

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XIV.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1904.

NO. 43.



WEARINESS.

O little feet, that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road.

O little hands, that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask,
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts, that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine that so long has glowed and burned,
With passion into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls, as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light,
Direct from heaven their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!
—Longfellow.

MRS. MANSFIELD'S STRATEGY.

I HAVE made a discovery, John," said Mrs. Mansfield, looking up from her knitting.

John Mansfield, retired merchant, Alderman and Mayor of Pimperne, looked up from his paper.

"A discovery, my dear?" he said, assuming his best magisterial manner.

"Pray what is the nature of this remarkable occurrence?"

"I find that Miss Anson has a photograph of yourself, which she treasures in secret."

"What do you mean, my dear?" exclaimed Mr. Mansfield.

"This morning," explained Mrs. Mansfield, "I entered Miss Anson's room and found her absorbed in the contemplation of some object which she held. She had evidently not heard my knock, but the noise of my entrance startled her, and, as she hastily hid something in a drawer, a photograph fell to the floor. She snatched it up, flung it into the drawer and closed it, but not before I had recognized it as your photograph. I pretended not to have noticed the photo, preferring to have an explanation from you."

Mr. Mansfield was the picture of helpless amazement.

Miss Anson, it must be explained, was a bright and charming young lady, whom Mrs. Mansfield had recently engaged as a companion.

"I am quite at a loss to explain the affair," said Mr. Mansfield, in tones quite unlike those of the Mayor of Pimperne. "Possibly it was given to her by a mutual friend."

"Then why should she make a mystery of it, and gloat over it in private?" demanded Mrs. Mansfield, grimly.

"My dear," said Mr. Mansfield, with a return of dignity, "I do not understand you! If I mistake not it was something she hid in the drawer which she 'gloated' over, not the photograph."

"I am not sure which it was," said Mrs. Mansfield, with strained calmness.

Now that the first shock of amazement was over, Mr. Mansfield's pomposity returned rapidly.

"Ah, very possible, my dear, Miss Anson, whom I have every reason to think is a young lady of good discernment and sound judgment, has found something in my public life which she has been good enough to admire. Miss Anson has had every opportunity of studying my work for the past three months, and also the general course of municipal life in what, I think, may be regarded as a noble borough. What more natural, then, than that this young lady, seeing the portrait of a gentleman clad in the robes and insignia of the office of the chief magistrate of this borough, displayed in the photographer's window, and recognizing in that gentleman myself, should purchase that photograph?"

Mrs. Mansfield listened with immovable features.

"A very good explanation," she commented, "if it had been one of your official photographs. But the one in Miss Anson's possession is one of those you had taken about two years ago, before you were elected Mayor. We ordered only a few of them, I remember, and I thought we had disposed of them all. The question is—how did Miss Anson obtain one? I did not give it to her?"

"Then I can only say that you must be mistaken, my dear," said Mr. Mansfield, with asperity. "On your own confession you only saw it for an instant. How can you be certain that it was a photograph of myself?"

"If you think my eyes deceived me, perhaps you will believe your own! The photo is still in the drawer. Miss Anson has had no opportunity of removing it, for I sent her on an errand. It is in the first drawer of her dressing table, if you wish to satisfy your curiosity."

"Mrs. Mansfield, do you think that I am going to steal into a lady's room and pry into her private affairs?" cried the Magistrate, rising. "You forget yourself, madam!"

Mr. Mansfield went upstairs in high dudgeon to make some alteration in his dress preparatory to going out.

He was forced to acknowledge himself quite at a loss to account for that photo being in Miss Anson's possession, which admission was rather extraordinary on his part.

He prided himself on his keen insight, his strict impartiality and his firmness in discharging his magisterial duties. But an exhibition of these qualities was not confined to the bench. Of the latter he had made a lavish display in his home, as Mrs. Mansfield found to her cost.

It was only twelve months ago that his unbending will had driven their only son, Jack, to South Africa.

