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FAIR INES.

O saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest;
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivaled bright;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gayly by thy side,
And whispered thee so near!
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With hands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a beauteous dream—
If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sang farewell, farewell,
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before;
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blessed one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

—Thomas Hood (1798-1845).

gle white rose ready to scatter its petals. This she plucked; then, passing through the gateway, crossed the street.

The Lorton house was an old-fashioned one, with a street door at the end of an open entrance. Through this doorway Miss Phoebe entered and advanced along the passage, made dark and gloomy by the dense, untrimmed growth of shrubbery in the little side yard.

Approaching the door of what was probably Mr. Lorton's sleeping room, she tapped gently upon the panel.

After a moment a weak voice from within said, "Come in."

Miss Phoebe hesitated a moment, while she felt the blood rush to her temples; then she firmly turned the knob and entered.

At the sound of her step the figure turned, revealing the dazed, fever-brightened eyes of Mr. Lorton; then a hand wandered toward a table that stood at the head of the bed, and on which rested a pitcher of water, a goblet—and, yes, Miss Phoebe drew a long breath as she saw that the hand was reaching for a little box in which lay the long-severed petals of a once red rose.

With a swift impulse Miss Phoebe placed the white rose over the withered petals of the red one. Then laying her cool hand on the hot fingers of the sick man, she said gently:

"You are ill. Why didn't you send for some one—for me?"

The eyes of the sick man met hers with a half-dazed expression. Then he turned to the wall.

"I know you," he muttered. "You seem real, but you're not—you with your white rose—"

"Listen," she said. "I'm going to send for a doctor now—at once—and then I will come back and take care of you."

Again the fevered eyes turned to hers, and again they sought the wall.

"No use," murmured the hoarse voice, "no use to live; no future—no one who cares—only red roses—red roses—"

But his visitor, her soft gray eyes misted with tears, was already hurrying across the road; and, although it was dark, Dinah was dispatched at once for a doctor, while Miss Phoebe, hastily gathering from her stores such remedies as she thought might relieve the sick man, hastened back to his bedside.

For more than a fortnight Mr. Lorton lay in the grip of the fever, attended daily by the physician, and hourly by a gray-haired little woman, who always wore in the folds of her dark gown a single white rose.

Three weeks from the night that his neighbor made her first call he had improved so rapidly that Miss Phoebe ceased from her visits, though each day she sent Dinah with little delicacies and cordial inquiries. Finally, one golden autumn evening, Mr. Lorton took his first walk down the road; an occasion long remembered by the neighbors, who remarked with delight the old kindly smile and his wonted pleasant though short bow of greeting.

Miss Phoebe had no thought of his return until she looked up and saw him pausing before the gate. As his eyes met hers she flushed ever so slightly, stammered some little phrase of pleasure for his recovery and then turned toward the house.

"Phoebe," said Mr. Lorton.

"Well, John?"

He put out his hand, in which she allowed her own to rest for a moment.

"Phoebe, it's twenty-five years since—since we used to stand and talk here together at sunset; but—is the little postoffice still open in the old gatepost?"

"It is open now; but, oh, John!" exclaimed Miss Phoebe, burying her face in her hands, "I did not get your last letter until the day before I found you ill."

"Phoebe! Phoebe!" cried Mr. Lorton, gently drawing her hands away from her face. The tears stood in her eyes, and John thought them a gentle shower that freshened the springtime beauty of her life.

"Have you got the letter now? Let me see it?"

He drew open the gate and went inside, while Miss Phoebe took the little scrap of paper from her bosom and gave it to him.

The letter was undated and read:

"My Dear Phoebe—You tell me you are going away in the morning to be gone a whole month, a length of time that to me will seem a whole year. I feel that I cannot let you go away without some token. I have tried to ex-

press, not only in words, but in a thousand other ways, my consuming love for you. Now, O Phoebe, blest angel of my dreams! send me a simple token before you go. Will you be my wife? May I hope? If I may, then send me a pure white rose; if I must no longer hope, then send me the blood-red rose, that I may see in it my own poor bleeding heart. Your ever devoted

"JOHN."

