

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$2.00 a Year, in Advance.

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

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XV.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1904.

NO. 9.

PIETY FOR COMPANY



It is not unusual for people to keep their best household things—the best bed, and china—for their guests; some keep for them their best looks, manners and words; some go still farther and keep all their piety for them. Not a bit of it do they use for themselves or their families; it is never seen on ordinary occasions, and so is perhaps all the nicer, and there is all the more of it for company. Enough of it there surely is, if not a surfeit. The visitor is treated to it with a liberality like that of the Western housewife, who, on being told by her minister that she might put less molasses in his tea, insisted that if she made it all molasses it wouldn't be too good for him.

It was Mrs. Simpkins' parlor—a nice, religious-looking parlor, very. A monstrous great Bible, bound in fine morocco and gold, with a purple ribbon book-mark, a yard long, dangling white crucifixes, lay alone in seeming sacredness on the marble centre table. Three certificates of life-membership in religious societies hung in heavy gilt frames upon the walls. No idle ornaments or vain curiosities on the what-not, but Divine songs and sacred hymns, Baxter's Saints' Rest, Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, Howe's Blessedness of the Righteous—books of exalted piety, that bear their readers like angel wings to the very gates of the beautiful city. Beside them were choice piles of magazines, labelled "Guide to Holiness."

The air of the place was still and solemn, almost holy. Deacon Wilson felt that it was while he waited there for Mrs. Simpkins. He took up a number of the "Guide to Holiness," and opened it. "Perfect Love," "Heaven Below," "Living Below Our Privilege," he read in the table of contents.

"What a godly woman Sister Simpkins is!" he said to himself, and laid the magazine in place, feeling himself so far from holiness that the very titles of the articles were discouraging to him.

"I am glad there are some good people," he added, looking around the room, at the "parlor Bible," and the life memberships. "Yes, Sister Simpkins is a very devoted woman."

Mrs. Simpkins entered with sweet and placid countenance, and grave, subdued manner, like one just leaving chapel service or closet meditation, and in low, chastened tones, welcomed the deacon, and assured him of her high estimate of the privilege of Christian communion, of the strength she derived from Christian association, the comfort from Christian sympathy.

The deacon had barely time to make a suitable response, when she inquired:

"And what is the state of Zion, deacon? What say the watchmen on her walls?"

The question was general, and the deacon was safe in the answer:

"Few go in at the gates."
"And why? Why is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Simpkins, with an air and tone of touching solicitude. "Why must we wait so long to see the spirit of God poured out? Surely the fault is in ourselves. The church is living far below her duty and her privilege. Too many of us are not yet sanctified, wholly sanctified—one with the Lord. Too many of us still cling to the world, still have appetite for the fleshpots of Egypt. We must come out from the world, and we must not look back."

"Oh!" groaned the good deacon, "I feel sometimes that I am the Achan in the camp of Israel, the Jonah that hinders the ship."

"Do you ever read the 'Guide to Holiness?'" asked Mrs. Simpkins, when she had fully delivered her opinions on the condition and duty of the church. The deacon confessed that he had not. "It's an excellent work, deacon," said Mrs. Simpkins, with slightly increased warmth of manner. "I can recommend it with entire confidence. I have read it three years, and find it very spiritual. Perhaps you would like to read it. Take this last number, if you would."

"Thank you, sister, not to-day. Some other time, perhaps."

"The work strenuously urges the doctrine of entire sanctification; that it is the privilege of all Christians. What do you think of it, deacon?" queried Mrs. Simpkins.

"Oh, I don't know," sighed the good man. "The command is, 'Be ye holy as I am holy,' but, oh, dear! sometimes I'm afraid I haven't even been justified—that after all, I shall be a cast-away."

"We need faith, faith to lay hold on the promises," urged the unwavering Mrs. Simpkins.

"But my life is so poor, sister," groaned the deacon. "I come so far short in everything. The thing I would not do, I do, and what I would, I do not."

"I believe it is our privilege to live above sin," began Mrs. Simpkins, when the door opened, and a smutty, uncare-for little fellow, of half a dozen years, put in his head.

"Yes, darling, you may take one off the bureau. Now don't disturb mother any more."

"I believe it is our blessed privilege," resumed Mrs. Simpkins, "to live above sin, to have Christ dwelling in us continually, filling us with perfect love, raising us above all doubts and fears, and strengthening us with the hope of glory."

