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## LOST HOPES.

By E. Nassir.

And it is fair and very fair  
This maze of blossom and sweet air,  
This drift of orchard snows,  
This radiant promise of the rose  
Wherein your young eyes see  
Such buds of scented joys to be.  
A gay green garden, softly fanned  
By the hyaline breeze that blows  
To speed your ship of dreams to the en-  
chanted land.

But I—beyond the budding screen  
Of green and red, and white and green,  
Behind the radiant show  
Of things that cling and grow and glow,  
I see the plains where lie  
The hopes of days gone by;  
Gray breadths of melancholy, crossed  
By winds that coldly blow  
From that cold sea wherein my argosy is  
lost.

—Collier's Weekly.

## THE END OF A DREAM.

BY MAUD SHIELDS.

R. TRENTHAM sat alone at his dinner, although another guest had been expected. He had no appetite, so the dishes were sent away almost untasted. Looking up presently from a reverie into which he had fallen, he met the servant's serious gaze, and, with a half smile, rose, throwing his napkin on the table. "It's no use, Farrant; I'm too tired to eat," he said.

Plunging both hands deeply into his pockets, the doctor fell once more into his reverie, as he walked away slowly to the library.

Left to his own reflections, Dr. Trentham drew from his pocket a letter which he read by the light of a reading lamp. It was from his adopted son, Dick Earle, a rising young lawyer, between whom and the doctor the strongest possible affection existed; it was for this young man that the second place at dinner was always laid.

But instead of Dick to-day had come a letter. "I know," it ran, "you will be surprised to hear that I am engaged to be married; it has all taken place in a hurry, because she is unexpectedly going away."

And then it transpired that "she" was an actress, Eva Casillis. "I will look in on you in the morning," the writer concluded; "and will then tell you more."

With a slight frown Dr. Trentham replaced the letter in his pocket; he had hoped great things for Dick, who would marry, of course, some day—but an actress!

For some time the doctor sat motionless, gazing intently at the glowing logs—for there were faces in the fire to-night, and memories gathered round him with the dream of bygone days.

First and foremost the memory of a woman—the only woman he had ever desired to call wife. The day he had wooed her came back, with a quick heart-beat and a throbbing pulse. She was in the hayfield among the hay-makers—she recalled the turn of her head as she looked round to greet him with a smile on her lips. His ideal woman—then and forever. She had worn a pink cotton frock that had just the color of her cheeks, and a sunbonnet hung round her neck by the strings; leaving her head with its curling brown hair exposed to the sun.

One of the glowing logs fell from the fire and the dream changed.

It was October. She was coming down the lane, treading softly on the thick carpet of beech leaves, the red light from the setting sun striking between the tall trees and bathing her in light from head to foot.

It was the day that the letter had come from the lawyers telling him of his great-aunt's death, and of his sudden unreamed-of accession to her large fortune. His first thought had been of the girl he loved. He was rich; they need wait no longer; happiness was theirs. He could see her face there, in the hollow of the fire—not full of rejoicing, but of a sudden sharp pain.

The lines on his forehead deepened—and the flames sank low.

"A lady to see you, sir," Farrant's voice recalled him.

"An urgent case?"

"I don't think she is ill, sir; just drove up in a brougham," replied Farrant, offering a card on which was inscribed, "Mrs. Casillis."

Casillis! This must be Dick's actress, although he had said nothing of her being a widow. Anyhow, he would see her.

The servant ushered in a tall, elegantly dressed woman, who advanced with an easy grace into the firelight,

saying as she did so—with a very musical accent: "I must apologize for this late visit, but, to tell you the truth, I rather fancied you would be disengaged at this hour, and I wanted to see you alone."

"I am quite at liberty," replied Dr. Trentham, as he placed a chair for his visitor.

"Mr. Earle may have mentioned my name—may, do not turn the lamp higher; it is so nice to talk in the firelight. Won't you sit down again?"

She had thrown back her sable-lined cloak, disclosing an exquisite gown that seemed a mass of glittering jet. Some diamonds sparkled on the bodice, and one superb star flashed from the coils of her soft brown hair.

