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## CANST THOU FORGET?

By GRACE GREENWOOD.

Sara Jane Lippincott, better known in literature as "Grace Greenwood," the name under which her publications have appeared, was born in Pompey, Onondaga County, New York, September 23, 1823. Her maiden name was Sara Jane Clarke, which was changed by her marriage with Mr. Leander K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, October, 1853.

Canst thou forget, beloved, our first awakening  
From out the shadowy calms of doubts and dreams,  
To know love's perfect sunlight round us breaking,  
Bathing our beings in its glorious gleams—  
Canst thou forget?

A sky of rose and gold was o'er us glowing,  
Around us was the morning breath of May;  
Then met our soul-tides, thence together flowing,  
Then kissed our thought-waves, mingling on their way;  
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget when first thy loving fingers  
Laid gently back the locks upon my brow?  
Ah, to a woman's thought that touch still lingers  
And softly glides along my forehead now.  
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget when every twilight tender,  
Mid dew and sweets, beheld our slow steps rove,  
And when the nights, which come in starry splendor,  
Seemed dim and pallid to our heaven of love?  
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget the childlike heart-outpouring  
Of her whose fond faith knew no faltering fears?  
The lashes drooped to veil her eyes' adoring,  
Her speaking silence, and her blissful tears?  
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget the last most mournful meeting,  
The trembling form clasped to thine anguished breast;  
The heart against thine own, now wildly beating,  
Now fluttering faint, grief-wrung, and fear-oppressed—  
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget, though all love's spells be broken,  
The wild farewell which rent our souls apart?  
And that last gift, affection's holiest token,  
The severed tress, which lay upon thy heart—  
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget, beloved one—comes there never  
The angel of sweet visions to thy rest?  
Brings she not back the fond hopes fled forever,  
While one last name thrills through thy sleeping breast?  
Canst thou forget?

## WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG

"YOU refuse to marry her?" exclaimed Sir Charles Waldegrave, stopping in his walk to face his rebellious son. "What do you want? Eva Grantholm is beautiful. Her face and figure are perfect. That she is wealthy should be no disadvantage in the eyes of your father's son. Egad, Harvey, he added somewhat more mildly, "when you have come to my years, the age of discretion for a Waldegrave, you will understand that a substantial bank balance is not the least asset in many a fair lady's claim to beauty."

"Not in my eyes," retorted Harvey Waldegrave. "When I choose a wife I shall certainly not consult her banker before I allow my heart to throbb for her."

Sir Charles curled his lips superciliously, but his voice betrayed his anxiety as he replied: "Am I to understand from your remark that your heart is already in the throbbing state, that the lady is already found? If so, I warn you that in this matter I have made my stand. Either you marry Eva or—I need not put the threat in words. I have no wish to quarrel with you, Harvey," he added somewhat sadly, "but I love the home that I was born in and it has pleased me to see my sentiments shared by you. It would kill me to see the place in strangers' hands, to know that you would not be its master. That is what your refusal means to me—to you. That my extravagances have brought our fortunes to this pass does not help to make the matter less bitter to me."

Harvey's handsome face softened. "The very reason you have given, dad, is the one which impels me to pursue the course which I have chosen. Practically penniless, possessed of nothing but an honorable name, I shall not stoop to sully it by bartering it for money. With regard to your other question, although I do not think you put it seriously, so far I have seen no girl with whom I would wish to share that name."

His words appeared to afford his father satisfaction, for laying his hand upon his son's arm he said pleasantly, "Until then the threat I made just now is held in reservation, and perhaps before that time the discretion I spoke of may have come."

"You condemn me to a long course of celibacy, dad," laughed Harvey. "If I have to wait till your age."

"My age! You speak as if I were a girl to Methuselah. I was forty-nine

last March, and do not feel a day older than when I was the age you will be next month. Egad, boy, if you dare to tease me about my age I may enter for the matrimonial stakes against you and back myself to carry off the prize."