Mr. Lorton's hand which held the letter dropped to his knee.

"And, Phoebe, you sent me a red rose that evening."

"Oh, John, how could I know? It was by chance that I sent it as a token of remembrance. Then for some reason we went away that night instead of the next day, so that I never thought to look in the letter box. When I came back a month later the bluebirds had settled there, and it was only by accident that I ever received your letter, twenty-five years after it was written!"

Then, in a few broken phrases, she told of how the long concealed bit of paper had been discovered, and of how, on the afternoon she found him ill, she had covered the withered petals of the red rose on his table with a fresh white one.

But before she could finish Mr. Lorton was close at her side, his hand outstretched.

"Phoebe," he said hoarsely, "if—if it was for mere common charity you brought me that rose, then give me—give me now the answer I've missed all these years."

Without a word Miss Phoebe reached out a trembling hand to a nearby rosebush. Plucking the flower slowly, carefully, she held it out—still without a word. Quite as silently the man closed his fingers about that symbolic blossom and about the hand that gave it. And straightway in the face of both there dawned the look of those for whom the world had suddenly turned back through twenty-five years, and for whom the bluebirds sang with all the ecstasy of long past springs.—New York News.

WONDERFUL NATURAL BRIDGE.

Solid Arch Over Three Hundred Feet Wide Spanning a Utah Canyon.

Here, across a canyon measuring three hundred and thirty-five feet seven inches from wall to wall, nature has thrown a splendid arch of solid sandstone, sixty feet thick in the central part and forty feet wide, leaving underneath it a clear opening 357 feet in perpendicular height. The lateral walls of the arch rise perpendicularly nearly to the top of the bridge, when they flare suddenly outward, giving the effect of an immense coping or cornice overhanging the main structure fifteen or twenty feet on each side and extending with the greatest regularity and symmetry the whole length of the bridge. A large rounded butte at the edge of the canyon wall seems partly to obstruct the approach to the bridge at one end.

Here again the curving walls of the canyon and the impossibility of bringing the whole of the great structure into the narrow field of the camera, except from distant points of view, render the photographs unsatisfactory. But the lightness and grace of the arch is brought out by the partial view which Long obtained by climbing far up the canyon wall and at some risk crawling out on an overhanging shelf. The majestic proportions of this bridge, however, may be partly realized by a few comparisons. Thus its height is more than twice and its span more than three times as great as those of the famous natural bridge of Virginia. Its buttresses are 118 feet further apart than those of the celebrated masonry arch in the District of Columbia, known as Cabin John Bridge, a few miles from Washington city, which has the greatest span of any masonry bridge on this continent. This bridge would overspan the Capitol at Washington and clear the top of the dome by fifty-one feet. And if the loftiest tree in the Calaveras Grove of giant sequoia in California stood in the bottom of the canyon its topmost bough would lack thirty-two feet of reaching the under side of the arch.

This bridge is of white or very light sandstone, and, as in the case of the Caroline, filaments of green and orange-tinted lichens run here and there over the mighty buttresses and along the sheltered crevices under the lofty cornice, giving warmth and color to the wonderful picture.—From W. W. Dyar's "The Colossal Bridges of Utah," in the Century.

THE BOY AGAIN.

The boy stood on the burning deck
And viewed with scorn the scene,
Until he read his finish in
The powder magazine.
—Indianapolis Sun.

FLASHES OF FYFA

"You can't do two things successfully at the same time." "I did." "What did you do?" "Spent my money and my vacation."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A barytone singer out West
Was reckoned as good as the best.
The tones that he made
Were liquid, folks said,
Because they all came from the chest.

