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THE SHIP THAT SAILED

White sail upon the ocean's verge,
Just crimsoned by the setting sun,
Thou hast thy port beyond the surge,
Thy happy homeward course to run,
And winged hope, with heart of fire,
To gain the bliss of thy desire.

I watch thee till the sombre sky
Has darkly veiled the lucid plain;
My thoughts like homeless spirits fly
Behind thee o'er the glimmering main.
Thy prow will kiss a golden strand,
But they can never come to land.

And if they could, the fanes are black
Where once I bent the reverent knee;
No shrine would send an answer back,
No sacred altar blaze for me;
No holy bell with silver toll,
Declare the ransom of my soul.

'Tis equal darkness, here or there,
For nothing that this world can give
Could now the ravaged past repair,
Or win the precious dead to live.
Life's crumbling ashes quench its flame,
And every place is now the same.

Thou idol of my constant heart,
Thou child of perfect love and light,
That sudden from my side didst part
And vanish in the sea of night,
Through whatsoever tempests blow,
My weary soul with thine would go.

Say, if thy spirit yet have speech,
What port lies hid within the pall,
What shore death's gloomy billows reach?
Or, if they reach no shore at all,
One word, one little word, to tell
That thou art safe and all is well.

The anchors of my earthly fate,
As they were east so must they cling,
And naught is now to do but wait
The sweet release that time will bring,
When all these mortal fetters break,
For one last voyage that I must make.

Say that across the shuddering dark—
And whisper that the hour is near—
Thy hand will guide my shattered bark
Till Mercy's radiant coasts appear;
That I shall clasp thee to my breast,
And know once more the name of rest.

—William Winter.

A SISTERLY OFFICE.



HANNAH ARK-
wright, darning the family
hose, according to her sex and
position, envied her brother Asa
from the bottom of her
soul when she heard him de-
clare his intention of "being
a doctor," of taking his grandmother's legacy from
the bank and using it for his education
and support and all the necessary ex-
penses of a medical student's life.
Hannah, handsome, large, strong-
minded without knowing it, and nearly
eight and twenty, would have done
well for herself had she been a man.
She would have entered some profes-
sion; succeeded in it; found a wife to
suit her taste, courted and married
her. As it was, Miss Arkwright must
sit still, do work that any woman
could have done, and find no mate
whatever. How she could have loved,
too!

"Don't do it," said the old gentle-
man; "Don't do it, Asa. Let the
money grow, and help me farm. It'll
come to you in the end—the farm
will."

"Don't go, Asa," said the mother;
"I shall miss you so."

But Hannah, standing by her
brother's side, said to him:

"Go, Asa. Do what I would do if I
were a man. Carve out your destiny.
Be somebody and something, if you
can."

Asa looked at her.

"You know it is as much for Mattie
as for myself. But all this study takes
time. Will she wait, do you think?"

"If she loves you she can wait or
share poverty with you," said Hannah.
Then bitter feelings swept over her,
as they sometimes did when she
thought of Asa's sweetheart.

And Asa kissed his sister and called
her a "good girl" and thought of
Mattie—little Mattie Blume, who
helped her father keep the school and
who was engaged to Asa.

Her eyes were dim with tears when
he told her of his resolution, and she
could not speak for many minutes.
At last she found voice to tell him that
she could bear it if it were best for
him, and that she would wait.

"But you'll forget me in the city,
perhaps," she added. "The girls have
a way with them that will charm you.
They are accomplished, too, and dress
so. I shall look plain and shabby to
you, and you'll—" But he stopped
her mouth with kisses and vowed he

never, never would, and meant it.
Then he gave her a little forget-me-
not ring, and asked for a look of her
hair. And if Hannah Arkwright could
have seen into the girl's heart she
would have known that, "doll baby"
though she was, she loved Asa very
dearly; but as Hannah could not look
into that pure recess, she thought as
before:

She is pretty, and Asa sees it, and
cares for nothing more. It is always
so with men.

When Asa went away Hannah never
fancied that Mattie needed comfort-
ing in earnest.

Moreover, when a month or two had
passed Hannah noticed a certain young
clerk from New York who was visiting
his aunt at Hopgrove, walking home
from church with Mattie, and though
she did not, as many a sister would,
write of this to Asa, or even tell her
mother of it, Hannah's lip curled
when she thought of the silly girl, and
she wondered what Asa saw in her.

