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An Unknown Angel.

She walks unnoticed in the street;
The casual eye
Sees nothing in her fair or sweet,
The world goes by
Unconscious that an angel's feet
Are passing nigh.
She little has of beauty's wealth;
Truth will allow
Only her priceless youth and health,
Her broad, white brow;
Yet grows she on the heart by stealth,
I scarce know how.

She does a thousand kindly things
That no one knows;
A loving woman's heart she brings
To human woes;
And to her face the sunlight clings
Where'er she goes.
And so she walks her quiet ways
With that content
That only comes to sinless days
And innocent;
A life devoid of fame or praise,
Yet nobly spent.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Lost Wager

By H. G. Staines

So he has actually laid a wager that he will marry me before we start for Europe. One, two, nearly three months," said Mrs. Dayton, leaning back and laughing merrily. "Ah, me! he has mistaken me; I have had enough of matrimony, and my present life of freedom suits me."

"I admire the man's impudence," said her companion, Mrs. Harrington. "He has never seen you yet, has he?"

"No. Tell me exactly how it happened."

"Certainly! My husband invited his cousin, Harry Vaughan, George Coats and this irresistible Horace Cooke to dine with him yesterday. After presiding at dinner, I, of course, left the table after dessert; about an hour afterward I was passing through the hall, when I heard Mr. Cooke say:

"So this charming widow, Mrs. Dayton, has vowed never to marry again. I want a wife, and, from your description, I think she would suit me. What do you bet I do not make her break her vow?"

"Five hundred dollars," said Harry. "Done!" said Mr. Cooke. "When our party starts for Europe in May the charming widow will join the party as Mrs. Hugh Cooke."

"I went upstairs, but I determined to put you on your guard, for to-night, at our house, you will meet him."

"Never fear for me. I'll have him at my feet in a week," and again the silvery laugh rang through the drawing room.

Mrs. Harrington and Horace Cooke were standing a few hours later in the former's brilliantly lighted drawing room. There were beautiful women and handsome men all round them; but the star of the evening was not there. It was a fancy party, and Mrs. Harrington, a lovely little blonde, in a piquant flower girl's dress, made quite a contrast to the tall brigand beside her, whose fine figure and dark, handsome face suited well his dress.

"May I tell your fortune?" said a sweet, low voice beside the couple, and they turned.

One quick glance passed between the speaker and Mrs. Harrington, and then the hostess passed on to receive other guests.

"Stay, lady, let me tell your fortune?" said the gipsy.

"No, tell my friend's. Mr. Cooke—I beg your pardon, Conrad—you will listen," and she moved away.

Mr. Cooke's eyes were riveted upon his companion, and he mechanically offered his hand for her perusal.

She was a startlingly beautiful figure. Her scarlet skirt, short and full, was embroidered in gold with strong figures, and the tiny foot it left exposed was cased in a scarlet boot, embroidered in the same way. The body of the dress was of white muslin, made full, but cut so as to leave the neck and arms bare. A brilliant scarf was bound from the right shoulder to make a full bow at the left side. A turban of white was on the hair, which fell beneath it in rich black masses almost to the wearer's feet. A graceful figure, medium height, large black eyes, a rich, clear complexion, with a clear color, completed the picture.

"Your fortune," she added, as she dreamily scanned the palm of his hand, "to woo where you can—"

The waltzers whirled in between the couple, and when Mr. Cooke again looked the gipsy was gone. It was a long time before he saw her again; but at last he found her. She was standing alone near a table, lazily turning the leaves of a book. It was in a little sitting room leading from the drawing room, and she was its sole occupant.

"Will you not finish telling my fortune?" said he, coming in.

She started.

"Oh!" she said, "I dare not. My spell was so violently broken I am afraid to renew it."

"Afraid! I read your face wrongly. I should have said the spirit shining through your eyes scorned fear."

"So, while I studied your hand, you speculated about my face?"

"Could any one let such a face pass him and not try to read it?"

A low, mocking curtesy was the answer to the compliment. They stood an hour in the little room, and when Horace at length offered his arm to escort the lovely gipsy to the drawing room, he wished devoutly that the hour could have been doubled or multiplied indefinitely.

"Mrs. Harrington," said Mr. Cooke, meeting the hostess in the room, "when is the irresistible Mrs. Dayton expected to honor us?"

