

ROANOKE BEACON.



W. Fletcher Ansbson, Editor and Manager.

FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH.

\$1.00 a year in advance.

VOL. VI.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1894.

NO. 12.

THE HILL OF GOLD.

The ragged rail Fence just loosed along
In a leisurely zigzag line,
Down the side of the Hill, and wandered out
To the murmuring slopes of pine.
And I had only to climb the Fence,
Or go through a crumbling gap,
To let gold spill down out of my arms,
And overflow from my lap.
And the Fence never cared a single bit,
For all it was there to guard,
And I might have doubled my golden spoils
Untroubled of watch or ward.
A careless old Fence, and yet the Hill
Broke splendidly on the eyes—
Gold clear out to the West, my dear,
And gold clear up to the skies!
And you needn't say: "Oh, it's a fairy
tale!"
With that odd, little scornful nod,
For it happens to be our own East Hill—
Grown over with golden rod.
—Fanny K. Johnson, in Youth's Companion.

A Darning Combination.



HERE isn't one thing that I know how to do thoroughly," mused curly-headed Jessie

Power as she wrinkled her pretty white forehead into a dozen fine little lines, the result of the serious self-examination she was undergoing.

"Let me see," and she sat bolt upright among the numerous soft and downy cushions that made the window-seat her favorite retreat. "If I trim a hat I get along pretty well if I pin on the feathers and don't have to put in anything, but that would never do. People want their hats to look as though they came from a fashionable milliner's and not be botched together by a novice. It's all right for me," and she glanced over the table where a jaunty little velvet toque was lying with, it must be confessed, several pins showing amid the fluffy pompons that adorned the front.

"I know I have a taste in that direction, but I could not face a hat bristling smoothly to save my life. If it needs a puffing or a shirring I can manage. Millinery is out of the question, for I would have to take a course of lessons, and that would take time, and what I do must be attended to at once."

The frown deepened on the girlish face as one after the other the little accomplishments on which she had heretofore prided herself were now, one after another, discarded as being unworthy to bring aid to her mother and herself in this most trying time of need.

She, like so many girls, had been brought up to do nothing really sensible that could be depended on to earn her a livelihood, and which she would now have appreciated far more highly than the smattering of music, the gay little French sentences or the meaningless sachets and banners painted with impossible roses and lilies that had heretofore been her pride and joy.

How she envied Emma Morton, who had a good position as typewriter and stenographer. "I suppose I can go in a store," she sighed, "but then there is mother," and at the thought of the delicate, fragile woman who seemed more like her child than her mother, the tears would well up until at last they overflowed all barriers, and Jessie gave herself up to the luxury of a good cry.

Poor little woman; here was a sad and trying position, though to the casual visitor entering the room, with all its dainty knickknacks, low, easy chairs, well-filled bookcases and the one hundred and one little trifles dear to the feminine heart, it probably would seem as though she had no cause for tears; but how many homes could show the same sad history and the fatal mistake of bringing up its daughters to do nothing. Jessie was the child of the most indulgent parents. In all her life she had not known a care unless it were the protracted invalidism of her mother. Even this after a while ceased to affect her, other than that she looked to her father for all help, and he and she regarded the ailing wife and mother as their precious charge, from whom every unpleasant thing must be kept, and for whom all that made life sweetest and best should be done.

Jessie being a bright girl had gone through her school days winning prizes and receiving the congratula-

tions of her friends, and the adoration of her father and mother until, it must be confessed, her pretty head was rather turned by all the flattering attention, and she began to think she was just a little bit superior to Emma Morton and other girls who were not in her set, and who did not wear New York dresses and have their shoes made to order. Also in her secret heart she believed that she was unusually clever, and had serenely pitied those poor girls who had actually learned trades or taken up professions. For she could do so many things well that really it seemed folly to apply herself persistently to one thing.

The awakening had been sharp and sudden when it came. Dr. Power, stricken down in the prime of life, passed away, leaving his business affairs in a tangle that took months to unravel, and which left to Jessie and her mother only the house they lived in and a small income not sufficient to pay the taxes.

