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LONGING.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Of all the myriad moods of mind,
That through the soul came throbbing,
Which was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as longing?
The things we long for that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife
Grows down the wished ideal,
And longing molds in clay what life
Carves in the marble real.
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must open the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living.
But, would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realize our longing.

Ah, let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons,
The moments when we tread His ways,
But when the spirit beckons,
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought
However we fail in action.

THE HERMIT OF THE FLATS.

HERE he lived amid the teeming humanity of the great and populous city, with the noise and bustle of traffic and hum of human voices always buzzing through his solitude, yet always alone and lonely, a hermit of the flats. The men of his acquaintance spoke to him or nodded cheerily across the restaurant tables, but he was conscious of divergent interests, so he never encouraged their friendly advances, but went his own way in moody silence. Of women he never thought since the death of his hopes seven years before, when the girl of his choice had rejected him for a luckier man. Gradually his solitude hardened him, and the hardening process crept into his stories, which took a pessimistic turn. The editors complained because his otherwise strong, virile work, was too sombre; others said it lacked naturalness and humanity, but whatever the fault was, Haswell began to realize that something was seriously amiss.

"Go out among the people and get freshened up," said his friend Boynton, who had always liked Haswell's style of work, "and let yourself live. Then write what you have learned from them."

But Haswell declined to take his advice, saying that the vulgar horde repelled him, and he preferred to write in his own way or not at all, so his stories grew less and less successful, and Haswell's temper soured proportionately.

It was a bitter midwinter night. The icy wind whistled shrilly through the alleys and filtered in between the chinks of Haswell's windows, rattling the casements unpleasantly. Haswell was out of temper with his work and the exacting editors, who had returned a batch of his stories without so much as a rejection slip. He rose, plugged the casements, and drew his machine closer to the glowing hearth, and began to revise the rejected copy, when a timid knock at his door interrupted his thoughts.

A gust of chilly air rushed up from the open vestibule below as he threw back the hall door, revealing the presence of a stranger with an awkwardly wrapped parcel in his arms. A thin fall of snow hid the threadbareness of his ill-fitting coat, and the drooping rim of his battered hat obscured his face, which was very young and dark and unnaturally thin.

"What do you want here?" Haswell demanded sharply.

"Do Mr. Severano live here?" asked a very soft, childlike voice.

"No, he doesn't," Haswell answered brusquely. "There are no Italians in this apartment house. You had better get out before you're put out."

"He told my friend he live here," the boy said, apologetically. "He have promised to let me play for him. I need work very bad, Mister."

"Oh, I dare say! Some begging game, of course. Well, you won't make anything here. I can tell you." Then for the first time he saw the violin under the boy's ragged arm. "Do you play that thing?" he asked curiously. "You're not more than a child!"

"I am sixteen, Mister," the soft, appealing voice answered.

"Well, you're man's not here," Haswell retorted briefly, closing the door and going back to his cheerful hearth. But that last glimpse of the pathetic little face made him uncomfortable. He opened the door once more, and

leaning over the banisters, called down to him: "Come up," he said rather grudgingly. "I may be able to help you find your friend."

The boy pattered softly up the steps. Once within the brightly lighted room his poverty and weariness became painfully apparent; his trousers and coat were frayed and ragged, and his big, loose shoes were full of gaping holes. Haswell took the old violin from his numb grasp and bade him throw off his coat, which he did fumblingly, for his hands were stiff and blue with cold. His trousers were wet to the knees, and the melting snow oozed steadily from the broken toes of his shoes. Haswell stared at his sad figure helplessly.

"Where do you live?" he demanded abruptly.

"In Greenwich street, Mister."

"Down town, I presume. Must you go home to-night?"

The boy shrugged his shoulders with a gently deprecating smile. "Nobody don't care if I don't," he answered. "Then you had better stay here. You can sleep on the couch, yonder, when you're all cleaned up. You are wringing wet and cold as ice. Tell you what, I'll run a tubful of warm water, and you can take your bath while I hunt up some dry things. After that you can tell me about yourself."

