

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, JULY 1, 1904.

NO. 15.

THE STORM.

They say it is the wind in midnight skies
Loud shrieking past the window, that doth make
Each casement shudder with its storm of cries,
And the barred door with pushing shudder shake.

Ah, no! Ah, no! It is the souls pass by
Their lot to run from earth to God's high place,
Pursued by each black sin that death let fly
From their sad flesh, to break them in their chase.

They say it is the rain from leaf to leaf
Doth slip, and roll into the thirsting ground,
That where the corn is trampled sheaf by sheaf
The heavy sorrow of the storm is found.

Ah, no! Ah, no! It is repentant tears
By those let fall who make their direful flight,
And drop by drop the anguish of their fears
Comes down around us all the awful night.

They say that in the lightning flash, and roar
Of clashing clouds, the tempest is about;
And draw their chairs the glowing hearth before,
The casement close to shut the danger out.

Ah, no! The doors of Paradise, they swing
A moment open for a soul night spent,
Then come together till the thunder's ring
Leave us half-blinded by God's element.

—Dora Sigerson Shorter.

HER LEAPYEAR RIGHTS

By M. W.

DARE you to do it," said Mrs. Hillis. "I'll go further; I'll give you this ring if you will, and let me hear you say the words." Miss Towne looked at her sister, then at the ring.

"Really!" she said, excitedly, and as she uttered the word, she lifted her eyebrows. "I must say that Danny would feel flattered if he could realize to what length of sacrifice you would go to get him in the family, I'll take you up on it, though."

"Yes you will?" jeered Mrs. Hillis. "Why, my dear, think of how you would spoil the nicest man that either of us know. He will never believe it is a fake. Even if you marry, he will think that it is a wild love for him that made you snatch at that nettle of man's prerogative with the advantage of the year. It will literally feather his heels with vanity, and he'll parade like a gamecock. Besides, if he should accept—what then?"

"I wish he would—almost," returned the girl, and added with asperity, "I believe that you are crawling on that ring."

"No, I'm not." Mrs. Hillis assumed a superior air. "I'll give you half an hour after they come up. I'll hide behind that curtain and watch his face. Positively, I think that it will be the richest thing. And Louise, you must make him believe that you mean it. Be serious, or no ring. Bert is going to take Middleton into the library, so that will give you and Danforth a clear field for a little while."

"But if he took me up on it," objected her sister.

"There isn't a nicer fellow living. I've tried hard enough to throw some sentiment into your chumminess and you've both failed me. If I thought that you cared anything for him, I should dissuade you; but it's only a joke, and won't matter."

Miss Towne rose quickly and motioned toward the curtains, as the sound of men's voices neared the library, and, with the upward wave of the hand that wore the coveted ring, Mrs. Hillis swished behind the curtain into hiding, taking with her a little silver bell.

Miss Towne settled back in her deep chair as a tall, angular man entered the room. He had vivid electric blue eyes that were deep set under a very canopy of a brow, a high sharply defined nose, and an alert, whimsical manner.

"Things all nicely settled now, Danny?" she asked, smiling up at him charmingly.

"Beautifully, beautifully," he answered enthusiastically. "I knew we would catch Middleton if we could get one of Mrs. Hillis' dinners into him. By the way, what did you mean by saying that you were going away?"

"That I am, of course," returned the girl, easily.

"Oh, I call that too bad. Here I've just come home after six months of wishing I was here, and you spring

this on me the first thing. I'd planned some of our old jolly reads and walks together. I even made a point of getting back in the spring on purpose. Unsay those cruel words."

As Miss Towne laughed at the absurd intonation he lent to his speech there came the clear tinkle of a bell from the window.

"Hullo, central, don't ring off yet," he said. "What's that?"

"Our er—er—burglar alarm," said Miss Towne, dropping her eyes.

"When do you go?" he continued, sitting down with his back to the curtains. Turning in their direction as the bell jingled faintly again, he added, "That must be out of order."

"It is," admitted the girl. "Oh, I leave day after to-morrow. I shall be gone for about four months."

"That's nice, very nice. You'll be here just in time to wish me good-by again. Well! It can't be helped, I suppose."