"A blessed privilege!" echoed the deacon, and rose to go.

Don't refurbish the parlor with any more religious show till you've given her as good wages as you'd think yourself deserving of if you were in her place. Don't go to a single meeting when she will lose more by your going than you will gain. Don't say any more to the church about sanctification here below till you've made your own family think such a thing is possible. Learn to be just before you even aim at perfection; learn to be patient before you think you have reached it; and be sure and take the opinion of those who know you best before you come to a settled opinion on the subject.

"Don't think I'm persecuting you, wife, nor anything of the sort. I'm glad you're a pious woman, and that's one reason why I married you. Every man likes to have a good wife. I want a little of your piety myself; and the children wouldn't be the worse for some, nor Bridget, neither. We aren't deacons nor ministers, nor saints, but we should like to be treated in a sweet, heavenly way sometimes."

"I thank you for this visit, deacon," said Mrs. Simpkins. "I think it is good for the saints to speak often to one another. Come again, soon, deacon, and borrow my 'Guide to Holiness.'"

"Thank you, thank you," said the kind-hearted deacon, hastening his movements, seemingly alarmed at this second mention of the magazine. "Thank you. I am glad we meet so often in the house of God, sister."

"I am never willingly absent from the means of grace," answered Mrs. Simpkins with something like a glow of satisfaction on her sweet face.

"I am glad you love God's worship, sister, Good-by."

And the deacon took his leave in no way benefited by his visit, and feeling that he had conferred no benefit. Mrs. Simpkins was on spiritual heights too far above him. He could not touch the hem of her garment.

She flew upstairs to her nursery, and snatched the baby from Bridget.

"Now go to your washing as quick as you can, and try to have it done in some kind of season for once. And have your dinner cooked decently, for once, if you can."

Not a word of thanks to the poor servant for having held the baby so long, while her work was lying undone below stairs. What had so suddenly changed Mrs. Simpkins' look and manners? What had driven away her sweetness and placidity, her heavenly smile? How changed her voice was! So keen and cutting. How angry she looked as she called to her little son:

"Jimmy, come here!" The boy obeyed. "Now don't you ever come again to the parlor when I'm there with company," she exclaimed to the young intruder, as she cuffed him first on one ear and then on the other, making both ring. She did not call him darling, then. "You're the worst boy I ever saw," she went on. "How many times have I told you not to come to the parlor when I'm there with any company? And yet you always come. Just as sure as I am there, in comes your frowny head."

This was true, for the child was bright enough to know his opportunity.

The only sweet liberal time his mother ever had, was when she was under the observation of company. Then, for appearance sake, she would always give him what he asked for. He always had to pay for it afterwards in tugging ears and smarting flesh, but he was well accustomed, toughened, and did not mind them much.

This unsaintly and unwholesome treatment had only just been administered to Jimmy, when an odor of burning food was perceptible.

"Bridget!" screamed Mrs. Simpkins; "your soup is burning, Bridget!" No answer; and leaving the baby with Jimmy, Mrs. Simpkins flew to the kitchen and snatched a kettle from the stove. "What made you let the soup burn?" she exclaimed, as Bridget entered.

"I was on the shed, ma'am."
"But you ought not to be out of your kitchen when you've anything on the fire."

"But I had to hang out the clothes, ma'am, or they wouldn't be dried. I was so long with the baby that the washing's far back, ma'am."

"I never saw anything like it. You've always some excuse, no matter what you do. Why didn't you set the soup back while you were on the shed?"

"I did not think of it, sure."
"And why didn't you think of it? I've tried so hard to make a good girl of you, and I declare I'm most tired out."

"Well, I've thoughts of giving you rest from me. There's no use in so much said, and being so tired, all for a sup o' broth."

"No words, Bridget; I never allow my girls to answer back. It's bad enough to have my things burnt up, without any impudence from you."

"You can look out for another girl to do your work. I can't suit you, and you've leave to find one that can."
"How foolish in you, Bridget, to get mad just for nothing. It was my place to get angry, and not yours. It was my money that was burnt in the soup."

"Ah, and there was no money burnt at all, and no loss of soup, neither for the children and me'll have it all to ate, burnt or not burnt—as you yourself knows well. And it's not all about the soup; there's enough more; fretting and fussing from morning till night, whenever yourself's in the house; and I'm running here for the children, and there for yourself, and me work to be done all the same, and ye never pleased, but always this is wrong and the other ain't right, and me working till I can't hold me two feet t'wunst to the floor for the pain, and thin I've never done the work half well enough."

