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"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

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V. L. XV.

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NO. 37

Why shrink from me?—oh, rose, tut, tut!  
I walk with no poetic strut.  
Behold!—my clothes are quite in style,  
Observe!—my hair's of recent cut.  
I gaze at you without a wink,  
I say: "A pretty shade of pink—  
A meritorious sort of plant  
When taken all in all, I think.

"A bit too pale—a trifle faint—  
I should suggest a touch of paint  
to brighten up the spots on you  
When nature showed undue restraint."  
As by you on the grass I lie  
I feel no symptoms of a sigh,  
Although I note your perfume sweet,  
My spirits stay extremely high.  
And yet—your blush, your dainty pose,  
The bashful way your petal's close,  
Remind me of—oh, pardon me—  
I promised not to, gentle rose.  
—Thomas Ybarra.

## AUNT PATTY'S BALANCE.

**D**IDN'T I go quick?" "Well, tolerable," said Aunt Patty, passing the whisk which she had just pulled out of thumb and finger to see if the loaf was thoroughly done.

"And I can go to Jessie Wells' this afternoon, can't I? You promised."

"No, Martha, I didn't quite promise."

"But I ran every step of the way, indeed I did, auntie; and I made all the beds and dusted."

There was a tremor in Martha Parker's voice, and the tears came almost into her eyes.

"I'll tell you at noon. There, it is ten minutes to nine, and you will be late to school if you do not start this instant."

"But, Aunt Patty—"

"If you stop for another word, you cannot go at all. How often have I told you about answering back?"

Martha picked up her two books and whirled herself out of the door like a tornado, without a word of good-morning.

"The cross old thing!" she half sobbed, as she went out of hearing. "She never does let me do anything! I may try and try, and it doesn't amount to a row of pins. And if I can't go to that croquet party I'll be just as bad as ever I can be."

I think Martha commenced right away. She climbed over the fence and ran down into the lot for an apple, and what with that and the eating of it she was late for school.

"My aunt sent me to do an errand," she said to Miss Lewis.

"Well, you must bring a note, then, or lose a mark. I want you to understand that school begins promptly at nine."

That made Martha still more cross. She slammed the lid of her desk and then hurried out to take her place in her class. It was spelling, and the very first word she missed, and had to go down one. And then she "didn't care" in real good earnest, and she was a very troublesome child until twelve o'clock.

When she went home to dinner she found Grandma Fields sitting by the open window in Aunt Patty's tidy kitchen. Now Grandma Fields really was not grandmother to anybody, but she was old and sweet and pretty, with a wrinkled face and snow-white hair; a gown of good drab, that, though it was made in the fashion of her young days, had almost come round again. It was gored, plain waisted, and with coat sleeves; but it had no ruffles nor bugles. Then she had a silvery-colored kerchief crossed over her bosom, and a white lawn cap, and altogether she was as attractive-looking as any grandmother you would wish to see. She had not a relation in the world, and yet everybody's house was open to her, and she visited about, sewing and knitting and darning, and sometimes taking care of sick people. She was seventy, but she did not seem old. There was always a great stack of invitations ahead of her, and two months ago Miss Patty Parker had sent for her.

"She does so enjoy harvest apples," said Miss Patty, "so let us have her here right in the first of them. And it will give me a good start with all the clothes and bedding and stockings."

Aunt Patty kept house for her brother, Mr. Nathan Parker. He was a very comfortable farmer, a widower with three boys and one girl. A very clean, orderly, upright woman was Aunt Patty, but somehow—

Nathan was so careless, so dilatory,

The children were headies, impertinent, idle, and, try her best, she never could make anything of them. She worked very hard, and she used to get very much discouraged. This was her side of the story.

Farmer Parker came in delighted to see the placid, cheerful face of his guest. Did I tell you she was a Quaker? Well, she was, through there was no Friends' meeting within twenty miles, so it wasn't her Sunday church-going that kept her in such a tranquil state.

Behind the farmer came his eldest son, George, about seventeen. He had been to the mill and the store that morning, and put down the basket. Aunt Patty began to unpack at once.

