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YESTERDAY.

It is not far to yesterday,
And there we turn our eyes
To where the good, glad memories
In pleasing pictures rise.
The faded roses of to-day
Grow red and rich with dew,
And where gray clouds are spreading now
We see the skies of blue.

Just down the way is yesterday—
There sunshine always beams;
To-day we close our eyes and see
Our yesterday in dreams;
To-day we hear the long-dead song,
And now we understand
Its cadence, and know why it made
Our yesterday all grand.

A little way to yesterday—
To-day may have its fears,
Yet yesterday it filled with smiles.
To-morrow has its tears—
To-day—to-morrow—What of them,
When we can find the way
That leads us to the golden land—
The land of yesterday?

It is not far to yesterday,
With glamour of the rose;
With haunting echo of the song
That thrilled us to the close.
To-morrow and to-day will lose
Their darkness and their gloom,
And each will soon be yesterday.
With melody and bloom.
—W. D. Nesbit, in Baltimore American.

FOR LOVE OF A TOMBOY.

A Love Story. By JOHN FORD.

REGGIE COUSINS and Maurice Blount had been close friends as long as the former could remember. In casting mental glances back across those years of affection and close union between them I often wondered what had prompted their intimacy in the first place. Blount was some five years older than Cousins, being a staid, rather matter-of-fact man of thirty at the time when fate threw the two friends into the constant society of Monica and Maudie Finlay, the colonel's orphaned nieces. Blount, however, was a captain and Cousins merely a lieutenant. He was extremely boyish for his age, seldom taking anything seriously. The whole world seemed to be to him "one huge joke," as he himself expressed it, but it was his hearty laughter, his mischievous pranks and his good-natured temperament that endeared him to all his fellow officers. But first and foremost in the young man's heart stood Maurice Blount. This affection was fully returned, and they were known as the "Inseparables."

Of course it was almost a foregone conclusion that the arrival of Monica and Maudie on the scene was bound to make a difference to one or other of the two officers, although they had hitherto been known to declare that neither intended to marry, and that each found all he could desire in the close comradeship of the other. But it was more than unfortunate that they should simultaneously lose their hearts over the younger of the sisters, Maudie. Monica was, if anything, lovelier than Maudie, her gray eyes were full of a winsome wistfulness that won the hearts of every one of us, always excepting those of the "Inseparables." It was apparently to be in their affairs, of the heart as in all things—Cousins followed in his senior's footsteps, laying his hand and fortune at the feet of Maudie Finlay.

It was a puzzle how they came to pass over the sweeter, gentler, elder sister, to fall victims to the boisterous, rather tomboyish charms of the younger.

Maudie only tossed her head at them, delighting in their devotion, which was clearly of the faithful-dog-fetch-and-carry order, merely because it gratified her vanity, she having previously been well informed that neither Captain Blount nor Lieutenant Cousins had ever been known to fall in love before.

I was on sick leave at the time this was happening, but I heard it all, with somewhat exaggerated details, when I rejoined, and the odd part of the business appeared to be that both apparently saw through the girl they worshipped!

The elder man had been heard rebuking the younger for his foolishness in allowing himself to be played with by the heartless coquette, and the younger man had been seen persuading Maudie not to go near the fascinating Maudie on various occasions. It was mysterious, to say the least.

At dances they vied with each other in obtaining the greatest number from the younger Miss Finlay. At picnics they outdid each other to the best of their abilities in carrying tempting dishes to Miss Maudie, in seeing after her comfort in every possible way. Neither of them entered for the "Thread and Needle Race" at the sports because Maudie could not be partner to them both.

And all this while Monica was practically left to herself, not that the entire regiment behaved as idiotically as the "Inseparables," but because Mon-

ica, quite early in the game, gave the others to understand she did not require their attentions. The fellows chaffed me, saying it was only on account of my age that she tolerated my presence so graciously, that no one would think if she was seen about with a man old enough to be her father.

