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TELL THE GOOD.

Had I the gift of tongues, a Shakespeare's pen,
A seraph's voice to make heav'n ring again,
I could not tell the good I've found in men;
Their kind deeds have been numberless;
yet still
I find myself sometimes recounting ill!

Had I the harp of Orpheus; a command
Of all the languages men understand,
The kind acts that I see on every hand
I could not even catalogue; yet still
Sometimes, forgetting this, I name the ill!

A thousand thoughts come flocking to my mind
Out of the misty past that lies behind—
Recalling human kindness; yet so blind
Sometimes are human eyes, I murmur still,
Forgetting good, remembering only ill!

The heav'n I hope for is a lightsome place
Where smiles eye cling to every angel face;
Where, through eternity — and endless space—
Ten million million tongues shall ne'er be still,
Always recounting good, forgetting ill!
—S. W. Gillilan, in Los Angeles Herald.

THE UNSPOKEN ANSWER.

A REVELATION OF A WOMAN'S WAY.

"LOOK here, Digby," observed Guy Maxwell to his chum, with that air of superiority which was peculiar to him, "there's only to-morrow left, and I must arrange to have a few minutes with Miss Lyttleton. She's the sort of a girl who would make a fellow a real good wife. I rather think she likes me, and the fact that I am heir to a baronetcy, with a good income attached, will have some weight. I intend to have a try to-morrow."

Digby Grant blew out a cloud of smoke in order to hide the expression that crept over his face.

"That means," said Digby, after a pause, "that you intend to propose to her to-morrow?"

"I don't see what other interpretation you can put on my words!" rejoined Guy, rather irritably. "You don't seem very bright to-day; you are tired after your walk. Your voice is a bit shaky. Have something to brace you up."

"No, thanks!" said Digby, forcing a laugh. "But go on."

"Well," continued Guy, "I have fallen in love with that girl. My life will not be a happy one if I do not win her! I have mentioned my intention to you, old fellow, because I wish to ask a favor."

"What is it?" inquired Digby, surprised. "I can't help you to win Grace—I ought to say, Miss Grace Lyttleton!"

"Yes, you can!" was the astonishing rejoinder. "I simply want you to keep out of the way. You see," pursued Guy, a trifle awkwardly, "we are always together. Now, I can't propose to her with you by my side, so I want—"

"Oh, I'll clear out for the day!" agreed Digby. "You ought to get a good chance. I'm going to turn in now. You will have to-morrow entirely, and on the following morning we start for town. Good night!"

Digby Grant was not in a pleasant mood when he reached his own bedroom. He, too, was in love with Grace Lyttleton; he had been trying to arrive at a decision as to whether she cared for him or not—whether he would stand any chance if he proposed. He was not very well off, but nevertheless he could offer her a good home, and he was rising in his profession. Now, at the last moment, Guy had announced his intention of essaying the capture of Grace's hand and heart.

"I can't go behind his back," muttered Digby disconsolately, "so I must stand aside. Is she the sort of a girl that would be captivated by the prospect of a title? I hardly think so, yet she may be in love with him, for women like a masterful man."

He was true to his word and Guy Maxwell watched for his opportunity. Miss Lyttleton was staying at the same hotel, where her father had taken a suite of rooms to accommodate himself, his daughter, and his young son, a boy of fourteen. Mr. Lyttleton thought it a bore to be compelled to spend two or three weeks away from his business, so he had letters sent on, and spent a fair proportion of his time in writing his instructions, talking to London on the telephone, or reflecting over commercial problems in the smoking room. Grace and Roy were left much to themselves, which was fortunate from Guy's point of view.

"The boy will be off somewhere, and she will be alone, so far as her relatives are concerned," mused Guy, with great satisfaction. "I can manage to get her to a quiet spot somewhere inside or out, and the thing will be done."

He had to wait some time for his chance during the morning. Other gentlemen appeared to claim a goodly share of her attention, and she was playing tennis in the spacious grounds of the palatial hotel. Roy, too, seemed to be "dodging about," as Guy inelegantly phrased it, more than usual.

However, the much desired opportunity presented itself at last, and he found himself alone with Grace Lyttleton.

"May I have the pleasure of a walk and a talk with you in the garden, Miss Lyttleton?" he asked, gallantly. "You must feel warm after that game, and the flowers are worth seeing. I am going away to-morrow, and I should like this last day of my stay here to be the happiest."

She glanced at him shyly, half frightened, but bowed and said briefly that she would like a walk among the flowers.

