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THE GARDEN.

By THEODORE ROBERTS.

I.
Was ever worn so calm a port,
So sweet an anchorage as here?
For fifty years the same bent shrubs
Have flagged the sailings of the year.

II.
With ensigns of a peaceful race,
And signals not in any code;
Amid the currant-bushes hangs
A brown bee grumbling with her load.

III.
Was ever won so calm a port?
And yet—and yet, tho' no seas run,
Nor anchors drag, was ever heart
So sore affrighted under sun?

IV.
The sailor paced the garden round;
His brown hands plucked the hanging spray.
"I do not know the tides," he said,
"And wind's will is a woman's way."

V.
"What charts are there to help me now?
Where break the reefs I do not know?
I laid my course by sun and stars—
God's tested marks—a year ago."

VI.
"But now the gentle inland breeze
Wafts fitful down the ways of bliss.
I drift. There are no lights to guide.
A wilful heart my compass is."

VII.
The sailor paced the garden round;
The apple-bloom swung close beside.
"Is there no pilot here," he asked,
"To con me through this honeyed tide?"

VIII.
He turned, and saw her in the path—
Sweeter than all the garden bloom.
"I cannot find my way," he said,
"Through this uncharted garden room."

IX.
"The sun swims down a rosy fog;
And love burns lights I cannot read;
The choice means life—or death, and I
Know not which flower-flags to heed."

X.
She said, "Love's light should signal
Clear."
Was ever voyage so brave as this,
Sailed in an inland garden place
Between a heartache and a kiss?
—Woman's Home Companion.

being stout, could not wear. It was exactly the Reverend Mr. Lawrence's size, but being a surtout she questioned whether it would be the correct thing for clerical wear. The entire auxiliary set itself to argue this point, when the president stopped them.

"Ladies, we can discuss this matter later. Let me finish reading this letter. Where was I? 'Sheets, pillow cases, table linen, and—what is this?—a pale blue cashmere gown!'"

A pale blue cashmere gown! Had she asked for an automobile coat the request could not have produced more surprise. There was a deep silence. Even the president found nothing to say for some time.

"A little unusual," she finally said.

"Well, I never had a pale blue cashmere gown in my life," gasped some one.

"Pale blue! So perishable!" another said feebly.

"And cashmere! So out of style!" a third added.

"She must be some poor little country soul," the secretary said.

"Well, whoever she is she ought to be reprimanded. The idea of such worldliness in a missionary's wife!"

"He should have known better than to have asked for it!"

"The idea of our money going for a pale blue cashmere gown!"

So the comments went around, till everybody had had her say; some of them had two or three "says," and they were seemingly gasping for breath to say something even more severe, when a bombshell fell in their midst.

"Why shouldn't she have a pale blue cashmere gown? She is probably a young woman, and maybe has not a single pretty thing! Oh, gracious!" and the speaker grew so energetic that she arose and stood facing them, her face rosy with excitement. "I have helped with box after box in this society, and never have I seen a really pretty thing go into them. They are so deadly practical. How it will wear, how it will wash, whether it will show dirt—I sympathize with this young woman away out there among those Indians, dependent on us hard-hearted things for the little she wants. God knows," she added, even more earnestly, "where they get the grace to sustain them in their work. As for this gown"—her voice trembled a little—"let us give it to her. Cashmere is cheap, and just imagine her pleasure; and do you know, I think a pretty gown would have a cheerful effect on both herself and her husband. Perhaps it might even convert a few more Indians." She sat down, a little embarrassed by the feeling she had shown.

"We might make her a mother Hubbard if you are so bent on it," some one said doubtfully. "Made up plainly it would not cost much."

"But it mustn't be a mother Hubbard. I wouldn't doom even a woman living among the Indians to that. If we send it at all, let it be pretty. Let us put our hearts into it and make it a beautiful surprise for her. She will probably expect something ugly, if she expects it at all."

"I don't know why we should discriminate this way in favor of Mrs. John Lawrence. We have never done it before." A severe voice threw a damper on the proceedings.