About the time that we received our marching orders I noticed that Monica had become rather paler than usual, naturally I wondered at it and whether our move to Egypt had anything to do with it. Then one day I saw Blount looking at her; Monica's face was half turned from him, and the view he had of it was perfect, I felt sure. I knew her profile so well and could fancy any man's heart being stirred by its beauty, for all that I was puzzled by the look in Blount's eyes and his lips were set in a hard straight line across his teeth. Then, for one brief moment Monica lifted her sad gray eyes to his, and—she sighed. The next—she was gone, and Reggie Cousins slipped his arm through that of his friend, pulling him round with a jerk, and they both laughed. The laugh I thought a nervous one.

Soon after that we sailed. The campaign of 189—was the first active service young Cousins had ever seen, and I was interested in him and his impressions more than in those of our fellow officers. He was wildly excited on the voyage out, and by contrast his very excitement appeared to make the captain's manner more staid, reserved and unobtrusive. They were not, however, quite so much together as they had been formerly, and it naturally became the subject of comment. "Blount is jealous, I believe," said one.

"More likely Cousins has been bitten by the green-eyed monster. If they are both in love with Maudie Finlay I should say that the captain would stand the greater chance of winning her, and Cousins knows it," said another.

Already we spoke of the love affair of the "Inseparables" with an "if."

Cousins, like every subaltern leaving home and England for the first time, had his ambitions, dreamed his dreams—in all of which "Heroes," "Medals," "Victoria Crosses" and promotion figured largely in a delightful jumble, and all in connection with himself. And who has not dreamed those dreams on the voyage out? Who has not looked back on those dreams with a weary smile of resignation, acknowledging, reluctantly enough, that things are not what they seemed—on the voyage home?

As I had expected the campaign was not of very long duration, neither was it of deadly peril or full of the trials and sufferings so many expeditions are entirely made up of. There was the usual amount of trouble, work and endurance to put up with, the fatiguing marches being the most active part of it, and I felt almost sorry for our juniors who had expected so much—most sorry, not knowing what was to come, for young Cousins.

Our wounded were few, our dead fewer; the most terrible part being that many fell victims to a dread disease, losing their lives, if not in actual conflict with the enemy, nevertheless while obeying the call of duty.

However, it is of one battle I wish to write, no other event having any bearing on my story.

It was a Saturday, the 19th of September, and we were roused from sleep at 3 a. m. We had lain down on the sand and among the half grass, too tired and worn out to think of enemies other than human, of vipers,

scorpions and such like. Four o'clock found us creeping along in the dark, uncertain of what we might come upon, but when the rays of the early sun came to our aid a disappointment was in store for us. We discerned K—to our right, but not all the noise of the cavalry, nor the rumbling of horse batteries awoke the apparently sleeping Dervish camp.

We were unopposed. The reason was soon forthcoming. Wad Bishara had taken his men to Hafr in the dead of night.

No rest was given us, no break in the long march; our orders were to advance two miles further, and then we faced Hafr. It was nearly 7 o'clock before we opened fire on the Dervishes, but it was not till later in the day, till the lead came splashing at regular intervals into the water to our right, rattling like hail against the gunboats, and bullets came flying through the air, that I chanced to come upon the "Inseparables." I saw them standing side by side, their faces turned to the enemy. Suddenly, as I looked, young Cousins sprang forward and threw his senior on the ground with the force which he hurled himself upon him, and then—the most tragic event of the day—Reggie Cousins rolled over mortally wounded at our feet!

Quick as lightning I turned. Just in the nick of time.

The Dervish soldier who had crept unawares upon us, half hidden in the long grass, had turned his weapon upon me.

But I was before him. I take a sort of grim satisfaction in chronicling the event in those few words. Had I stayed a moment longer nothing could have prevented me from cutting the dead body of Cousins' murderer to a thousand pieces.

With Blount's help I got the young fellow to the rear, and, once in safety, stooped to see what could be done for him. The Captain knelt with his face buried in both his hands, down which the blood was trickling. He had received a wound as we lifted the boy to carry him away. I did not realize how bad and serious a one it was.

Cousins opened his eyes and his lips moved.

"You are hurt," he said, looking at his chum. "I—I wanted—to save—your life. Have—I—failed?"