"Why," said Mrs. Harrington, "you have the irresistible Mrs. Dayton hanging on your arm. Has nobody introduced you yet? Let me do it. Mrs. Dayton, this is Mr. Cooke—Mr. Cooke, Mrs. Dayton. Now I hope you know each other."

Mrs. Dayton's eyes were fixed upon the carpet, but there was a world of mischief lurking in them, if her partner could have seen it.

"So I have, it seems, the enviable reputation of being irresistible," she said, at length.

"A reputation so well deserved as scarcely to merit repetition," was the reply.

A number of other gentlemen were by this time collected around Mrs. Dayton. Her skill as a fortune teller was now again called into requisition, and many a hearty laugh rang through the circle at the witty turns she gave to each one's cherished flirtation, or, as they thought, silent admiration.

"May I see you home?" asked Horace, as the rooms began to thin.

"Sorry, but I am already engaged."

"May I call to-morrow?"

"Ah! he intends to commence his siege in good time," thought the charming widow, as she gave permission.

The next morning the beautiful and witty widow looked even more lovely than on the previous evening. She received her guest with quiet, easy grace, and they chatted for some minutes on different subjects.

Then somebody made a remark upon the literature of the day, and from that they passed on to books. One author after another was discussed, quotations flew about as thickly as hailstones, and each was really trying to lead the other into deep waters.

Mrs. Dayton's thought was: "This man is no fool, in spite of his impudent vanity."

Mr. Cooke was thinking: "What a mind. Horace, that wager must be won. It is worth more than \$500, my boy."

From books they passed on to music, and it was an easy transition to the grand piano in the corner. Mr. Cooke took his seat at the instrument to recall to her memory a favorite air. His voice was good, his accompaniment showed skill and taste, and, bent upon dazzling the widow, he sang with feeling and power.

"Do you remember this?" he asked, touching a few chords of a duet.

She replied by singing the first notes. She gradually let her voice out in all its rich beauty, and his blended with hers. He sang low, listening intently.

Ah, Mr. Cooke, who is dazzled now? At last he rose to take his leave, asking and receiving permission to call again; and Mrs. Dayton took up a book, threw it aside, practiced a few moments, and stopped when she found

she was singing his song, walked out and returned home, wondering why she could not get "that man" out of her mind.

To say that their future intercourse was pleasant is a dull phrase to describe it. Each being bent upon making a conquest of the other, their best powers were exerted, their richest treasures of wit, accomplishment and thought displayed, and somehow Mr. Cooke began to feel ashamed of his wager, and Mrs. Dayton wished she had never seen Horace Cooke.

It was a lovely day in early spring that he called to take her for a ride, and found her sad and dispirited. Nothing would have made her confess it, but the gay little widow was in love.

They went out of the town, driving through an avenue of tall trees, when Mr. Cooke began to talk of love. It aroused the widow from her depression to ward the thrusts she felt he was making at her secret.

"Love!" she said, scornfully. "Bah! A schoolboy's first passion, before he leaves pinafores, is dignified with the name. An old man's dotting is called love!"

"Yet the holiest, highest feeling of the heart of man in his prime of power has no higher name," said her companion.

"Man in his prime of power!" she repeated scornfully. "I'll tell you how it is with men. From the time they walk to school beside the hoydenish girl until they are seventy they fancy they are in love. Every pretty face calls forth the protestation of the passion you just tried to dignify. They love fifty times, and to the fifty-first flame is offered the battered, worn-out heart as if it were brand new and fresh."

"You wrong us," he said, roused in his turn by her steady glance. "Though each admiration of boyhood and youth may call forth a passing feeling, it is evanescent, and passes like a ripple on deep water. But when the depths of these waters are stirred by the hurricane of real love, not calling for a return, it at least merits sympathy and comfort;" and he let his voice fall in a low, tender cadence.

Mrs. Dayton felt uncomfortable. The laughing response that rose to her lips died there. She longed to tell him her belief in his doctrine. They were going slowly along, each intent and thoughtful, when the scream of a locomotive startled the horse, and he dashed forward at full gallop.

There was a rush, a crash and they were on the roadside—the horse a mangled corpse, the carriage thrown violently back several feet. Mr. Cooke insensible on the grass, and Mrs. Dayton on the other side of the road, uninjured.