"I think she guesses what is coming!" said Guy, exultantly to himself. "That makes my task easier!"

They went into the garden, and, after a few steps he suggested that they should seat themselves on a rustic bench.

In spite of his masterful disposition, Guy felt a trifle nervous about beginning. He nerved himself and began: "Miss Lyttleton I have asked you to come here because—"

"Oh, here you are!" chimed in a shrill voice. "Nice in here, isn't it? Got room for me?"

And Roy Lyttleton took a seat next to his sister.

"What do you think of Mr. Benson's play, Mr. Maxwell? Not up to much, is it?" asked the boy.

Guy made some kind of reply mechanically. He wished that young gentleman far away, but he had to conceal his annoyance and be pleasant.

Guy Maxwell laid himself out to make another opportunity for the afternoon. He suggested to Roy that there was good scenery for an amateur photographer in the neighborhood of Rookham, about three miles away, and that the day was a perfect one; Roy appeared to catch at the idea, and Guy was hopeful.

Guy felt just a trifle mean at the thought of spying on Miss Lyttleton in order to discover which way she went for a walk, but he did it, and was rewarded by seeing her alone on the cliffs.

"This is a fortunate meeting, Miss Lyttleton!" he declared, raising his hat. "Suppose we go to the base of that cliff? There is a pretty nook, invisible from here, and it would form a pleasant afternoon excursion. Don't you think so?"

Grace Lyttleton murmured that it might be so, but she was afraid to undertake any climbing on account of the fatigue.

"It is really very good of you to take so much trouble to make my stay agreeable, Mr. Maxwell," she said, charmingly, "but I fear that it is a thankless task for you."

She looked at him with a strange expression which he interpreted favorably. He stretched out his hand to take hers.

"I'm going to Rookham to-morrow or the next day, Mr. Maxwell!" said a well-known voice behind him.

Guy nearly uttered a rude exclamation, but he smothered it and resigned himself to the loss of another opportunity.

The evening alone remained, and Guy vowed that, by hook or by crook, he would have his answer then. There was a ball that evening, so he certainly would get Grace alone at one portion of the entertainment. Roy would be in bed, that was one thing to be thankful for, and old Lyttleton was nobody.

He secured three or four dances, carefully selected by himself for convenient times, and felt certain of victory.

"She knows what to expect!" he murmured several times. "She's shy and restrained, which is a good sign."

When his first dance with her was over he tried to lead her away to the conservatory, but her next partner claimed her.

The second dance was before the interval, so he was safe from the intrusion of the next partner. Without asking her, he led her away to a quiet spot; she appeared reluctant, but he paid no heed, if he lost this chance—!

"Miss Lyttleton—Grace! I must tell you!" he began, losing no time in preliminaries. "I cannot—"

"I say, it's late for me to be up, sis, and dad is cross! Do you think that Mr. Maxwell— Oh, that is Mr. Maxwell!"

Roy looked as though he had said too much. Guy was on the point of telling him to clear off when Grace spoke: "I am afraid father will be cross, Roy, but I must take the blame. I'll go and find him and explain. You will excuse me, won't you, Mr. Maxwell?"

She was gone before he had time to realize the fact. He gazed sternly at Roy; if he could get that young rascal out of the way, there would still be a chance after one of the other dances.

"Roy," said Maxwell impressively, "I want to have a quiet talk with your sister, and you come in every time. See here, I'll give you this half-crown if you'll go to bed—go anywhere and leave us!"

Roy's face lighted up and his arm began to stretch itself in the direction of the piece of silver; then his face grew sombre and he shook his head.

"That would be treachery," he explained. "Grace told me this morning that she expected you would try and say something to her if you were with her alone, and she didn't want you to. So she gave me a shilling to keep near her all day, so as you shouldn't have a chance, and I agreed. I'll stick to the bargain, even if I lose by it!"

Maxwell paled.

"Did she tell you why she didn't wish me to speak to her?" he asked, as an idea crossed his mind.

"Yes," admitted the boy. "She said she didn't want to hurt your feelings by saying something you wouldn't like, so it would be better to prevent you from saying anything to her. Girls are funny, aren't they?"

"Roy," said Maxwell, after a pause, "I understand now. I'll give you this half-crown on condition that you say nothing whatever about this chat we've had."

"Done!" exclaimed the boy, and the money changed hands.