"I suppose not. It is too bad, though." As she spoke a hand was extended between the curtains tantalizingly holding the ring.

"What a remarkable face! Is it a new wrinkle of yours or just incipient? If it occurs again I shall suspect the destination that you have shrouded so far in mystery."

"I was—I thought I was going to sneeze," Miss Towne explained with a nervous giggle.

Danforth turned to look at the curtained window, and as his gaze came back to her he caught her in the act of shaking a plump fist apparently at his head.

"Well, really! If you're going to get violent—" he said, after an embarrassing contemplative stare, during which she turned scarlet, fidgeted, and laughed. "Perhaps you will elucidate the psychology of these—shall I call them—seizures?"

"It was a—" "The sneeze, of course. Took you in the hand," he finished, as she hesitated. "More effective and less noisy than the old-fashioned methods. But," he added, with an air of concern, "it's a trifle incomprehensible until one is used to it."

"How silly," commented Miss Towne, meeting his eyes with affected scorn. As they both laughed repressively the bell sounded with a muffled clack. The girl stared over his head in the direction of the noise, which he had not noticed.

"Yes, I noticed that it was getting a bit thin," he said, regretfully. "But what is this sort of absent treatment for the scalp. I wouldn't rub it in if I were you. Besides, whatever your intentions, your conduct is strongly susceptible to explanation. In plain English; what is the matter?"

Miss Towne glanced at the hand that flashed wickedly between the folds of the draperies.

"This is leap year, you know," she began desperately, and stopped.

"Let me also add to this wild but attractive conversation," he began,

with a chuckle, "Columbus discovered America in 1492. Now your turn. One of your chief charms has been your unexpectedness. I've never seen you in better form. You are doing nobly. Don't give way."

Miss Towne covered her face with her hands. After a bit, in which she struggled for composure and won the battle, she wiped the tears of mirth from her eyes and began again.

"This is leap year, and—and I am going to take my rights."

"Bravo! Bravo!" he cried, languidly. "There spoke the right American spirit."

"Oh, hush!" she said, with an unwilling smile. "I shall lose my courage to—to—that is"—she stood up and moved toward the window.

"Well," he inquired, rising and facing her, with the ready appreciation of an expected jest quivering at the corners of his mobile mouth.

"Danny," she said, with frank seriousness. "We've been awfully good friends for four years. I don't love you, but I like you better than all the love in the world. You are so fine and straight and—and white. I think I would have asked you—Aunt Cora died last December and left me two thousand a year, so it isn't as if I was asking you to support me. If you hadn't a penny in the world I'd share what I had with you. Jordan and the others are rich, but I don't care for that. Danny, stop looking at me that way. Oh! this is too hard. Why don't you help me?"

"Do you mean what you are saying?" he asked sternly, laying a hand on her shoulder. "I am sorry—" he began in answer to her nod. His eyes roved beyond her, then he suddenly swung on his heel and paced to the end of the room and came back to where she stood with scarlet cheeks and compressed lips.

"There's a girl that I thought of for a long time, but until this last trip"—he spoke gently, looking away from her—"I have not felt able financially to speak. I am quite honest, you see. I intend to speak shortly to her, so I want—I thank you for the regard in which you say you—why don't you help me out?"

"I understand," said Miss Towne in a thin, bloodless voice. "I truly hope that she will be as kind as you want her to be. You don't think—oh, of course you will think that I am a fool. I wish I hadn't done this. I wish I hadn't."

"I wish you hadn't," echoed Danforth, looking at her with inscrutable eyes.

"I've spoiled everything, all our good times, our friendship, our—Mildred," she called sharply and swept back the curtain. "Give me that ring. I've earned it. Tell Mr. Danforth—tell him, and let him in on the laugh, too."

Mrs. Hillis dropped the ring in her palm and looked quizzically into her sister's eyes.

"It was perfectly fine," she said, with the utmost enthusiasm. "Don't you think that Louise is a talented actress?"

"He'll never believe it was acting," said Miss Towne, with her eyes upon the ring. "The curtains were not quite to the floor, and—" Danforth caught his lip between his teeth and laughed. Both women glanced up at him. In Miss Towne's face the color came and went, and her eyes dropped before the disquieting mockery of his look.