Mrs. Dayton sat up, and with a nervous, hysterical laugh, called her companion's name. He did not answer. She went to his side. He was white, still, insensible, and she thought him dead. With a wild cry she raised his head to her breast, calling his name.

"Horace! dear Horace! only look at me!" she pleaded.

Then she looked around for help. There was no house in sight. Mrs. Dayton was not a woman to spend many moments in useless grief. She soon recovered her presence of mind. Her vinaigrette was hanging at her belt, and she tried its effects.

Her companion was only stunned, and in a few moments he was able to feel her hand on his brow, hear her voice in his ear. He kept perfectly still, his eyes closed and his breathing low. The most delicious ecstasy was holding him quiet. The low, sweet voice, which would never before speak one word of preference for him, was now murmuring, tenderly:

"Horace! dear Horace! speak to me once more!"

A tear fell upon his face. He opened his eyes. The next moment he regretted it, for he found his head on the grass, and Mrs. Dayton at least five feet from him.

"Are you hurt?" she asked, quietly.

Had he been dreaming? Was this the voice that had said: "Horace! dear Horace?"

He sat up. He was not hurt, only stunned, and in a few moments he stood beside her. Her veil was down, and he could not see her face.

"How are we to get home?" she asked, pointing to the dead horse and broken carriage.

Her voice trembled now, and as the wind blew aside her veil, he saw that her eyes bore traces of weeping.

Horace forgot his wager, forgot their awkward predicament, forgot everything but his love, and he poured it forth in broken, passionate words. Her heart throbbed high with ecstasy, for

she was too great an adept in the art of flirtation herself not to be able to tell the voice of real feeling. Yet, as he went on, the scene with Mrs. Harrington occurred to her, and she stifled back the eager welcome her heart gave his words, and said, coldly:

"Enough, enough, Mr. Cooke! I am sorry to cause you the loss of \$500, but Mrs. Dayton cannot accompany the European party as Mrs. Cooke."

Stung to the quick, Horace stood silent for a moment; then he said, in a low voice:

"I was an impertinent fool. Can you ever forgive me?"

"On one condition," she said smilingly.

"Name it," he said, eagerly.

"That you pay your wager, own yourself beaten, and do not address one word of love to me until we return from Europe."

"I agree to the first two, but the last is very hard," he said, taking her hand.

"How are we to get home?" she asked again, abruptly.

"We must walk to the nearest house and then hire a carriage."

I will not tell you what they said in that long walk, but I know Horace paid his wager, and confessed himself beaten and bore the banter of his companions with great philosophy.

How the last clause was kept I know not; but early in the following autumn Mrs. Dayton became Mrs. Horace Cooke.—New York Weekly.

Men of Genius.

Havelock Ellis' studies of the origin and habits of the British men of genius show that most came from business life, many from "good families," so called, and few from the clerical profession. Of 103 men of eminence in ten centuries thirteen were the sons of carpenters, five of shoemakers, five of weavers and four of blacksmiths.

Browning's father was a clerk, and so was Bradlaugh's; Turner's was a barber, Carlyle's was a mason, Huxley's was a schoolmaster, Keate's a livery stable man, Knox's a peasant, Wolsey's a grazier and Whitfield's an innkeeper.

Men of genius are long-lived. Of those on Mr. Ellis' list more died between sixty-five and seventy-five than in any other period. Those living beyond seventy-five numbered 230 and those beyond eight 130, and twenty lived past ninety.

A genius is not often an only son; he is more likely to spring from a large family. Nor is he often the son of a distinguished father. He is sometimes a tall man. Twenty-six instances are cited of great men who were six feet or over. Among them are Darwin, Millais, Sir Walter Scott, Tennyson, Borow, Thackeray and Fielding.—New York World.

The Story Was Worth the Price.

A decidedly seedy looking individual, who had called to see C. Wesley Thomas, Collector of the Port, was admitted to the latter's office after a long wait.

"I called in reference to Mr. Blank's account," abruptly began the visitor. "I guess you remember him. He paid \$4.50 into the conscience fund about six months ago. I'm Mr. Blank's brother, and upon investigation I learn that the goods he smuggled into this country were only worth \$4.40. So you see he paid the Government ten cents too much. Now I thought that inasmuch as he was so honest and I am his brother, you—"

"That's enough," interposed the amused Collector; "here's your ten cents. That yarn is certainly worth the price."—Philadelphia Press.