"So far as I am concerned," retorted Harvey, his eyes twinkling with merriment, "you would have no cause to fear, but even supposing we were both to run, who knows what the lady might have to say? Her feelings would have to be consulted. Beauty and money, the combination, as you say, is peerless. She may know her value and not let herself be won."

Sir Charles gazed amusedly at his handsome son.

"Upon my word, Harvey, were I to close my eyes I might wonder if you were my son. When I was your age every girl was to be won."

"I challenge you to win her," answered Harvey smiling. He believed that Sir Charles was jesting, and was well pleased to find the conversation which had begun so ominously brought to an end so pleasantly.

"At my age undoubtedly it will be a sacrifice, but with an undutiful son who absolutely refuses to aid me I shall have to make it and pursue the matter to an end. What that end may be thirty days will prove, but come, Harvey, it is time to dress for dinner. The thought of what I have embarked upon will make it a pleasure to me. Old as I am I will let you see that I have not forgotten how to woo. The lesson may be useful to you."

The dinner gong had sounded. Impatiently Sir Charles fretted about the room, for young as he considered himself he had reached an age when dinner becomes an important event in the daily round of life.

"See if Miss Grantholm is coming, Mary," he began querulously, when the door was thrown open and Eva was ushered in. His sentence ended abruptly in a scarcely restrained exclamation of admiration.

"I am afraid I am late," she said with a smile to Sir Charles, which instantly caused any recollection of his late impatience to disappear, "but if you will forgive me I shall make amends in future."

He drew her arm through his, and as Harvey followed with his sister he failed to catch his father's answer; evidently it pleased her, for she laughed merrily, but pleasant as the laugh was it jarred on Harvey.

Somewhat discontentedly he took his place opposite her at the square table, but sullenness was not a natural attribute of his, and throwing it off he endeavored to talk on topics likely to interest her, but although Eva answered frankly, she made no effort to pursue the subjects, but turned at once to Sir Charles and listened with sparkling eyes to his discursive stories of the days when he was in the Guards.

A quite unusual frown marred Harvey's face as dinner ended. Sir Charles, with old-fashioned gallantry, opened the door for Miss Grantholm, and laying his hand on his heart bowed deeply as he did so.

Sir Charles' face was beaming as he resumed his chair. Filling his glass he held it in the air.

"Miss Grantholm, Harvey. A l'outrance, my boy," he added merrily, as he placed the empty glass upon the table.

"A l'outrance," cried Harvey mockingly.

"You mean to enter for the prize," cried Sir Charles, but his voice showed no enthusiasm.

"I did not say so," retorted Harvey coldly, though his pulse was running at twenty over normal rate. "In the meantime you have the advantage, and—"

"I mean to keep it," said Sir Charles dryly, as the sound of the music reaching them he left the room.

Harvey lingered over his wine. "The mere fact that I am practically penniless debars me from wooing her," he muttered, gloomily.

Sir Charles had left the door ajar and the pure tones of a rich contralto voice were borne into the room. An ardent lover of music, Harvey listened entranced; then, unable to keep away, he in his turn entered the drawing room to find his father hanging over Miss Grantholm and urging her to sing again.

Day after day passed and Sir Charles was constantly at Eva's side, while Harvey studiously tried to avoid her company, but without avail. Her laugh in the garden, her voice in the hall, irresistibly drew him to her side. He knew he loved her, that no other woman could occupy the place she had taken in his affections, but he feared his love was hopeless and steeled himself to regard her as his future step-mother. The thought made his blood curdle, but a word, a smile, from her was sufficient to make hope rise within him, and for the time being he would forget his father's more successful wooing. With such a word and smile she greeted him one afternoon when he found her seated in the garden. She made room for him by her side, but somehow conversation seemed to fail them.

"I hope you have enjoyed your visit," he said lamely, for she was leaving on the morrow. "We shall miss you."

"I am glad of that," she answered hesitatingly, "for your father has asked me to—"

She paused abruptly, and a dainty blush rose to her cheeks, but Harvey's face had suddenly become white and strained.

