

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, MARCH 18, 1904.

NO. 52.

TWO NURSES.

In the soul's chamber, reft and bare,
When the soul may not weep,
Comes stealing in the nurse, Despair,
And crugs it off to sleep.

But in some watch, ere night be dead,
Another takes her place;
At dawn, above the soul's dim bed,
Hope bends her beaming face.
—Agnes Lee, in Lippincott's.

An Awkward Mistake

By Helen Forrest Graves.

ENGAGED to be married, Cousin Abigail? Is it really true?" Little Dorothy Wallace looked up into the sober face of her forty-year-old spinster relative with delighted expectation and maiden curiosity. Miss Abigail Pendasset laughed rather awkwardly.

"Well, I suppose it must be, Dotty, because, you see, here is the diamond ring on the forefinger of my left hand, and there are the dressmakers hard to work in the little back parlor. If it wasn't for those two things I might think the whole affair moonshine."

"And does he love you, Cousin Abigail, very, very much?"

"Oh!" sighed Dorothy, "it must be so nice to have a real lover all of one's own!"

"Have you one, Dotty?" Dorothy colored radiantly, and her eyes involuntarily fell.

"I—I don't know, Cousin Abigail."

"Then I'd make it my business to find out if I were you," said Miss Pendasset, rather tartly. "Don't let any of the fellows play fast and loose with you, Dotty. I didn't."

"But, Abigail, you are so different."

"Different? I'm a woman, I suppose, and quite as liable to be made a fool of as any other of my sex. We're all fools, Dotty, to a certain extent. And now mind what I say to you, and don't stand any flirting."

"But you haven't told me his name yet, Cousin Abigail," interposed Dorothy, evidently rather anxious to change the subject. "Is it Squire Peckham?"

"Squire Peckham? No, indeed; what nonsense is the child talking? It is Captain Summerson."

"Captain Summerson?"

"Yes; isn't it a pretty name?" said Miss Abigail, with more of maidenly consciousness than Dorothy had ever before seen her exhibit. "He's as handsome as a picture, too; is in the regular army, and, to say the truth, a few years younger than I am. He'll be here this evening, and you shall be introduced, Dotty. You'll like him—everybody likes him."

Dorothy Wallace sat with downcast eyes, and a round pink spot on each cheek, while Miss Abigail, the frost-work of her reserve now fairly broken through, chatted on and told her all the incidents, past and present, of her engagement to this Adonis of the regular army.

"Now I said to him, the very night he proposed," wound up Miss Abigail, "that I had the prettiest little cousin in the world, whom I should write to at once, to come and be my bridesmaid. So here you are, Dotty, and you must come in and see the pink silk I have selected for your bridesmaid's dress."

"Did you tell him my name?"

"Yes, of course. Why?"

"Oh, it's such a funny, old-fashioned name," laughed Dorothy, rather constrainedly. "Come, let's go and look at the silk!"

Captain Alfred Summerson called as usual that night. He was a tall, handsome, sentimental young fellow, ten good years the junior of his bride-elect, with no end of poetical quotations on his lips, and the most seductive way imaginable of lowering his voice to a whisper when he came near a pretty woman. He was dressed in a suit of dove-color, which was unusually becoming to his dark, rich beauty, and was formally introduced to Miss Pendasset's cousin.

"You needn't color up so, Dotty!" said Miss Abigail, laughing; "Alfred won't eat you up!"

"Is it necessary for my fair fiancée to go bail for my harmless disposition, Miss Wallace?" sighed the captain, in his most honeyed tones.

Dorothy did not answer. She only looked on at her work with increased diligence.

The days went by, the wedding day at the old Pendasset manor house drew nearer and nearer. Miss Abigail was, to use her own expression, more forcible than eloquent, "her head and ears" in the manifold preparations for the coming event. Little Dorothy Wallace helped her with zeal enough for half a dozen, and nobody, in the hurry of the occasion, noticed how pale and thin the child was getting.

"Mercy upon us!" said Miss Abigail, with a little sigh. "I shall be glad when it is all over!"

"So shall I!" echoed Dorothy, almost inaudibly.

It was just a week before the day appointed for the wedding, a balmy September twilight, and Captain Summerson, later than usual, arrived on his usual visit.

"Is your mistress at home?" he asked of Hester Brya, the head factotum.

