

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$7.00 a Year, in Advance.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XIII.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1902.

NO. 38.



I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
These flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet.

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

The Lady of the Red Clover

By
J. Herbert
Weich :

Under the big oak by the fifteenth
Mr. Arthur Glendenning was sitting
at his ease. He was some ten
struck behind his opponent, Colonel
Bogey, but this did not bother him in
the least, Bogey not being one of those
players who tack their score cards in
conspicuous places on the clubhouse
bulletin board and mention their vic-
tories to every one they meet. Nor was
Arthur annoyed by the fact that a hun-
gry bunker had swallowed up his ball
—indeed, he hoped that his caddy's
search for it would go unrewarded yet
a while, for it was restful here, and,
incidentally, there was a rather allur-
ing picture in the field just across the
leaf-strewn road that ran by the oak.
The picture was that of a girl framed
in red clover. It was a moving picture,
too; that is, the girl was moving, gath-
ering a big bunch of clover blossoms.
Resting against the fence Arthur no-
ticed a bicycle.

"That girl is not a slave to fads, any-
how," he commented, lazily, to himself,
"or she would have given up the wheel
for ping-pong. The fact that she is out
here alone indicates that she possesses
independence and a mind of her own—
what! She's looking at that cow as if she
were afraid of it!"

If Arthur's imagination had been
vivid enough to have viewed the cow
as the girl viewed it, he would not have
been so surprised that the beast should
be causing her to show trepidation. A
few minutes before, when she was sur-
mounting the difficulty of the fence in
quest of the clover she had assured
herself that she wasn't a bit afraid of
that cow, and, as a matter of fact, she
had felt brave until the cow had sud-
denly raised its head from the grass
and began to stare. Stares are always
disconcerting. Perhaps the cow re-
garded her as an enemy browsing upon
its clover, perhaps as a friend with a
handful of salt. At any rate, it gazed
at her fixedly for a moment, and then
took two steps in her direction. The
girl retreated two steps, returning the
cow's stare haughtily. Suddenly the
latter seemed to make up its mind, and
began to advance in a business-like
way, with long, swinging strides.

A delicate, silvery shriek pierced the
afternoon air, and the flight and pur-
suit began. In running ability they
were quite evenly matched. The girl
nearly the fence—she gained it—she be-
gan to climb. It was a most alluring
picture, and Arthur Glendenning suc-
cumbed to a great temptation. He had
his weaknesses. One of them had to
do with cameras. The pretty views
on the Perndale links are so many that
in this match with Colonel Bogey he
had directed his caddy to bring the in-
strument along. At this instant it lay
at his side. He seized it, leveled it;
his eye winked once. Then he dropped it
hastily behind a log, and was across
the road, all solicitude, just as the fugi-
tive fell, a palpitating heap, on the
grass on the safe side of the fence.

"Are you hurt?" he inquired, anx-
iously.

"No, no, thank you," she panted, "but
that—that terrible cow!"

Arthur glanced in the direction of the
cow. It did not have a very terrible
aspect, but rather an expression of
mild surprise, and even injury, as if it
were exclaiming to itself: "Dear me,
how very disappointing! Where's my
salt?"

"Let me assist you to your feet," said
Arthur, in his best manner, bending

over her. She did not move, but ex-
claimed, distressedly:

"Oh, dear, the fence has torn my
skirt! You haven't such a things as a
pin or two, have you?"

There was a beseeching note in her
voice, and the young man would have
given much to have been able to have
produced a pin, but it was impossible.
He felt of his clothing hopelessly; he
gazed out over the sweeping green of
the links, up at the trees, up at the
canopy of the heavens, but he saw no
pin.

The caddy's curly head just then ap-
peared over the edge of the bunker.

"Here, caddy," shouted Arthur, "run
over to the clubhouse and get some
pins, safety pins, any kind, and get all
they've got in the place. Run! * * *
But don't run so fast," he added, "as
to injure your health," for the girl
with the pink glowing beneath the
white of her rounded cheeks, with the
brilliance of excitement still in her
eyes, and with wayward curls strag-
gling from out of her mass of
light hair, was certainly a picture—
even more of a picture than she had
seemed to Arthur from a distance—and
he was too appreciative of the artistic
to be willing that such a picture should
pass quickly from his view.

"May I sit down here on the grass
and console with you until the arrival
of the caddy?" asked Arthur.