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Mrs. Hillis. "Fooled it myself."

"Let's see the cause of all this," Danforth said in a coldly impersonal tone. Miss Towne extended her hand and he took it, noticing that it trembled. "Very charming. Quite worth the jest. By the way, would you like to see the ring that I bought for—I picked it up in Florence." He searched in at least three pockets, and finally brought out a box and opened it. "It's a beauty."

Mrs. Hillis gasped and Miss Towne looked at it dutily.

"Lucky girl," she said, with frigid aliveness, and walked away.

"I wish that you'd put it on. I'd like to see how it would look and fit before I ask her to wear it. It's to be hers in any—contingency. Please."

With raised eyebrows and an expression of utter indifference, Miss Towne withdrew her implied negative and put on the jewel.

"It's too big, unless—it's too big for my finger at any rate, and I suppose her hand is smaller than mine."

Danforth stood, looking alternately from the girl's hand to her face. Then he turned to Mrs. Hillis.

"Do you mind my troubling you? I

wish that you would see how things are going in the library. Thanks."

As she kissed her finger tips to him he wheeled on Miss Towne.

"Now," he said, "let's start right. That liking that you have, for instance; could it stand the weight of that ring?"

"Danny, what!" She lifted her clear brown eyes to his. He saw her lips tremble.

"Is it all right, dear?" he asked. "I was—this previousness of yours has quite upset the speech I have had ready a long while. I don't know where I stand with you, but—"

"My rights, Dan. Will you marry me?" she cried, with a little laugh. Then she fitted her head on his shoulder, in an exquisitely comfortable way.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The City Flower Trade.

"People outside the trade have no conception of the enormous business that is annually done in plants and cut flowers in this city," said a leading Madison avenue florist. "On the principal main and cross-town thoroughfares between Fulton street and 135th street there are more than 200 large florist concerns, each of which pays a rent of from \$1000 to \$7000 a year and does a business of from \$5,000 to \$50,000 annually. The capital invested in land, greenhouses and stock in this city and vicinity is about \$15,000,000.

"The number of plants and flowers sold includes 500,000 violets, 300,000 roses, 1,200,000 carnations, 500,000 lilies of the valley, 60,000 miscellaneous plants, 100,000 bushels of ferns, 1000 cases of holly, 5000 cases of mistletoe, 200 cases of Princess pine, 500,000 yards of garlands and 800,000 wreaths.

"During the holiday season and through the month of January the assortment of flowers in the New York market embraces fifteen choice varieties of roses, six varieties of carnations, several varieties of carnations, orchids and violets in abundance, heliotrope, hyacinths, mignonette, primroses, azallas, forget-me-nots, the sweet elysium, etc. The amount of smilax used here is enormous, some florists estimating that from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 feet of this beautiful vine are made up yearly in this city.

"The general average of prices at the present time is for cut roses \$1 a dozen, except for choice specimens, which command fifty cents, or even a dollar each; calla lilies, twenty-five cents each; smilax, thirty cents a yard; heliotrope, carnations, bouvardia and other small flowers, about fifty cents a dozen; hand bouquets from \$2 to \$25, according to size and composition; table designs from \$5 to \$100; funeral designs from \$3 to \$150."—New York Press.

Death to Rats.

The finishing touches are now being put to a bill according to which 350,000 francs will be at the disposal of the French Minister of Agriculture for the purpose of exterminating rats in the rural districts of France. The method adopted is that of scattering among the haunts of these rodents small cubes of bread impregnated with a culture of bacillus that develops fatally in rats and mice, but is harmless to domestic animals; this system has been a great success so far in the department of the Two Charantes.

But, after all, to get rid of rats and mice from granaries, dwellings, cellars, and so forth, there are other methods, as efficacious and more simple. If one mixes plain lime with its weight of granulated sugar, and this mixture is left in saucers or small dishes in places infested by rats (but out of the reach of other domestic animals), it will be found that these rats, as indeed, most other small vermin, are very partial to sugar, and will readily devour the preparation; and the action of the lime, when swallowed, speedily proves fatal to the rodents.—New York Commercial.

