

# ROANOKE BEACON.



W. Fletcher Ausbon, Editor and Manager.

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## THE TWO GIANTS.

A mighty giant once there was,  
A gentle giant he,  
Whom all men loved where'er he went,  
And none was known to flee.  
He lived within a castle fair,  
And great as he was strong;  
And those who passed when he was there  
Could hear a happy song.  
His heart was kind, his hand was free,  
His soul was set to mirth;  
And all men said: "Tis joy to live  
With him upon the earth."  
His face was bright with pleasant smiles,  
His laugh was good to hear,  
While round about him everywhere  
'Twas summer all the year.  
Swift flew the time; the giant grew  
Full old and weak of frame;  
One day unto the castle fair  
Another giant came.  
And as the gentle giant waned  
The other waxed in might;  
A man of solemn mien was he,  
Nor glad unto the sight.  
The castle old grew silent, cold,  
Nor any mirth came out,  
And where the summer long had smiled  
The winter stalked about.  
And all men passed another way  
Whenever they could;  
They dreaded him as they had loved  
The merry giant good.  
No song was ever on his lips,  
His eyes were hollow lights;  
The castle seemed a haunted pile,  
And dark and chill o' nights.  
And round about it rose the wave,  
And lo! an island where  
The gloomy giant dwelt alone,  
The picture of despair.  
And those who knew the giants twain  
The truth with tears confessed;  
"Their brothers were—and one was Grief  
And the other was Happiness."  
—Chicago Record.

## AN EARLY CALL.

HE proposed to her in the conservatory after supper; he did not go down on his knees or declare that life would be nothing to him without her, but he told her, simply and earnestly, that she was very dear to him; that he had always loved her, and that as his wife it would be his care to guard her from the world's rude buffetings. "I think I could make you happy," he said. "I am not as clever as some of the men you know, but I love you."  
"Yes," she murmured, "I know you love me—you have always been good to me; you must know—you must feel that I appreciate it. It touches me to have you care for me—I wish I could make you understand that I am grateful."  
"Grateful? But why should you be? Could I help loving you? Could I know you and not care for you? You are so unlike other women, so free from envy and petty malice. I have watched you with your girl friends—I have seen you do many a kindness that you thought nobody knew anything about. I think it was your goodness that charmed me first."  
She looked up—was he really in earnest?  
"Don't praise me," she said; "compliments from other men are well enough, but not from you."  
"Is it a compliment to tell you what I think? And it seems to me I have said so little. Ah! if you could know what is in my heart—but no doubt," as she made an impatient movement, "you have heard all this before—a twice-told story wears. What can I say to win you—you who are so used to being loved? To another woman I might speak of my wealth, of all that I could give her, but not to you."  
"You think too well of me," she broke in.  
"No, Edith—I understand you—and that is why I want you all for mine, to have and to hold, to love and to cherish; say that you like me a little, that you will be my wife."  
She leaned toward him, the words that would send him from her, and end forever the friendship that had become a part of her life were trembling on her lips, when he, guessing her intention, perhaps, said hurriedly: "Some one is coming—your German partner, I think. Don't answer me now; later on will do as well."

She breathed freely. It was natural for her to postpone unpleasant things to put off the evil day as long as possible.  
"As you wish, then; will you call to-morrow."  
"Yes, in the morning, at 11." He bowed and withdrew just as her next partner came hurrying up.  
"The cotillon is about to begin, Miss Alton," he said, taking Manning's chair, "but I think we have time for a short chat. You don't mind talking to me for a few minutes, do you?"  
"Why, no," she answered, for she liked the lad not only for his own sake, but because of his friendship with that other, whose image was never long absent from her mind.  
"By the way," he said, as if reading her thoughts. "I got a letter from Agnew to-day. I thought you might care to hear from him; you always seemed such friends."  
"Yes," she responded, idly. "How is he?"  
"Very well; but growing homesick. Think of it! He has been away six weeks."  
"No doubt he is enjoying himself."  
"Oh, Carl will get the best out of life; that's his way, you know."  
"Yes, I know." The answer was given so carelessly, with such apparent indifference, that he was about to speak, to tell her the tidings that his letter contained, and which so far some instinct had made him withhold, when his hostess appeared in the doorway.  
"Come, you two," she called; "the others are waiting for you."  
"Dear Mrs. Danton," said the girl, rising. "Mr. Lane and I are such old friends that we sometimes forget how time flies."  
"You young dissembler," laughed the older woman; "you know Herbert Manning was in the conservatory with you."  
A sudden blush stained Edith's cheek—she hated herself for it, it was so apt to mislead—but Mrs. Danton seemed in no way surprised.  
"There, child; don't look so frightened," she said. "No one wishes you happiness more than I."  
"But, Mrs. Danton—"  
"Really, Miss Edith," put in Lane, who had been a puzzled and uncomfortable listener, "I don't like to hurry you, but we shall surely be late."  
She turned away; after all, what did it matter; by to-morrow the world would know the truth, Manning's face would tell the story of his rejection, and a few hours' misconception could harm no one. But late that night, when she stood in her own pretty room, she felt vaguely dissatisfied with herself; she could not put the feeling from her.  
"I have not acted honestly," she said aloud. "I should have answered him; it was not kind to put him off, it may lead him to hope, he may have misunderstood me." She was silent a moment, then went on still contritely: "And I do like him. He is the kindest, truest friend, but love—"  
She arose and crossed the room.  
When she came back she carried a photograph, a man's cold, clever face—the face of one who knew the world, and was perhaps not on the best of terms with it.  
"But for you," she said, gazing into the unresponsive eyes, "I had loved that other man; if you had not shown me so clearly that I was dear to you, I might still care for him, for he loves me dearly; but it is too late now—too late to talk of what might have been." She stopped and laid her lips on the picture's.