When the strange little figure emerged from the bathroom arrayed in Haswell's spacious pajamas, with his black, silken thatch washed and curling crisply all around his pale face, Haswell noticed that his delicate, refined beauty was quite extraordinary and altogether irreconcilable with his rags and misery. Haswell poured out the coffee he had steeped over his alcohol lamp, and set before his guest a plate of crackers and cheese which he bade him eat, while he finished his work, but although the host made a creditable feat of writing, he did not for an instant take his eyes from the beautiful, pallid face which the mellow firelight threw into sharp relief. Why did that stranger child interest him so overwhelmingly? he asked himself grimly; was it because of the possible story it held, or had he touched the glossed-over springs of human sympathy which had lain dormant so long under the stolid indifference that cloaked the hermit of the flats?

It was a pathetic little story that the lad had to tell, and he told it in faltering English, with now and then a word of his Servian mother tongue to offset its pathos: of his immigrant father, a musician in the old country, who had been obliged to take work in a factory to avert starvation, whose death occurred shortly after through an explosion of the factory works; of the subsequent wanderings in a strange city. His only friends had lately been engaged to travel with a concert band, and he was trying to find a countryman who had promised him an insignificant part with his wandering band. He was quite alone in the world, without kindred or friends or money. His only hope was to obtain work enough to pay his return passage to Servia. Haswell asked many questions, but the lad's story never deviated except to add some pathetic detail which showed how much toil and privation his young life had known.

"I used to take a great deal of pleasure in music," said Haswell, when the child had finished his story and drawn

his chair closer to the blazing hearth. "Suppose you play something for me if you are warm enough to handle your violin. I want to know what you can do."

Rhuel tucked his old violin under his chin and tightened the slack strings, then he dried his bow carefully and began to play, very softly and delicately, a weird little melody unlike anything Haswell had ever heard, more sad, more beautiful, and infinitely sweeter. There was a lack of technique and definiteness in his touch which would bar a successful hearing with the coldly critical public, but to Haswell, whose soul was stirred to its inmost depths by the spirit of pure melody, it seemed inexpressibly lovely. It brought new pictures to his mind, of unsuspected beauty, of lives shadowed by want and poverty, toilers in the dark whom such as he, to whom much had been given, should minister comfort and cheer. He seated himself before his desk and began to write, without conscious effort or weariness, the story that the child's music inspired. The boy played on unceasingly, glancing now and then at the hand hurrying across the paper, until at last Haswell lifted his head and smiled. "You are tired, I'm sure," he said in a voice of singular gentleness. "Put away your violin and go to bed in my room, yonder; I want to finish my work here beside the fire."

A week later, when Haswell took his story down to Boynton's office, the latter glanced it over skeptically, read a few lines of the last page, then began at the start and went through it, word for word, with eager attention. When he had finished he looked up at Haswell with a queer, unaccustomed smile. "If you can do a thing like that once," he said, "you can do it again. That's the sort of stuff we want. I'll give you \$50 for every story of that kind you send me."

Haswell went back to his hermit flat in an exultant frame of mind. He found his little guest crouching before the fire with his curly head bowed over the violin. "Rhuel," he began abruptly, "you have given me a great deal of pleasure with your music, and to show you I appreciate the kindness I have decided to send you home. A week from to-day you shall have your passage ticket."

The boy looked up with a start, and his face grew, if possible, paler. He rose, laid down his violin, and took a step toward his benefactor, then paused and looked at him with glowing eyes.

"Are you very glad?" Haswell asked, smiling whimsically.

"Yes, Mister, an' no, too. I love my country—but I haf no relative—"

"Perhaps you would rather have the money?" Haswell suggested rather coldly.

Rhuel shook his head. Suddenly he put out one thin hand and touched Haswell's shoulder with an appealing gesture that thrilled the older man strangely. "Mister, I rader stay wid you," he faltered. "If you let me, I jus' love to stay."