"I presume you may sit on the grass.
I don't own it, you know." The acidity
of this reply was tempered by a flitting
shadow of a smile.

"At all events," answered Arthur,
sitting down, "you took rather quick
possession of a bit of it just now. But
it was really very rude of that cow to
disturb you. I can't tell you how sorry
I am."

A pair of soft yet penetrating eyes
were studying the young man.

"No, I don't believe you can tell me
how sorry you are," said the pretty
lips beneath the eyes, "and the reason
is that you're not sorry at all. You're
having trouble to keep from laughing."

Arthur could no longer restrain the
hilarity that had been welling up be-
neath a very thin veneer of polite so-
litude. They laughed together.

"But I must have done with this lev-
ity," cried Arthur, suddenly. "I must
be up and doing. My lady's hat and
flowers still lie within the domain of
the fell beast. I must recover them at
all hazards. I must face this beast, or
else, 'od's bodikins, I were unworthy
the name of knight!"

He approached the fence, leaped over
and in a moment was bowing low in
the act of laying the trophies at the
lady's feet.

"Marry, low, but you are, forsooth,
a brave knight," she laughed.

"Ah, lady, my life were but a slight
sacrifice in your service, but were I
to crave a boon of you I would plead
that you take from the heap one small
red clover blossom and pin it in my
buttonhole with your own fair hands."

She laughed again. "Methinks you
are a bold knight, too. But for the
sake of the dangers you have passed I
will decorate you, Sir Arthur—when
the pins arrive."

The young man came very near los-
ing his knightly pose. "How under
the sun do you happen to know my
name?" he was about to inquire, but
he perceived, before it was too late,
that she had hit upon the name inno-
cently, as the usual name for knights,

"May I be allowed to express a sus-
picion of you?" he asked.

"I hope I am not a suspicious per-
son," she answered, "but what is it?"
"Only that you have been reading
historical novels."

"Worse than that. But it seems to
me that your mind also is steeped in
the romantic."

"It is. I've just finished being thrilled
by Miss Mary Malvern's book, 'A Court
Cavalier.' The celebrated Miss Mal-
vern is sojourning for the summer in
this vicinity, you know."

"Yes, I know," said the girl, hastily,
"and what do you think of her book?"

"Well," replied Arthur, slowly and
judicially, "it is not bad, not half bad.
Of course, most of the situations are
impossible, and most of the characters
have no counterpart in the heavens
above, nor the earth beneath, nor the
waters under the earth, but—on the
whole—the story's clever."

She smoothed a wrinkle in her skirt,
then asked slowly:

"Do you really think there is any-
thing clever in it? What, for in-
stance?"

Arthur liked this deference to his lit-
erary judgment, and he continued,
complacently:

"Well, in the first place, it is clever
because it was written by so very
young a person. They say she is only
about twenty or twenty-one. As a mat-
ter of fact, however, I suppose she is
nearer thirty. And if she is as young
as is reported, I think her mother
ought to have looked after her better,
because she seems to have had an
amazing amount of experience in af-
fairs of the heart. One cannot write
of these things as realistically as she
does without an intimate knowledge of
them. While many of the situations
are highly improbable, as I have said,
some of the love scenes are life itself.
I verily believe that only a veteran co-
quette could have described as Mary
Malvern does the manner in which El-
vira leads the gallants on and then
flouts them. Yet there is a distinct deli-
cacy and charm about it all. This
Miss Malvern must be a most interest-
ing girl. I would give a good deal to
meet her. Do you know, I thought
several times when I was reading the
book that I could fall in love with a
girl with a mind like hers. I think we
would be very sympathetic and congenial."

"Not really!" exclaimed the girl on
the grass. Her lips and eyes were
smiling. She seemed to be taking im-
mense interest in his conversation, and
this encouraged Arthur to go on.

"Yes, really. And another thing I
like about her is her ferocity. Why,
when she gets a couple of swashbuck-
lers together in a dark alley in old Lon-
don she writes about the encounter so
that you can fairly hear their hard
breathing in the struggle. She enjoys
it herself. I'll venture to guess that
Miss Malvern has plenty of grit, and
would stand her ground in the face of
danger."