"Mrs. John Lawrence," echoed another; "pray let me see that letter. Mrs. John Lawrence was an honor student in my class at college in 1890, and I believe I am safe in saying that there is no one here who could surpass her in either intellect or beauty. I remember now that she married a missionary enthusiast and went out to those wilds cheerfully." The speaker crossed the room rapidly and approached the advocate of the blue gown. "I will gladly help you with the gown, and we will make it beautiful as a dream."

How quickly the idea became infectious! Everybody to do something or to give something. It was almost as delightful as dressing a doll!

St. Mary's Auxiliary had turned out many a box, but never had anything aroused such interest as this new bit of work. It became a fad; with its silken linings, its dainty frills of lace, its "fagoting" and exquisite accessories, the beautiful Empire gown lay complete. The Auxiliary women who were packing the box stopped frequently to admire and almost to caress it.

"I hate to see it go," said the secretary.

"It has done us more good than anything we ever did. What a lovely idea it was!" the treasurer said. "I don't begrudge the money at all."

"Let me fasten this in." Some one bent over the gown and tacked in a little sachet of violet.

"And I must slip this handkerchief into its bosom;" another deftly tucked an embroidered kerchief into its folds.

"I have written this note to my dear old friend, and have told her what a pleasure this has been;" and the note, too, was pinned to the blue gown.

And so, with little final adjustment, and pats of admiration, the blue gown, soft and rustling and enveloped in white tissue paper, was put into its individual box, and shipped away, with more practical things, to the land of the Indians and the plains.

Mrs. Lawrence came home somewhat discouraged from her sewing school one afternoon, to find her house in great disorder. Everything was covered with clothes, it seemed. The box had come and her husband had lost no time in opening it. The street suit for which she had asked confronted her from the bookcase; dark, neat and serviceable. She examined it with enthusiasm.

"They were so good, weren't they, John?"

"Good! My dear, the Auxiliary is always good. Now, don't say anything about your brown sack with the black fringe! The Auxiliary—well, you know what I think of it! See! They have sent us everything, even to the last thing on the list—your blue cashmere gown!" He handed her the box.

"My pale blue cashmere gown! John Lawrence! You didn't really write that, did you? Oh, what must they have thought!" She sank into a chair, pale and distressed.

"I think the dress tells what they thought." He lifted the delicate garment as if it were a baby.

"Silk! Lace! Perfume! A train! John, I can't believe it is mine! And I can't help crying! I didn't mean it. I said it in a half-joking, half-cynical way, never thinking you would ask for it, and see how they have repaid me for my unfaith! Everything is so beautiful, so dainty! There's so much love in it, John! That's what touches me. It means the love of women who saw in me only a servant of God. When you write, tell them this means more to me than anything that ever happened."

Late that night she sat with her old friend's note. She had written a long, heart-full letter. She turned to her husband with moist eyes.

"I don't believe I ever told you before, John; but it is very sweet to be a missionary's wife."—Living Church.

MORNING IN JAPAN.

Outside the Big Cities the Ancient Practice of Early Rising Obtains.

The ancient practice of arising with the sun is still kept by many of the Japanese outside the big cities.

At five in the morning shojis are pushed slightly apart and bright faces look toward the East. "Ohayo! Ohayo!" (Good morning—or more literally, "it is morning!") says the polite Japanese, and bows with great friendliness and appreciation to the big yellow globe pushing its way upward in the sky. A murmuring of voices runs through the house. Down in the kitchen the noisy maid-servant makes herself heard. She is scolding her little army of assistants, for she, the chief servant and cook, has an assistant, a boy of seventeen, who in turn has a small boy assistant, who in turn likewise has an assistant, a still smaller boy. The chief servant scolds them all thoroughly. She would like to shake more energy into their lazy, sleepy bodies. "Hurry! for the Okusama (august lady of the house) will be down presently." She sends them hurrying this way and that, one to draw and carry water, one to prepare the dining room, one to sweep the verandas, open the shojis and let in the morning sunlight and air, and she herself sets to work upon the cooking. Thus in the hours when the average Western servant is sleeping the Japanese servants do all the housework for the day. Before breakfast the housework is done. When the honorable lady of the house descends to the honorable down-stairs the rooms shine in cheerful morning welcome to her; breakfast is on the lacquered trays which stand on feet a few inches in height. Before she breakfasts, however, the Okusama looks into the various rooms with the searching eye of the experienced housekeeper. If all is well she sweetly enters the dining room, and herself waits upon her husband and parents, and pours for them the morning tea.—Onoto Watanna in Harper's Weekly.