"Stay with me!" Haswell echoed inadequately. Then he laughed and caught the thin little hand in his big warm grasp.

"I really believe we'd hit it off fine, little lad," he said gayly. "I'm not quite suited with this hermit life, upon my word I'm not. Suppose we try doubling up for a time? When you grow tired, you can say so, you know."

"No, Mister," the boy contradicted eagerly. "I never grow tired. I love to stay always."

"Stay, then," said Haswell.

And he did.—New York Times.

Exonerated.

The judgment that was pronounced on the manuscript which a playwright had in his possession during the time of King William III. could be applied with equal propriety to the works of some modern writers which find presentation on the stage. Having been arrested and brought before the Earl of Nottingham on the charge of owning treasonable papers, he denied at great length all knowledge of the affair, saying that he was a poet and that the papers in question were only a roughly sketched play. The Earl, however, examined them carefully, and finally, having settled the thing in his own mind, turned to the prisoner and said:

"I have heard your statement and read your manuscript, and as I fail to see any traces of a plot in either, you may go."—Philadelphia Ledger.

It is 101 years since the first census was taken in England.

FINE CASCADES IN JAPAN.

Some of the Most Bewitching Waterfalls of the World Exist There.

There is an almost countless number of waterfalls in the domain of the Mikado. Nature was lavish in bestowing them on the country, and wherever there chanced to be a deficiency the natives supplied it promptly by artificial means. Indeed, no State, large or small, is complete without its waterfall. Every little garden has a fall or two of its own and it would not be considered a garden at all without it. There are many very beautiful ones in various parts of the country, and they are all of them shrines visited by thousands of pilgrims every year. They do not pray to them as to a statue of Buddha, but they first paste up a little paper prayer on a convenient rock and then sit down in rapt attention and gaze at the falling waters for hours, taking an occasional cup of tea at a little tea house, which always stands close at hand. The Japs are great at making pilgrimages, anyway.

When a man has reached the age of forty-five he is supposed to have raised a family which will in the future take care of him. About the first thing he does on retiring is to start on a series of pilgrimages. Sometimes he joins a band of fellow-pilgrims, or if comparatively wealthy he takes his wife and a minor child and makes the pilgrimages by himself. These pilgrim bands can always be seen moving about the country. They carry little banners with the name of their city and district marked on them, and when they have received good entertainment at a tea house or hotel they hang one of their banners up in a conspicuous place as a testimonial. Often a band of pilgrims will travel from one end of the country to the other, visiting every temple and waterfall in the land.—Chicago Chronicle.

Round-Head People Most Content.

"Do you know," said a man to a Journal reporter, "that of the men who have left Spartanburg and settled in other places nearly every one was an oblong-headed man?" This statement may seem strange, but it is true that it is the oblong-headed people who are generally not content to take things as they happen and make the most of their position in a philosophical spirit. This condition is not peculiar to Spartanburg. It is the case everywhere. I recall many years ago that I was told that the oblong-headed people were more restless than the round-headed, and some cause was advanced for it which I do not now remember. I doubted the story, but since then I have given attention to the matter, and in most cases of departure from the several communities in which I have resided from time to time I have found that it is the oblong-headed people who change their places of vocation. I am oblong-headed myself, and I have lived in New York, Jacksonville, Greenville and now I am in Spartanburg. In every one of these cities friends and acquaintances with the round heads have remained in the communities, seemingly satisfied or rather averse to moving, while my oblong-headed friends have pulled out and settled elsewhere, affirming the rule which I heard when I was a young man.—Spartanburg (S. C.) Journal.

Old-Time Journalism.

Herbert Asquith paid a pretty compliment to the press at the London Newspaper Society's dinner in regard to its rapid collection of news. Nowadays the editorial task is winnowing rather than gathering. It was otherwise in the eighteenth century, when the Leicester Journal, for instance, had to send all its copy by coach to London for printing, so that its news was at least a week late when it appeared. It was sometimes later. For in one dry season the editor was reduced to printing the Bible as a serial and had reached the tenth chapter of Exodus before any news more recent than the Pentateuch had reached the office.