"Miss Abby is to hum," jerked out Hester, who, besides heartily disliking the captain, was too republican a New Englander to recognize any created female as her "mistress."

"Where is she?"

"In the settin' room."

"And Miss Dorothy?"

"She's in the little south room, where the plants is."

"Very well, my good woman, that will do; you needn't bring lights at present," said the captain, gayly tiptoeing off, down the broad, matted passage.

"Good woman, indeed," muttered Hester, turning her head; "I ain't his good woman, and I'm thankful to Providence there ain't no chance of my ever being. I do b'lieve Miss Abigail left her common sense behind her when she promised to marry him. But there's no fool like an old fool," and Hester descended into the kitchen, treading somewhat of her resentment under her quick, emphatic footsteps as she came.

And the captain, instead of proceeding at once, as a liege lord should have done to the sitting room where he had been told that his intended bride awaited him, turned down another corridor that led to a pretty little south room, its glazed walls checkered with the indistinct shades of foliage from the vines outside.

Starlight and twilight together disclosed only a solitary figure sitting there. The captain stole toward it.

"Dotty, my darling!"

A slight start, that was all the answer he received.

"Dotty, love, why are you so silent?" He half knelt beside her, taking possession of the hand that hung listlessly by her side. "Now, I know you are angry with me, but is it my fault? You should pity me rather, for being tied for life to a cankered old maid, with nothing to sweeten the bitter dose but the money bags she represents. What else can I do? You do not know—you never can know—how wretchedly I am fettered by those confounded debts which must be paid. I am a drowning man, and Abigail Pendasset is the straw that I cling to. I know, as well as you do, that she is old, ugly and unattractive, but she is my fate. I cannot avoid her. Dear Dotty, you have refused to allow me one single chance to speak to you since we have met, but I have not forgotten the delightful days at Long Branch, and never shall. I love you now as dearly as I did then. I shall always love you, and you only, Dotty. There is no reason why you shouldn't spend half your time at Pendasset House Manor, Dotty, if you play your cards well. We may be very happy yet, and—hush, who the deuce is that?"

The sound of approaching footsteps broke in upon the tete-a-tete—and the next moment Captain Summerson found himself alone.

His visit that evening was unusually pleasant. Miss Abigail was in the highest spirits, and even Dorothy Wallace was a trifle more sprightly than

her ordinary mood. Captain Summerson stayed late—and, after he was gone, Abigail went into her cousin's room.

"Dotty," says she, "I've found out a thing or two?"

Dorothy looked up.

"What are they, Abigail?"

"One's that you used to know Captain Summerson at Long Branch."

"It is quite true," said Dorothy, calmly.

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"What was the use? He chose to meet me as a stranger—why should I rake up the past?"

"Yet you cared for him once?"

"Once—but not now."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, quite."

"I am glad of that, Dotty Wallace," said Miss Abigail, in a voice that trembled slightly, as she reached out to clasp the other's hand in hers. "Yes, I'm heartily glad—because, if you have trampled the thing called love under your feet, I can do the same, and I will."

"Abigail, what do you mean?"

The bride-elect laughed hoarsely.

"Only that the captain made a little mistake to-night. I was sitting by myself in the south room, and he mistook our identity—he thought he was talking to you. A 'cankered old maid'—that was the polite epithet he applied to the woman he has pledged himself to marry within the week; and he went on to vow that he always had loved you, and always should, although he couldn't make you his wife!"

And Miss Abigail proceeded to un-bosom herself of the whole story, Dorothy listening, pale, quiet and silent.

"And what shall you do, Cousin Abigail?" she asked, when finally the spinster came to a full stop.

"Do? What did you do when you discovered that the man was a villain? Cast him off, to be sure."

"And break your heart?"

"My heart isn't made of such brittle materials, fortunately," said Miss Abigail, with a grim smile. "We will both see him to-morrow, Dotty, and we'll send him about his business with as little delay as possible."

When Captain Alfred Summerson called the next day, he was ushered into the presence of Miss Pendasset and her cousin, sitting together in the south room.

"Well, captain," said his promised bride, composedly, "which is it?"

"Which is what?" demanded the somewhat puzzled son of Mars.

"The one you made love to in here last night? Ah, you don't quite comprehend. You thought it was Dorothy Wallace, but it was I. Beware of love in the twilight, captain; it makes an awkward tangle, sometimes. In this case it has opened my eyes to the fact that you are a villain. Dorothy, I believe, knew it long before, and neither of us cares to have the pleasure of your acquaintance any longer. Good morning, captain."

