

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XV.

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

NO. 11.

THE MOTHERLOOK.

"As one from whom his mother comforteth."—Isaiah, lxvi., 13.

You take the finest woman with the roses in her cheeks,
An' all th' birds a singin' in her voice each time she speaks;
Her hair all black an' gleamin', or a glowin' mass o' gold—
An' still th' tale o' beauty isn't more th'n half way told.
There ain't a word that tells it; all description it defies—
Th' mother look that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

A woman's eyes will sparkle in her innocence an' fun,
Or snap a warnin' message to th' ones she wants to shun.
In pleasure or in anger there is always han'someness,
But still there is beauty that was surely made to bless—
A beauty that grows sweeter an' that all but glorifies—
Th' mother look that sometimes comes into a woman's eyes.

It ain't a smile exactly—yet it's brimmin' full o' joy,
An' meltin' into sunshine when she bends above her boy,
Or girl when it's sleepin', with its dreams told in its face;
She smooths its hair, an' pets it as she lifts it to its place.
It leads all th' expressions, whether grave or gay or wise—
Th' mother look that glimmers in a lovin' woman's eyes.

There ain't a picture of it. If there was they'd have to paint
A picture of a woman mostly angel an' some saint,
An' make it still be human—an' they'd have to blend the whole—
There ain't a picture of it, for no one can paint a soul.
No one can paint th' glory comin' straight from paradise—
Th' mother look that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

When Riches Are as Naught

By VENITA SEIBERT.

An Unintentional Deception That Swept
Away the Barriers of Wealth Be-
tween Two Lovers.

FRAULEIN PAULINE VON ENGELRUHE ditted about her dainty room, humming a snatch of song. Now she paused to arrange a dish of violets, now to give her hair a coquettish little twist, now to chirp softly to her bird.

Fraulein Pauline's sewing girl bent her head over the skirt she was altering, but not one of those careless graceful movements escaped her, and her whole soul was filled with longing and discontent. The Fraulein was a young German lady visiting some American relatives; she was rich, she was loved and admired and made much of, she could flit about in her dainty clothes and talk to her bird. The sewing girl stitched away fiercely.

By and by Fraulein Pauline took up a book, but her lovely eyes wandered. They studied the dark face of the girl bent over her work, noted the fallow skin, the tired droop of the shoulders, the heavy frown. Presently a soft hand was laid on the nervous fingers that held the needle, and a gentle voice said: "My dear, tell me what it is that troubles you."

The girl looked up with startled eyes, then suddenly she burst into tears. "Oh, Fraulein, I hate to be poor! I hate it so! It is always work and work and work, and I have no pretty dresses and no pleasure! I am ugly and poor—and I hate everything!"

"Poor child, poor child!" said Fraulein Pauline, thoughtfully. "You are young, and have nothing, and you are thinking that I, too, am young, and have everything, am pretty and rich, and admired—is it not so?"

"Yes, I cannot feel that it is right that people who are rich should have everything they wish for, while I work so hard and never have what I want. Poverty's a curse! Those who write of the curse of riches have never been really poor."

Fraulein was stroking the trembling hand. She rose and went to the window, then came back to her chair.

"My child, do you think rich people have everything they wish for?" she said, softly. "I will tell you a little story. Far away in a German city, at one of the great music concerts, an artist and a young girl were introduced to each other. Those two met many times thereafter, and life was very beautiful to them. Then came a change. The man's eyes could no longer hide the love that lay behind them, but he did not speak. The girl was an heiress, and he feared to be called a fortune hunter. She was also well born, and he was but a poor American; her wealthy relatives looked askance at him. He knew that he was not a fitting match for her. The girl did not want a fitting match; she wanted a mate. But achi! she could not speak, she could only wait.

"He was of noble soul. Had he

been wealthy and the girl poor, he would have been willing to become poor for her sake, if that were necessary to win her. He did not understand a woman well enough to know that she, too, may have such a noble soul, that to her, also, wealth and position may be as nothing beside love. And so, meaning to be kind, he was cruel. He went away. He would perhaps have been willing to die for her, but he was not willing to be thought a fortune hunter for her sake. Is it right to be so proud in one's love? The pride of wealth is nothing to the pride of poverty. A woman would like to be loved without thought of either. He did not understand!"

