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## BALLAD OF DOUBT.

Forever a-dream and adrift with doubt—the peace of the past forgot:  
And "He loves thee, heart—he loves thee;" and "Heart, he loves thee not;"  
The exquisite pain that is sweetly vain—that leaps at a touch, a sound;  
And "He loves thee not, dear heart," she saith, with the arms of love around!

Forever a-dream and adrift with doubt! She is there, at the garden gate,  
And she weeps good-bye 'neath a fancied sky that burns with the stars of fate!  
And she whispers: "Dear, I love thee. Be the pain and the grief forgot."  
But she heareth only an echo that answers: "He loves thee not!"

Oh, tyrant-love that tortures a life with thorns and fears—  
Her beautiful eyes contending forever with smiles and tears!  
He hath given her life's sweet roses—the lilies shall be her lot;  
But she winnows the thorn from the rose-leaf and weeps that he loveth her not!

And so they twain go sighing—sighing the world along,  
Where faith is a flower undying and love is a deathless song!  
The exquisite pain that is sweetly vain still throbs at a touch—a sound;  
And "He loves thee not, dear heart," she saith, with the arms of love around!  
—Frank L. Stanton, in the Atlanta Constitution.

## A Lazy Lover.

By Hattie Whitney.

THEY were out on the lake, Roy Adams and Ruby Lane, paddling about among the water lilies. He had just come as near proposing to her, and she to refusing him, as it was possible to do and miss, this being their customary daily diversion. Now he was watching her lazily. That was what irritated her so—his inordinate laziness.

He was large and blond, with placid blue eyes like a sleepy baby's. She was little and trim as waxwork, and her gray eyes were clear and keen. The exciting point of the day's program over, Roy had settled down to his usual comfortable nonchalance.

"I don't know what kind of a fellow you want," he grumbled, amiably, with an indolent movement of one oar, and somehow his laziest motion seemed to accomplish a good deal.

"I know," said Ruby, positively. "Let's hear about him," Roy proposed.

"He's brisk," Ruby replied, "and energetic."

"Think I've got him in my mind's eye," Roy gave the other oar an easy touch. "Small and bustling—and chippery, like the little cock sparrow who sat on a tree."

"He isn't like that in the least," Ruby sat up prim and stiff, and rosy with indignation.

"Oh, isn't he? Beg his pardon. Where is he now?"

"At work," Ruby replied, promptly, her tone implying a comparison between a man thus profitably employed and one who idled his time away at a summer hotel.

"Perhaps he has an object in view," Roy insinuated.

"Perhaps," Ruby admitted, demurely. "And—um—is the object to be attained soon?"

Ruby let her eyes droop toward the top ruffle of her blue organdie.

"I—don't know exactly; not before next spring." She was dabbling her hand in the lake, her eyelashes still slanting downward.

"Ah! Congratulate him, and everything. Shall we row over to that bunch of willows, or down to the little cove?"

For an instant Ruby wished she might tip the boat over, just to see if his exasperating equanimity would be disturbed even by such an emergency.

"I don't believe it would," she decided, in disgust. "He'd get us out if he could conveniently, and if he could not he'd drown with that contented smile on his face, as serenely as if he were a wooden Shem out of a 'oy Noah's ark.'"

Mrs. Albert Loyd was peacefully crocheting a pair of bedroom slippers for Mr. Albert Loyd, chanting such incantation as: "Chain two; double in second double; turn; five singles in loop; chain two," when her sister Ruby whirled in upon her, cast herself into a rocking chair, and rocked tempestuously for three minutes. Mrs. Albert viewed her quietly, suspending her crochet hook for a moment.

"Three singles in loop; chain two—been fencing with Mr. Adams again?" she queried, mildly.

"Yes," Ruby answered, "but I hardly think he'll care about fencing any more."

"No? Why not? Turn; five singles." "I practically told him I was—engaged."

"Dear me! chain five—and to whom? Turn."

"A person I invented." "You unprincipled little wretch! What did you do it for?"

"Just to see what effect it would have."

"Two singles—and what effect did it?"

"None at all. You couldn't stir him up to move an eyelash, whatever you did; he's too sublimely lazy even to lose his temper."