The doctor had been skeptical about Dick's actress—but this woman was a revelation.

"Dick wrote to me about his engagement," he replied, feeling almost reconciled to his adopted son's choice, but, judging that the lady must be at least ten years that impatient lover's senior—he was just seven-and-twenty.

"He will have told you that he has only known my little girl a very short time."

It was her daughter, then! He stifled an exclamation just in time.

"He mentioned that the acquaintance was a short one."

"It is. So, without a word to anyone, I thought I would come and talk it over with you. He is your son by adoption, he tells me."

"Yes; his father—poor Earle—was my greatest friend. Dick's mother died when he was born, and Earle just twelve years ago, when the lad was showing himself full of promise. He had no relations—and I was a bachelor with no ties, so he came to me, and we have been constant companions ever since."

"He speaks of you with the greatest affection."

"Dear fellow! He is the best fellow living."

"It struck me"—Mrs. Casillis leaned forward slightly—"that you might have some objection to his marrying—an actress—"

The doctor's face flushed quickly.

"And I wanted to know more of the man to whom I was giving my daughter—who is as dear to me as Dick is to you."

"Exactly."

"I reserved my consent to the engagement until I had seen you."

"I could not withhold my consent in any case—Dick is not dependent on me, you understand. Earle left ample provision for him—he is his own master in every way."

"But your wish would influence him, I am sure—if he thought you objected. I knew you by repute, and I thought—being a woman of the world—that you might look upon his marriage with an actress as a—a mistake—likely to influence his future."

"I admit that I think a rising professional man is better unmarried."

"So you remained single?"

"Precisely."

"For that reason?"

"Not altogether."

"Forgive me, I find I am cross-questioning you somewhat rudely. So you think Mr. Earle would be better unmarried?"

"I think Dick is the best judge of his own happiness. I merely expressed a general opinion."

"Perhaps you would like to see my little girl's picture"—drawing a small morocco case from her pocket, which, on being opened, disclosed the miniature of a girl's head.

Dr. Trentham took the case, turning up the lamp to its full height as he

did so. The miniature represented a girl with curly brown hair and sweet, trustful, hazel eyes. A pink sunbonnet was pushed back so that the curls fell in a cluster on her white forehead. His hand trembled, and his pulses beat quickly. Mrs. Casillis had risen and was standing beside him.

"Does she—remind you of anyone?"

At the sound of her voice he was in the hay field again—a young, eager lover—singing—

"And you didn't know me, Willie? I should have known you if it had been in another world."

"But you have come back—I always knew you would—my love—my love!" He had taken both her hands in his and held them tight against his breast. "I was dreaming of you to-night, Rosie," he went on, "and of that day we were haymaking—you remember—and now I am an old man!"

She laughed softly, triumphantly, because of the great love in his eyes.

"Old, dear? You have altered less than I thought. I must have changed sadly that you did not know me."

"You forget that in the dim light I hardly saw you—and in the old days it was a pink cotton frock."

She laughed again, she was so very happy.

"Clothes do alter one, don't they?"

"Yes—but it is the same Rosie, the same voice, too, now."

"Now—what of all these years? What of my ruined lonely life? I have a right to some explanation after so many years. Why did you go away when our happiness was in our own keeping?"

Still holding her hand, Dr. Trentham sat beside her on the sofa.

"I thought as you do, Willie, that a wife is a mistake to a rising man."

"You were very wrong—very wicked."

"But you said so just now yourself. Ah, my dear!—very seriously—"it was so hard, it nearly broke my heart."

He drew her gently to him and their lips met; then, quickly recovering herself, for the tears were very near her eyes, she went on:

"I was only a farmer's daughter, you know."

"And I a country doctor's son."

"I had to look after the house and dairy—"

"And I had to go about in one old threadbare suit all the year."

"Until the money came—that made all the difference. I was wiser than you, because I was a woman, and I loved—Ah, it would have ruined your career then, Willie, to have married an ignorant girl, with a limited education. So—I went away. There—instead of being a great city doctor, my dear, with a world-wide reputation, and godness knows what all—why you might have been only an ordinary practitioner, wasting your time over measles and rheumatism. Oh, you've a great deal to thank me for."