Mr. Mansfield had determined that his son should marry rank and beauty in the person of a daughter of a local magnate.

But handsome Jack Mansfield elected to manage his own matrimonial affairs, and upset all his father's brilliant plans by falling in love with a pretty nobody, a governess in a house where he was visiting.

Finding all arguments, persuasions and commands alike useless, Mr. Mansfield finally told his son he must either fall in with his wishes or leave his home forever and look for no further assistance from himself. Jack chose the latter course, and within a week set sail for South Africa.

The loss of her only son was a source of great grief to Mrs. Mansfield. But all her tears, pleadings and reproaches could not prevail on her husband to relent and as time rolled on her importunities ceased.

Having dressed himself to his satisfaction, Mr. Mansfield left the room. Suddenly his progress was checked by the sight of a wide-open door. What tempting fiend could have left the door of Miss Anson's room so invitingly open, displaying, as it did, the very drawer on which Mr. Mansfield had never even set eyes, in which the much discussed photograph was supposed to lie?

Mrs. Mansfield had, as she well knew, struck her husband's weak spot when she mentioned curiosity.

"It would be the work of a moment," he reflected, "to take just one glance into that drawer to satisfy himself of the truth of Jane's story."

With a cautious look round, he noiselessly entered the room, partially closing the door behind him. He opened the drawer boldly, and—yes, there it was—his own photograph.

It was, as his wife had stated, one of the few he had had taken about two years ago.

Horror! Somebody was coming. A light step on the stairs and a sweet voice humming the refrain of a song, heralded the approach of Miss Anson herself!

What was to be done? Could he allow her to find him in her room, prying about like a curious housemaid? He, Alderman Mansfield, Mayor of Pimperne! There was only one thing to be done.

Miss Anson entered and closed the door behind her. Mr. Mansfield could hear her moving about the room, still singing lightly to herself.

"She is taking off her hat and jacket," he thought. "In a few minutes she will leave the room. Then I can slip out unobserved."

Everything, no doubt, would have happened just as he wished, had Tiny—Mrs. Mansfield's darling pug—not followed Miss Anson into the room.

The spirit of investigation was strong in Tiny. In the course of his present explorations he naturally looked under the bed. He immediately sent up an ear splitting series of barks and yelps, at the same time dancing about with every canine token of delight.

Mr. Mansfield responded to Tiny's joyful recognition with silent curses, and, hearing Miss Anson's expressions of surprise, and that she was approaching the bed to learn the cause of Tiny's excitement he slowly emerged with a very red face and a very ruffled appearance.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Anson, I beg," he cried, seeing that the lady looked dangerously like shrieking. "Er—my unexpected appearance fills you with amazement, no doubt."

"Mr. Mansfield!" she ejaculated, in tones of incredulous astonishment.

"Er—I must, of course, explain, and humbly apologize for my despicable conduct!"

His worship then proceeded, with abrupt and jerky sentences, quite devoid of their flowery trimmings, to explain his presence in her room.

Greatly to his relief, she did not look very angry when he had finished. She said nothing at first, but, opening the fatal drawer, produced somewhere from its depths two more photographs, which she put into his hands, saying:

"You see, I have photographs of other members of the family as well." Mr. Mansfield gazed at them in astonishment. They were pictures of his wife and son.

"Why, who gave you these, Miss Anson?"

"Jack," she replied simply, with lowered eyelids and a pretty flush on her face.

"Jack!" he cried. "My son?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"But I—I don't understand! I was not aware that you had ever met him! He is in South Africa."

"It was for my sake he went there," she replied softly.

There was silence for a few minutes.

"Then you are the young—er—lady whom my son wished to marry in opposition to my wishes?" said Mr. Mansfield severely.

"Yes," she murmured.

Mr. Mansfield thought deeply for the next few minutes. After all he liked Miss Anson immensely; and if he still proved obstinate, she would, of course leave the house, and perhaps this morning's ridiculous adventure might be mentioned, and—yes, he would be merciful.