Mrs. Albert shook her head gently.

"You're off the track," she commented, unwinding more scarlet wool; "he may perhaps be guilty of always keeping his temper, and, let me tell you, a married woman would consider that a very good failing, but as for being lazy—"

Albert's friend, that little Mr. Higginson, who knows him well, says he works in his office like a galley slave ten months of the year, and although he has that lazy way and looks as if he were letting things go to smash if they want to, he has his eye on everything, and every move he makes counts. I shouldn't wonder if you've put your silly foot in it for once with your invented man. Albert says there isn't a more whole-souled fellow living than Roy Adams, but just because he doesn't hop around and fuss over everything like a banty chicken—as you do—you must get scornful and snub him. You've done it all summer, you know you have, and he's been as faithful to you as the needle to the haystack, or whatever it is a needle is supposed to be faithful to. You always were a fractious child, and you aren't a whit better now than when you were six years—"

Mrs. Loyd ceased her lecture as she found herself talking to a dissolving view of blue organdie ruffles and a couple of whisking sash ends, and returned to her chaining, doubling and looping.

Roy appeared before Ruby early the next day in his usual calm frame of mind and his boating rig.

"Think he'll object to your going out on the lake with me just once more?" he asked. "I'm going away early tomorrow morning."

"What for?" she asked.

"Have to," he responded; "vacation comes to an end to-night. Can you go?"

She ran out and slipped her boating hat on in silence. She was reflecting dismally that she must either confess her little romance of yesterday an unfounded one, or bid good-bye forever to this exasperating man, and she knew now that the latter was something she could not do and retain any shred of happiness. She waited, however, until they were out on the blue, soothing bosom of the lake. Then she rushed into it.

"He couldn't object, you know," she said, reverting to his remark of some time before, "because he's only fiction."

"A dream-man?" he asked. She nodded, blushing uncomfortably.

He hummed a bar of "When a Dream Came True," and settled back easily. Ruby looked down in silence. She was waiting for him to say something else—and he was carelessly moving an oar now and then, and apparently thinking of nothing at all. She noticed for the first time how strong his brown hands looked; they were not the hands of a lazy man.

They drifted along aimlessly.

"It was a silly story to tell," Ruby said, at last.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered, indulgently. "I rather thought you were fabricating. But you might realize him yet, you know."

"I don't want to." Her voice was a little uneven.

"Poor dream-man; sympathize with him, I'm sure. Like to have that pond lily?"

"Thank you, I don't care for it; let's go back."

He agreed amiably. "I ought to get back early," he said. "I promised Kingsland to come over and go fishing this afternoon, so we may not see each other again. Caesar, isn't this a day for fishing, though?"

Ruby's cheeks tingled as she walked silently beside him through the light, dry grass on the way to the hotel, while he stalked cheerfully along, making irritatingly pleasant remarks about the scenery.

They came to a standstill at the summer house on the lawn. It was empty, and Ruby did not want to walk into the crowd of people on the hotel porch.

"I'm tired," she said; "I'll rest a while, and we can say good-bye here."

He held out his sunburned hand and clasped hers closely for a minute.

"Good-bye," he said. "If you should come to terms with the dream-man, don't forget to let me know."

She watched him going across an adjoining field, as she fell into the big willow chair and began to rock. Then she looked off dismally toward the misty hills. They were dimmer than the light summer haze warranted.

"Only a summer flirtation—only a summer flirtation," creaked the chair, maddeningly.

She turned her eyes to the field again. She could still see the tall form loitering along. When it should disappear, the end of things would have come. He stooped, seeming to pick up something; then he turned slowly and began his easy stride back toward the summer house. It seemed ages before he reached the door and looked in, holding toward her a flower on a stalk, just a fringe of pale lilac petals uncurling from a tawny golden centre.

"See, I found the first aster, and came back to bring it to you," he said.

She accepted it silently. He looked curiously at her eyes. The rims were decidedly pink. He folded his arms and leaned against the door casing.

"Sure you aren't going to marry the dream-man?" he asked, after a casual survey of the landscape.