MUCH TATTOOED;

A Filipino's Cuticle Got Him Into Trouble.

A man was taken to constabulary headquarters yesterday whose body was an art gallery. His breast, back and arms had been rendered completely, antingating by tattooers, working under the skilful guidance of antingating priests. He was visiting his querdia in Manila when arrested.

He was not an unprepossessing native, but he had too many incriminating documents worked into his cuticle to be allowed to roam about in a wild state, so he was arrested as a suspicious character. He gave his name as Sylvester Gomez. His antingatings were above suspicion, as well as above price, and had they been worked on a garment, as is customary, he would have been despoiled of it for a curio.

Over his heart he had worked a conventional figure of an altar, with a cross superimposed. This, he said, was an antingating. On his right breast was a human heart, inverted, surmounted by a cross with three letters above it. When asked what particular brand of antingating this was, he only grinned the wider. It is believed that all this fantastic design is the reminder of some vow that he took during the insurrection. Three more letters and a cross were tattooed in the hollow of his back. He said that these were never known to fail to keep off diseases, and, indeed, it must be confessed that he seemed to be an extraordinarily healthy animal.

Then there were long disarrangements of the alphabet across his breast and all down his arms. They looked as if somebody had attempted to write a lot of seditious newspaper headlines in Tagalog and had run short of copy paper, and so had used Gomez for a writing tablet. He explained that these would keep off bullets, and they looked as if they would.—Manila Cable News.

Jade as Medicine.

Everything in China of any rarity whatever is certain to be dragged into the pharmacopoeia of the Chinese physician. Jade is no exception to the rule. It may be swallowed as a powder or in little pieces the size of hemp seed for various stomachic complaints. Even pockmarks and scars may be obliterated by being daily rubbed with a piece of pure jade. It is also considered to be of a moist nature, and we read of an imperial favorite of the eighth century who was cured of an excessive thirst by holding a fish jade in her mouth. And so when the tomb of the great commander, Ts'ao Ts'ao, third century, A. D., was opened 200 years after his death, among the usual objects found in such circumstances was a large silver bowl full of water. That the water had not dried up was accounted for by the presence in the bowl of a jade boy three feet in height.

Jade is chiefly brought from the K'unlun or Koulkun range, between the desert of Gobi and Tibet; from Khoten or Ichi in Yarkand, and from Lan-tien, on the Gelurtagh Mountains, still farther to the west. In the tenth century, A. D., the latter was actually known as the Jade hills district, though it does not appear that any jade has ever been found there.

Fast Steam Trains.

The recent experiments in Germany to test the practical speed limit of electric traction trains, has been followed by an investigation of the highest steam train movements by some students of that country. The subject was taken up by others connected with the University of Chicago, and results tabulated in a railway publication. The superiority of American train service was conclusively established. It was shown that the fastest trains in the world were run by the Pennsylvania and Philadelphia and Reading systems, between Philadelphia and Atlantic City—the Reading flyers standing at the head of the list. It was found that four different trains upon these lines, running between Atlantic City and Camden, make these high figures per hour, respectively, 64.44, 66.60, 66.92 and 67.96. The maximum speed shown by Europe was between Paris and Calais, 59.72.

Tea Making Simplified.

A demand is springing up among the natives of Ceylon for a new preparation of tea. It is soluble, and there seems to be a question whether its popularity is due to its being more economical or to the ease with which soluble tea is turned into a beverage, as it can be made with warm water only.