"Will that calico do? The other was all sold. This is the same pattern, but it has a pink flower instead of a lilac. I like it better."

"It doesn't look like a good wash pink," and Aunt Patty viewed it critically.

"But it was for my bed, and I liked it," said George, with a deprecating effort to smooth matters over.

"And it is not as good quality. If you can't do just what you are told, you had better do nothing. And you didn't get lemon extract!" taking up a bottle.

"You said I might get lemon or vanilla—Tom begged for vanilla."

"As if Tom's wants were to rule the household."

"And here is a whisk broom. You were saying that you needed one, you know."

"But what made you get a red one? I have told you several times, George, that green whisks were always the best. And there was not the slightest hurry about it. I would rather have chosen it myself."

And so Aunt Patty went through the purchases. Nothing quite suited. Meanwhile Davie and Martha came home from school. Tom was working for a neighboring farmer. The family sat down to their meal, and Grandma Fields said her brief Quaker grace.

"Did you know all your lessons?" asked Aunt Patty. Martha hung her head. "I did hope you would have one good week, Martha; you never seem to get full marks."

"And she was late," said Davie. Martha swallowed over a great sigh. "There was no need of your being late, Martha. Next time don't stop and argue."

"Of course I can't go now, anyhow," thought Martha; but she arose and began to help clear the table.

"Maybe thee would like to look over thy lesson?" said grandma, in her soft tone.

"There is only arithmetic this afternoon, and geography in the big map."

"And the more time children have to play the more they want to play," was the sharp comment.

"They are a good deal like kittens—play comes natural," was the soft rejoinder.

"You cannot go, if that is what you are hanging around for," said Aunt Patty, presently; "and come straight home from school, too, or you'll be sorry for it."

Martha went off sullenly, and after making a good deal of trouble in school, came home in the same mood. She wondered if she couldn't run away, or if some one would not take her to tend a baby, or do chores; anything would be better than Aunt Patty's sharpness. But instead she hung up her sun hat and sat down to sew an over seam in a hateful sheet. And

half a dozen girls were having a good time at Jessie Wells'.

"That is sewed very neatly," said grandma.

Aunt Patty looked at it.

"Well, it's middling. You have soiled it a good deal; how often have I told you to wash your hands before you commence sewing? Now you can put on that old skirt and go out and weed that row of strawberries."

Weeding was not a favorite employment. Davie came presently and they began to play "tag" around the bees until Aunt Patty spied it out, and sent Davie to look for eggs.

"I don't believe you have found half of them," she said, when he came in. "Come in and set the table, Martha," she called, presently. "Now, to-morrow afternoon you will have to finish that row. You have been a bad, indolent girl to-day."

It was so with most of Martha Parker's days. And yet the neighbors, and generally Miss Lewis, thought her a pretty good little girl.

"But no one can ever suit Aunt Patty," the child said to Grandma Fields; "it's always something. Oh, I wish you lived here and kept house," and Martha kissed the wrinkled hand.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do with these children!" Aunt Patty said as she sat sewing with grandma. "They do not improve one bit. I think they grow worse."

The sweet eyes rested on the fretted face. Now Miss Patty Parker was not an unhandsome woman; indeed, in girlhood she had been very pretty.

"Isn't thy balance a little out of gear, Patty?"

"My balance?" ejaculated the astonished lady.

"Yes. Is thee careful to give good weight? Like begets like, you know."

"I can't imagine what you mean."

"Well, thee mustn't be offended, but I am afraid thee weighs a little too close. Thee seldom gives the children any credit for good measure, and the little over makes a good difference in the feelings of others."

"But you don't mean—and it does injure children to be praising them continually," was the rather jerky rejoinder.

"Has thee tried it?" Miss Parker sat silent. "Thee must not feel hurt, Patty, but I think thee means to be a just woman, and an ounce of feeling, or kindly regard, or appreciation, just as much belongs to its rightful owner as a pound of butter. Thee sets a bad example in giving the children short weight, for they pay back in kind."

Miss Patty considered grimly. Wasn't grandma right? She never did let the customer scale go quite down in these daily household matters.