Great Britain's Telegraph System.

To keep the 30,000 odd miles of telegraph line in order in Great Britain and provide for the proper despatch and delivery of the millions of messages that pass over them every month entails an expenditure of about £2,250,000 a year, and of this total more than £1,500,000 goes in paying the salaries and wages of the immense staff of engineers, skilled operators and messengers, and of those who direct their operations and keep the accounts straight.—Tit-Bits.

Lessening the Sentence.

A judge in Vienna recently had before him a prisoner against whom there were over 400 charges of theft. He was convicted of all of them, and if he had been convicted for the full term of punishment he would be doomed to 2500 years' imprisonment; but the judge's heart melted, and in passing sentence he took off 1000 years.

IDEALS.

Mom says he's good as can be—
So gentlemanly in' perlite,
An' she is awful sure that he
Would never throw a stone or fight.
She says he does as he is bid—
I think I'd like to lick that kid!

She says he never tears his clothes
An' loves to wash his hands and face.
An' when he's through with things he goes
An' puts them back right in their place.
I'm glad I'm not like him, you bet;
I'd hate to be a mommer's pet.

An' then he never makes a noise.
But plays at some nice, quiet game.
He isn't built like other boys,
I guess, but I am all the same.
I'd think they'd put his hair in curl;
He ain't much better than a girl.

Mom talks about him all the time.
An' wishes I was more like him.
She thinks I ought to be, but I'm
Afraid the chance is sorter slim.
I think 'at I 'ud just as lief
Run off an' be a pirate chief.
—Chicago News.



"He is the flower of the family."
"Possibly. He seems to be a blooming idiot."—Puck.

Although politeness is the thing
Japan is noted for,
It is observable they won't
Give up the seat of war.
—Yonkers Statesman.

Singleton—"I'm in a box. My wife's dressmaker has sued me." Doubleton—"You're in a dress suit case, you mean."—Cleveland Leader.

Willie—"Pa, what's a diplomat?" Father—"A man who, when he can't have his own way, pretends that the other way is his."—Chicago News.

"How gracefully young Skivett raises his hat." "I wish he could raise the price of the hat half as gracefully."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fine feathers may not make fine birds,
As we've been told, and still
They're pretty sure, just mark our words,
To make at least a bill.
—Philadelphia Press.

Young Author—"When I write far into the night I find great difficulty in getting to sleep." Friend—"Why don't you read over what you have written?"—Princeton Tiger.

Doctor Carver—"Is Jones all right financially?" Doctor Pillsber—"Oh, yes, indeed; why I should diagnose most anything as appendicitis that Jones had."—Puck.

Alkali Ike—"Is Bill really dead?" Cactus, Cal—"Sure; shot plumb through the heart." Alkali Ike—"I ain't surprised, then, his heart always was weak."—Philadelphia Press.

The honest old horticulturist carefully placed the largest apples in the top row before heading the barrel up. "There is always more room at the top," he said.—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Hatterson—"I wonder if it has paid to give our daughter such a good education?" Hatterson—"Paid! Why, of course. Don't you see from her manner how superior she is to us."—Life.

"I see that Mr. Zefferton is still running for office." "No," answered Senator Sorghum. "He assumes to be running, but compared to the others he's only sauntering."—Washington Star.

Uncle Pete Jimlet—"This is what I call a willin' team." Old Bill Ketchum—"Tis, eh?" Uncle Pete Jimlet—"Yes; the near hoas is willin' to pull an' the off hoas is willin' to let him."—Judge.

"Are there clubs for women in this town?" asked the suffragist from the East. "Certainly not," answered the gallant Westerner. "We can handle women without clubs."—Chicago Evening Post.

"Consider the porous plaster, my son," remarked the philosopher, "and don't get discouraged. Everybody turns his back on it, and yet it hangs on and eventually achieves success by close application."—Chicago Daily News.

French Canadians in the East.

The French-Canadians are overrunning the Eastern part of the United States, but they have not attracted attention, because they have taken no part in general politics.

A school for Germans is to be opened in Yokohama, where there are 400 Germans, mostly merchants. In Kobe there are 100 Germans, in Tokio only sixty.