"So that's my answer," groaned Maxwell, as he made his way to his room. "Yet it was kindly on her part to wish to spare me a refusal. A refusal! H'm! That must be pretty uncomfortable for a man to hear when he expects to be accepted! Yes, it was a strange way of doing it, but a well-meaning way. Now I understand her apparently shy glances. I'm off by the earliest train to-morrow. I wonder if she is in love, and whom she loves?"

His question was answered six weeks later by the announcement in the newspaper of the engagement of Miss Grace Lyttleton and Mr. Digby Grant, the rising young barrister.—New York News.

Wrote Without Compensation.

A correspondent of the Athenaeum writes: "What would Sydney Smith, Jeffrey or Macaulay have said if he had met with such a sentence as this which is to be found on page 284 of the Edinburgh Review for October? 'The original idea was to run the Review without giving any remuneration to the writers.' Perhaps the mildest remark which any of the three might have made is that the conductor of a journal or review is not 'a runner.' I may add that the payment of contributors was the exception when the Edinburgh was founded. Henry Sampson Woodfall was personally aggrieved when he was charged with paying any of the writers in the Public Advertiser, while in the Gentleman's Magazine most of the work was done for nothing."

Tom Reed's Youth.

Tom Reed never looked like a man till he was past forty-five. I refer to his countenance. He had a baby face. Even his giant stature could not overcome the innocent, unsophisticated appearance of his countryified phiz. No picture ever did him justice. He always reminded me of Horace Greeley, whose face was young even when he died. When Reed was elected Speaker in 1889 a member of Congress from Alabama remarked: "We don't want that overgrown kid from Maine. Give us a man of mature years." Reed was then fifty. Singularly enough, there have been two Thomas B. Reeds in Congress. The other was a Mississippi Senator in 1826, and a statesman.—Victor Smith, in New York Press.

DENMARK'S GREAT CATHEDRAL.

Historic Sanctuary With the Remains of Rulers is at Roskilde.

The great cathedral of Denmark is situated about eighteen miles west of Copenhagen in the little town of Roskilde, where in former days was a royal residence. Roskilde is on the main railway line running across Zealand to Korsour, the little port on the Great Belt, from whence the boats sail for Klel and Nyborg. It is a very quiet little town of 6000 inhabitants, the picturesque houses looking very humble beneath the towering mass of the cathedral standing on the edge of the hill which drops precipitously down to the fiord at its foot. It seems strange to see so grand a pile built entirely of red brick, but the cathedral of Roskilde is of this material within and without.

The original building, erected by King Harald Blaatan in the tenth century, was of wood. This was followed in the next century by a building consisting of a nave and two aisles, constructed of limestone. The present building is believed to have been commenced in 1210, when Peter Suneson was bishop of Roskilde.

All the Danish royal family are laid to rest in Roskilde; the word "buried" is scarcely applicable, for the royal remains merely stand in great coffins in the various chapels on the north and south sides of the cathedral.

One of the chapels is dedicated to Christian IV.—one of Denmark's most famous kings, who lived in the latter part of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth centuries. The chapel was built partly after the king's own design between 1615 and 1620, but the mural paintings were added later by Christian VIII. In the naval battle of Femarn the king lost an eye, and fell fainting from loss of blood.

Christian IV.'s coffin is of oak, covered with black velvet, and ornamented with silver plates on the sides, and a crucifix and the king's sword on the top. The coffin nearest his is that of Queen Anna Catherina, the first consort of Christian IV., and another belongs to the Prince Christian, who was elected successor, but died before his father.

During Queen Alexandra's recent visit to Denmark most of the members of the royal party at Bernstoff visited Roskilde Cathedral on the anniversary day of the death of the late Queen of Denmark. The coffin is covered with wreaths, and the one sent by Queen Victoria a few years ago, though withered, is still kept with the others which cover the coffin.

Driving Large Rivets.

The rivets through the keel of the seven-masted schooner Thomas W. Lawson, that was launched from the Fore River Shipyards a short time ago, were nearly five inches in length by one and one-fourth inches in diameter. It was not possible to upset these properly with an ordinary yoke, one arm of which served as the anvil to resist the blows of the pneumatic hammer carried by the other arm. To have the anvil heavy enough to accomplish the purpose would have produced a tool extremely awkward and difficult to handle in the cramped quarters underneath the keel. The difficulty was overcome by doing away entirely with the anvil and substituting a second pneumatic hammer. The two hammers, one on the end of each arm of the yoke, worked perfectly, and there was no further trouble in making the rivets fill the holes completely. The strokes of the hammers were so exceedingly rapid that it made no difference whether they worked synchronously or not.—Iron Age.