"Well, Miss Anson, I need hardly say that your story astonished me beyond measure. But I will not disguise from you the fact that during the time you have been with us you have won my highest esteem and, in fact, I regard you with feelings of paternal affection. We must write to that young scamp and have him home. Meanwhile—"

With a cry of joy Miss Anson flung her arms around his neck and imprinted a kiss on his nose.

At that moment the door opened and Mrs. Mansfield stood on the threshold, with hands uplifted in horror. She could not have timed her entrance with greater precision had she been waiting, with eye at the keyhole.

"John! Miss Anson!" she gasped. Mr. Mansfield looked frightened.

"My dear," he cried nervously, "I am going to write and tell Jack to come home. This young lady has promised to be his wife. She is, in fact, the lady about whom we had that foolish quarrel."

It took Mr. Mansfield quite a quarter of an hour to make his wife understand clearly the facts of the case. But when she did understand she burst into tears and rapturously embraced Miss Anson, assuring her of undying affection.

Mr. Mansfield at length managed to slip away, congratulating himself upon the success with which he had extricated himself from an unpleasant position. After all, he was glad of an excuse to welcome his boy home again.

But perhaps if he had learned what passed between his wife and future daughter-in-law when they

heard the door close behind him he would have realized that they had scored on all points.

"Dear, darling Mrs. Mansfield!" cried Miss Anson, embracing Mrs. Mansfield afresh. "How good of you to have me here as your companion, and then to devise this clever plot! why, it was quite a drama!"

"In which you played your part very well, my dear!" replied the old lady, patting the girl's cheek affectionately.—Baltimore World.

THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER:

Interests of Every Town Require That It Shall Be Supported.

It is to the interest of every town to support a good newspaper, not through local pride alone, but for practical business reasons. A newspaper is constantly doing ten times as much for its town as it could ever hope to get pay for—more than it could charge for, if it would.

The more prosperous a paper is the more it is able to do. Show us a good weekly paper, full of live local ads., with a general circulation throughout the county, and we will show you an up to date, prosperous, progressive community.

Show us a community that persistently proceeds on the idea that the editor of the home paper can live on the "p" that accumulates in the office, whose official bodies think it a waste of public money to throw him a bit of public printing occasionally at living prices, whose citizens have come to regard it as one of their inalienable rights to work him for long-winded obituary notices and "in memoriams," with three inches of hymn book poetry at the end, to say nothing about an occasional notice of a lost cow or some cotton seed for sale, and we will show you a community that is living from hand to mouth and is always on the ragged edge of adversity.

People ought to stop to think about these things. It is an important matter. It is their own good that is involved, the welfare and progress of their community, therefore of themselves.

A local newspaper is absolutely necessary to any community. No merchant, no grand jury, no town council that spends every year all it can afford with the home paper, whether that expenditure is actually necessary or not, makes a wiser, more profitable investment.

They are not "giving" the home paper something. On the contrary, it is earning every cent it gets, and more, providing it is a paper worth picking up in the road.

And if it isn't that sort of paper it is usually the fault of the town in which it is published.—Atlanta Constitution.

Pepper's Success.

The late William S. Pepper used to take great delight in telling the following story on himself:

"I was bought up in the country, but from a very early period in my life I determined to go away to the city some day to become a big man there. An old neighbor, a great friend of my father, professed a strong liking for me and always declared that I was going to be a successful man. He told it all over the country that Billy Pepper had good stuff in him and was bound to succeed.

"Time wore on and I did go away to the city and met with a measure of success. My old friend, when he heard that I owned a hotel, remarked that he had told folks so, and announced his intention of paying me a visit.

"He had never been in town, so I wrote him when he got here to ask for the City Hall, and to come right down here from the station. He did so. When he reached the City Hall he entered and roamed about the big corridors and up and down the steps in perfect amazement. Finally he remarked to himself, as he afterward told me, 'Well, I always knew that Pepper would get ahead in the world, but I'm blamed if I thought he'd ever own anything like this.'—Baltimore Sun.