"If your are dissatisfied, you had better go, Bridget; but first consider what it is to have a good steady place, with good religious people. You Irish girls never know when you're well off."

"And it's not well off any one is, that works in this house," answered Bridget.
"I sha'n't listen to any more of your impudence, Bridget. I wish you to keep on with your work till I can get another girl," said Mrs. Simpkins.

There was something indescribably galling and oppressive in her tone and manner, that roused the worst feelings the generous, good-natured Bridget was capable of, and she dashed the dipper from her hand to the floor before Mrs. Simpkins had turned her back.

Mr. Simpkins came home tired and worn with business, and the first thing that fell upon his ears was the dash of the dipper and the next a complaint from his wife.
"What worthless things these servants are!"
"What now?" he asked.
"Oh, Bridget has flared up."
"What's the matter?"
"She complains of her work."
"I don't much wonder. She's at it every morning at five o'clock, and I leave her hard at it when I go to bed, and yet I don't believe it is ever done."

"Well, whose fault is it, I should like to know?" asked Mrs. Simpkins.

"It isn't mine, I know," answered her husband; "and it don't seem to be Bridget's."
"Then I s'pose you'll have it that it's mine," responded the wife.
"I didn't say so."
"You might as well."
"Do you think so? Now whose fault is it? All our girls complain of being overworked, and scolded, and underfed, and underpaid; and you have the whole management of things here. I leave all house matters to you."

"And this is what I get for my management," interrupted Mrs. Simpkins.

"But not all," responded her husband. "You get a great reputation for piety; a great deal of time to go to meetings, male and female, sewing societies, maternal associations, anniversaries, and every other religious meeting, far and near, that you can hear of. And you get money for 'Guides to Holiness,' and life memberships, and great expensive frames to hang their certificates in, thereby obeying the Divine command, 'not to let your left hand know what your right hand doeth,' all your good work done secretly that you may be rewarded openly."

"What has all this to do with Bridget?" interrupted Mrs. Simpkins, a little touched by the cutting irony.

"It has a great deal to do with her," answered her husband, "if it puts a part of your work on her, or tires you out so as to make you cross and unreasonable with her, or if it makes you pinch her in wages, or deny her in food, or wrong her in any way; you'll allow that, won't you?"

"Yes, if it does."

"Well, don't it? I ask the question. "What would you have me do more than I do now? I should like to know."

"Perhaps not more, but I would have you do somewhat different. You can make some equalization. Be as sweet and angelic with Bridget as you are with your deacons, as mild in the nursery where only God and the children hear you, as you would be if the Maternal Association were here. Show a little of your deadness to the world and heavenly mindedness when the new fashions come. Stop taking the 'Guide to Holiness,' and give the money to Bridget, as her rightful due, and perhaps 'twould make it better. I'm sure it would make us happier, and you, too. Suppose you try and give us a little more family piety."

"This is my first sermon, and I hope it will be productive of good. There's no company here, so I won't pretend that it has been preached from a sense of duty, but because I feel out of patience and just like speaking my whole mind."

Well, what did Mrs. Simpkins say in answer? This only: that she was glad there was no one in her own family to hear him; that she was glad there were some people who had a good opinion of her; that the Rev. Dr. Smoothtongue had told some of the church that very week, he wished there were a few more women just like her.—Waverley Magazine.

Diamonds in Storage.

"There are thousands of millions of dollars' worth of diamonds stored in deep vaults, or underground safety deposit vaults at the Kimberly mines in South Africa," said J. H. Mortimer, of Chicago, at the Republican House. Mr. Mortimer was a British soldier in the war with the Boers in 1881, and became intimately acquainted with the conditions there. "The natives go down deep into the mines and bring up the clay-like earth, which is spread in the sun and dried into a scaly brittle material. This is examined very closely for the precious stones, which are picked out. They are nothing but rough looking pebbles, and their value cannot be estimated with any degree of certainty until they are polished. But the pebbles are not polished at once. They are packed up and sent down into the bowels of the earth again. The mine owners will not allow them to be sold, as the market would be flooded and the price would go down so that there would be no profit in the gems. Instead they are stored in big vaults, and brought up a few at a time, as the market conditions demand. As I said, there are thousands of millions of dollars' worth of diamonds stored away."—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

Old Grave Despoiled of Valuables.