Late in the fall, when winter was
approaching, Mr. Blume, desiring a
new supply of books, slate pencils,
etc., and finding that the academy
could scarcely spare him, bethought
himself to send Mattie to New York to
purchase these necessities. She had
been there once before and could stop
all night with her cousin, and he
would direct her to the express office
and to the booksellers also. And Mattie
was delighted with the proposal
and looked happier than she had
looked since Asa went away.

Hannah, looking out of her window,
which commanded a view of the rail-
road station, saw the young clerk, Mr.
Brown, skurrying along with his val-
ise in his hand, and saw him also
enter the car in which Mattie had
ensconced herself.

Mattie was as innocent of any knowl-
edge of Mr. Brown's intention of go-
ing to the city with her as she was of
Greek or Hebrew. To be sure, it was
not unpleasant to sit beside the kind-
ly young fellow who entertained her
with his chatter, nor to be escorted to
her cousin's safely, but her thoughts
were with Asa all the while, for she
was trying to make up her mind
"whether it would do to call on him." She
knew where his room was. Could it
be any harm for his betrothed wife
just to stop in five minutes? He
would not think so, she was sure; she
would do it.

So, having left her little bag at
Cousin Smith's, received kisses, an-
swered questions and been directed to
the School Book Repository, she
started out again, and having made
her purchases, turned her feet in the
direction of Asa's abiding place.

A woman was scrubbing the hall
floor when she arrived, and informed
her that the gentleman she was in
search of occupied "the second floor
back," and picking her way, Mattie
climbed the stairs, and stood in a lit-
tle passageway, quite dark and com-
manding a view of two small rooms,
dusty and grimy.

In one of these, with his head rest-
ing on both his hands, after a fashion
of his own, all his black hair rumpled
about by his restless fingers, and a
great book before him, sat Asa. I
presume that he would not have been
a particularly attractive object to any
one else, for Asa was not beautiful,
and just then was not attired very
freshly or elegantly.

This loving little soul dared not en-
ter the room and speak to her be-
trothed lover until she had quited her
heart a little.

"My poor old Asa—and no one to
take care of him!" she sighed. As
she did so the door of the other room
opened wide, and somebody came out
of it.

It was hard for Mattie to realize
what it was at first. Such a looking
creature she had never seen before. It
was dressed in the latest style, and it
walked directly into Asa's room.

"It is a woman," said Mattie to her-
self. "What an object! What can
she want with Asa?"

And then she saw this object walk
up to Asa, clasp him about the neck
and kiss him.

"The bold, bold wretch!" said Mat-
tie.

Her hands clinched themselves; but
in a moment they grew clammy and
helpless, and she trembled from head
to foot. Asa did not push this crea-
ture from him. Instead, he burst in-
to a roar of laughter, caught hold of

his visitor by the shoulders and shook
her in a jovial manner.

After a while Mattie found strength
to creep down stairs, and got home to
Cousin Smith's, and told that good
lady that she had "a headache."

The next evening she took the ring
from her finger and wrote:

"Good-by, Asa. I shall never write to
you any more. It must be all over between
us. Don't ask me why; I will never tell
you. I hope you will be happy, but now I
could not make you so. MATTIE BLUME."

And this note came to Asa one morn-
ing and fell upon his heart so terribly
that his friend and chum, Frank
Werter, found him, an hour after,
senseless upon the floor, and tele-
graphed to his sister to come to him.

Hannah went at once. She found
her brother tossing in a fever. She
looked in his vest pocket and found
the note and the ring.

So when her brother's senses re-
turned Hannah told him as she now
blamed herself for not having told
him before, how Mattie had been
"going on" with young Brown.

"So it was over—the romance of two
lives. That beautiful thing, first love,
had died the death."

Mattie went on with her school; Asa
worked hard at his profession; gained
his diploma; practiced; began to make
money—not for Mattie, alas! He
heard a funeral bell toll at his heart
when he thought of her.

Meanwhile Hannah had returned
home, buxom and fresh and bright,
and went about her work singing. A
new light had dawned upon her life.
Frank Werter had fallen in love with
her, and she loved him in return. He
had already proposed and they would
be married in six months' time.

They were exactly of an age; they
had tastes in common; they liked
each other's looks; why should they
not be happy, then.

In due time Mattie heard that Han-
nah was married, but they, father and
daughter, received no cards. Hannah
had not desired her brother to love or
marry Mattie, but she bore her a
grudge for jilting him all the same.