"I suppose my temper is a little spoiled. Nathan and the boys are very trying. But I want to do right, and if you think—"

"A just balance," said the sweet old voice. "Give what thee would like to get."

"Oh, Aunt Patty," cried her niece, flying in from school breathless and excited, "the whole menagerie is going to pass at the crossroads just at four. Can't Davie and I go, just for this once? There's the most splendid chariot, and a great elephant, and—"

Davie brought up the chorus and promised to be such a good boy all day to-morrow. And Martha would sew a few blocks of patchwork the next day.

"There, children, don't be so noisy. Davie, will you promise to mind sister? And Martha, will you keep hold of his hand, and not let him go into any danger?" It was wonderful that she did not say, "I know I cannot trust you."

The children promised and ran off delighted, and it was full supper time when they reached home again, their faces attesting their enjoyment.

"Now, I'll run and hunt up the eggs," said Davie, as soon as he had finished his meal.

"I had to go out to the barn, and I did it," said his aunt.

"Oh, Aunt Patty, how good you were! Well, I'll bring the chips and kindlings," and he came tugging a great basketful, though generally this was one of the boy's hardships.

"What a nice lot," said Aunt Patty. Davie stared.

"Isn't there something else? Don't you want a pitcher of water?"

"George brought one."

So Davie sat on the doorstep with his father and told him all about the 'nagerie, and it was quite dark when Aunt Patty called him to go to bed.

Martha hurried round the next morning, and found time to sew one block

of patchwork. And she was in such a gay good humor all day that Miss Lewis asked her if she was bewitched.

"I think I must be, for Aunt Patty praised me this morning," was her reply.

It really was quite wonderful what a change came over the Parker household. The children were not angels, and they often forgot in the midst of their best intentions; but there was a more generous allowance made for them, a good weight thrown into the balance. For sometimes the kindly impulse, the ready will, is as much as the deed itself. And she found that the generous measure reacted upon herself. The pleasant temper of her earlier years came back.

One morning Aunt Patty found a beautiful handkerchief case lying over her plate at the breakfast table. The sides were gilt bristol board, with her initials handsomely worked in green, and around the edge a puff of green ribbon. And inside were two pretty handkerchiefs, and some neatly hemmed ruffling for neck and wrists. The donors' names were attached. George had given the material, Martha had done the work, and her father had purchased its contents.

Aunt Patty was so surprised that at first she could hardly speak, and her first impulse was to call it a piece of foolishness; then she bent over and kissed the little girl.

"Oh, Aunt Patty, I'm so glad you like it—we all are! Gracie Conover made one just like it for her mother, and I thought, and we all thought—"

"That my birthday deserved a remembrance? Thank you all. I hope I shall grow a little better."

"But you have grown just splendid," interrupted Martha. "Somehow you make me think of Grandma Fields, only she is a Quaker and an old lady."

"There, don't flatter me any more. The coffee will get cold. I have been using her balance lately—it gives better weight," and Aunt Patty blushed.

The children stared, but their father had a quiet little twinkle in his eye.—Waverley Magazine.

### The Kaiser's Kitchen.

Feeding the German Emperor is no light task. Despite all that is said about the Kaiser's Spartan habits, there are few monarchs who keep more elaborate tables.

He has no less than four chefs—Schliedenstucker, a German; Harding an Englishman; an Italian and a Frenchman—so that he can have his meals for the day served in the style of whatever nation he may happen to fancy.

Each of these chefs has his staff of assistants; while, in addition, there is an individual who may safely be described as "sausage maker to the Kaiser."

His majesty is very fond of the huge white frankfurter sausage, and has a supply of them made fresh every day in his own kitchen. When engaged in maneuvering his army on a big field day these frankfurters and bread washed down with lager beer invariably form the Kaiser's lunch.

In addition to all these cooks there is a special staff to prepare meals for the younger of the princes and the princess, who are not allowed to partake of the rich dishes the elder members of the family indulge in.—Stray Stories.