A remarkable case of grave robbing is reported from Louisville, in Pottawatomie County, Kansas. Miss Nora Hill was buried in the village cemetery nineteen years ago. When she was placed in the coffin a gold watch and chain and a valuable ring, given to her by an admirer, were on her person. Now, after nineteen years, the grave is found open and despoiled of its valuables, and the town is said to be in a great state of excitement over the discovery.—Kansas City Journal.

A school for theatrical critics is to be opened in Paris. The students are to attend dress rehearsals and write them up for practice.

SOME MODERN UTOPIAS.

Places Where War, Poverty and Liberty are Unknown.

Denmark claims that there is not a single person in her domain who cannot read and write. On the northeast coast of New Guinea, the Island of Kutaba, surrounded by a wall of coral 300 feet high on one side and from fifty to 100 feet on the other, maintains thirteen villages of natives, to whom war, crime and poverty have been unknown since the beginning of their traditions. The most peaceful and comfortable community in Europe is the commune of the Canon Vaud, in Switzerland. Nearly every one is well off and there are no paupers.

Finland is a realm whose inhabitants are remarkable for their inviolate integrity. There are no banks, and no safe deposits, for no such security is essential. You may leave your luggage anywhere for any length of time, and be quite sure of finding it untouched on your return, and your purse full of money would be just as secure under similar circumstances. The Finns place their money and valuables in holes in the ground and cover them with a big leaf. Such treasure is sacredly respected by all who pass it, but, in the rare event of a man wishing to borrow of his neighbor during his absence he will take only the smallest sum he requires and place a message in the hole, telling of his urgent need, promising to repay the amount on a specified date. And he will invariably keep his word, for the Finn is invincible in his independence.

Agneta Park, near Delft, in Holland, is another Utopian example. A tract of ten acres has upon it 150 houses, each with its little garden and with certain common buildings and common grounds. The houses are occupied by the employes of a great distilling company, who form a corporation which owns the park. Each member owns shares in the corporation, and pays rent for his house. The surplus, after all expenses have been paid, comes back to him as dividend. If he wishes to go away, or if he dies, his shares are bought up by the corporation and sold to the man who takes his place.—Golden Penny.

The Migration of the Doe Family.

From Brooklyn Borough courts is reported a large increase in the number of "John Does." The excess of "Does" in Brooklyn, too, is almost coincident with the disappearance from the courts of Manhattan of "Does" and "Roes." In the old English courts, when the name of a plaintiff was unknown, the custom was to describe him as "John Doe." When the defendant's name was unknown he was described as "Richard Roe." In the criminal courts the name of an unidentified male prisoner was entered as "John Doe" and of a female prisoner as "Jane Roe." In civil cases with women appearing as principals, "Jane Doe" was the name, in default of any other, for the female plaintiff, and "Jane Roe" for the female defendant.

In Manhattan the colloquial use of the word "dough" as a slang designation for wealth is chargeable with the words, "John Dough," describing a man of money. As John Dough has come forward, John Doe has receded, and the name "John Doe" has been giving place in the criminal courts to "Walter Jones." As "Jane" and "John Doe" have often been allied in legal papers in court, "Jane Doe" has been superseded by "Kate Best."

Thinkers Live Long.

Thinkers as a rule live long; or, to put the proposition into more general terms, exercise of the mind tends to longevity. Herbert Spencer has died in his eighty-fourth year, Darwin reached his seventy-third, Sir George Stokes his eighty-fourth, Carlyle his eighty-six. Tyndall was accidentally poisoned at seventy-three, but might have lived several years longer; Huxley was seventy when he died, Gladstone in his eighty-ninth year, Disraeli in his seventy-seventh, Newton lived to be eighty-five and Lord Kelvin is still vigorous in research in his eightieth. To a great extent the brain is the centre and seat of life, what Sir William Gull called the central battery, and the stimulation undoubtedly strengthens the forces that make for vitality. Healthy exercise of either mind or body, of course, favors length of days, but the strivings of the thinker and writer are seldom quite of the healthy order. Darwin, Carlyle and Spencer were victims of nearly lifelong dyspepsia, and yet exceeded three score and ten.