Asa never went home to visit; he
could not breathe the air that Mattie
breathed; but Frank Werter had no
idea that family relations should be
broken. He often contrived to take
Hannah to see the "good father and
mother," and he won their love in
time, outlandish as they thought him.

It was one Christmas time, and
Frank had brought his wife home,
and Asa had, as usual, remained in the
city, where he had no friend with
whom to dine, but ate his lonely meal
at a restaurant, when Mrs. Wilton, the
clergyman's wife, whom he had but
just brought home to the parsonage,
gave a party to which she invited
everybody. Poor little Mattie re-
ceived her invitation, of course, and
it seemed impossible to refuse it, and
besides, old Mr. Blume decided to go.
She partook of tea and ate cake and
played those games suitable for a
clergyman's home, and looked and
felt like a martyr through it all.

Dr. Frank Werter felt like a mar-
tyr also, and resolved in his own mind
to endure this quiet no longer. "Wait
a little," he cried. "There shall be
very soon a new lady here." And he
vanished from the room, and, seizing
upon the astonished help in the pas-
sage, held a secret conversation with
her, and departed whither no one
guessed. His wife grew a little nerv-
ous, for what would people think?

The clergyman's wife whispered to the
deaconess next her that "much was
excusable in a foreigner," and in the
midst of the panic that ensued came a
rapping at the door. It was opened,
and there entered a gigantic girl of
the period, dressed in the help's best
clothes—a world too small—carrying
a parasol in its hand. It sat down on
the sofa. It bowed and courtesied
grotesquely. It played upon the
piano and sang in a falsetto voice.
Finally it rushed toward the edified
clergyman himself, clasped him in its
arms.

"Frank, I am ashamed of you,"
cried his wife.

But even the sober folks present
were convulsed with laughter—all but
poor Mattie. White as a ghost, she
stared at the awful caricature of wo-
manhood, and saw, for the second
time, the being who had embraced
Frank in his little New York study.
She gave a little scream and fell faint-
ing on the floor.

Hannah picked her up. And Han-

nah was alone with her when she came
to herself. And there, in the
best bedroom of the parsonage,
Mattie put her arms about Hannah's
neck and told her the truth.

"I thought it was a dreadful wo-
man," she said. "What else could I
think? And all these years my heart
has been breaking."

"Why didn't you tell me?" said
Hannah. "Poor child! so you did
love him?"

"And I have made him hate me."
"Not quite."

The day that followed was cold and
bleak. The city streets were white
with snow. Dr. Arkwright sat before
his office fire, with his head buried in
his hands. Suddenly a hand touched
his shoulder; he looked up. There
stood Hannah.

"I thought you were at home for
Christmas," he said, almost coldly.

And suddenly Hannah burst into a
flood of tears, and flung herself on her
knees at her brother's feet, and she
told him the story that Mattie had
told her.

"And though she doubted you so
easily, she loves you still, and will die
if you do not come to her," said Han-
nah. "I know you love her, too."

"But I have changed so."

"She has changed also," said Han-
nah. "Asa, you must go."

And Asa went.—New York News.

Can Ants Talk?

I was one day standing in my gar-
den near the trunk of an old willow
tree, up which a scattered line of ants
was crawling. After a time I observed
an occasional straggler coming down
in the opposite direction. Here and
there a couple of ants, ascending and
descending, chanced to meet; but
there was no stoppage and no talk.
Presently at about five feet from the
ground, I smeared a little hollow in
the trunk with a large spoonful of
thick treacle, to see how long it would
remain undiscovered.

I then went away for a short time,
and on my return found about a dozen
ants busily feasting on the treasure.
A minute or two later one of the feasters
crawled slowly down the trunk
with heavy feet, and when near the
ground met a friend, whom he sud-
denly arrested on his way up, and with
his antennae, which he plied vigor-
ously, held a good talk. What was
said I know not, but the friend knew,
and thereupon marched steadily on up
the tree to the newly-found treasure.

Meanwhile, the bearer of the good tid-
ings made his own way quickly back
to the nest, a few yards off in the grass,
to which I watched him. He was soon
lost to view, but, beyond all doubt,
soon spread the news of treasure trove
throughout the colony.