Useful and Interesting.

The readers of newspapers have reason to feel much gratified by the improvement which has taken place in the business and art of advertising. More and more the advertising columns of a paper of high class have become both useful and interesting. Its advertising is now an important feature of the chronicles of the day, a valuable directory, which is tending to grow still more attractive as reading.—New York Sun.

Many a life has been wrecked by disregarding the danger signals.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

There once was a creature whose long bushy tail
Was tied up with a pink ribbon bow.
Now, was it a whale?
Or was it a snail?
Or was it a crockery crow?

There once was a tree who was making a speech
To a lady who wore a white sash.
Now, was it a beech?
Or was it a peach?
Or was it a gold-headed ash?

There once was a bird who wrote with a pen
And ate up a whole lot of hay.
Now, was it a wren?
Or was it a hen?
Or was it a gingerbread jay?

There once was a fruit who was ignorant, very.
Because it would not go to school.
Now, was it a cherry?
Or was it a berry?
Or was it a Gooseberry Fool?
—Carolyn Wells, in Pack.



Auntie—"Are you getting any marks at school, Freddie?" Freddie—"Yes, aunty—only I can't show 'em to you."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Henpeque—"Married men live longer than single men." Henpeque—"Yes, and it serves them right."—Detroit Free Press.

First Boarder—"This hash must be a review of the week." Second Boarder—"No, it isn't. It's a review of reviews."—Chaparral.

The Doctor—"Are you sure you never buried any one alive?" The Undertaker—"Well, none of your patients, at least."—Chicago News.

The world's work—aye, it must be done by many men. But scores of us ne'er reach such dignity, And merely do its chores.

Merchant (to new boy)—"Has the bookkeeper told you what to do in the afternoon?" Youth—"Yes, sir; I am to wake him up when I see you coming."—Pick-Me-Up.

"Name the world's greatest composer," said the musical instructor. "Chloroform," promptly replied the young man who had studied medicine.—Chicago News.

Uncle John—"Why, my girl, you've grown like a cucumber vine! What progress are you making toward matrimony?" Clara—"Well, uncle, I'm on the fifth lap."—Tit-Bits.

"I guess we would be amused if we could see ourselves as others see us." "But think how amused others would be if they could see us as we see ourselves."—Philadelphia Press.

Forgiving and forgetting might be practiced oft in debt. Were lenders willing to forgive As borrowers to forget.

The Smart Set.

Mrs. Mann—"Hannah, didn't I hear something break in your room this morning?" Hannah—"It was only one of your china vases, marm. I suppose you thought it was something that belonged to me."—Boston Transcript.

"Will your employer be in after dinner?" inquired the visitor of the office boy. "Nope," was the laconic reply. "What makes you think so?" was the next query. "Coz," replied the boy as he prepared to dodge, "that's what he went out after."—Judge.

"In your veriform appendix," the surgeon told him after the operation was over, "we found, strange to say, a small brass tack." "That proves I was right," feebly answered the sick man, "when I said it was something I had eaten in mince pie."—Chicago Tribune.

"What is your name?" inquired the justice. "Pete Smith," responded the vagrant. "What occupation?" continued the court. "Oh, nothing much at present; just circulate round." "Retired from circulation for thirty days," pronounced the court dryly. —The Green Bag.

A Town Without a Graveyard.

According to the Oklahoman, Asher is probably the only town in the Territory of its size and age that has no graveyard. Asher is a year old and has a population of over 1000 people, and the place is built up with substantial business blocks and modern residences, but has no burial place. The few people that have died in the section have been buried at other points. Owing to its high location, fine drainage and abundance of artesian water, Asher is said to be one of the healthiest locations in the Territory. A local doctor recently made the remark that if it had not been the obstetrical cases at this point, Asher, he would have survived to death.