He—"What, after all, induced you to accept me?" She—"Well, you proposed to me as if you sort o' had some other girl in view."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Mrs. Lonelee—"Weren't you surprised, uncle, to hear that poor Harry had left me a widow?" "That's about all I expected he would leave you."—Life.

"Ah, me!" exclaimed Hardup, "it's very hard to be poor." "Nonsense!" replied Sinnick. "I find it the easiest thing in the world."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"A man was buried the other day to the tune of 'Bedella,'" "Perhaps he wanted it played at a time when he couldn't hear it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Edith—"When I accepted Jack he said he was in the seventh heaven of happiness." Ethel—"Quite likely—he's been engaged to six other girls this season."—Puck.

They lynched a young lady in Me
Whose face was so painfully ple.
That man from Augusta,
Said, "Lady you must 'a'
Felt sure you were living in ve.

Giles (who has been rendering "first aid" to wrecked motor cyclist)—"Now, marm, I don't think as 'e be a married man, 'cos 'e says this be the worst thing wot 'as ever 'appened to an'!"—Punch.

"Are you going to the seashore this summer?" "No," answered the tired-looking man. "There's no use of going myself. I can send the money every week by registered letter."—Washington Star.

Shinestand Customer—"Why do you charge only a nickel for a shine, my lad?" Shinestand Kid—"So that th' guy wid only a dime 't spend will hev a nickel left fer a tip—see?"—Baltimore American.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is an investigation?" "An investigation, my son, is usually an effort to locate the responsibility for a disaster after it's too late to make any difference."—Washington Star.

"Did Miss Gillington's wedding to Count Graff de Swag turn out to be a happy one?" "Yes, old Gillington said it turned out better than any other wedding of an American heiress and a foreign nobleman he had heard about. The count deserted her the day after the wedding."—Baltimore World.

Hicks—"Pulling, the dentist, has brought suit against one of his patients for damages caused by the extraction of one of the patient's teeth." Wicks—"Guess you mean the patient has brought it against the dentist." Hicks—"Mean what I said. Dr. Pulling declares that he was over-persuaded by his patient, and estimates if the tooth had been left in it would be worth at least a hundred and fifty dollars to him keeping it in working order."—Boston Transcript.

Bessie—"Do you know, I believe I'm a half-fool and I guess Harry is the other half." Kitty—"Not very complimentary to either of you." Bessie—"I suppose not, but I mean it, all the same. Harry was up to see me last evening, and by some accident or other the electric light got turned off. And, if you will believe it, we sat there in the dark for at least two hours, it never occurring to either of us that it could be turned on again in half a second."—Boston Transcript.

The Fish and the Voice.

Fine voices, it is said, are seldom found in a country where fish or meat diet prevails. Those Italians who eat the most fish (those of Naples and Genoa) have few fine singers among them. The sweet voices are found in the Irish women of the country, and not of the towns. Norway is not a country of singers, because they eat too much fish; but Sweden is a country of grain and song. The carnivorous birds croak; grain-eating birds sing.

THE GARDEN LETTER-BOX. C. S. REID.

THE

HE big, square, weather-worn house looked in its silence and isolation like the relic of a long dead past. Not the abandoned relic, however, for the hand of a painstaking florist and gardener was in evidence in the little yard on which the house fronted.

In spite of the flowers, however, there was such an atmosphere of sacred quiet about the house that except for the presence of aabby cat on the step, it would have seemed to be uninhabited. But any urchin along the street could have told you who lived there; it was "Miss Phoebe," while the question, "How long has she lived there?" would invariably have brought the answer, "She's always lived there."

Just across the road from Miss Phoebe's residence stood a plain, grim, old two-story building, whose front doorstep abutted on the pavement. As of the other house across the way, any one in the neighborhood could have told you who the occupant was, and of him, too, would have said that he had always lived there.

Certainly every morning for more than twenty-five years Mr. Lorton had been seen to issue from his front door punctually at 7 o'clock, in order to ride to the station in the old bus which passed at that hour. And from her window Miss Phoebe had watched his departure each morning, and noted his return at evening, by the faint glow of a light through the chinks of the ever-closed blinds.