"You don't think she is afraid of
cows, then?" From under her eye-
lashes the girl on the grass glanced up
at him with a quizzical look of inquiry.
"Oh, I beg your pardon," laughed
Arthur; "I wasn't thinking of compari-
sons. To be afraid of cows is perhaps
more charming than not to be afraid
of them. But, referring again to Miss
Malvern, do you suppose she will
marry, and become more or less com-
monplace—it's an effect matrimony has,
you know—or do you imagine she'll
remain true to literature? Tell me, just
for the sake of discussion, what you
think the probabilities are. As a wom-
an, you can, of course, weigh them bet-
ter than I can."

"Well, I don't know," said the girl,
thoughtfully. "I don't believe that
marriage need be commonplace, and—
but here come the pins."

Arthur followed her glance, and saw
with displeasure that the pins were,
indeed, arriving. He uttered silent ma-
ledictions upon the caddy's short, sturdy
legs that were coming over the green so
rapidly and conscientiously. He busied
himself with the young woman's
bicycle when she was closing the rent
made by the fence rail, and when he
had reluctantly led the machine out
into the road because she said she pos-
itively must be going he remarked, as-
suming again his knightly tone:

"If my lady should chance to pass
this way on the morrow at the same
hour, she will find a knight to tilt a
lance in her protection, if need be,
against the cow, or any other peril."

"The knight has been very kind," she
smilingly replied, "and I thank him,
and I will say that I have enjoyed his
conversation more than he can imag-

ine, but I could not ask him to risk his
life again for me."

"But is he not to have a name to
dream on, nor any hope of the future?"

"He should be full of hope for the
future," she called back, after she had
mounted, "and as for the name, 'the
lady of the red clover' should be a good
name to dream on."

Arthur watched her till her figure
grew small on the road and disap-
peared around a turn. That night in
his dark room he looked at a photo-
graphic plate to and fro in the develop-
ing fluid with great care and much
anxiety, and felt the amateur's glow of
enthusiasm in triple quantity when the
picture began to take distinct form be-
neath his eyes. First there was a bit
of road, then the grass, then the fence,
and, finally, rising in triumph on the
uppermost rails, the lady of the red
clover, while behind her peered the
mildly surprised face of a cow and an
expanse of field.

"It is a very well-balanced picture;
the composition is nearly perfect,"
murmured Arthur, the amateur photo-
grapher, as he bent over the plate.
"She's a stunning looking girl," mur-
mured Arthur, the young man, as he
held the plate to the light. After ex-
panding much time and labor on the
prints he framed one of the best of
them and gave it the place of honor
among the divinities on his mantel-
piece.

"And here's the picture of the girl,"
he remarked to Bob Wilton a night or
two afterward, as he finished the rec-
ital of his interesting experience. Bob
glanced at the photograph.

"Wh—ah!" he cried, bursting into a
great laugh. "My dear fellow, pre-
pare yourself to bear up beneath a
blow. This lady of the red clover,
with whom you talked about Miss
Mary Malvern, and with whom you
tried to make an appointment for the
next afternoon, is no less a personage
than Miss Mary Malvern herself."

Bob lost no opportunity to tell the
story at the golf clubhouse. It very
speedily reached the drawing rooms,
and one morning Arthur received a
faintly perfumed letter on a delicately
tinted blue paper.

Its contents were as follows:
"My Dear Sir—It seems that the
knight is a very modern kind of knight,
who, when he is succoring ladies in dis-
tress, takes snapshots of them. Was
the deed quite knightly? Since the
lady of the red clover has no desire to
remain perpetually in distress on a
fence, she must ask that the prints be
surrendered to her and that the plate
be destroyed. Very truly yours,
"MARY MALVERN."

"P. S.—Since the knight's act of de-
ception has made his trustworthiness
appear to be a somewhat uncertain
quantity, the lady considers it a wise
precaution to be a spectator to the de-
struction of the plate. She will be at
the golf clubhouse, with a mutual
friend, to-morrow afternoon at 4
o'clock."

"* * * * *

"But why," asked Arthur, in a tone
of mock complaint, "did you allow me
to go on so foolishly about Miss Mal-
vern and her book?"

"Oh, I was not responsible," laughed
Miss Malvern. "It was fate, who had
witnessed the snapshot, helping me to
get even."

"Well, then," said Arthur, "we start
fair. Will you drive first?"

"No; I prefer that you be in the lead.
There may be a cow on the course, you
know."—New York Times.

Medicine in Bombay.