The Pale Blue Cashmere Gown.

BY SARAH S. PRATT.

HE Reverend John Lawrence sat at his study table, leaning on his elbow, his usually busy pen held idly between his fingers. He gazed far over the plains, a trancelike expression in his thoughtful eyes; he believed that the time was coming when those plains would be peopled, and, with the hopefulness which made his missionary life beautiful, he seemed to see the church leading, inspiring and ministering to these people. Already he had visions of a school wherein his own wife should be the ruling spirit; visions of a hospital, a guild-house and club-rooms, where these savages might grow less savage. Even the fact that thus far only one poor little wooden church building was to be found in many miles did not in the least interfere with his dreams.

How long he might have dreamed, no one knows, but he was recalled by a gentle voice calling to him:

"I am twenty-two inches around the waist, John, and my skirt length is forty-three. You know you asked me yesterday."

"Sure enough," he answered, with a little start, taking up his tapeline, which lay conspicuously on his desk. "I must get that letter off today; but I'd better measure you myself. You probably measured with a string. That's the feminine way, I believe."

His wife came in, feather duster in hand, and as he drew the line about her waist, he dropped a kiss upon her forehead.

"I hope they will send you something pretty."

Mrs. Lawrence burst into laughter. "The idea of anything pretty in a missionary box, John! Who ever heard of it? It's against the nature of things. Perhaps it is wicked, but I have sometimes thought that they made them as ugly as possible. Do you remember the snuff-colored dressing jacket with the black fringe?"

"Wasn't that pretty?" he queried. "I always thought it was very elegant, except when the fringe dipped in the coffee."

"You dear dreamer! You don't know what is pretty. You don't see anything but your beloved Sunday school and night classes and sick people. A rheumatic old Indian woman is beautiful to you if—"

"If she is a Christian! Yes, I admit it," he said gently; "all of God's creatures are beautiful to me, and one of them most beautiful," and again he gave her a loving caress and resumed his work.

"Sheets, pillow cases, street suit for my wife, clerical suit for myself, over-

coat—I hate to ask for that, but it is such a necessity in this bleak land."

He read once again the friendly letter, in which he had been urged to make known all his needs, assuring him that they would be supplied, so far as possible, by a branch of the Woman's Auxiliary.

These boxes, which had so irked the pride of many a missionary, never offended John Lawrence. He gave little thought to self. His Divine Master had lived on alms, and his own horizon was too rich, too broad, for any petty egotism to create even a speck upon it; but, he sometimes reflected with regret, his wife keenly disliked this phase of missionary life. He could not forget at times that he had taken her from a luxurious home; but had he not given her a greater opportunity to do God's work? And was she not doing it sweetly and uncomplainingly? He would try to believe that she did not care.

In the meantime, Mrs. Lawrence was dusting the sitting room, and she had come to a standstill before a little ivory miniature of herself, the price of which would almost have paid for everything in their modest home. It was made ten years before, when she had just finished school and was archly charming in that dainty gown. How becoming it was, and how much he had admired her in it!

"Alice, is there anything you want? We are to mention everything we need, and they will supply as far as possible."

"Yes," she called, a little sarcastically, "please tell them I need very much a pale blue cashmere gown," and then she smiled at the absurdity of such a request from a missionary's wife. "Imagine the consternation that would create," she thought, "if he really would ask for such a thing!"

She replaced the miniature with a sigh. Was it a crime to love pretty things? And would she ever have any again? Her trousseau was long ago exhausted, and now she lived and moved and had her being in black things and brown things, and all things that wouldn't show dirt. Oh, dear! but—blessed afterthought!—wouldn't she rather be the wife of John Lawrence in black brillantines and brown serges, than anybody else in the world?

The president of St. Mary's Auxiliary was rapping loudly for order. She was reading a letter saying that the Reverend John Lawrence would be deeply grateful for a suit, an overcoat, et cetera. It was when she came to the overcoat that the confusion arose; for one lady had a practically new overcoat which her present coachman,