Plea For the Wooden Shoe.

"We have wisely taken to wearing sandals," says a physician in the Philadelphia Record. "I hope that before long we will learn the advantage of the wooden shoe, or sabot. Do you know that a great many diseases are due to leather shoes—due to the wearing all day long of tight leather that is often, in bad weather, water soaked? And do you know that by the wearing of wooden shoes, which keep the feet dry and which do not 'draw,' all those diseases might be avoided? I have several pairs of sabots, and so have my wife and children. They cost about thirty cents a pair, and keep the feet dry, without cramping them or making them unhealthily tender. I believe that the wisest thing Americans could do would be to take up the sandal and the sabot, discarding altogether the shoe of leather."

A Child May Lead.

A tiny child's hand may lead a strong man where no brute force can drive or drag him.—New York Press.

CLOCK-EYED CATS.

The Abbe Huc's Discovery in China—It Has Weaknesses.

According to the delightful French missionary Huc, who recorded so many queer things about the Celestial Empire, no man needs a watch or a clock, if he has the right kind of a cat. In certain parts of China they can tell the exact time of day or night by looking into a cat's eyes. The pupil of the eye, assuming that the creature in question is just what it ought to be, gradually diminishes as noon approaches, until it loses completely its oval form and becomes a thin perpendicular line. When that line is plumb, it is 12 o'clock. Then the pupil begins to grow very gradually and finally becomes as big and as round as a marble. Then it is midnight. With patience, practice and good mathematical perception, the happy possessor of a time-keeping cat can tell the hour of the day and of the night, because the thin perpendicular line which the pupil of a cat's eye assumes at noon, gives him a clear starting point.

Unfortunately M. Huc did not tell us how to know the living time keeper from any common roof walker or boot-jack dodger, and that is a great misfortune. It may be that he did not discover all the ins and outs of the secret, or, if he did, he selfishly kept them to himself. How fine it would be if, instead of saying half a barrel of money for a good watch, a man could get an infallible cat for the taking away of the thing! But this, of course, would involve the necessity of carrying a bag for the cat and of keeping poor puss inside with care.

The missionary discovered this valuable piece of feline peculiarity by pure accident. He noticed a little boy minding a calf and asked him if he knew the time. The child looked up and remarked that the day was too hazy; he couldn't see the sun. "But wait a moment," he said, "we will know precisely in a moment." Then he ran into the nearest hut and came out with a big cat in his arms. "It is just half-past 11," he shouted, and, running up to the missionary, he placed the cat's face under the holy man's nose. "See for yourself!" said he. "Sure enough," said Huc, who had serious reasons for concealing his astonishment and his ignorance, "it is just half-past 11!"

Later on, when he got among his converts, he asked them to explain the mystery. They did so, and showed him some living specimens of the precious time-keepers. The good man, however, was not altogether satisfied with the proofs. He was always worried with the thought that too many cats might be cock-eyed.—New York Sun.

Daniel O'Connell's Sweetheart.

That the lady who slighted Daniel O'Connell should have survived her lover for fifty-five years, remarks the London Daily News, is a curious circumstance. She was Miss Rose McDowell, whose death at the age of eighty-two is reported from Dublin. The romance of O'Connell's love for her in his old age had a considerable influence on Irish politics in the stirring days of the forties. Miss McDowell was the daughter of a wealthy Belfast man, and when the Irish liberator met her in Dublin she was a young lady of many attractions and a charming conversationalist. Moving in political and literary circles, she often met O'Connell, and was pleased at the attention paid her by so famous a man, never dreaming that a gentleman old enough to be her grandfather had matrimonial intentions. When O'Connell proposed to Miss McDowell his offer of marriage was received with amazement and firmly refused. The disappointment of the aged lover was so keen that his interest in politics became listless. The leadership was allowed to devolve upon his son, John O'Connell, a man who had nothing in common with his father but the name. John's halting leadership led to the secession of the Young Ireland party, and to the ultimate attempt at rebellion. O'Connell did not survive his disappointment in politics and love for long, and died on his way to Rome in 1847. A bundle of letters which, in his final instructions, he directed to be destroyed, were taken to be those he had received from Miss McDowell in the ordinary way of friendly acquaintance. This old-age romance of O'Connell's was always treated with honorable reserve by Irish writers of the Young Ireland period.