The next morning she was idling over her fire, when the maid brought up a bunch of heartsease and a card: "Mr. Manning's compliments, ma'am, and will you see him?"  
"Yes; say to him that I will be down in a moment."  
When the door closed she lifted the heartsease tenderly; a mute appeal, they seemed to her, from the giver.  
"Poor fellow," she thought regretfully. "I should have told him; however, there is no use keeping him waiting. I might as well get through with it at once."  
She pinned the heartsease in the lace at her throat, cast a parting glance at the mirror and started down the stairs.  
As she reached the lower hall the front door opened and a servant ad-

mitted a girl in gray with a bunch of roses thrust into her muff.  
"Why, Edith," she said rapidly, "I never thought to find you down so early. If you are going out don't let me keep you."  
"I am not going out; come into the sitting room and get warm."  
"No, I won't sit down. I only want to see you a moment. I came to ask you to join our house party—there will only be eight of us, the same old crowd we had last year."  
"The same crowd? How delightful!"  
"The same, and not the same. I won't invite Mr. Agnew now."  
"And what has poor Mr. Agnew done?"  
"What has he done? Oh, nothing unusual; they all do it sooner or later; but an engaged man is de trop at an affair of this kind. No girl wants him for a partner, and, really, one can't blame them."  
"An engaged man!" For one horrible moment Edith Alton thought she was about to faint; the next, however, the tables and chairs righted themselves, her visitor's face ceased its grotesque gyrations and she was conscious that she was speaking.  
"So! Where did you hear that pleasant bit of news?" she asked, seating herself on the arm of a chair.  
"Why, last night; Mr. Lane told me coming home. Strange he never mentioned it to you. I am horribly disappointed. She's a Boston girl. You remember her—a little creature who visited the Mores. Wealthy, of course—trust Charlie for that—but oh! so plain."  
"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder," quoted Edith, lightly. She felt a longing to cry out, to bury her face somewhere, instead of which she must smile and look unconcerned and discuss this love affair with the indifference of a mere acquaintance. "If I remember rightly she was a nice little thing."  
"Nice? Heavens! Fancy Charlie's coming to that—actually to marrying a 'nice' girl! His best enemy couldn't wish him worse luck. He has disappointed me dreadfully. I thought, significantly, 'he fancied some one else, somebody nearer home.'"  
"Somebody nearer home?—oh, do you mean myself? How awfully funny! Why, we are very good friends; we have always been friends; but I—" a rapid flash of thought; then, with rising color, "I am going to marry another man."  
Her visitor's face expressed intense surprise. "Going to be married," she repeated; "I had not heard—"  
"No one has heard," said the other with some emotion, "and, by the way, Mr. Manning is waiting for me in the library. I must ask you to excuse me."  
"Mr. Manning?"  
"Did you not guess? I thought of course you would. Don't speak of it, Janet. I only told you because (slowly) you are such a good friend of mine."  
"And I appreciate it accordingly. I wish you every happiness—she laid her hand lightly on Edith's arm—you know that, don't you?"  
"Why, yes—you have always wished me well, haven't you? See how potent your wishes have been! But to return to our first subject, I shall be glad to go with you to Arley. Last year's visit was a dream."  
"Then I shall count on you. Come, you will have to let me out; I am not an fait with your latch."  
"What a strong wind there is—draw up your wraps. Goodby, and again thank you for thinking of me."  
The front door slammed and Edith stood a moment in the hall, gathering courage for what was to come; then she turned and went into the library.  
Manning, who was standing at a distant window, came forward at her entrance.  
"I am afraid I kept you," she said, giving him a trembling hand, "but I was detained by an 'early call' from a friend."  
"An early call," he repeated; "then what do you think of me?"  
"Ah, but I told you to come; that is altogether different. I wanted you."  
"You wanted me?" he cried eagerly; "my darling, may I interpret that after my own fashion? Do you really care for me a little?"  
She could not speak, but for answer

she came to him, laying her beautiful head on his breast.  
"Love me," she whispered, passionately; "only love me, and you can make of me what you will."  
"Do you know," he said to her, about an hour later, "at first you frightened me, but when you didn't say 'No' at once, I began to hope. I knew it wasn't like you to keep me in suspense—you are too true of heart for that."  
"Too true," she thought, remorsefully. "Oh, Herbert, Herbert!"  
But aloud she said, smiling half sadly into his loving eyes: "To think of your being afraid of me—of poor little me—who am not half worthy of you!"  
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### POPULAR SCIENCE.

