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NO. 10

IF HE SHOULD PASS THIS WAY

You, on the heavy load,
Lying your cruel load,
Are you a pagan? "No."
Bitterly you reply,
"I am a Christian!" Why,
Then, does your stinging blow
Fall on the poor, old, blind slave that has
served you long?
Why is your look unkind?
Why do you curse because
You have been forced to pause,
Leaving a little space for the feet of the
passing throng?
A Christian, you are, you say—
What if he passed this way?
Would you dare to call to Him, "See,
O Christ! how I follow Thee?"

You in your silks arrayed,
You in your costly ease,
You who have e'en betrayed
Love for your luxuries,
You who in riches loiter,
With never a word of hope or pity for
those who fall,
You are a "Christian," too,
Your prayer book is kept in view;
With jewels around your throat,
You hear of your neighbor's shame, and
deep in your heart you gloat!
Oh, what if He passed this way,
Meek and lowly, to-day?
Would you dare to call to Him, "See,
Dear Lord! how I follow Thee?"

You are a "Christian," too,
You with the greedy clutch;
Children must toil for you,
Making your profit much,
Your heart is a nest for greed,
You covet your neighbor's gains, you are
blind to your servants' need;
You sit in your pew and dream
Of the chick of gold and its gleam,
And 'till Christian's glory you claim,
And the heathen you deem unclean and
the pagan immersed in shame.
What if He passed this way—
What if He came to-day?
Would you dare to call to Him,
"See,
O Christ! how I follow Thee?"

You with your millions, you
Who are bribing men to do
Foul wrongs that your gains may swell,
You are a Christian; there
Is your bishop's card, and well
Have you given, O millionaire,
That steeples may tower high
And that people in passing by
May turn and regard with awe
You who have power to sway and who
prostitute the law;
To all who will give you heed
You boast with self-righteousness that
yours is the Christian creed!
"A Christian am I," you say,
But what if He passed this way?
Would you dare to call to Him, "See,
O Christ! how I follow Thee?"
—S. E. Kiser.

A Matrimonial Advertisement.

"SAY, old girl," exclaimed the schoolboy, bursting into the room, "here's something for your birthday! Hadn't got any tin before. It's a sort of a jar for flowers. It only cost nine-pence three-farthings, but it looks quite fine, don't you think? How old are you to-day, Jen?" Jenny Bruce blushed artistically. "Don't!" she exclaimed. "The mater was saying you are getting on," continued the frank brother; "she said Clare was married years before your age, and couldn't make out why you are not. She says you're too particular, and that it don't pay now young men are so scarce. Don't stay on the shelf, old girl. Why not make up to some duffer? You aren't so bad looking, you know?"

"Oh, you bad, wicked boy!" she cried in a burst of rage, "what have you done! I am disgraced! Answering to the name of Jenny! Oh, oh, I might be a dog."

"Because they are all fools!" retorted the prettiest Miss Bruce, in disgust. "Thanks for the jar; it is very pretty," she added listlessly. "And you don't look so old," went on Bobbie.

"There's gratitude!" cried the boy, amazed and injured. "Aren't you glad? Aren't you going to thank me? And I've written to the fellow and made the appointment, and saved you all the trouble but the courtin', an' girls can do that some!"

"I suppose people will next be remarking how young I look—for my age," she said with a shrug. "Perhaps mother would like me to put a matrimonial advertisement into the paper."

"You've written to him! Did you give him my full name?" wailed Jenny.

"Of course I gave your full name, stupid; here's his letter; says he'll be charmed to meet you as appointed, and I call it jolly decent of him!"

"Her fingers shook as she read the fatal confirmation of the letter; then her eyes fell on the signature, and she turned crimson and gasped again. It was signed 'Robert Tomlyn.' 'He'll be waiting,' went on Bobbie, 'and if you don't turn up he'll come to the house, and everybody will know. Put your hat on and cut.' 'I must go and explain; oh, this is dreadful,' murmured Miss Bruce frantically, as she ran upstairs and put on her hat—her most becoming hat.

"I say, what a jolly lark," exclaimed the boy. Then he was silent, thinking deeply.

"He can't think I've gone off, at any rate," was her secret thought, as she met her reflection in the glass.