Thus had passed twenty-five years, when one morning there occurred an unprecedented break in the chain forged by long habit; the old bus passed down on its 7 o'clock trip, and Mr. Lorton failed to make his appearance. Naturally, Miss Phoebe was moved from her wonted placidity, as one planet in a system is disturbed by the least erratic movement of another in its orbit.

All through the long hours of the morning she watched the door of the house across the street for the appearance of its owner, but at last she was forced to conclude that some important engagement must have called him forth before the fixed hour of his rising.

Late in the afternoon she went about the garden attending the flowers with her usual care. There was a small square hole in the side of one of the gateposts, where a pair of the prettiest of the blue-coated songsters had nested every year, feeling secure from molestation under Miss Phoebe's kindly protection.

From time to time Miss Phoebe glanced at the closed house over the way. It was silent and still. It was not yet time for the return of Mr. Lorton, if he had gone away that morning.

While Miss Phoebe was leaning against the little gate, her spirit drifting with the gentle current of happy memories, she was suddenly startled from her dreamland voyage by a strange noise in the post at her side.

Quickly she glanced around, just in time to see a rat leap from the little square hole in the post, dragging with it to the ground the debris of a bluebird's nest of the season past. The agile rodent scampered away among the ground clinging vines, and Miss

Phoebe stooped down to pick up the nest. It seemed the first time that the little square hole had ever been empty; and as she rose she stopped to peer into the long-inhabited shelter of the nesting birds, now cleared of its little specimen of bird architecture. As she glanced into the cavity, her eye caught sight of some white object far back in its depths. After trying in vain to make out what it was, she picked up a little stick, and thrusting it into the hole, encountered—what? It seemed only a piece of waste paper, yet at the sight of it Miss Phoebe straightened up and leaned forward with one elbow placed on top of the old fence post, while her breath came and went in little quick gasps.

With an effort she roused herself, and this time dragged the little paper from the hole. Perhaps the bluebirds had carried it in, and finding it unavailable for their use, had pushed it to the rear out of their way. At any rate, it had evidently lain there for many years, as the curves of the water marks were brown with age. Half eagerly, half fearfully, she unfolded the little sheet, and, although the twilight was deepening, and Miss Phoebe's eyes were not as strong as they once were, she read on till the last faded letter was deciphered. Then, without a sound, she sank down and buried her face in her hands.

It was almost dark when Miss Phoebe finally dragged herself from the damp grass and entered the house. Once inside the stately old drawing-room, she drew the folded paper from her bosom, and again read it over, while tears coursed slowly down her cheeks.

She approached an old brown cabinet which stood in a corner of the room, and, taking therefrom a little rosewood casket, laid the scrap of paper within it.

Then she turned out the light and crept to the window, where she sat looking out across the way. Evidently she was still uneasy about her neighbor, for there was no light from his window, nor did one appear while Miss Phoebe watched, although it was late when she retired.

The following morning she again took her place by the window. But the bus passed and Mr. Lorton had not appeared.

During the day Miss Phoebe called Dinah to her room.

"Dinah," she said, "I believe something has happened to Mr. Lorton, or he's ill over there in that house all alone."

"I spec' you said it 'bout right, Miss Phoebe, 'cause I ain' seen 'im to-day, nor yistiddy, neither."

"Oh, Dinah, it would be awful if he should die there all alone," and Miss Phoebe turned away her head.

The afternoon wore away. At length the shadows began to grow long and the anxiety of Miss Phoebe's charitable heart overcame her patience.

"Dinah," she said, as she passed through the hall, "I am going to Mr. Lorton's. I feel that it is my duty, for I am sure he must be ill; and think, Dinah, if he should die there with no one—surely the sweet voice trembled—"with no one to hear his last words."

Out in the yard she sought among the late flowers until she found a sin-