The last words broke away from the even tenor of the story in a little cry, and the Fraulein's pretty brown head suddenly dropped into her hands. There was silence. The sewing girl ventured to lay her hand tenderly on the bowed head; her eyes were filled with gentler tears.

"Did you never see him again?" she asked, softly.

The other girl lifted her face. "Never again," she said, quietly. "It is nearly two years ago now. I am too young not to find joy in my friends, my flowers and birds, my books and traveling, but the best thing in life I have missed, because I am rich! You see, we do not have everything we wish for. My dear little friend, some day this beautiful love may come to you; then you may live in one attic room, and have poor food and few clothes, but you will be far richer than I. And now I want you to have a holiday this afternoon. It is a beautiful spring day, and you need some fresh air. I want you to walk in the park. The skirt can wait until to-morrow."

The girl glanced dubiously at a large bundle that she had brought with her. "Those are vests," she said. "My sister sews them, and I must deliver them at the tailor shop this afternoon. It is away up on East Thirtieth street."

"I will deliver them myself," said Fraulein Pauline, her natural gaily breaking forth in delicious smiles.

"Oh, no, not you yourself! They are very heavy, and they make an ugly bundle. Perhaps you could send some one?"

"No; I shall play that I am a vest-maker taking home my week's work. I wish to see how it feels. It will be large fun."

Fraulein Pauline's mother had been an American girl, and she herself had been educated in Paris, therefore she spoke English very well, with only a tiny accent and an occasional curious expression. She arrayed herself in her plainest black hat and gown, took careful note of the tailor's address, and then sallied forth with the vests hanging over her right arm in the correct position, concealed by a newspaper covering.

Fraulein Pauline did not take a car. She was a good walker, and Thirtieth street did not seem far off. Nevertheless, the vests were so heavy that before she reached her destination she grew very tired. She glanced wearily up the street, and suddenly her cheeks grew white, then pink. A man was coming directly toward her—a tall, brown-eyed young man, with dark hair curling upward under his straw hat. He bent upon her an eager gaze.

"Paul—Fraulein Pauline! Am I dreaming that I see you here?" he exclaimed.

The Fraulein stretched out to him her left hand. "No, Herr Westcott, it is only me, and not a dream at all. Ach, it is good to see you again. I would give you both hands, but you see the other is occupied."

Herr Westcott dropped the little hand he was holding. Certainly his greeting had been too impulsive, and his eyes saddened.

"May I walk with you?" he asked, courteously.

"I should be glad. I should like to talk of home, it seems so long since I left. Ich habe heimweh. You have not forgotten the dear old city and the pleasant little garden of The Lions?"

"Forgotten!" "Those were happy days," she continued. "Of course, you were accustomed to gay pleasures, and they could not have been such happy days to you. It is not to be expected. But you left us without saying Auf Wiedersehen!"

"I was obliged to leave hurriedly. Fraulein, and surely you must know that those were happy days to me, also."

Fraulein Pauline shifted the bundle on her arm and Herr Westcott was overwhelmed with contrition. He had forgotten his manners.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! Let me have your bundle! Forgive me that I did not think of it sooner! You must be very tired!"

"Yes, I am very tired," Fraulein Pauline glanced down at the bundle, and sighed deeply. "They are vests that I am taking to the tailor shop. It is a long way from where I live, and the shop is on Thirtieth street."

Herr Westcott started. He noted the first time the contents of the bundle, the plain black hat, the simple gown. A light broke upon him. He stopped, stared fixedly at the demure face and downcast eyes, then he lifted the bundle, and looked at it in dismay.

"You to carry such a heavy load such a long way! Is it possible, can it be possible, that all your wealth is gone, and you are sewing vests for a living?"

"It does not pay well, but it is honest work," said Fraulein Pauline, plaintively.

"Great heavens! It is monstrous! I could not have believed it possible! Was there no one to look after you? Forgive me for speaking so, but I have always been interested in your welfare, and surely you will pardon a friend for his frankness."

"True sympathy is never out of place. Herr Westcott. Ach, strange things are possible. But you must know that my wealth was never the greatest thing to me. Not that it is very pleasant to be poor."