"What must you think?" she began incoherently, blushing vividly. "But it wasn't me at all; it was Bobbie; he did it all for a trick, and I knew nothing about it till he brought the paper and letter in just now, and I came to ask you to go away at once."

"You are quite sure you—"

"I never forgot you," he returned, by no means truthfully, for he had quite forgotten his old love, in new ones, till her name recalled her to his remembrance. Then he decided that he had never really loved any girl but her, and was quite sure of it when her eyes looked up into his.

"There was never anybody else," she breathed happily, her eyes expressive; "there was something wrong with all the others."

And so it was settled, and no one was more delighted than Jenny's mother. Miss Bruce was making an excellent match after all. And, of course, everybody else said "at last!" But they did not know how it had come to pass. —Madame.

"Well, if he's on the marrying job as well," was the coarse reply, "you won't need much explainin'. Tell him it's O. K., and get hitched up together, and mind you don't act the stingy over the cake."

"This is—is quite a delightful surprise," said a young man—a very good-looking young man, Jenny decided; she had forgotten he was so attractive—raising his hat, as she got to the end of the street.

"What must you think?" she began incoherently, blushing vividly. "But it wasn't me at all; it was Bobbie; he did it all for a trick, and I knew nothing about it till he brought the paper and letter in just now, and I came to ask you to go away at once."

"Well, it's just a coincidence; there's no harm in having a little chat for the sake of old times," he returned eagerly.

"If you are the sort of man that—that answers matrimonial advertisements, it's a pity to waste your time," she replied rather spitefully. "No doubt another girl is waiting for you elsewhere."

"It caught my eye and it amused me," he explained quickly, "and just for curiosity I answered it. When a reply came signed Janet Bruce, I wondered if it could possibly be you, and I came on spec. Please don't be angry. Let's take it as it was meant—merely as a joke. I thought you were married; I'm sure I saw an announcement."

"No, I am not," she replied a little grimly. "It would be one of my sisters. How strange you should remember me!" she added.

"I never forgot you," he returned, by no means truthfully, for he had quite forgotten his old love, in new ones, till her name recalled her to his remembrance. Then he decided that he had never really loved any girl but her, and was quite sure of it when her eyes looked up into his.

"Then Bobbie dashed into them. 'Here's the mater,' he said excitedly; 'you'd better look it, you chap, and Jen can look the other way.' 'I wish you would go away!' said his sister very savagely. Bobby winked.

"Oh, spoiling sport, am I! Well, here's the mater anyway."

"Mother," said Miss Bruce composedly, "I think you remember Mr. Tomlyn; I met him unexpectedly a minute ago."

"Very unexpectedly!" murmured Bobbie. "My, you're a cool 'un, Jen!" "How do you do?" said Jenny's mother very graciously. "What a pleasant surprise! You will come and have some tea?"

"I shall be charmed," said Mr. Tomlyn. "I hope you mean business all right?" said Jenny's brother to Mr. Tomlyn in the hall, as the young man at last departed. Jenny pushed a fine scarlet, and Mr. Tomlyn grew suddenly deaf.

"Good-by, Miss Bruce, so pleased to have come across you again," he murmured, and ran down the steps. Bobbie followed him. "Say, that ad. cost me a bob," he said, in an injured tone.

Mr. Tomlyn handed over half-a-crown. "I haven't change," he explained; "keep it."

"But is it worth it?" Bobbie thought it polite to say, while grabbing hastily at the coin before Mr. Tomlyn could think better of it and find a shilling after all.

"I think," said Mr. Tomlyn slowly, "that it may—possibly—be worth it. Do you ever take your sister out for a walk or anything?" he inquired, when the boy turned to go.

"No fear!" was the vigorous reply. "I think I would if I were you. It might be worth it. I should suggest your escorting her to the park to-morrow by five. If I happen to be standing by the Marble Arch I will relieve you of your duties. If you have to go away suddenly you need not mind us."

"I twig!" winked the boy. "I've seen spooners before!"

"It's nothing of that sort," said Mr. Tomlyn haughtily.

"It never is," said Bobbie, "but you needn't look foolish; it's the sort of thing one expects from a matrimonial advertisement."

He beguiled his sister out next day; it was seldom he honored her with his company, and though she could not quite understand it, she went in the end.