"Good morning, captain," sweetly echoed Dorothy, with a malicious sparkle in her eyes.

"But, ladies," began the bewildered young man.

Miss Pendasset rang the bell violently.

"Hester, show the captain to the door. If he should ever call again, you needn't admit him."

And thus sneaked the valiant Captain Alfred Summerson out of the substantial old manor house, which he had hoped so soon to call his own. Nor was honest Hester's chuckle, as she bolted the door behind him, the least of all his mortifications.

"I guess, my dear," shrewdly observed Miss Pendasset. "It will be some time before he makes love again to two at a time."—New York Weekly.

To Help Poor Children.

The Earl of Meath, a somewhat enthusiastic British humanitarian, has suggested to the London school authorities that children of the elementary grades be taken from the city and brought up in model country villages, the parents to pay only the bare cost of food, the County Council footing other expenses. He urges that in that way children of the very poor would have an otherwise unobtainable chance to grow up strong, healthy and good citizens. In addition, many of them would probably stay in the country, thereby helping to repopulate the rural districts.

Prince Cupid.

Prince Jonah Kuhl Kalaniana'ole, the delegate to Congress from Hawaii, is known in official circles as Minister Kuhl, but is usually referred to by his nickname, Prince Cupid, acquired while at school in San Francisco.

THE "BETWEEN MEALS" CLOTH.

Anxiety That Go With the Care of Highly Polished Top.

Where the dining table is cleared and reset at every meal, its appearance between times is a matter of concern to the housekeeper, especially since the old-fashioned spread, which certainly had a cosy, homey look, is tabooed in the present. The highly polished surface of the table is thought to be so ornamental that it must not be covered up, and in consequence the housekeeper has a new anxiety in the care of that same highly polished top.

A hot dish, a little hot water, a drop of alcohol produce a mark on the surface which is anything but ornamental and which is not easily removed. Precautionary measures are required, and thick "hush cloths" or table pads are indispensable. A very thick cotton pad is woven especially for the purpose, which with asbestos table mats prove a great help. The asbestos mats are slipped into embroidered linen cases and thus become ornamental, or embroidered pieces are laid over them. Heavy crocheted mats are often employed, and mats of coiled corset laces are useful, on account of their thickness.

Sometimes a thick blanket is laid under the regular hush cloth; in fact, the housekeeper takes every possible means to protect the varnish of her table.

But this top must be displayed, so the cover is relegated to obscurity, and a square or circle of embroidered linen of Battenberg work or of renaissance lace, not too large, is put in the centre, and a small but handsome jardiniere stands upon it. This is the only decoration admissible. Often the table is entirely bare, the owner's eye gloating upon its mirror-like surface. The children are forbidden to touch it. "Hands off" is the cry, and rubbing and polishing and dusting are added to the housekeeper's tasks.

Oh for the "good old days" when "things" were not "in the saddle" and riding poor tired housekeepers to death! The elegance and the elaborateness which can be secured by the rich only and which we try to imitate in our lumber way is driving women to despair. The "girl" becomes more and more necessary to relieve the hard-worked woman, and she grows less and less obtainable.—Detroit Free Press.

A Pet Terrapin.

A young terrapin about the size of a quarter is spending the winter at the Democrat and News office. Mr. Carl N. Jones, who lives near Cambridge, presented him to the office. He was ploving during July and turned up a nest of terrapin eggs. He took one to the house and put it on the mantel. A few days later Mr. Jones noticed a part of the eggshell on the floor, and upon looking on the mantel saw that the egg had been hatched and a very small terrapin was crawling about the mantel. It immediately became the pet of the family and was put in a box with a little meal, a dish of water and a wad of raw cotton to crawl under during the cold nights. Mr. Jones and the terrapin became great friends. One day Mr. Jones put it in a basin of tepid water, which seemed to be a treat. It would crawl on a piece of bark and dive overboard just for fun. At night it would crawl under the cotton to stay until morning. At the present time it has increased to double its size and seems to be in a good state of health.—Cambridge (Md.) Democrat and News.

Sacred City of Lhasa.