Nothing Doing.

A physician of this town worked up a practice by hiring a small boy to go to the church Sunday and call him out hastily. The boy received fifteen cents, two Sundays ago he struck for a quarter, and now the physician is permitted to slumber until the close of the service, as he formerly did.—Kearney Clipper.

Peter Perren, the guide who took the first party of tourists up the Matterhorn, is still alive. He has made the ascent forty-one times since.

THE GROCERY SEAT.

The grocery seats! What forum great E'er heard discussed affairs of state With such discernment, such command Of logic, facts, as when the band Of village patriots debate?

They make and break the county slate, All true reforms they advocate, And coups d'etat are shrewdly planned In grocery seats.

While citizens thus congregate, The grocer sadly sighs at fate Whose ways he cannot understand. Somehow this "trade" does not expand— Although his doors are open late— His gross receipts. —Wood Levette Wilson, in Puck.



The trouble about never offending people is that it leaves most of them unconscious of your existence.—Puck.

"I like a man," she remarked, "who says exactly what he thinks." "About somebody else, of course," suggested her chum.—Chicago Evening Post.

Although he got no game at all, He felt quite lucky in the end, By no stray bullet did he fall, Nor did he shoot some trusting friend. —Washington Star.

"Don't you think that woman's clever?" "Clever? Why, she's so clever she can make all her clothes without other women knowing it!"—Brooklyn Life.

Archibald—"Mamma, gimme a penny." Mother—"You're too big to be asking for pennies." Archibald—"Well, then, gimme me a quarter."—Chicago Daily News.

"That crabbed cynic, Hawkins, says he spent the whole summer alone with nature. I really feel sorry for him." "I do not. I feel sorry for nature."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"See what a big opal George gave me for an engagement ring." "Don't you consider it unlucky?" "Well, not so unlucky as a small diamond."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mr. Robin—"The children don't seem so well to-day. Can it be possible those worms weren't good?" Mrs. Robin—"I'm sure of it. They ought to have been sterilized."—Life.

"Have you ever had palpitation of the heart?" asked the insurance examiner. "Well, replied the young man, blushing vividly, 'I'm engaged to be married.'—Philadelphia Press.

A man who breaks his word we call A liar most pernicious: A woman does the same; we say, "Why, she is so capricious." —San Francisco Bulletin.

Dumley—"I wonder what Sharpe meant to-day when I told him that Tinker called me a fool?" Erling—"What was it he said?" Dumley—"He said Sharpe was so conventional. Now, what in time could he have meant by that?"—Boston Transcript.

Carrie—"I'm sure you misjudge Mr. Sweetser, papa. He is a man of great ambitions. You should hear him tell of the things he is going to do." Carrie's Papa—"And I suppose I'm one of 'em; but I reckon he'll find it harder to accomplish than he fancies it is."—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Kidder—"Ah, how-der-do, Doctor! If you have a few minutes to spare, I wish you would come over to my house and chloroform my youngest boy." Dr. Price—"What is the matter with the lad?" Mr. Kidder—"Oh, his mother wants to comb his hair."—Harper's Bazar.

Mother—"You can't stay in this hot city. Why don't you tell your husband you must go to a summer resort?" Bride—"I—I don't dare." "Why not?" "If he says 'no,' I will be miserable because I can't go, and if he says 'yes,' I will be miserable because he can live without me."—New York Weekly.

"Plays," said Mr. Stormington Barnes, "are not what they used to be." "I wish I could convince the public of that," answered the manager of the burlesque show. "Everybody I see is complaining because the music and comedy are the same that they've been listening to for years."—Washington Star.

The Late Professor Bain.

The late Emeritus Professor Bain, of Aberdeen University, like many notable men of humble origin, was not ashamed of proclaiming the fact. On one occasion he jocularly said to his students in the logic class: "Gentlemen, my wife may be connected with the Thanes of Cawdor, but I am descended from the tinkers of Braemar." Had he said "thinkers" the class might perhaps have taken him more seriously than it did.