Blount was sobbing in a heart-broken fashion.

"Steady yourself, old man," I whispered, "and speak to him."

"It—was Maudie," Cousins continued.

"I—I fancied Monica was—much the best—and—you—would love her—like I did—and I tried—to help you by—oh, you know—but you wouldn't take—the best—always left the best—for me."

"Oh, Reggie, Reggie, don't!"

Cousins' eyes fixed themselves on me.

"It's all up," he said. "Tell—Maurice—not—to-be-long."

With a great sob of unutterable misery Blount fell across the body of his friend.

Every spare moment I had I spent by Blount's bedside after that. But life was despaired of for him; and—he did not care to stay. Reggie's dying words seemed to haunt us for nights after, for we knew Maurice was obeying his chum's last request.

But from the lips of the captain a very little while before the end I learned the answer to the riddle that had puzzled us for so long.

It was only a wonderful piece of self-sacrifice on both their parts. Each had loved Monica in the depths of his heart and each had tried to leave her—peerless as they knew her to be—for the other.

"We blinded each other so completely to the true state of affairs," Blount said with a sad smile, "that I think if we had gone home we should both have asked Monica to marry us, believing the other to be really in love with Maudie."

Then one day I found myself telling of the tragedy of Hafr to Monica, and I told her of the love of the "Inseparables."

Maudie was engaged to be married to the rector of the place.

"It will not hurt you to know it?" I asked.

I was anxious, for she wore so strangely sad a look.

"It never hurts a woman to know she has been loved," she said, "even though it comes too late."

I knew then she had loved as well. But which of the two, to this day, no one knows.—News.

IS THE SPHINX DOOMED?

Celebrated Egyptian Figure Crumbling Under Influences of the New Climate.

The present is a period of the vanishing of monuments which have stood for thousands of years. The other day Venice lost one of her famous relics of past days, and many another building in the lovely Queen City of the Adriatic is threatened with destruction. And now comes the news that an even more famous, an infinitely more venerable monument is likely to disappear. It is said that the Sphinx, which has stood on the banks of the Nile since the shadowy days of the Pharaohs, cannot long resist the crumbling occasioned by modern conditions in Egypt.

Since the British have been in control in Egypt they have altogether changed the face of the country. Land that was once desert is now smiling with verdure. Irrigation has reclaimed thousands of acres, and the great dam at Assouan will result in a marvelous increase in the size of the region under cultivation.

All this has resulted in so modifying the atmosphere of the country that the dry air which allowed the preservation of the Sphinx no longer exists. Every one knows that the preservation of the monoliths in London and New York, however carefully they be watched, cannot be continued indefinitely, and it is said that the same trouble which caused so much discussion here in regard to Cleopatra's Needle is threatened in the case of the famous figure that has inspired so many poems and pictures.

The Sphinx was built before the Great Pyramid, somewhere about 4000 years before Christ. It is a recumbent man-headed lion, 188 feet long, hewn out of a natural eminence in the solid rock, some defects of which are supplied by a partial stone casing. There is a temple in front of it, but all efforts to prevent the sand settling over the building have failed.

In front of the breast of the Sphinx originally appeared an image of a god, the weather-worn remains of which may still be made out. The head of the Sphinx was a work of art of the highest type known to the Egyptians, and finished with the greatest care. It is now greatly mutilated, but, in spite of all its injuries, its calm, majestic, pensive expression still appeals to the most thoughtless of travelers. Perhaps means may be found to avert the threatened ruin of this noble figure, but the battle between modern conditions and ancient monuments is one that usually results in only one way.—New York Times.

Domestic Superstitions.

If you sing while making bread, you will cry before it is eaten.

If your apron becomes untied, some one is speaking of you.

To sit on a chair while it is being dusted is a sign of money coming.

If a child whirls a chair about, it is a sign he will receive a whipping.

When a rocking chair moves about while you are rocking, you are going to have a caller.

When making a bed, if you chance to forget one of the sheets you will hear of a wedding in less than a week.

Do not whirl a chair on one leg. You are turning your friends from you.