Very little of the world remains unknown. Tibet will soon be as well known as China, the sacred city of Lhasa as little of a mystery as Peking. A Russian traveler, M. Tsybikoff, has communicated to the Geographical Society of St. Petersburg a pretty full account of Lhasa, where he stayed for over twelve months—being an Oriental scholar and professedly a Lamaite by religion. He found the land far less populous than is commonly supposed, and a most intolerable proportion of its people monks. Lhasa, he reports, has no more than 10,000 inhabitants, and two-thirds of these are women. M. Tsybikoff made a great number of observations on the climate of Tibet, and has brought away several Tibetan books on philosophy, medicine, astronomy and history, besides collections of prayers and incantations written by renowned lamas. The latter departments are much more in the way of Tibetans that philosophy and science.—London Telegraph.

Automobile building gives employment to 20,000 persons in France.

FAILURE.

He brought me to his garden rare,
To give me of his best;
He pulled a lily for my hair,
The jasmine for my breast,
And filled my lap with roses red,
For they were born of love, he said.

All day he taught me garden lore,
The way to sow and prune,
And what to waste and how to store
From April March to June;
And then he left me mistress there,
Proud mistress of the garden rare.

I worked with jealous hand and eye
His watchful praise to win;
But O, the creepers shot so high,
The weeds did overtake!
And when his coming he delayed
I grew mistrustfully afraid.

The roses, too, began to fade,
His roses born of love!
Perchance it was the willow's shade—
Big boughs I could not move;
I know not, but in wild dismay
I kissed them dead, and fled away.
—Lilian Street, in English Country Life.



"Is he a pleasant fellow to talk to?"
"No, he's what they call a good conversationalist."—Detroit Free Press.

Fish—"What made 'em put people on the rack?" Tush—"They wanted, I surmise, to draw 'em out."—Harvard Lampoon.

Of advice so freely offered
This you'll find is far from worst:
When you call a man a liar,
Always take his measure first.
—Baltimore American.

The Stranger in New York—"Pardon! What street is this?" The Resident—"If you walk up six blocks and then three blocks to the left, I think you will find a sign."—Harper's Bazar.

"Say, Harker," began Van Albert, "my wife insists that I attend the sewing society with her to-night. What is the best thing to wear?" "Wear ear muffs," advised the experienced friend.—Chicago Daily News.

"Have you discovered the perpetrator of this crime?" "No," answered the detective, "but we have something to show for our work. We have placed a whole lot of people under suspicion of misbehavior."—Washington Star.

We all of us try to forgive and forget
When similar treatment we crave,
And think we are virtuous paragons, yet
We cannot forget we forgive.
—Sam S. Stinson, in Lippincott's.

"Statistics show," said the amateur scientist, "that every time you draw your breath somebody dies." "Perhaps, but if I didn't draw my breath the somebody who dies in that case would certainly be me."—Baltimore Herald.

Poorchap—"I have called, sir, to—to ask for the hand of your daughter." Old Bullion—"Oh, really now, I couldn't give you my daughter, you know. That is asking too much. But here are some soup tickets."—New York Weekly.

Gaston—"We occultists, you know, have no idea of time. To us there is no such thing." Alphonse (aside)—"That explains why he hasn't paid me the ten he's owed for two years. Probably thinks he borrowed it about fifteen minutes ago!"—Detroit Free Press.

"I think, sir," said Woodby Ritter, "you will find this the most realistic society novel you have ever examined." "H'm, yes," replied the editor, skimming through the pages of manuscript, "the dialogue appears about as dull as it could possibly be."—Philadelphia Press.

"Finished experimenting on your new breakfast food yet?" asked the inquisitive party. "Yes," replied the great inventor, "and while it is a great success, the hardest part is yet to come." "What's that?" queried the inquisitive party. "Inventing a name for it," answered the modest genius.—Chicago Daily News.

Farmer—"That was a good number of the Tooter you got out last week." Country Editor—"I am glad to hear that you were pleased with it." Farmer—"Them stories you had in about them fellers bein' cured of long-standing diseases were the entertainingst bit o' news I've read for a long time."—Manchester Times.

Like a Dime Novel.

Clinton C. Grimm, St. Louis, Colo., ran away from his home several years ago and his parents could find no trace of him. The other day his father received a check for \$4000 from the young man, accompanied by the information that he had a goodly sum left and would return to his old home and engage in business.

An agitation has been commenced in New York for a more uniform system of tea inspection.