They came across Mr. Tomlyn at the Marble Arch. He seemed amazed at meeting them. "Who would have thought it!" he said.

Jenny glanced sharply at Bobbie, whose face betrayed him, but she made no remark. She permitted the change of escort without a word. There was something decidedly attractive about Robert Tomlyn.

This accidental meeting was the first of many, and one day Robert, having made up his mind that Jenny was not only his first but absolutely his last love, mentioned the little matter to her. "Our duty is very plain," he said, "Bobbie has taken a lot of trouble. Is it all to be in vain?"

"But—it would be so dreadful, and—through the paper, and answering to the name of Jenny," she faltered.

"You might answer to the name of—darling!" he suggested.

"You are quite sure you—"

"I have loved you always! Jenny, won't you—"

"There was never anybody else," she breathed happily, her eyes expressive; "there was something wrong with all the others."

And so it was settled, and no one was more delighted than Jenny's mother. Miss Bruce was making an excellent match after all. And, of course, everybody else said "at last!" But they did not know how it had come to pass. —Madame.

Indian Proverbs.

The coward shoots with shut eyes. No Indian ever sold his daughter for a name.

Before the paleface came there was no poison in the Indian's corn. Small things talk loud to the Indian's eye.

The paleface's arm is longer than his word. When a fox walks lame old rabbit jumps.

A squaw's tongue runs faster than the wind's legs. There is nothing so eloquent as a rattlesnake's tail.

The Indian scolds his enemy, the paleface skins his friends. There will be hungry palefaces so long as there is any Indian land to swallow.

When a man prays one day and steals six, the Great Spirit thunders and the evil one laughs.

There are three things it takes a strong man to hold: A young warrior, a wild horse and a handsome squaw. —From Strain's Statehood Magazine.

Says Rabbit Ate Chicken.

Dr. H. Cavani, a medical expert, who is credited with being a moving spirit behind the dressed poultry bill, appeared yesterday before thirty members of the poultry trade of this city in the library of the New York Mercantile Exchange and tried to make converts for the bill. A statement he made to the effect that a storage-kept chicken in an undrawn state, when fed to a rabbit, caused the death of the rabbit, created some merriment among the poultry dealers.



For the Younger Children...

HOME AGAIN.

I know some grown-up people Who say they're fond of boys, But when you go to visit You mustn't make much noise. They have a splendid garden, With beautiful flowers, but there! They don't like boys to pick them, Because they're all so rare. They have some chairs with cushions That look like velvet moss, But they aren't meant to sit on, Or lean against, or toss.

They have some things in cabinets All fixed up spick and span, For "careful boys" to play with. (The boy who dares to, can't!) They're always kind and pleasant As ever they can be. They've spent a whole long fortnight Just entertaining me. I guess I like my family The best of any one; And when you've been a-visiting, The coming home is fun! —Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, in the Youth's Companion.

A BRAVE ROBIN.

One day, while passing a farm in Cornwall, a gentleman's attention was excited by the movements of a robin, which flew around him and flapped its wings close to his face, plainly showing that it was anxious to "catch his eye." Following the bird, which came backward and forward to make sure he was coming, he was at last led to a hedge. By going close up to the branches he was able to discover the cause of the robin's distress. A rat was in the nest. It jumped out the moment it was detected. As the kindly gentleman walked away, the robin greeted his departure with a chorus of thanks, blithely chirruped.—Presbyterian.

LINCOLN'S MENTAL POWERS.

Lincoln was always strong with a jury. He knew how to handle men, and he had a direct way of going to the heart of things. He had, moreover, unusual powers of mental discipline. It was after his return from Congress, when he had long been acknowledged one of the foremost lawyers of the State, that he made up his mind he lacked the power of close and sustained reasoning, and set himself like a schoolboy to study works of logic and mathematics to remedy the defect. At this time he committed to memory six books of the propositions of Euclid; and, as always, he was an eager reader on many subjects, striving in this way to make up for the lack of education he had had as a boy. He was always interested in mechanical principles and their workings, and in May, 1849, patented a device for lifting vessels over shoals, which had evidently been dormant in his mind since the days of his early Mississippi River experiences. The little model of a boat, whittled out with his own hand, that he sent to the Patent Office when he filed his application is still shown to visitors, though the invention itself failed to bring about any change in steamboat architecture. —From Helen Nicolay's "The Boys' Life of Lincoln," in St. Nicholas.