Grief at her father's death had for a time bewildered and benumbed poor Jessie, leaving her in a half-dazed condition, until the lawyer explained matters to her—then her dormant faculties were aroused and she was forced to look the situation in the face. Today's reverie was the result of this unpleasant knowledge, and in her pretty room had come the bitter but self-evident fact that with all her society accomplishments and the compliments of admiring friends, she was utterly unable to earn one dollar for her mother and herself. Wiping her eyes on the scrap of black bordered lines that served her for a handkerchief, she walked over to the washstand to try, if possible, to obliterate the traces of tears before she went in to talk to her mother, for must not everything unpleasant be kept from the dear little woman, who bore her great trial so patiently?

Jesse had learned that lesson well. With a deep sigh she twisted up the sunny curls and turning to the workbasket picked out a pair of silk stockings that needed darning sadly. For a moment she stood regarding the sorry looking hole in the toe, and then with a sudden flourish of the black banner and a merry laugh that startled the canary in his cage—so long had it been since he had heard anything like it—rushed out of the room pell mell into the sitting room, where Mrs. Power was taking a sun bath, with a weary face that touched Jessie to the heart.

"Mother, darling, I have it," she cried joyfully as she kissed her.

"Have what?" smiled bewildered Mrs. Power.

"Such a grand scheme, mother," and Jessie waved triumphantly the black stocking, from the toe of which two white fingers protruded. "And you are in it, too, dearest. You could never guess if you sat here all day and thought and thought until you were quite gray."

"I am quite consumed with curiosity," gently interposed Mrs. Power, the sight of her dear girl's happiness being enough to bring a brighter light into her own tired eyes.

"But what is it, daughter? I hope not boarders."

"Boarders," sniffed Jessie. "Do you suppose I would have a lot of troublesome boarders come here and worry the life out of us with their airs and graces? You won't object, Mrs. Power, to my just heating an iron, will you? and, of course, you will allow the use of your piano. My daughter is taking music lessons, and would like to practise a few hours every day."

"And if you will please change the bed in my room for the one in the third floor front, and oh! I forgot, my husband is likely to be detained at the office several evenings in the week, and would you mind keeping a little something hot for him"—which means a course dinner," rattles on Jessie.

"I know them. No, ma'am; this is ours alone—just yours and mine, momey—with all the profits our very own."

"But what is it, dearie?" Mrs. Power is by this time quite overcome by the flood of eloquence.

"A darning combine, madama."

"A what?"

"A darning combine; there are coal combines, iron combines, railroad combines, and why not a darning

combine? But to be serious, mother, really I mean it. You see I just had a pretty hard think this morning in the seclusion of my 'boudoir,' as they say in the novels, and the end of it all was I came to the conclusion that I was about as useless a bit of humanity as you could find in a day's walk until this stocking, dear stocking," and she kisses enthusiastically that commonplace article of clothing, "put just the loveliest idea into my head, which, with your help, will be the grandest and most novel scheme of the nineteenth century."

"In what way am I to help, darling? You know, dear, your mother cannot be to you as other girls' mothers"—this with such a tender, wistful look at the pretty flushed face opposite.

"You are ten times sweeter and lovelier than any girl's mother I know, and I wouldn't exchange you for the biggest, stoniest and heartiest woman in the world, though I would gladly have you stronger for your own sake."

"Even yet I am in the dark as to the scheme," gently smiles Mrs. Power after the impetuous caress that her last remark had called forth.

"Now for the awful disclosure," laughs Jessie.

"Unfortunately for you and me my numerous accomplishments were not such as could be turned into solid actual cash, and having at last come to the conclusion that I would have to go into a store—"

"Oh, Jessie!"

"Yes, indeed, I had determined to swallow my pride and go right down in the village and apply from door to door for a situation, but thank goodness, this stocking came to my rescue. I can darn well, can't I, mother?"