"I'm not a bit grateful. Go on."

"I couldn't bear the idea of giving you up altogether—so I took up nursing, which seemed in a humble way to be following in your footsteps. I was strong and energetic and had no trouble in getting into St. Peter's Hospital as a probationer. I spent some time there—and then went as matron of a nursing home in Boston."

"And there you married?"

"Yes—the doctor who had founded the home. I knew you were getting on—and rumor spoke of your marriage with a millionaire's daughter whose life you had saved."

"You knew it was not likely to be true."

"I—I couldn't be sure."

"But this man you married?"

"I can only speak of him with respect, Willie! He was many years older than I—a clever, wonderfully good man. He has been dead some years."

"So, with your child to live for, you forgot me?"

She smiled, but did not contradict him.

"By Dr. Casillis' wish she was educated in a Boston seminary. However, when she left school last year, she begged me to let her go on the stage—she has a lovely voice—and I—foolishly, perhaps, consented—partly because Mr. Enderwick offered her a part in the company he was bringing to New York—and I longed to return."

"Then we met Dick—it was some time before I heard from his lips that he was your adopted son—and a great longing came over me to see you, Willie, to know whether you had forgotten me."

The deep voice of the clock in the hall beat out the hour—eleven.

"Surely not eleven!" she cried, rising. "I am forgetting everything—but you

—I was due at Mrs. Aysgarth's at ten—and I promised to send the brougham back for Eva."

"I suppose Dick will look after her; I am not going to lose you again. After waiting all these years for you, I feel as if I cannot let you out of my sight."

She laughed merrily.

"I'm afraid I must go. Come and dine with us to-morrow. Dick is coming—and a few friends of my little girl's. We propose having a little dance—and some music, perhaps."

"The music of your voice is all I shall ever want to hear," he replied, placing the rich fur cloak around her shoulders and gazing lovingly into her eyes.

With such a charming mother-in-law for Dick, who could object to Dick's choice, even though she was an actress.—New York Weekly.

### Gutenberg's Achievement.

In the Century, Augustine Birrell thus characterizes Gutenberg's epoch-making invention:

The invention of movable types was the greatest distributive invention that ever was or probably ever can be made. It circulated knowledge among the children of men, and plays much the same part in human life as does the transmission of force in the world of physics. It was marvelous how quickly thought was circulated even in the age of manuscripts. A book like St. Augustine's "City of God" was soon copied thousands of times, and traveled through Europe after a quicker fashion than most printed books can to-day; but St. Augustine occupied a unique position, and hand-copying, though a great trade employing thousands of scribes, could never have fed the New Learning or kept alive the Reformation. The age of Gutenberg was an age of ideas, and demanded books, just as our day is a day of mechanics, and demands cheap motion, telegraphy and telephones. Gutenberg's first printing office is marked by a tablet. Go and gaze upon it, and think of New York Herald, the London Times and the Bible for twopence. The power of the press, coupled with the name of Johann Gensfleisch, commonly called Gutenberg, would be a fine toast, but I dare say Mr. Choate would respond to it after dinner in fitter terms than ever could the old-fashioned printer, who led a hard life and died dispossessed of his business and in poverty.

### Brittle Finger Nails.

For the people who are troubled with brittle finger nails there is only one way to cure them, and that is to begin at the root of the evil and feed them. Before retiring rub the nails freely with sweet oil or vaseline and wear loose kid gloves. The gloves should be perforated at the palms and the middle of the fingers to admit a free circulation of air. Wear gloves whenever possible while sweeping and dusting or doing other coarse work, for the texture of the skin is thus preserved and damage to the nails prevented. After washing dishes wash the hands in clear warm water, rinse in cold water, anoint the nails with a little vaseline and wipe away all surplus. Keep up this treatment of the nails daily for a month and you will see a marked improvement.

### Deafness Good at Times.

Senator McNery is afflicted with a certain degree of deafness. He can hear less at times than at others, it is said. At those times when newspaper men seek to draw information from him that he is unwilling to give he is particularly hard of hearing. It was during one of his deaf periods that he emerged from a recent executive session and was accosted by a correspondent. "Well, Senator, anything doing on the inside?" asked the newspaper man. "Yes, the weather is pretty bad outside," answered the Senator. "It's pretty hard on us old people." And he bowed pleasantly and passed on, leaving the newspaper man wondering.