"Of that I am well aware, therefore I deplore it for your sake; but for my own sake—"

"Here we are at the tailor-shop!" interrupted Fraulein, in a sudden flutter. "You will wait without while I deliver the vests. I shall appear again directly."

In a very few moments they were proceeding on their way, minus the vests. Fraulein Pauline held in her hand a five-dollar bill. "A week's salary!" she said, viewing it meditatively.

Suddenly a hand closed over the bill and the fingers that held it. "Pauline, at last I may speak! I had no right to before, but now you are poor, poor, and I cannot feel sorry, because I am so glad. Pauline, dear one, do you guess how I have loved you always from the very first? Sometimes I have thought that you cared. I dared not let myself dwell long on that thought, but now I must know. Pauline!"

She lifted her long lashes and let him see what lay beneath. There was no coquetry in those clear depths now.

"Ich liebe dich!" she said, simply—words that in any language need no translation.

After a long, long time, when they had once more become conscious of the pavements and the shops and the earth, Fraulein Pauline said, "Ernest, my first care shall be to exterminate the one fault which I find in thee.

Thou art too proud. I was left lonely and unhappy simply because I had more money than thou hadst, and thy pride could not bear the thought. Couldst thou not have loved me so well that wealth would have meant nothing to thee?"

"It was for your sake—"
"For my sake! Ther, thou didst not give me credit for equal depth of soul with thyself. Ach!"

"Pauline, trennes hertz, forgive me! I see my mistake."

"It is well, for I have a confession to make to thee. I have done my best to please thee by being poor, but alas! I am still rich, but I trust to thy honor as a gentleman not to desert me under the sad circumstances." Her eyes smiled at him mischievously. "It was only what you Americans would call a bird."

"A bird? Oh, I see. A lark! You were carrying the vests for somebody else. But this plain gown?"

Fraulein Pauline laughed merrily. "Thou art also a bird!" she said "Thou art a goose! It is a Paris gown. Dost thou think that vest-makers wear such a fit. But, Ernest thou hast not said that I am forgiven for still being rich."

Herr Westcott drew her into an empty entry and kissed her. "Dear little lark," he said, "I have learned my lesson!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Finger Marks.

The Bertillon Bureau in the State Department of Prisons was recently asked by Chief of Police Watts, of Boston, to identify, if possible, a certain dead burglar. A photograph of the dead crook—who was shot in Boston while in the act of robbing a safe—was mailed here. The department was unable to make the identification. In speaking of the matter Superintendent Collins said: "We have never made a mistake yet in an identification in all the 4580 identifications we have made since the inauguration of the bureau. The Boston police had to photograph the man after he was dead and our department was unable to prove to a certainty his identity, although there two or three pictures on file here bearing a striking resemblance. We could have identified the man without question if his fingermarks had been taken. That means of identification is unerring. There are now in the bureau here the fingermarks of 3200 criminals, all taken since March 1, 1903. We have one line of classification here which makes identification by fingermarks easy, and I have found that this experiment is a great success."—Albany Journal.

Chateaubriand's Sea-Girl Tomb.

Francois Rene, vicomte de Chateaubriand, some twenty years before his death, writing to the Mayor of St. Malo, his native town, made the request that the town should grant him on the west point of the rock of Grand Bay a space sufficient for his burial. To this island rock, accessible only at low tide, the body of the great French litterateur was brought at his death. A granite cross marks the spot. At high tide the rock becomes an island, and the waves of the Atlantic beat against this lonely grave. The fiftieth anniversary of the funeral was celebrated by a pilgrimage to the Grand Bay, each person being requested to make some floral tribute. After solemn mass in the cathedral a procession, headed by the mayor and two members of the French Academy, crossed the sands and mounted the rocky slopes, and with the sound of music and the firing of salutes the floral homage was made. Poems composed for the occasion were recited, an oration was pronounced by M. le Vicomte de Vogue, and at night the Grand Bay displayed green funeral lights.

How Much Sleep is Necessary.