Within half an hour of that time a
long line of hungry ants was marching
direct to the tree, making straight to
the feast, remaining there for a time,
and then returning to the nest in an-
other line on the other side of the
willow. This process of ascending
descending termites went on for some
hours, in fact, until dusk, when the
numbers of advancing guests grew less
and less, and finally ceased. Before
it was dark not a single ant was to be
seen, though early the next morning a
fresh band of adventurers set out in
the same fashion, coming and going
all day until every morsel of the
sweets had disappeared.

Here, therefore, clearly some talk
about the surprising dainty had taken
place between the two ants meeting
on the road to it, while tidings had
been carried to the colony, which at
once roused all the inmates to go forth
direct to the feast, possibly led by the
very guide who had first discovered
it. So much for the general intelli-
gence which enlightens and guides the
whole life and work of this wari-
nation of insects.—London Quiver.

Mixed Those Babies Up.

A most curious affair recently oc-
curred at Fort Howard. A married
woman of that city and her married
daughter reside in the same house and
one day last week both gave birth to
baby boys of about the same complex-
ion, weight and size. Several neigh-
bors were in soon after, and in passing
the babies around for inspection they
became mixed, and now the mothers
will never know whether they brought
up their own child or not. The
mothers don't care so much, but the
fathers insist the dilemma is serious.—
Oskosh (Wis.) Northwestern.

TRAINING TARS.

DAILY LIFE OF UNCLE SAM'S
NAVAL APPRENTICES.

From Five O'clock in the Morning
Until Nine at Night They
Are Busy, One Way
or Another.

FIVE o'clock is the hour at
which Uncle Sam's boys in
blue must be up and doing in
the Apprentice's Training Sta-
tion at Newport, R. I. The training
station is situated on an island about
a quarter of a mile from the city of
Newport, and it is there the appren-
tices are taught the things which fit
them to become able seamen in the
American Navy. At 5 o'clock, winter
and summer, the boys are awakened
by the report of a gun, the blast of
the bugle, the boatswain's pipe and
call of "All hands! Up all hammocks!"

Before the word hammocks has
ceased to echo through the building
the boys must be upon their feet and
going through the process of dressing.
Then they lash their hammocks and
stow them away in lockers provided
for that purpose. After that hot
chocolate is served to the boys in the
gymnasium. "Scrub and wash
clothes!" yells the boats'n, and 500
boys rush to the sea wall carrying
bundles of clothes to scrub. The
suits that the boys wear all the year
round are of white duck, and it is
necessary to scrub a suit every morn-
ing to keep from figuring to a disad-
vantage on the morning's report.

After the clothing is scrubbed and
hung upon the line the boys troop to
the bag room and dress themselves for
the day. Then comes the welcome
bugle call for "mess formation," which
means "form into march to breakfast."
Though all of the exercises at the
training station are done very
promptly, that manoeuvre is executed
with extraordinary speed. Every boy
falls into his company, dresses to the
right, and then stands straight as an
arrow looking to the front.

The officer of the day gives the order.
"Master the crews!" followed imme-
diately by the order. "Petty officers
to the front and centre!" The boy
gun captains then step to the front,
face to the right or left and march to
the centre of the company, in front
of the commanding officer. The cap-
tains salute in turn and report their
crews "present and accounted for."
Mess formation is sounded at 7.50, so
that when the captains report it is 8
o'clock, the hour set for the hoisting
of the National ensign. As the bugler
plays the first note of "morning
colors," every person in hearing,
facing the flag, uncovers and salutes
with the right hand as the ensign
reaches the peak. The bugle squad
then strikes up a march and the pro-
cession marches to breakfast in the
mess hall, about an eighth of a mile
distant.

After breakfast the sick call is
sounded, and the names of those on
the report for punishment are called
out. The boys on the report are
marched down to the guard house to
stand before the captain and receive
their sentences. The punishment con-
sists principally in extra duty, which
must be worked off during their Sat-
urday holiday.

Here, therefore, clearly some talk
about the surprising dainty had taken
place between the two ants meeting
on the road to it, while tidings had
been carried to the colony, which at
once roused all the inmates to go forth
direct to the feast, possibly led by the
very guide who had first discovered
it. So much for the general intelli-
gence which enlightens and guides the
whole life and work of this wari-
nation of insects.—London Quiver.