"Didn't I tell you there wasn't any?" "I thought you might be fibbing again. If there really isn't—"

"Well?" "Couldn't you reconsider things and take me, after all?"—New York News.

### Bathing in the Dead Sea.

"I have bathed in the Dead Sea and in Great Salt Lake," said a wealthy reporter, "and the strangest, oddest thing about each bath was the towel-ling that followed it."

"Do you want to know exactly what it is like to towel yourself after a swim in the lake or the sea? If you do, cover yourself all over with butter and then with a dozen towels try to rub yourself dry and clean."

"That will be an impossible thing to do, but hardly more impossible than to rub off the sea's or lake's thick brine. Really, though, it is an oil rather than a brine. After a bath in it you might towel and rub till you were raw, but your flesh would still remain slippery and clammy."

"Swimming in these strange waters is pleasant enough. In the Dead Sea I found that I could swim with my body out of water to the waist. You float like a cork, even though you don't move a muscle."

"Hence you would think no deaths from drowning ever happened there. Such deaths do happen, though. Dead Sea navigators, when their boats capsize, get entangled in the rigging. They perish in that way."

### Great Turtle.

When Mauritius was ceded to Great Britain in 1810 there was a gigantic turtle in the court at the artillery barracks at Port Louis which is still there, although almost blind. It weighs 330 pounds and stands two feet high when walking. Its shell is eight and one-half feet long, and it can carry two men on its back with ease.

### Youngest American Officer.

First Lieutenant R. E. Sniper, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is the youngest officer in the army, having been born in 1882.

### LONGEST WORD IN THE WORLD.

Used by Aristophanes in a Comedy, and Has 177 Letters.

"What is the longest word in the world? I am not rash enough to attempt to answer that question," said a well-known author to the Boston Journal. "There is a certain Welsh name of a place which reaches me every now and then, and which I have printed more than once, which is sufficiently formidable. I believe that the patient and serious Germans have turned out some verbal mongers, and it may be that the Chinese, the Russians and others with whose literature I am unacquainted have produced series of linked letters, long drawn out, which are called words. So I carefully abstain from saying which is the longest word in the world."

"But I think I may venture to suggest that there are not many words longer than one which may be found in Liddell and Scott's Greek lexicon. Here is the modest trifle:

"Lepidotemachoselachogaleokraniol-eiplanodrimupotrimmatsilphioparaomeliokatakechumenokichlepikossuphophatfoperisteralaktrunoptegkphalokigok-lopeleoiola goosraiolobaletraganopterugon."

"I hope I have copied it correctly, but there may be a slip here and there, and life is not long enough to write it out twice, and the good printer, in whom I have the utmost confidence, may be excused if he stumbles now and then. In English it ought to have 177 letters—there or thereabout."

"In its original Greek form it would not be quite so numerous, as 'ch,' 'ps,' and 'ph' are represented by one letter. The word is used by Aristophanes, who was a comedian, and who, therefore, must have his little joke, and some of his little jokes, by the way, are not quite nice. As to its meaning, the learned lexicographers state that it is 'the name of a dish compounded of all kinds of dainties, fish, flesh, fowl and sauces.'"

"It would look well on a menu, and I should like well to hear a badgered waiter trying to shout it down a long-suffering tube or a gentleman who has already dined fairly well bawling it out toward the end of the banquet."

### Sent For Her "Mammy."

A beautiful young lady, a member of one of the richest and most aristocratic families of Henderson, Ky., married a few years ago and went with her husband to New York City to live. The affection between her and her "old black mammy" was very tender, and the separation was hard to bear. After the young wife had settled in the East she determined to have "mammy" come on to visit her, and sent her the money for her ticket.

Imagine the surprise of the prim New Yorker when they saw an old colored woman coming through the station gate suddenly pounced upon by an elegantly dressed lady, who threw her arms around the old woman's neck and kissed her time and again. Dropping her bundles, the old woman seated herself on a truck, and drawing the lady upon her lap, tenderly stroked her hair and exclaimed:

"My God, my baby! I see so glad to see you, honey."