"Has asked you to—?" he repeated, his voice trembling. "To come back again," she said, with a little nervous laugh, "and I have promised to come; that is, if you and Mary will be glad to have me."

Her eyes were fastened on the ground, but she stole a hasty glance at him and saw the misery upon his face.

"My father has asked you to return; does that mean?" he hesitated to ask the question which was life or death to him—"that some one here has gained your love?"

It was not the question she had expected him to ask, and her face was almost as pale as his as she forced her lips to answer. The word came faintly, feebly, but Harvey heard it and it was "Yes."

He had been holding his stick across his bent knee, and although the strong wood broke in half his face showed no sign of the pain which cut his heart.

"It is far too cold for sitting out of doors," sounded Sir Charles' voice from twenty yards away. Before Eva could stop him Harvey had leaped to his feet and joined his father.

"So you have gained the prize," he said hoarsely. "Allow me to congratulate you. Beauty and money, youth and love, a prize worth winning."

Sir Charles stared at him with undisguised astonishment.

"What does this pleasant mean?" he whispered angrily, looking to where Eva sat. Then, placing his arm around Harvey's he led him out of earshot.

"You conceal your joy admirably," continued Harvey sneeringly.

"What joy?" asked Sir Charles, fearing his son's reason had been suddenly affected.

"You need not conceal it; Miss Grantholm has just told me that she has accepted you."

"The deuce she has!" exclaimed Sir Charles, blushing under the tan of active service. "An hour ago she told me no, decidedly."

"She refused you?" cried Harvey, hardly believing that he heard aright, "yet she is coming back."

"Miss Grantholm has the good sense not to allow my mistimed proposal to stand between her and your sister's friendship; she knows I am a gentleman and will not presume again."

"But—she said—that you—that some one here had won her love," stammered Harvey. "Are you sure you have not misunderstood her?"

Sir Charles smiled grimly.

"She made it very clear." Then his lips relaxed into a well pleased smile. "You love her, Harvey. Love makes one cowardly, but were I in your shoes I should require no incentive to send me to the woman who has confessed her love for me."

Without a word Harvey left his father's side, and ten seconds later he had found Eva still seated where he had left her.

"My father has sent me back to you," he said gently, and as he spoke he took her hand in his. She made no effort to withdraw it, and his courage rose.

"You told me some one had won your heart, the heart which I would give my life to win. My fears told me that all hope of happiness for me was dead, but now I have come back to ask you if you spoke the truth—to tell you that I love you. Darling, I have loved you from the moment I saw you."

"Yet you said you would not stoop to woo me, that your name should not be sullied by sharing it with me," she said, but there was no anger in her tone.

"What nonsense is this, Eva? Who has dared to credit me with such an insult to you?"

She laughed merrily.

"It is useless to deny it. I heard you and your father talking; I heard you say the words you now so indignantly deny."

In an instant it came back to him.

"I forgot," he said sadly, "but if you heard you know my reason. My love has made me forget lack of fortune. I had no right to speak."

"It is no lack in my eyes," she whispered tenderly.

Forgetting all else save that she loved him his arm passed round her and he pressed his lips to hers.

"I meant to teach you both a lesson," she whispered ten minutes later, "but you have taught the teacher what it is to love."—The Tatler.

### A Touching War Incident.

After the battle of Sharpsburg we passed over a line of railroad in Central Georgia. The disabled soldiers from General Lee's army were returning to their homes. At every station the wives and daughters of the farmers came on the cars and distributed food and wines and bandages among the sick and wounded. We shall never forget how very like an angel was a pretty little girl, how blushing and modestly she went to a great rude, bearded soldier, who had carved a crutch from a rough plank to replace a lost leg, how this little girl asked him if he was hungry and how he ate like a famished wolf. She asked if his wound was painful, and in a voice of soft, mellow accents: "Can I do nothing for you? I am so sorry that you are so badly hurt. Have you a little daughter, and won't she cry when she sees you?" The rude soldier's heart was touched, and tears of love and gratitude filled his eyes. He only answered: "I have three little children. God grant that they may be such angels as you." With an evident effort he repressed a desire to kiss the fair brow of the pretty little girl. He took her little hand between both his own, and bade her "Good-bye. God bless you!" This child will always be a better woman because of these lessons of practical godlike charity stamped ineffaceably upon her young heart.—Knoxville Register.