"Yes, dear, it's really wonderful how well you can make a darn look, and as for picking up a thread you are almost my equal."

"Just so," goes on Jessie. "Well, in this town there are no less than 1200 mortals who would like to have their socks darned in the truly artistic style commended by Mrs. Ferris Power and daughter."

"The students, Jessie?"

"The students great and small shall be our patrons—you see, mother," wheedled Jessie, this is really the only one thing I can do thoroughly, and why not make it pay? What's the use of living in a college town if you can't make something off the boys?"

"What is your plan, dear?"

Mrs. Power is at last beginning to see daylight, and a dawning hope and confidence adds an unwanted sparkle to her eyes and a faint pink tinge for a moment flushes the pale cheek.

"That is only roughly outlined as yet, but you and I will talk it over and, together, I am sure we will make a success of it."

"You would have to have printed circulars," suggested her mother.

"Yes, and after a while a call and delivery wagon, but at present I will go after them myself."

"What are you going to charge?"

"I think about ten cents a pair would be fair, unless the holes were unusually large and numerous, and then say—fifteen."

"Don't you think that rather steep?"

"Bless you, no, momey. You know yourself that darning makes a sock as good as new, and isn't it a great deal better to spend fifteen cents than thirty-five for new ones, and lots of the rich boys wear silk, I'm sure, and they cost heaps more."

"When are we going to begin?"

goes on Mrs. Power, who by this time is quite as enthusiastic as even Jessie could desire.

"To-day—now—this minute—I will go right down to the village and lay in a stock of daring cotton and silk, and you may, while I am gone, compose the most taking circular your fertile brain can evolve."

A few days later Jessie, in her dainty black gown with all her pretty golden curls drawn into a most becoming fluffy knot under the black toque, with a bundle of circulars and an air of business unmistakable, made her appearance at the President's house, and after a little pardonable fear in the august presence laid bare their little plan.

The grave eyes of the Professor watched the earnest young face as Jessie warmed to the subject and a suspicious mist dimmed for a moment the keenness of the kindly eyes as she

small hands trembled over the refractory knots in the string that tied the bundle of circulars. "My dear, I will help you in every way I can. I consider it a very sensible plan, and I am sure the boys will be only too glad to put work into such trustworthy hands. Your dear father was a great friend of mine and I am sure that he would feel very proud of his little daughter could he know how bravely she had set to work to be of real help to her mother," giving a fatherly pat to the golden hair. With a warm hand clasp Jessie left him and hurried home to tell the good news to the waiting invalid.

A very happy heart beat under the stylish sea-kin coat and a tender little smile hovered on the sensitive mouth as she thought of the Professor's last words.

"Dear papa, I know he would approve, and somehow I feel as though he was very near and knew that I was looking out for the 'little mother.'"

Very fragile looked Mrs. Power as she sat in her easy chair with the afternoon sun shining on the soft brown hair just streaked with gray, and a wonderful longing in the motherly eyes that looked out toward the sunset as if to follow through that golden gate the spirit of the dear one that had gone before.

"My darling, how happy you look. I know you have been successful, for your eyes look all 'shiny,' as you used to say when you were a little girl. Was the Professor very stern and was the ordeal as bad as you anticipated?"

"Oh, no; he was quite polite and grasped my hand so tight when I went away that he made my ring cut me, see?" and she pulled off her glove and showed the wound.

"Poor little hand! I think that it is really all we have to depend upon," sighed Mrs. Power.

"Nonsense, mother darling, your hand is going to help, too, and with such a force as that we will get along, never fear. The Professor said it was a good plan and that he would help me in every way he could."

"He was an old friend of your father's."

"Yes, he said so," replied Jessie, but she did not add what he had said regarding her helping her mother, for it was a very sore point with Mrs. Power to think that her tenderly reared child should have to labor for them both because she was physically enfeebled so that such a labor of love would only end in her bringing on some greater and more serious trouble. It was a great joy to her that in this new venture she could in reality lend a hand and in the discussion of the plans for the "business," as Jessie would insist upon calling it, they both grew quite animated and for a time forgot their troubles.