To walk a chair on its legs, instead of carrying it, signifies the injury of a near friend or relative.

For a chair to creak when you sit down on it is a sure sign of an accident.

If furniture falls off a load when moving, expect sickness.—New York News.

Permission to Cry.

A young woman who went to a woman at the head of a large philanthropic institution on behalf of an unfortunate person was unsuccessful in her efforts. The head of the institution, a corpulent, wheezy person, said: "No, no; I can't consent to do that. It is outside my line, and I don't approve of it." Seeing the crestfallen air of the applicant she added: "But you're a nice girl, and any time you want to have a good cry you just come right here; you'll be welcome, my dear." "Thank you; that's a kind of hospitality I rarely meet with," replied the young woman. The billowy person beamed complacently. The touch of satire was utterly lost on her.—New York Press.

Women may be lacking in logic, but they make up for it in instinct.

THAT FLY.

In fluent speech vociferous
You oburgate that fly;
You style him most pestiferous—
And still he hovers nigh.

With maddening pertinacity
He lingers near your face,
With confident audacity
Settles ever in one place.

His appetite's insatiate;
Upon your cheek he's glued;
Apparently he never ate
Of such ambrosial food.

You strike at him in frenzied ire
With well-directed aim—
Whizz! he's off like a house afire,
But he comes back just the same.

Your futile rage, oh, angry man,
You'd better far resign
And give, with all the grace you can,
The fly a chance to dine.

A noisy buzz of victory,
And lo, he speeds away,
To come again in elfin glee
And feast another day.
—Eugene Rose, in the New York Sun.



"So Gayboy has recovered." "Yes. The lucky fellow was too poor to be operated on."—Life.

A Sheffield bootmaker displays this notice in his window: "Don't you wish you were in my shoes?"—Tit-Bits.

Funniness—"You say the evening wore on. What did it wear?" "Smart." "Why, the close of day, of course."—University of Minnesota Punch, Bowl.

"Love me little, love me long."
Was the burden of his sons,
And the maiden made short.
"How about when you are short?"
—Philadelphia Record.

Uncle George—"Harry, I suppose you keep a cash account?" "Harry—" "No, Uncle George, I haven't got so far as that, but I keep an expense account."—Boston Transcript.

An' that's jest why in the world we go
An' lots of peace, ye borrow;
It's happiness jest not to know
What's comin' on tomorrow.
—Atlanta Constitution.

It was at a fashionable boarding-house, and they had calves' brains for lunch. She spoke to the gentleman next to her. "And do you like calves' brains, Mr. Domo?" "I always try to feel content with what I have, madam."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Stubb—"This is strange, John. I thought the people on this block were immensely wealthy, and now I find them sitting around in patched clothing." "Mr. Stubb—That's nothing, Maria; they are expecting the tax assessor."—Chicago News.

"So he got out an injunction against your company," we say pityingly; "why didn't you forestall him by getting an injunction to prevent the issuance of his injunction?" "I couldn't; you see he was slick enough to get out an injunction against my getting out an injunction against his injunction."—Baltimore Herald.

"You must abandon all business cares for the future," says the physician. "But I fear that I have not yet accumulated sufficient money," protests the multi-millionaire. "Sufficient?" repeats the doctor. "Why, my dear sir, you have enough money to pay physicians' fees for the rest of your life!"—Baltimore American.

"There is as much nourishment in one banana," declares the amateur scientist, "as there is in one pound of beef. This being so, I do not see why the people do not eat more bananas." "They will," asserts the magnate. "They will, as soon as some one corners bananas and figures out some way to make 100 per cent. profit on each one."—Baltimore American.

Indisputable.

On the banks of a rivulet near Strabane is a stone with this singular inscription, which was no doubt intended for the information of strangers traveling by the road: "Take notice, that when this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." This recalls the famous finger post which is said to have been erected by order of a surveyor of roads in Kent: "This is a bridle-path to Faversham. If you can't read this, you had better keep the main road."—London Graphic.

Instruction in the art of reading railway time tables is now being given to his pupils by a schoolmaster in Silesia.