After breakfast the boys may do
what they choose until 9.30 o'clock,
when they fall in for quarters. Quar-
ters is an inspection by the command-
ing officer. The boys are drawn up
in single files, and the inspecting of-
ficer passes between the lines and
makes a close inspection of each boy.
Nothing escapes him, and was he unto
that boy whose clothes are not spotlessly
white, or whose shoes do not shine
like a mirror. His name will be found
upon the report of the morrow sure.

After quarters the work of the day
commences. The companies are
broken into gun's crews, consisting of
eighteen boys each, and marched out
for study. The men who have the in-
structing of the boys are called school-
masters.

These men are picked from the
navy for their proficiency in some
certain branch of duty. Among these
schoolmasters will be found experts in
boxing, fencing, wrestling, gunnery,
seamanship, infantry tactics, and one
of them is an expert marksman.

The classes are taken out and in-
structed in any one of the things that
a seaman should know. They are

taught everything in regard to a ship,
making and furling sail, knotting and
splicing rope, the use of the log and
lead, all about infantry, modern guns,
their charges and uses, and signalling.

Boxing, fencing and wrestling are
included in the instructions. Besides
these the boys all receive a common
school education. The apprentice
has a period of practice daily in each
of the studies referred to above. The
day is divided so that the boys study
or drill three-quarters of an hour and
rest for fifteen minutes between each
period.

The regulations provide that no boy
shall use tobacco. With that regula-
tion enforced strictly, healthy food
and regular hours, sickly boys are
made strong and healthy, and it is a
rare thing that a boy is sick after he
has been at the station a month.

The drills of the day are finished at
4.15, and then the band which is at-
tached to the station plays for the
boys until 5.15. At 5.30 supper call
is sounded and the formation is made
the same as at breakfast. At sundown
the bugler blows the call for "even-
ing colors," and the ceremony of un-
covering and saluting the colors as in
the morning is repeated.

One of the first things that a naval
apprentice is taught is to always salute
the Nation's flag and to remove his hat
when the "Star Spangled Banner" is
played, no matter where he may be.
After sundown the boys are mustered
in the gymnasium and must not go
out after that time. Games, such as
checkers, chess and the like, and the
best magazines and papers are pro-
vided for their entertainment and in-
struction in the evening. The ham-
mocks are swung at 8.45. At 9 o'clock
every boy must be in his hammock.
The bugler then plays "taps" and the
day is over.

One day is much the same as an-
other at the training station, except
Fridays and Saturdays. On Friday,
instead of infantry drill, fire quarters
are held. That is, a drill to perfect
the boys in their stations in case of a
fire on the island. Each boy has a
station, and goes to it at the first note
of the bugle, there is no confusion—
and in less than a minute the hose is
out and everything ready for action.
On Saturdays the morning is devoted
to bag and hammock inspection. If
the day is fine the hammocks and bed-
ding are laid out in the parade
ground.

The boys get their clothing bags
and lay their clothing out for inspec-
tion. The divisional officers pass
down the line, stopping at each bag
to see that every piece of clothing
is folded neatly and marked with the
owner's name. The service regula-
tions require that each person shall
have a certain amount of clothing,
and on these Saturday inspections the
clothing lists are checked, and each
boy must show a full bag or draw new
clothes from the Paymaster.

Saturday afternoon is a holiday for
the boys, and many and vigorous are
the ball games played on that day.
On Sunday morning divine service is
held by the chaplain. All boys must
attend, irrespective of religious be-
liefs. Occasionally the chaplain lec-
tures to the boys and illustrates the
lecture with stereopticon views.—New
York Sun.

Winter the Time for Dreaming.

Many persons who are not by habit
dreamers, dream a great deal at the
beginning of winter, and wonder why
they do so. The answer is simple.
When cold weather sets in suddenly,
and is much felt at night, the head,
which is uncovered, has the blood sup-
plied to it driven from the surface to
the deeper parts, notably the brain,
the organ of the mind. The results
are light sleep and dreams. The ob-
vious remedy is to wear a nightcap or
to wrap the head warmly, at least
while the cold weather lasts. We of
this generation suffer more from brain
troubles than our predecessors be-
cause we leave the head exposed at
night, and the blood vessels of our
cerebral organs are seldom unloaded.
—New York Dispatch.

Encouraging.

Consumptive (in Colorado)—"Is
this room well situated for an in-
valid?"
Landlady—"It couldn't be better.
I've had three consumptives here the
past year, and they liked it so well
that not one left until he died."—Life.