"They've come," shouted Jessie, flying into her mother's room next morning with a dab of flour on one cheek and dough clinging to her hands, for in the excitement of the moment, she had neglected to remove these evidences of culinary occupation.

"Who?" ejaculated Mrs. Power, somewhat startled as she conjured up visions of visitors who under a pretense of condolence has swooped upon them to interfere materially with the advancement of their plans.

"The socks, momey, the socks. Sarah is bringing them up, and, dear me, such a great package."

"The Professor's little grandson brought them in his express wagon. I verily believe those blessed boys were in crying need of just such a scheme. Great head, darling," and Jessie waltzed about the room until every little curl bobbed about like a cork on an ocean wave.

"I would suggest, as a senior member of this firm, Miss Power, that you go and remove the dough from your hands before we proceed to take account of stock."

"Just hear her ordering me about! Isn't it just too delicious!" soliloquized Jessie, as she retreated to carry out the order.

"Mother, I do not see what possible need any boy has for fifteen pair of socks of every conceivable hue. Just look at this bundle."

"Who is the young Crosscut?" laughed Mrs. Power, as she sorted and arranged according to the size of the holes.

"I can't quite make it out, but it looks like M. W. Chamberlain. Whoever he is, he writes fearfully," said Jessie, as she scowled over the slip of paper that had accompanied the bundle.

"Chamberlain," mused Mrs. Power; "I once knew a Jacob Chamberlain when I was a girl. I wonder if it could be any connection of his?"

"Now, dearest and best of mothers, don't go weaving any romances over these boys' socks, for from the number of them you and I will have all we can do to get through by Saturday night. I really don't believe they ever had any socks darned before."

This remark of Jessie's did seem reasonable, for after they were all sorted out they made a very formidable array, but if Jessie could have heard the warm, earnest appeal of the Professor to the students assembled in the chapel after her departure, and had seen the tremendous rummaging through bureaus and closets that followed this speech, while her little circulars were soon broadcast, she would not have been surprised.

"Can you realize that every pair of these means ten cents, madam, and some of them fifteen," smiled Jessie, with a comprehensive sweep of the arm that took in even those unsightly objects in the fifteen-cent corner, as she had laughingly dubbed the table strewn with the wrecks of many a struggle.

"Yes, dear, and I can also realize that unless we get to work we will never earn even ten cents—what is it, Sarah?" as this personage appeared in the doorway.

"Please, ma'am, the little boy that came with the work"—Sarah would not demean herself by saying "socks"—"said as I was to tell Miss Jessie that he would call for and deliver the bundles in his little wagon, so she would not have the trouble of that."

"Isn't that just splendid; every one is so kind to me," beamed Jessie.

"And why shouldn't they?" sniffed Sarah. "They know a real lady when they see one, even if she is obliged through unfortunate circumstances to earn her living by the sweat of her brow."

Sarah was an old and privileged servant, who had been with Mrs. Power since Jessie was a baby, and who indulged in flights of eloquence which were at times simply appalling.

"Of course, Sarah, we all know you think that I am perfection, but if you don't go down and stir up the furnace the 'sweat of my brow' will be cold, clammy beads of perspiration, for it is cold up here, and for mercy's sake take those cookies out of the oven," for a strong smell of burnt cake now reminded the young housekeeper that you cannot successfully carry on two distinct operations at the same time.

By Saturday afternoon the socks in great packages, with the owner's name and the bill on top, were carried by the little expressman up to the college, and in a short time he was back with the money carefully wrapped in a salt bag.

"You are my little express messenger," said Jessie; "but you must not let any highwaymen rob you. Now, suppose I employ you at twenty-five cents a week to carry the socks to and fro and to look after the money?"

This plan was hailed with delight, and there was never a more faithful little helper than the small man that trudged back and forth, taking the greatest pride in his business and keeping his accounts most accurately, carrying the money in a leather bag which Jessie provided, and of which he was intensely proud.