CRICKETS ARE TENORS.

A poet, when speaking about crickets and grasshoppers, happily termed them "violins of the fields," and, although at the time he was ignorant of the fact, he stated nothing more than a scientific truth. Microscopic examination has revealed the fact that in most cases these insects have a striking resemblance to a rudimentary violin.

Musical instruments of the winged type may be divided into two groups—those which do not use their wings and those which do, for the production of sound.

Of the two the latter species is by far the most numerous. A very curious fact in this connection is that all insects are tenors, deep bass voices being quite unknown.

Many insects sing by day, such, for instance, as the chickadee, which, however, are not of the "violinist" type, as they play upon a series of hard plates attached to the abdomen, much in the same way as a Spanish dancer uses the castanets. Some insects only sing by night, such as the domestic and tree crickets. The apparatus used by them resembles a violin, the abdomen being partly enclosed with small bridges like edges or ridges against which the wings are rubbed.

Next time you hear one of Nature's tenors try to place him. After that you'll be interested to learn more about him.

FLOSS—A TRUE INCIDENT.

Floss was a big yellow cat, one of my many pets in my country home. One summer we noticed that day after day Floss went down across the meadow and disappeared in the edge of the cedar swamp. He always went in late in the afternoon, and one day I followed him, taking good care he should not see me. He skirted the swamp for several rods, stopped at a little open bog, sitting himself on a stump, began washing his face, stopping now and then to glance about in an expectant fashion. Shortly there was a rustling among

the bushes, and a handsome yellow fox leaped into the open. Then the fun began.

Floss and the fox played at tag as gayly as two children. Floss was always the "tigger," and the fox ran this way and that and doubled and dodged in so comical a manner that once I laughed outright, whereupon they stopped their play and stood for a moment listening. Then Floss went back to the stump and the fox lay down on the grass. After a few minutes' rest they were up and at it again.

For half an hour I watched them from my hiding place behind a clump of cedars, until Floss was quite exhausted.

The fox was untiring, but Floss was not so nimble and was very fat. About sundown they separated, Floss walking slowly toward home and the fox swinging off towards the near-by stream at a brisk trot.

I hurried to overtake Floss, but he seemed much frightened when he saw me and ran into the swamp. He did not come home until next morning, and never again did we see him crossing the meadow or find him playing with his wild comrade.—Our Fourfooted Friends.

OUR NATIVE REDBIRD.

The most beautiful of our birds is the cardinal or "redbird." Though not as brilliantly arrayed, Mrs. Cardinal, is very smartly turned out in rich brown, with just enough red to "relieve" it.

Alexander Wilson, whose quaint epithet so many have read in Old Swedes' Churchyard, wrote in 1828: "This is one of our most common cage-birds, and is very generally known, not only in North America, but even in Europe; numbers of them have been carried over both to France and England, in which last country they are usually called Virginia nightingales."

Happily this traffic is a thing of the past. Any bird should have his freedom in his native haunts, and such a magnificent specimen as this cardinal grosbeak (he is a member of the finch family) should be doubly protected because of the temptation his beauty offers.

Though he is found in all the Eastern States, he is a Southern bird. He likes his home, too, and considers migrating a bore.

He's a trifle smaller than the robin, and, with the exception of the dab of brilliant black around his bill, he is glowingly, almost dazzlingly, red. While James Lane Allen gives him a poetic, sympathetic tribute in "The Kentucky Cardinal," Neljé Blanchard is inclined to think that this "Virginia Redbird," of refined, dignified and courtly bearing, is a haughty autocrat of the "F. F. V." type, better calculated to calling out respect and admiration than affection.

Perhaps he is a trifle spoiled. No wonder. He commences his melodious sighing in March, and early in May Mrs. C. begins building their bulky, loosely made nest, usually in evergreen shrubs, like laurel and holly. She lays three or four brown-speckled white eggs, often two broods in a season.

Considering all his temptation it is a great wonder he is not a flirt, a bachelor or a divorcee.