### Eating at Night.

Every living bird and beast strives its utmost to cram itself with food before retiring for the night, and this food is digested as the night progresses. The evening feed is the feed of the day with the brute creation, and yet doctors tell us to refrain from eating heartily at night and even advise us to retire to rest with a more or less empty stomach. Are we following nature when following this advice?—Country Gentleman.

The only important independent States now remaining in Africa are Abyssinia and Liberia.

## THE WISE GNOME.

Within a deep and darksome wood there lived a learned gnome, And in an ancient saucepan he made his cozy home. His name was so impressive, it filled every one with awe— 'T was Diomed, Diogenes Demosthenes de Graw. His fame for wisdom was so great that even passing birds Would stop and listen eagerly to Diomed's wise words.

One day two little jib-jub birds were walking by that way. They paused and said: "Oh, Diomed, do teach us something, pray." "Ay, ay," the ancient gnome replied; "now listen well, you two; A bit of information I will gladly give to you. You lustrous luminary—empyrean queen of night— Our libratory, vibratory, lunar satellite, That rotary orb revolving 'round our sphere terrene, Is but conglutated curds, tinged chromium berylline!"

Although a bit bewildered, the jib-jub birds said, "Oh— Oh, thank you, dear Diogenes; that's what we wished to know." —Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.



"Debts become larger the more they are contracted."—Princeton Tiger.

Mrs. Ascum—"Have you still got that servant girl you had last week?" Mrs. Hiram Offen—"Which day last week?" —Philadelphia Press.

Johnny—"Maw's always talkin' about a hygienic diet. What is a hygienic diet?" Tommy—"It's any kind of diet you don't like."—Chicago Tribune.

Madge—"Physical culture is just splendid. I'm taking beauty exercises." Marjorie—"You haven't been taking them long, have you?"—Judge.

"Now do your worst!" the hero cried. Unto the villain bold They saw him act, and then they sighed, "He did as he was told!" —Washington Star.

Bacon—"All the milkmen in town use that bank." Eggert—"That would be a good place to look for chalk deposits, I suppose?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Rawhide Rube—"What are these here magazine guns, anyhow?" Hair-trigger Hank—"Oh, I s'pose they are the weapons them editors have to plug poets with."—Chicago Daily News.

He—"I understand Softleigh has been assigned a very difficult role in your amateur theatricals." She—"Yes, poor fellow! They gave him a thinking part."—Chicago Daily News.

Just what the effect of jin-jitsu Happens to be when it hitsu I cannot declare, But no matter where It lands, why it certainly gitsu! —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

First Commuter—"Oh, hang it all!" Second Commuter—"What's the matter?" First Commuter (bitterly)—"Let the conductor punch my fifty-servant intelligence office ticket instead of my commutation."—Judge.

The Heiress—"And I've been introduced to quite a number of the European nobility." Her Friend—"Thinking of marrying any of them?" The Heiress—"Oh, no. I don't intend to buy a title; I'm merely shopping."—Puck.

"One-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives, you know." "Well," she answered, "it's the ignorant half's own fault. Everybody has a chance to go around and find out when the 'for rent' signs are put up." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Private Secretary—"There's a Duke outside waiting to see you, sir." American Magnate—"I can't see him just now; there's a directors' meeting." "If you keep him waiting, he may not like it." "Well, give him half a million to keep him quiet."—Life.

"A man in your position is subjected to many temptations, isn't he?" "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "Every now and then he feels like letting his sympathies get the better of him and missing chances to make. But the only thing to do is to be firm."—Washington Star.

### Price on Heads of Pests.

At a meeting of the trustees of the Lutheran Orphans' Home at Reading, Pa., an itemized bill for \$1.39 was submitted by the "Rat and Mice Trust Company." Reverend Dr. Kuendig explained that he would pay the bill, as he had agreed privately to pay to the boys a cent each for all the rats and mice they caught, to rid the home of the pests.