Most fast colors are derived from coal.  
Petrefied forests of enormous extent have been discovered in South Arizona.  
A well at Montpelier, Ind., which gave forth natural gas, now yields an abundance of oil.  
Dr. Kremiansky, a Russian, announces the discovery that a preparation of aniline inhaled will cure consumption in its worst stages.  
Signal officers have succeeded in sending messages by flashes of light a distance of 183 miles. The achievement is certainly remarkable.  
The great lathe at the Crenset (France) Gun Works is capable of turning a solid steel ingot fifty-two feet long and eight feet thick.  
The poison of a bee's sting has been experimented upon by a French chemist who declares that in combination with certain essential oils it is a remedy for rheumatism.  
The theory that the Chinese pest germs are chiefly boxed in soil dried by long continued drought is confirmed by the fact that among the 100,000 Chinese who live in boats on the river at Canton, there have been scarcely any deaths from the epidemic.  
Professor Todd, of Amherst College, who has for some years been an enthusiastic student of eclipses and of the sun's corona, is perfecting plans for his expedition to Japan in 1896, where an important eclipse of the sun will be visible on August 9 of that year.  
The opium dealers of Hong Kong, China, have collected data, and issued a special pamphlet, in which they triumphantly point to the fact that opium-eaters or smokers were, almost without exception, exempt from attack during the recent pest epidemic.  
The observation that the marine plant called flum, which swims on the surface of the ocean, has the power to calm the waves like oil poured on them, has induced some Frenchmen to construct a loose kind of net, which has been found to have a similar effect, and is believed to be useful for navigators.  
One person in 1000 dies of old age; one in fifty-four of measles; one in thirty-seven of apoplexy; one in 143 of erysipelas; one in 133 of consumption; one in twenty-one of scarlet fever; one in forty of whooping cough; one in thirty-three of typhoid fever, and one in 143 of rheumatism, on the average.  
A few years ago a portion of the pavement in Grosvenor road, London, was lifted out of its place in some mysterious way. Before the workmen were sent to replace it numerous toadstools made their appearance in the cracks between the misplaced stone and its fellows. Investigation proved that the stone, which was two feet one way by four the other, and weighed 212 pounds, had actually been lifted out of place by the restless growing force of these soft, spongy fungi.

### Well Meant, But Menacing.

"Here it is again," exclaimed the clerk, indignantly. "Lend me your penknife, quick, till I cut this article out of the paper."  
"What is it?"  
"One of this confounded series that tells how to make home happy on \$1200 a year."  
"Why, my wife says they are very interesting."  
"That's the trouble. They read so luxuriously that if the boss sees them he'll cut me down to a thousand sure."  
—Washington Star.

## ATLANTA'S FAIR.

BIG COTTON STATES' AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

Will Be Held in 1895—National Government to Make an Interesting Display—Plans of the Main Buildings.

THE great Fair of 1895 will be the Cotton States' and International Exposition, to be held in Atlanta, Ga., next September. Its success on an elaborate scale is assured by the fact that Congress appropriated \$200,000 for the removal of the immense Government Building from the World's Fair grounds in Chicago to the grounds of the Cotton States' Exposition in Atlanta, thus giving the exposition a Governmental indorsement, which will prove of great value. In addition to this the business men of Atlanta have subscribed \$200,000, the city of Atlanta gives \$75,000, and the State of Georgia is expected to appropriate \$100,000.

The Cotton States' and International Exposition will exceed in scope several times over the Cotton Exposition of 1881. Atlanta has grown steadily and is abler both in experience and in wealth to handle such an enterprise, and has gone at it with an energy that makes success certain.

There will be six principal buildings. Five of these were designed by Bradford L. Gilbert, of New York, and one by Walter T. Downing, of Atlanta. They will be erected on the Piedmont Exposition grounds, of which Mr. Gilbert says:

"I do not hesitate to say that I consider the possibilities of development for exposition purposes beyond those of any other exposition grounds which I have seen. It is tended to retain, so far as possible, the natural contour of the ground, and that is wise, for I am sure they can be made very beautiful. When the buildings are erected and the decorations of the grounds are developed Atlanta will have one of the most attractive exposition grounds that this country has ever seen."