Not he. He's as true as he is handsome. His home is a pattern of domestic felicity, and even in winter, when without the responsibility of little birds, he and his lucky spouse are always seen together.

In fact, he is so devoted and fearful of harm for Mrs. Cardinal that he often calls attention to her and their home by the vent he gives his excited fears.

His voice is loud and clear and his song suggests "What Cheer." The most curious part of it is that his other half is herself an excellent singer, a contralto, whose notes are more admired by some than his wild, free, flagpole-like tenor.

A bird to be proud and no mistake.—Philadelphia Record.

Nothing Doing.

An author who makes a specialty of stories of "our great Middle West," with a heart throbbing in each, tells of an odd character he met in that region. This odd chap, who afterward served the author as the main figure of a book that was largely successful, lived alone in a cabin. Woman's care being, of course, unknown, the cabin presented the spectacle of the triumphant reign of dirt and disorder.

Somehow the two chanced to talk of cooking and cooking utensils. "I had one of them cook books wunst," observed the old fellow "but I couldn't do nathing with it."

"What was the trouble?" asked the author.

"Why, everything in the book began with 'First take a c'ean dish.'—Harper's Weekly.

A "life" sentence in New York is said to average about ten years.



EVENED UP.
All things by Time are set to rights
And squared in divers ways;
Gay blades by lengthening their nights
Are shortening their days.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

WORTH WHILE.
Stella—"What were the prizes at that suburban bridge party?"
Bella—"Cooks."—New York Sun.

THE LIMIT.
"They quarrel like cats and dogs, do they?"
"Worse'n that. They quarrel like the officials of the same life insurance company."

AN ORGANIC OMEN.
"Is a hand organ the sure herald of spring?"
"It seems to me that it's more the herald of an early fall-of pennies, and perhaps brickbats."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SIMPLEST, BEST, CHEAPEST.
"Doctor, I wish you'd prescribe for my complexion."
"Certainly, madam," returned the doctor, and he wrote: "Let it alone."—Tit-Bits.

THE GREEN MOTORMAN.
Street Car Conductor—"Move up there, please."
Voice from the Rear—"Don't worry conductor. The motorman will attend to that when he stops again."—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

CHOOSE THE NEAREST.
"There are only two places worth living in," remarked the intellectual-looking man. "I refer to Boston and heaven."
"Well, you stick to Boston," said the man with the red necktie.—Philadelphia Record.

CRUEL PAPA.
Gusher—"She told me I was the light of her life."
Finsler—"Well, that was encouraging."
Gusher—"Yes, but her father came along just then and put the light out."—Sphere.

WHEN HE WAS ABSORBED.
"He's the most devout man in church. I never saw any one who could be so absorbed in prayer."
"Indeed? I never noticed it."
"Probably not. I don't suppose you ever took up the collection."—Catholic Standard and Times.

COURTESY.
Probably the most absent-minded man in the country is a gentleman who entered a car the other night. He was the only occupant. At the first stop a lady got in, and the gentleman rose and said:
"Allow me to give you my seat, madam."

CALCULATION.
"The police have not captured the man who stole your money."
"No," answered Mr. Hardfist. "don't want to see the man, anyhow. If he's captured he'll be broke, and he isn't there's a remote chance of his conscience getting to work and tempting him to make restitution."—Washington Star.

THE USUAL WAY.
"That young man who has so much to say about things is one of the partners in the concern, ain't he?" said a visitor at a wholesale establishment.
"No; he is one of the clerks."
"And who is that quiet looking old man who seems to be so much afraid of giving any trouble?"
"He owns the business."—Puck.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.
"The apartments on the tenth floor, said the manager of the Skyscraper Flats, "command a higher rent than any others, because they're the safest in the building."
"Indeed?" remarked the homeseeker.
"Oh, yes; you see, few airships ever fly that low, and automobiles never jump that high."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

LOVE FOUNDED ON ROCKS.
Impecunious Thomas—"Did you say that your father owned a lot of property in the Pine Hills?"
Lovell Lillian—"Oh, more than that! He has stock in the Gaiter Traction Company, is a director of several banks, and we are going to move into a big house on State street in the spring."
Impecunious Thomas—"And can you still doubt my love?"—Albany Journal.