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WHAT KNOW WE?

What know we of the gnawing grief
That dims perchance our neighbor's way,
The fretting worry, secret pain
That may be his from day to day?
Then let no idle words of ours
Sting to his heart with more dismay.

What know we of temptations deep
That hover round him like the night,
What bitter struggles may be his,
What evil influences blight?
Then be not hasty to condemn
If he have strayed from paths of right.

We know so little of the hearts
That everywhere around us beat,
So little of the inner lives
Of those whom day by day we greet,
Oh, it behooves us one and all
Gently to deal with those we meet!

Gently to deal and gently judge,
With that divinest charity
That thinks no evil, but would seek
The good in every soul to see,
Measuring not by what it is,
But by that which it strives to be.
—L. M. Montgomery, in the Churchman.



The Baby's Plea

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

"WELL? Quick; what is it?"

The anguish of heart-break was in the woman's voice, but the baby's cry, as she crushed him against her breast, rose shrill and indignant above it, and made the answer of the girl in the doorway a mere moving of lips.

"Shut up, will you, you little limb—oh, no, no, I don't mean it, darlin'! You ain't to blame. You don't know what it was made me crush you up. There, there—the-re!" She rocked the tiny one violently back and forth, in an agony to hush it. "There, there, darlin', mother's son—oh, hush up! hush up! I've got to hear." Then in a shriek to the girl at the door, "Moll Tinker, how long you goin' to stan' there openin' and shuttin' your mouth? Ain't you goin' to tell me? Pityin' heart, and me waitin' here to know, till the heart of me's turned to water! Ain't you goin' to speak? Ain't you goin' to speak? Ain't you goin' to spe—"

The girl crossed the great bare room at a bound, and was at the woman's ear. Under the momentary impatience in her face lay genuine pity.

"Don't say it again, for gracious, Mis' Knapp! I'll holler; I guess you can hear me now, can't you? Well, I saw him. He's settin' there just the same. I shouldn't think he'd moved."

"Ain't he any different? Say his head ain't held up quite so defiant, Moll, not quite! It'll tell against him; I know it will! You said he'd lowered it some, didn't you, Moll? Why don't you answer?"

"He's holdin' it up just the same," the girl said, slowly. "I can't help it."



SHE ROCKED THE TINY ONE BACK AND FORTH.

If he don't know when he's ruinin' himself, then he's a fool."

The haggard woman, with the baby in her arms, faced about wrathfully. "Larry ain't a fool, and you know it, Moll Tinker!" she flashed. "It's his way! Oh, what can I do? It's his way! Underneath, he don't feel that way. It's only the outside. But it'll tell against him; I know it will!"

"It's tellin'," muttered the girl, under her breath. She had seen the disapproving faces on the jury bench and the stern face of the judge. She had caught the fragments of talk back by the door. People said Larry Knapp was bold as brass. How could they know it was only "his way?"

Suddenly the haggard woman uttered a cry. "I've got to go! I've got to be there! I can't help if the baby is sick. You said you'd tell me in time. Moll, is it—time?"

"It's—pretty near," shuddered the girl. "I asked a man. Here, give the

baby to me, Mis' Knapp. If you ain't got any hat, take mine. Ain't you goin' to give him to me?"

"He won't stay with you. He'd die cryin'. I can't help it if he does cry there—I've got to go. I'm goin' to take him. I can hush him up—I've got to! I've got to be there to smile when Larry looks up. Do you think he's goin' to see 'em all strange, accusin' faces? He's got to see mine there, smilin'. And it's me he's goin' to see when—they—come in. Moll," her voice sank to a whisper, "you don't think they could've come in yet, do you? While you and me have been talkin' here? Pityin' heart, why didn't I go sooner?"

"Hush, do! They can't come in till they go out, can they? Well, they ain't gone out yet. The man said it wouldn't be before afternoon. The judge's got to charge 'em, ain't he? He ain't done that yet. I said I'd let you know in time, and ain't I? But you better go now if you're goin'."

"If I'm goin'!" the frail little woman cried mightily. "If I'm goin' to Larry in the bitterest hour o' his need! Come—yes, you can carry him as far as the door. It won't hurt any if he cries out o' doors, and my strength needs savin'. Easy, Moll!—there ain't any pavin' on his little bones. He's dreadful poor."

They were hurrying away down the bare street in the noon sun's glare. The mother shielded the tiny old face with one of her rough, red hands. Her eyes dwelt on it.

"To think his father ain't ever seen him!—to think it'll be the first time there!" she sobbed softly, quieted somewhat from her frenzy. "Him lookin' up sudden—think o' that, Moll—and seein' the face of his son for the first time! It's queer to think of, ain't it? Oh, yes, it's queer! How could anything come round like that, when we were so happy a little while ago, me and Larry? That ain't the way things happen—it ain't right!"

She was sorely in need of her breath, and panted between the words. "Yet she talked on drearily."

The man on ahead of them, in the crowded court room, waiting with defiant young face for his sentence, was charged with a grave crime. In a moment of anger, he had felled a comrade with a single blow of his big fist. The injured man had rallied at first, and then suddenly sunk in a stupor and died. The doctors talked learnedly of complicating conditions, but the outlook was dark for the prisoner. His stolid bearing was against him.

"He had provocation—can't they see what provocation Larry had! When there's provocation, it always counts, doesn't it, Moll? You've heard so time and often, haven't you? I have, too. The provocation Larry had had ought to help out, I tell you! Of course it will—I hope you don't think I'm afraid, Moll Tinker! I'm only goin' there so's to smile when Larry looks up. We must hurry—hurry! We're goin' so slow."