The Administration Building, designed by Mr. Downing, will be one of the striking features of architecture in the grounds. It carries the idea of the Southern homes of antebellum days in the immense pillars at its front and is intensely Southern throughout. The central portion is of double-story height, but it is designed to be a great central hall for use as an art gallery if the Board so desires. At either side are the rooms for the officers and for the press.

The leading idea throughout the other buildings is Romanesque. They are designed with an idea of stability and simplicity of construction. Take the Machinery Building, for instance. This is in its interior construction a simple cube so designed as to give a great deal of space inside and with its exterior finish having a touch of the Renaissance. On each end, at the sides and in the center there are large porticoes with immense pillars, which will give to the entire building a stately effect. It will be sixty-five feet high. The Manufactures Building carries out the same Romanesque idea, but is considerably more elaborate. In the Agriculture Building the same idea is carried out in a sort of pyramidal shape, and so, too, in the Electricity Building. The latter has towers and arches, which can be brilliantly illuminated, and, located as it will be at the foot of a lake, a great light can be secured. The towers at the corners of the Manufactures Building are very large, and can be used for restaurant purposes, or anything of the sort. The broad outside corridor on the second story of this building can also be used to magnificent advantage for restaurant purposes. The dimensions of the buildings are given as follows:

The Manufactures Building is 370 by 216, is 60 feet high, with a tower reaching 100 feet from the ground, and will be the largest building on the grounds, second only, of course, to the great Government Building.

The Machinery Building is 100 by 500, and is 65 feet high.

The Agriculture Building is 300 by 150, is 60 feet high and has a 100-foot tower.

The Minerals and Forestry is 80 by 320; the elevation is 35 feet, the central octagonal tower is 60 feet.

The Electricity Building is 91 by 250, 60 feet high with a 100-foot tower.

The Administration Building has a central hall 50 by 100, and two side wings, 50 by 100. It has an elevation of 60 feet.

The Government Building is to be on a high hill above the building of the Driving Club. Beyond it and above the famous cotton patch of Piedmont Exposition days is the site of the main building, a beautiful hill, where it will have one of the most prominent sites on the grounds. The Agricultural Building, which from its architectural structure is designed to be kept permanent, with the idea of making it an auditorium, is to be located on the hill south of the main entrance to the grounds. The Electricity Building is to be near the Piedmont Exposition main building, at the foot of a lake, and at the head of the lake is to be the Machinery Building. The Minerals and Forestry are to be along the lake between the Machinery Building and the Electricity Building. The Administration Building is to be between the Government Building and the Manufactures Building, and will occupy one of the most attractive points on the grounds.

In the construction of these various buildings the architects have, of course, taken into consideration the elevation of the site on which each building is to rest, and it is the aim, of course, to make each building stand out for itself. These six buildings will be supplemented later on by a Woman's Building, an amusement pavilion, and, perhaps, by a number of State buildings.

Now that the Atlanta Exposition has secured an appropriation of \$200,000 from the United States, applications for space are coming in rapidly from foreign countries. The exposition is already assuming an international aspect, and is sure to attract thousands of people from all over the United States and Europe.

One of the interesting features of the exposition will be an exhibit by the colored people. It will be the first of its kind which has ever been made, and it will be an education to the outside world in showing what the colored people of the South have accomplished right at their homes since they were given their freedom. It will be very attractive, not only to the colored people themselves but to the people of the entire country, and it is doubtful if any other one feature will bring as many people to see the exposition as does this colored exhibit.

Atlanta, the city of the exposition of 1895, is a very pretty place of 90,000 population. The houses are new, and are like those of a progressive Northern or Western city rather than like those of an old Southern town. The streets are bustling and active. The adjacent country is hilly. The city is 1080 feet above sea level, varying at a point where the topography changes from the mountainous regions of the Blue Ridge to the rolling and finally level pine lands of Southern Georgia. The air is fresh and bracing, coming, as it does, in stiff breezes from the nearby mountains, and, in fact, the place is so like a Northern city in the style of its streets and houses, its climate and its activity, that people from Massachusetts feel as much at home here as does the man who comes from Savannah or New Orleans.

Every foot of ground around the city is of historic interest, and all in all there is not a Southern city that could be more attractive to a visitor from other sections of the country.—New York Advertiser.

### A Parthian Shot.

First Boy—"You're afraid to fight, that's what."  
Second Boy—"No, I ain't! but I fight you my mother'll lick me."  
First Boy—"How will she find it out, eh?"  
Second Boy—"She'll see the doctor goin' to your house."—Tit-Bits.

### Female Cats Are Blondes.

An authority on cats says that yellow hairs, no odder how few in number, always indicate that the wouser is a female. He further adds: No male cat was ever known to have the slightest tint of yellow.—Chicago Herald.