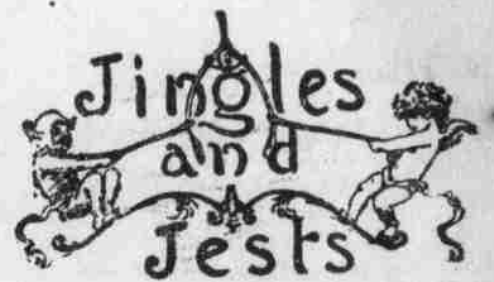
A proper amount of sleep is, of course, absolutely essential to continued good health, but, if dietetic habits are correct it is matter which will regulate itself. If a rule is needed, one will follow naturally from the fact that almost every one feels languid on waking and is disposed to take another nap, no matter how long he has been sleeping. This is a morbid sensation which it would take too long to explain here. It is enough to say that lack of sleep should be made up, if possible, at the beginning and not at the end. The best general rule is to rise at a given hour every morning, whether tired or not, and go to bed when sleepy.—Century Magazine.

The United States imports every year about \$28,000,000 worth of crude rubber.

THE END OF THE DAY.

Ho! for the end of the rainbow,
Ho! for the 'ot of gold.
We'll journey along
With a smile and a song,
And we'll hark to the stories of old.

Ho! for the end of the rainbow,
With hearts that are stout and strong!
Though the gold we miss
We have had the bliss
Of the smile and the story and song.
—Washington Star.



Gyer—"What kind of a chap is Blank?" Myer—"He is as honest as the day is long." Gyer—"Yes, but the days are getting shorter now, you know."—Buffalo News.

Who sits and waits for dead men's shoes
In which to make his climb
Will leave no footprints of his own
Upon the sands of time.
—Life.

"That young man," said the visitor, "behaves as if he knew more than you do." "Naturally," replied the merchant. "Why 'naturally?'" asked the visitor. "I am merely his father."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Of course," said the man, "we are very vulnerable in this matter." "What shall we do about it?" "Why, if we holler loud enough at some on else our own position may escape notice."—Chicago Evening Post.

Miss Newriche—"Oh, papa! He has the most delicate touch of any pianist I ever heard." Newriche—"Delicate? Great cats! Two hundred dollars for two hours' work is what I call a pretty healthy touch."—Puck.

How worldly pride kin pass away,
I's takin' 'em my tex,
What is a Christmas tree one day
Is kindlin' wood de nex.
—Washington Star.

"What a queer looking fireplace!" "Yes, it's an odd conceit of mine. It's made of paper pulp." "Paper pulp? Won't it take fire and burn up?" "Burn up? Old boy, that fireplace is made of certificates of steel stock!"—Chicago Tribune.

"I suppose," said the visitor, as he paused at the humorist's desk, "it is your business to be funny." "Not at all," replied the laugh provoker. "It's my business to extract bread and butter from the smiles of the multitude."—Chicago News.

Mrs. Noobridge—"The surest proof that a man loves his wife is when he buys her everything she wants." Mrs. Elderly—"Not at all. The surest proof is when he buys her everything she wants—and doesn't growl about it."—Philadelphia Press.

Proprietor—"Do you know the reason why you didn't sell that woman a suit for her little boy?" New Clerk—"No." Proprietor—"When she told you he was three years old, you should have replied by saying that he would take an eight-year-old size."—Cleveland Leader.

"Do you think the trusts have any right to exist?" "My dear sir," answered Senator Sorghum, "there is no use in talking about that now. In my opinion the judicious and proper way to handle the trusts is to avoid doing anything that might irritate them."—Washington Star.

A Great Little Island Group.

Bermuda is the Mr. Peewee of colonies, a great little island group. United States Consul Greene, of Hamilton, Bermuda, estimates in a report the cultivated area of the Bermudas at 3000 acres. The total area of the islands is only eighteen square miles.

Yet the 3000 acres, enough only for fifteen fair farms in New York, keep two lines of steamers well loaded with onions, lily bulbs and early vegetables in season. Of these things they export \$500,000 worth. The islands import almost a thousand dollars' worth of goods for every cultivable acre—to be exact, \$2,658,418 during the past year. A very large share of the \$1,583,714 received from the United States comes from New York along with the tourists, who eat and otherwise use the stuff.

There are always about 5000 people in Bermuda connected with the garri- sons and their families. In the season, now at its height, the tourists' number, perhaps, 2500. The entire population of the islands is only 17,500, but they have made of a waterless desert a garden spot such as is not often equalled.