Every week the business grew, and pretty Jessie, with a new and unaccustomed feeling of independence, went about her daily task with a heart that had lost all the old feeling of repression, and even Mrs. Power appeared to grow stronger under the health-restoring process of constant occupation for thought and hand. One day, as Jessie was about starting on one of the necessary shopping tours for silk and darning cotton, there came a ring at the bell, which she answered in person, Sarah being at that moment particularly busy below stairs preparing a certain dainty dessert of which her young mistress was very fond. Standing on the veranda was a tall youth, whom Jessie had prior to this discovered to be the owner of the many very holey, but very expensive

silk socks. The M. W. Chamberlain, whom all the students called familiarly "Mac" and who voted him the best fellow alive. Having heard that Mrs. Power had been acquainted with his father, he made up his mind to use that as an excuse for calling. Jessie's sweet face having been secretly admired by him as he passed her frequently on the streets of the old college town. His first call was followed by many others, Mrs. Power heartily approving of his gentle manners and deferential attitude towards both Jessie and herself, until one day, he came to her and told her as was only to be expected, in a frank and manly way of his love for Jessie. Of course, graduation had to come first. But at the end of two years the darning combine was broken up and a new partnership entered upon, the one stipulation being that Jessie should darn only those socks belonging to a certain M. W. Chamberlain.—Philadelphia Times.

E. B. Bolton, of the Royal Society, has been conducting some interesting experiments to show the effect of environment on animals. The pepper moth was the particular insect he studied. He found that if an egg was put into a pill box lined with gilt paper the caterpillar produced would be golden in color. When the box was black the caterpillar also became black. And lastly, when he mixed different colors the caterpillar became mottled.

FUN.

"We are discovered!" exclaimed the hairpin. "Impossible," insisted the collar button.—Detroit Tribune.

George (seriously)—"Do you think your father would object to my marrying you?" Ada—"I don't know; if he's anything like me he would."—Tit-Bits.

Jimmie—"Papa, why is this called a fountain pen?" Papa—"Probably because it produces a wonderful flow of language whenever it is used."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"I must have some gloves," she said ominously, "and a new parasol, and shoes and a lot of things, including a check for fifty dollars." "Maria," he said wearily, "it's such bad form to talk shop!"—Washington Star.

"Papa," said a little boy, "ought the teacher to whip me for what I did not do?" "Certainly not, my boy," replied the father. "Well," replied the little fellow, "he did it to-day when I didn't do my sum."—Tit-Bits.

Mistress—"What in the world is the matter with the twins?" Nurse—"Sure I don't know; but, from the way they've been fretting and crying all day, it's my opinion that they've mixed themselves up and can't tell which is which."—Good News.

Old Mr. Soakley (to his wife)—"Just think, dear, a camel can work eight whole days without drinking!" Mrs. Soakley (with a withering look)—"That's nothing! I know an animal who will drink for eight days without doing a bit of work." Mr. Soakley sighs resignedly, and turns to the sideboard.—Truth.

First Villager—"How do you like your new neighbor?" Second Villager—"Can't tell yet whether I like him or hate him." "Why so?" "The first thing he did was to put up a high board fence, and I haven't been able to discover whether it is to keep his chickens in or my chickens out."—New York Weekly.

A Journalistic Curiosity.

London has a curiosity of a Japanese journal which bears the title of The Japanese Journal of Commerce, and, though composed and published in London, is printed almost entirely, even to its advertisements, in the Japanese language and characters. It belongs to the category of trade organs, and consists of upwards of seventy quarto pages, enclosed in a tinted wrapper. The Japanese Journal of Commerce, which comprises articles and notes on English trade and industry in Japan, with especial reference to engineering, machinery and tools, seems well calculated to remove the reproach of neglecting modes of conveying information regarding English manufactures to foreign customers.

Missouri is credited with 127 civilized Indians; Illinois with ninety-seven.