button came off, and he couldn't find his shoes, and his hands looked dirty in spite of all his efforts, and the first thing anybody knew the big tears were rolling down his cheeks. "I want to go back to the old way, mamma," he sobbed, throwing himself down on the floor by her side. "I didn't know how horrid it was to be selfish till to-day."

"Are you sure?" asked mamma, lifting the little head from her lap to look straight into the tearful eyes. "Do you want to do the hard jobs along with the easy ones?"

"Indeed I do; and, mamma, won't you please hurry, so I can go? I am so hungry!"

"Well, well," said Sarah next day, "how's this? My kindling-basket is full, and I didn't have to say a word about the scraps for the chickens. I think a small boy must have had a very good time at the party yesterday."

"I did, but I found out before I went that it doesn't pay to be mean and selfish," said James. "Could I have a cookie, Sarah?"

"Half a dozen if you want them," said Sarah, heartily. "I wish all boys and girls would learn that lesson, and the world would be a lot nicer place then."—*Hilda Richmond, in United Presbyterian*.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

When the following words have been doubly beheaded the initials of the remaining words will spell a ceremony that takes place when a new ruler ascends the throne in any country.

1.—Doubly behead a word meaning to approach and get a word meaning expense.

2.—Doubly behead a word meaning to utter a loud and sudden outcry and get a word meaning not in.

3.—Doubly behead a word meaning to go out of the way and get a word meaning one of a number of lines or parts diverging from a common point or center like the radii of a circle.

4.—Doubly behead a word meaning to clean anything by rubbing it and get a pronoun meaning pertaining or belonging to us.

5.—Doubly behead a word meaning to signify or point out and get a word meaning a brief writing intended to assist the memory as a memorandum.

6.—Doubly behead a word meaning not firm or durable and get a word meaning to be affected with pain or uneasiness of any sort.

7.—Doubly behead a word meaning to relate in all particulars and get a word meaning the part of an animal which terminates its body behind.

8.—Doubly behead a word meaning an edging of fine linen on the bosom of a shirt—such as used to be worn—and get a word meaning contrary to good in a physical sense.

9.—Doubly behead a word meaning to wrinkle the brows, as in frowning, and get a word meaning a bird.

10.—Doubly behead a word meaning a causeless and unreasonable change or alteration and get a word meaning a substitution of a new debt for an old one.

Answer—Coronation.—*New York Mail*.

A statue of the Sumerin King David, found at Bismya, Babylonia, recently, is believed to date back to 4500 B. C.

A Rose By Another Name.

In the long and amusing chronicle of dramatic contretemps none is more ludicrous than something of Clara Morris. It happened years ago, during a New York run of "Camille," but it was so far from the sort of thing that is easily forgotten that Miss Morris still loves to tell the story, usually prefacing it with: "Somewhere in the wide, wide world, there is an actor—and a good actor—who can never eat celery without thinking of me." Then she explains:

"In the first scene of 'Camille,' as you remember, Armand takes a rose from his mistress as a love-token. But this particular night, just before we reached that point, I suddenly missed the flower from its accustomed place on my breast. I had to have the blossom or something for a substitute; the strength of the scene hung on it. As I talked my lines I hunted the stage with eager eyes, but no rose was there, and the only possible something in its place was the celery on the dinner table of the setting.

"Any port in a storm. I moved over to the table. I twisted the celery tops into a tight bunch and I began the words: 'Take this flower. If held and caressed it will fade in an evening.'

"Armand rose to the occasion, for he managed to control himself long enough to reply: 'It is a cold scentless flower. It is a strange flower.'"

"And I thoroughly agreed with him!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

Labour's Dawn.

The toiler's day begins to dawn,
Its golden morn comes gently on;
You mountain rises from the night
With helmet gilded with its light.

There high appears the morning's glow,
While black extends the night below,
Where prowl the creatures of the dark,
Where still is heard the watchdog's bark.

The light that tips your mountain's crest
Portends the age of darkness past;
That gloomy night shall lose its sway;
The world of toil shall have its day.

The clouds that clothe the mountain's side
Begin to fall apart, divide;
The day shall follow break of dawn
And labor come unto its own.

Shall peace not usher in the day?
On cloud and crash shall lightning play;
Shall thunder's voice the vale awake
And wild the storm in fury break.

Shall rather reason's ray serene
With soft effulgence light the scene,
A world where love and labor reign,
With peace on earth, good will to man.

—Charles E. Milroy.

The Careless Writer.

Oh, careless, supercilious wight!
Why dost you with pen or pencil write,
As either comes, and paper use
Without distinction, none refuse?
Why do you like a board as well
As desk, and with tortoise shell
Why write alike amid the bloom
Of garden and your cozy room?
In fine, lest you get somewhat mixed,
Why haven't you your habits fixed?

Why should you? Simple! Don't you know
That if some day fame's trump should blow,
And some few people speak your name
With loud and most admired acclaim,
As either comes, and paper use
Without distinction, none refuse?
Why do you like a board as well
As desk, and with tortoise shell
Why write alike amid the bloom
Of garden and your cozy room?
In fine, lest you get somewhat mixed,
Why haven't you your habits fixed?

(Which den, of course, with artless craft,
All ready to be photographed
In disarray you ever keep—
A state to make a housewife weep!)
And all the other smart details
They hand the pen in to sales—
Why don't you know those persons bright
Could not a single column write?
And, missing them, most folks would say:
"He ain't no literary man! Go way!"

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Murders and homicides decreased more than 2,000 in the United States in the past ten years. Lynchings decreased one-half.

All the fun of hugging a girl is guessing whether she really means you mustn't or not. So.3-'06.

UNSCONSCIOUS POISONING.

How It Often Happens From Coffee.

"I had no idea," writes a Duluth man, "that it was the coffee I had been drinking all my life that was responsible for the headaches which were growing upon me, for the dyspepsia that no medicines would relieve, and for the acute nervousness which unfitted me not only for work but also for the most ordinary social functions."

"But at last the truth dawned upon me, I forthwith bade the harmful beverage a prompt farewell, ordered in some Postum and began to use it. The good effects of the new food drink were apparent within a very few days. My headaches grew less frequent, and decreased in violence, my stomach grew strong and able to digest my food without distress of any kind, my nervousness has gone and I am able to enjoy life with my neighbors and sleep soundly at night. My physical strength and nerve power have increased so much that I can do double the work I used to do, and I feel no undue fatigue afterwards."

"This improvement set in just as soon as the old coffee poison had so worked out of my system as to allow the food elements in the Postum to get a hold to build me up again. I cheerfully testify that it was Postum and Postum alone that did all this, for when I began to drink it I threw physic to the dogs." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in page.