### Household Sermons.

The best sermons that ever were written to make men good husbands were written in recipes.—New York Press.

It's all right to forge your way to the front, provided you don't forget another man's name.

### HER FORTUNE IN HER FACE.

Circumstance in Which Beauty May Be Worth as Much as \$16 a Week.

Fortune sometimes plays tricks on her followers, and after rebuffing all direct attempts to win her favor suddenly turns round and bestows benefits unexpectedly.

A young woman who has had considerable difficulty in supporting herself in New York by odd jobs of hand painting went into a smart hairdresser's shop lately to buy a comb. The shop was full of customers, and the proprietor himself came forward from a desk in the rear to wait on her.

She noticed that he looked at her keenly while she was making her purchase. At length he asked her if she would mind trying a place in the shop, as they were anxious to get a young woman with an exceptionally fine complexion to show a special class of goods which they were about to introduce.

"It wouldn't matter about your lack of experience," he told her. "That fine, rosy skin will sell the goods without any words." And he added that the work would be made as easy for her as possible.

"When he named a salary of \$16 a week I had all I could do to keep from showing my delight," said Miss Fairface, in telling of the interview. "I agreed to the proposition promptly, and have no reason to regret doing so."

"Most of the customers I deal with are pleasant looking people in good circumstances, who are not hard to wait upon. I sell a lot of the face lotions and creams, and maybe the buyers think I have tried them on my face. I am never called upon to say one way or the other. And the management seems satisfied."

"I never thought much about my complexion before, but I regard it now as a godsend, for when it got me my job I was barely making \$5 a week, and applying myself closely to make that."

"Since my engagement in the complexion beautifier department a girl has been taken on who has a particularly rough, muddy skin. I fancy her complexion got her the place, the object being to make those of us with good skins show out fairer by contrast."—New York Sun.

### How Gravedigger Beetles Work.

The gravedigger beetle formed the subject of an interesting experiment that was conducted recently by an ingenious student at the university.

The young man had secured from some place or other four hale beetles of the gravedigger variety. He put them in a box filled with earth and then he threw in to them a small dead sparrow. Instantly the beetles began to dig beside the bird. They worked like beavers for two hours, when one of their number, for some reason or other, ceased. But the rest kept on for three hours more when all dropped out but one. He indomitably continued, and in a little while he had finished a hole just big enough for the sparrow and six inches deep. Then, with a herculean effort he shoved the bird into the grave, and, with his companions, piled on the soil again. For several weeks the experiment of the student went on, and during it the beetles buried five frogs, two grasshoppers, four birds and a mole.

These gravediggers lay their eggs in dead flesh, and then bury the flesh. Their larvae, hatching out under ground, feed on the carrion provided by their thoughtful parents till they are ready, as full-fledged beetles, to come up out of the earth. Then, they, too, take up the grave-digging trade.—Philadelphia Record.

### A Long Sentence.

A sentence which will almost equal the record made by the famous exercise sentence passed on a man in Vermont a few years ago was lately given to one John Fickler by Judge Adams, of the United States Circuit Court, in St. Louis. Fickler was sentenced to hard labor for life and twenty years in addition. He was convicted of holding up and robbing a mail carrier. He got ten years at hard labor for robbing the mail by intimidating the carrier; imprisonment for life at hard labor for robbing the registered mail by placing the life of the carrier in jeopardy by the use of dangerous weapons, and ten years' imprisonment at hard labor for intimidating with dangerous weapons the carrier. The sentences were made cumulative.

### The Average Man.

The trouble with the average man at fifty is that he's only about half as smart as he thought he was at twenty-five.—Chicago News.