A Swedish Consul at Bombay says
that "because of their fear of sanitary
inspection and modern methods of pre-
venting and curing disease the natives
of India in vast numbers are the vic-
tims of plague. In consequence of the
hatred and fear of hospitals and medi-
cal men the population of Bombay has
decreased 40,000 in the last ten years,
while the increase in the whole of In-
dia in the same time was about fifteen
per cent. Bombay now has 760,000
people. The hospital and general medi-
cal service in India are of the best and
do much good in the affected districts
in spite of the prejudice which pre-
vails against such things. The plague
is generally fatal without the most
skillful medical attention. The na-
tives in their ignorance seek only to
be left to die in peace. The ancient
traditions of the country are extremely
difficult, almost impossible, to erad-
icate."

Love of Truth.

The love of truth, with the power
to prove it, gives one the courage to be
sincere.—New York News.

MILLION DOLLAR FRUIT FARM.

Big Apple Orchard in Missouri to Cover
5000-Acre Tract.

Missouri is to have a 5000-acre apple
orchard, the largest in the world. The
'Frisco road will build a track through
it from end to end, and depots and
warehouses will be erected for the stor-
age of the product. An evaporating
plant, a vinegar and cider plant and a
canning establishment will be erected,
and facilities provided for caring for
every portion of the orchard's product
on a business basis, the keynote to
which is like that of the packing-houses
—not a thing shall be wasted.

The big orchard is to be located in
Laclede County, about three miles from
Lebanon, on a tract occupying a north-
ern plateau, nearly the whole of the
5000 acres sloping to the north, a con-
dition much sought for by orchardists.
It is owned by a company officered by
Iowans, and which expects to make an
investment on the property of \$1,000,-
000.

It is proposed to set about 4800 acres
of the tract to apples, the remaining
200 acres being reserved for buildings
and other necessary purposes. Two-
year-old apple trees are to be planted
on 1000 acres next spring and 250
acres of peach trees are to be planted,
these to afford quicker returns than
can be expected from the apple trees.

The peach trees will be supplanted
by apple trees later, however. From
the peach orchard returns are expect-
ed in three years, while for the apple
trees six years are allowed. While the
trees are growing the company will
plant the land to corn, berries and
other crops in order to get a return
from year to year. Stump pullers and
steam plows are already at work, and
the contract has been let for clearing
the entire tract.

The apples to be grown will be
chiefly of the Ben Davis and Jonathan
varieties, which have been shown to be
adapted to that soil and which will
keep well, remaining in cold storage
for two or three years. It is intended
that the orchard company shall market
not only the fruit of its own farm, but
shall buy and ship fruit from surround-
ing growers, thus keeping constantly
in closest touch with the markets and
in position to take advantage of every
favorable condition.

The Ozark country is yearly taking
higher rank among the apple produc-
ing sections, and one of the promoters
of the big orchard said he was advised
the apple growers of New York and
other of the older States were not re-
planting their trees owing to the high
values of land in those sections. He
says that with the cheap lands of Mis-
souri so well adapted to apple growing
and so centrally located as to the best
apple markets, the Ozark region will
soon become the apple producing cen-
tre of the world.—Kansas City Journal.

The Ping-Pong Watch.

There is one class of the community
other than the players which blesses
ping-pong. This is the watchmaker
and jeweler, for I am told that there
is nothing so hard on one's watch as in-
dulgence in the game of the moment.
The reason is that most men do not
take off their coats and waistcoats,
and so play with their watches on. In
the excitement the watches are jerked
out of the pocket and fall on the
ground or on the table, or any way get
a nasty jar. A great many girls play
with their watches fastened to their
bodies, says Woman's Life, the pin
gets opened and down the watch falls.
Even if it does not, the constant jump-
ing about and swinging of the arms
disturbs the machinery so that the
watch does not keep time and has to
be sent to be regulated. Since my watch-
maker told me of this I have watched
(don't think I intended a wretched
pun) many girls play, and the way
their watches bumped about on their
 chests has been extraordinary. I can
quite understand how it is that my
watchmaker says he has more than
doubled his income of late repairing
the watches of ping-pong players.

\$100,000,000 of Beef.

The total annual export value of
United States meat—of which beef
forms the principal item—is in round
figures \$100,000,000. If we add to this
the distributive sales of the various
packing establishments in the United
States for the domestic market as well,
we find that it reaches the enormous
total of 1,000,000 carloads, valued at
\$2,000,000,000. Added to this is the
value of the many by-products of the
packing house, which amount to many
millions more.—Leslie's Monthly.