To her the fine lady was only the little girl, whom she had tenderly nursed in sickness and in health and on whom she had lavished all the love of her simple heart.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Big Things Found in Alaska.

Alaska is a big country and it has big possibilities. It has the biggest bear, the biggest moose, the biggest mountain sheep and the biggest salmon and grayling in the world. All of these are plentiful and can be taken under United States regulations.

Time was when Alaska and Siberia were thought of by many as synonymous, and without an idea of just what was meant by either name. That has all changed in the last few years, and now Alaska is not so very far away from Seattle. Moreover, it has been found to be anything but an inhabited and uninhabitable country. It is without doubt the greatest game country on the globe to-day, because it is the newest, and the conditions are right for the maintenance of game animals and birds.

The biggest mountain on the Northern American Continent is in Alaska and is well named Mount McKinley.—Field and Stream.

### Filipino Dainty.

The Filipinos eat large quantities of dried grasshoppers, and also prepare them in confections.

### INDUSTRY.

To the apt, said the lee,  
"Have you noticed that we,  
Each day without fail,  
In fable or tale,  
Are held up to youth  
To illustrate the truth  
That work without rest  
Is of all things the best?"  
"Well, yes," the apt said,  
As she nodded her head,  
"And it's all very well;  
But if truth I must tell,  
I'm tired of the trick,  
And it makes me just sick  
To work and to work  
With no chance to shirk.  
I'd far rather play  
Or do nothing all day,  
Like that gay butterfly."  
Said the bee, "So would I!"  
—Carolyn Wells, in Life.



Scribbler—"Have you read my last novel?" Cynicus—"I hope so."—Philadelphia Record.

"The rank injustice of the thing," said the centipede, "makes me sick. Here I am with a hundred feet, and I can't use one for a kick."—Chicago Tribune.

"De world owes every man a livin'," said Uncle Eben; "but he's got to hustle to prove de claim."—Washington Star.

He—"At what time in a girl's life should she be engaged?" She—"Just before she is married."—Yonkers Statesman.

Patience—"Does she ever speak of her family tree?" Patrice—"No; I think it was one of those shady sort of trees."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Did ye hear that Casey were in an accident?" "Phwat! Did he get married?" "Whist, no; not that bad; he only hed a leg took off."—Princeton Tiger.

Wigg—"I am satisfied that retribution will some day overtake the coal man." Wagg—"Yes, his scales are now lying in weight for him."—Philadelphia Record.

"I see they have made a new rule on the New York street cars." "What's that?" "They go by you on the near instead of the far side."—Collier's Weekly.

"Pedestrians have to travel in twos now." "Twos?" "Yes; one to look at automobile numbers and the other one to get run over."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"He boasts that he is a confirmed bachelor." "Perhaps he makes a virtue of necessity." "Perhaps, and yet, necessity may be its own reward."—Town and Country.

"What did the broker say when old Tightwad told him he wanted to buy an interest in a comic paper?" "Oh, he said he didn't deal in laughing stocks."—Yale Record.

"Are you carrying all the life insurance you want?" "No, sir; I am not. I am a baseball umpire, and I should like about—"

Edith—"Belle is insanely jealous of you." Sadie—"Do you think so?" Edith—"I am positive. She is telling it all around that you will never be able to support Cholly."—Town Topics.

A war correspondent named Guido was struck by a flying torpedo; a Red Cross brigade which came to his aid found only a sleeveless Tuxedo!—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"That man has studied political economy." "Maybe so," said Senator Sorghum, "but the injudicious way he spends his money at an election looks to me like political extravagance."—Washington Star.

Naggus—"They tell me you have written a problem play. Would you mind telling me what the problem is?" Borus—"Just at present the problem is to find some manager who will stand for it."—Chicago Tribune.

"Mrs. Dunkleton doesn't seem to be satisfied with her new husband." "No. She's discovered that he deceived her. He's one of those fellows that want a forty-horse-power tonneau sweetheart to settle down and become a mere run-about wife."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Appalling.

Our sufferings were appalling. For two days food and water had failed us.

And now the road was become so rough that at times our touring car, staunch and powerful though it was, could not keep ahead of its smell. We had faced death before, but never a death like this.—Puck.