Foreign Customs.

Dolls are displayed in the cottage windows of Serbia. They are intended as a sign to wayfarers that a marriageable daughter dwells in the house.

An imperial trade has been published at Constantinople, in which married Turkish women are commanded to discard all brilliant ornaments, such as necklaces and bangles, when appearing in public. They must be dressed with decorum and in accordance with the Mussulman law, the ordinance says, in default of which the husbands of women so offending will be visited with punishment.

WOS Y GIL TO YI YONK IK.

Across the sad and solemn sea
I reach a friendly hand to thee,
My brother in adversity,
Yi Yonk Ik.
I, too, have seen the lamp of fame
Snuffed out just when its rosy flame
Filled the wick.

I, too, have seen coy glory flit
Just when my name has made a hit,
And people tried pronouncing it,
Yi Yonk Ik.
The splendor that I made mine own
Now rests beneath a chiseled stone—
"Jacet hic."

Your name, with rhythmic clink and clank,
Was one before which others shrank—
Mine with more softness rose and sank,
Yi Yonk Ik.
My name was like a serenade,
Until some jealous lout or jade
Threw a brick.

My name was like a gentle sigh—
A song beneath the Southern sky—
But, still, we're brothers, you and I,
Yi Yonk Ik.
Although your name, when spoken, makes
A sound like Westinghouse's brakes
Clutching quick.

But, do not mourn. Rejoice with me,
For future ages still shall see
Our names a-roun through history,
Yi Yonk Ik.
Yes, Yi Yonk Ik and Wos y Gil
Shall through the coming epochs peal.
We can't kick.
—Chicago Tribune.

FLASHERS OF FUN

"Anything new about the war?"
"An unofficial dispatch has just been confirmed."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Shut your mouth,
And open your eyes,
And other people
Will think you wise.
—Life.

"You don't mean to say you girls have started a secret society?" "Yes, it's a society whose members pledge themselves to tell all the secrets they know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Citizen—"What have you done in that murder case?" Detective—"Well, we've jumped on to more wrong clues than any other set of detectives this season."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Dolly—"There's honey for tea." Bob (always glad to give Dolly information)—"Yes. Bees make honey." Dolly—"And who makes jam?" Bob—"Beetles, of course."—Punch.

Said a muscular Moslem of Muscat
To his cat, "Cat, you can't catch a muskrat,
And when it is plain
That a cat can't obtain
A muskrat at Muscat, cat must scart."
—Life.

Mrs. Nuritch—"I think I'll take this bracelet. Are you sure it's made of refined gold?" Jeweler—"Oh, yes." Mrs. Nuritch—"Because I do detest anything that isn't refined."—Philadelphia Ledger.

She—"But if you say you can't bear the girl, why ever did you propose?" He—"Well, her people have always been awfully good to me, and it's the only way I could return their hospitality."—Punch.

Holden—"You don't really mean to say that Miss Glover fell in love with Boliver? Why, he is never clean; his face and neck are invariably black with coal dust." Sheldon—"I suspect that is why she married him. In these times, you know, coal dust is better than no coal at all."

First Theatre Manager—"We have stopped printing jokes in our programmes. It had got so that patrons didn't listen to the funny men at all, but read their programmes instead." Second Ditto—"Why, at our house we print the jokes on purpose to prevent the patrons from noticing how bad the stuff is that's got off on the stage."—Boston Transcript.

Daughter—"Yes, pa, there are two young men who have asked me to marry, and both are nice fellows." Father—"And are both on a way to support you?" Daughter—"I think so. Phil tells me he has a tidy salary, and George says he is receiving good wages." Father—"You choose George, and you'll make no mistake, I think. At any rate, it's safer to marry a man who has wages."—Boston Transcript.

Advancement of Von Bulow.

Count Von Bulow, the German chancellor, is steadily growing in public esteem. Gradually but surely he is winning over political enemies, his progress in this way having been continuous ever since his appointment as right-hand man of the emperor.

Limits Priests' Revenue.

The London Tablet says Pius X has resolved that no priest's revenue from ecclesiastical sources shall exceed \$1,200 a year.