### A Gay Old Bird.

Excluding Marquette, Mich., which city boasts of a man 105 years old, Bark River, Delta County, is the home of the only centenarian in the upper peninsula of Michigan. He is still in good health and believes he will live for twenty years more. His name is Levi Livers, and, like the Marquette centenarian, he is of French descent, his father having fought with Lafayette in the Revolution. He has been twice married and is twice a widower. He has eleven children, three grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. He may easily be taken for a man of seventy or less. His mind is clear and his memory is good. Questioned as to the secret of his longevity, the old man replied that he had observed no particular rule of health; in fact, for the past eighty years he has violated about every injunction laid down by medical men.—Detroit News.

### A Town Phone Service.

The town council of Queenstown, Cape Colony, contemplates putting up a plant for telephone and water works service; the estimated cost is nearly \$350,000.

### OLD FISHING.

"I'm waking in the morning, early, mother, dear, For Peanuts Fink and Spider Brown and Bricktop will be here. And we know where the fishes swim and where the shade is cool, And where's a dandy diving place beside the swimming pool.

I've brung the kindlings in, mother, you wanted me to chop; I've filled the woodbox till the wood is spilling o'er the top; I've carried all the horses as my father bade me do; I've milked the cows, and slopped the pigs, and fed the chickens, too.

I've weeded out the onion bed and banked the celery, And I've transplanted cabbage plants and propped the apple tree, And I've salted 'em the sheep and fixed the chicken coop, And ran all the errands, mother, till I felt my spirits droop.

So, if you're waking early, call me early, mother, dear, For I know where the graylings play and where the pools are clear, And I've dug 'em the worms I want and cut an alder pole, And corks will bob to-morrow morn in that old fishin' hole. —J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.



"Do you think his words have any weight?" "Well, he makes some pretty heavy speeches." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Old Mrs. Gram hasn't been in such good health for years." "Why, I never heard her complain more." "True. But she has more energy." —Life.

The microbe is a modest beast, But with his tiny strength He makes a name unto himself Tea syabies in length. —San Francisco Bulletin.

"I hear you spoke to Mr. Gotrox last night about your love for his daughter." "Yes." "What lucky?" "Great! He never touched me." —Philadelphia Ledger.

She—"What reason have you for believing Miss Eiderleigh to be a man-hater?" He—"She told me she was thinking seriously of opening a cooking school." —Chicago News.

"Why did you marry your divorced wife again? Old love come back?" "No. By the time I paid her alimony I had nothing to live on, and so I married her for her money." —Judge.

If a bird in the hand Is worth two in the bush, Then a man with a put In worth two in the push. —Bride—"George, dear, when we reach our destination let us try to avoid giving the impression that we are newly married." George—"All right, Maud; you can carry this suit case." —New Yorker.

Guest (at summer hotel)—"You didn't advertise the mosquitoes you have here?" Proprietor—"No; we only advertise the attractions." Guest—"But you advertised the view, the air and the grub!" —Puck.

Bragsby—"I am getting immense returns from my magazine contributions these days." Waggsby—"Yes, but you mustn't be discouraged. After awhile there will be less returns and more of your manuscripts will be accepted." —Baltimore American.

"Well," said Gassaway, "if there's one thing I hate more than another it's a long-winded bore." "Yes," remarked Miss Knox. "It seems I've misjudged you, then." "Why, what do you mean?" "I always had an idea you were stuck on yourself." —Philadelphia Press.

"What is your idea of harmony in politics?" "Same as that of most other people in my line of activity," answered Senator Sorghum. "Harmony consists in having your own way and persuading the other people to be resigned to fate." —Washington Star.

"Don't you think the expenses of running a campaign might be curtailed?" "Certainly," answered Senator Sorghum. "It would be no trouble to curtail 'em. But the real trick is to expand 'em, and at the same time restrain idle curiosity concerning disbursements." —Washington Star.

### The First Matches.

The first really efficient lucifer match must be put to the credit of John Walker, of Stockton-on-Tees, England, who in 1827 placed them on the market under the name of "Congreves," in compliment to Sir William Congreve, the inventor of the war rocket.

It is estimated that some \$2,600,000,000 worth of gold has been found during the last ten years.