Gasping and white she got to the court room door and held out her arms for the sick child.

"Now!" she whispered, in sudden, pale calm. "I'm goin' in now. You tell somebody that I've got to have a seat up near Larry. I've got to—I can't help it if the baby cries. We've got to go up there, ain't we, father's little son? Oh, you'll hush up for father, won't you, darlin'? Come, I'm ready, Moll."

They went in. Some one made a way through the crowd and piloted the two up to the front. Some one made a chance for them near the prisoner at the bar. The lawyer for the

defense was just winding up his verbose plea. There was already a restless expectancy on the weary faces of the crowd. It had been a tedious, hot morning.

The haggard little woman's eyes swept the sea of faces rapidly and then whitened. She had not found what she sought. She had not found sympathy. Public opinion was against the man whose life or death seemed trembling in the balance. It was not so much to be wondered at, for all through the monotonous days of the trial he had sat there, defiant and scornful. The first shade of softness was yet to be seen on Lawrence Knapp's face.

"It's his way—it's his way," whispered the little woman to the girl, her friend. "If they only knew it was Larry's way! It's outside—if they could only see him inside! I can—why can't they? That's the way he looked when his mother died—hard, just like that. Just exactly, and don't I know how Larry loved his mother?"

The judge got heavily to his feet. His voice was grave and stern. The twelve faces of the jury, impenetrable and dread as fate itself, settled to fresh attention. Then the baby cried. A wailing, piteous cry at first, until it took on notes of pain, when it shrilled and sharpened.

"Hush up—oh, hush up!" breathed Larry's wife in agony. "Hush up for father, darlin'! You don't want them



"GIVE THE LITTLE CHAP TO ME, LINDY; I CAN HUSH HIM UP."

to put us out—pityin' heart, this is the time I've got to be here! There, there, darlin'—don't!"

The judge was visibly annoyed. A frown gathered between his shaggy brows. But there came a short respite from the baby cry, and the deep voice of the judge filled it resonantly, as he began his charge. The mother's face relaxed with infinite relief, and she turned her attention instantly to the prisoner. But she could not meet his eye. Again and again she was ready with her brave smile, but in vain. The haughty young head of the prisoner lowered not an inch, and the defiant eyes stared on steadily into the sea of faces. It was his way—his way. Oh, if they could only know!

The baby cried again—this time a burst of anguish, that settled into a steady, piteous moan. The mother rocked and hushed vainly. It kept on. And the judge was getting impatient; a rustle of nervousness swayed the audience, the lawyers, the jury.

Suddenly something happened. The prisoner moved in his seat—when had he moved before? He turned about suddenly, and what was this he was doing? He was holding out his arms! "Give the little chap to me, Lindy; I can hush him up."

That was what he was saying! He had the tiny, wailing one in his arms now. The tiny face was against his breast; he was swaying gently to and fro—the baby had stopped crying!

A great silence filled the big, bare place. Every eye was riveted on the prisoner's face, as it bent over the baby. The wonder of the change in it filled every soul with amazement. For the face of the young prisoner was tender and warm; could it ever have been hard and defiant? Not this one—this face that nestled against the tiny one and gazed at it raptly. This was the face of a father who looks at his son for the first time. But, heart of pity, what surroundings! What a background! Since the world began, had this thing ever happened before? Men read the story and gazed in blank wonder. Women drew together and touched each other's hands. The pale little woman sobbed on the girl's faithful breast.

A full minute—two, three, four—it

lasted. The prisoner seemed lost to everything but the moist, warm touch of the tiny face. He did not cease the gentle swaying of his body for an instant, and people smiled presently and prodded each other, for the baby was asleep. A tiny one's bridge between trouble and unconsciousness is short, and there, in the noisome, crowded room, in that brief moment of silence, the tired baby had crossed the bridge into sleep. Calm and sweet it lay against the prisoner's breast, the prisoner's tender face above it. A thrub of sympathy rose in the crowd and traveled over it from side to side like a wave. Then the judge went on.

Whatever he might have said—who knows? Whether he were swayed by pity or the memory of a little face against his own, at some first, rapt moment—who can tell? This is true—that what he said was undertoned with gentleness and clemency. And the twelve listening faces took on mercy as a visible veil.

"It's tellin'," murmured the girl beside the haggard mother. "It's tellin'." And it told. It was a softened sentence they brought in somewhat later. When the young father handed back the sleeping baby it was not without the hope of holding it again in his arms, before it had quite outgrown its sweetness of babyhood.

"Take care of him, Lindy, and keep him a little 'un till I get out," he said, earnestly. "I hanker to put him to sleep again."—Country Gentleman.

What a Young Man Should Know.

People differ as to how much a collegiate education helps a young man in a business career, some contending that it is of the utmost importance; others that he can get along without it. As a matter of fact, it depends on the young man himself, for, while a college education can hardly be called a hindrance, it might, in some cases, give a young fellow a foolish pride that would make him hold himself about the so-called crudger of a business life.

A very successful man, in speaking of what a young man should know to begin a business life in the right way, summarized the qualifications about as follows:

He should be able to write a good, legible hand.

To spell all the words that he knows how to use.

To speak and write good English.

To write a good social or business letter.

To add a column of figures rapidly.

To receipt an account when it is paid.

To write an ordinary receipt.

To write an advertisement for the newspaper.

To write an ordinary promissory note.

To reckon the interest, or the discount, on the note for years, months or days.

A Queer Suicide in Alaska.

The startling suicide of John Daly, of Cowley, near Bennett, on the line of the White Pass and Yukon Railroad, was the talk of Skagway when the Dolphin departed south last Sunday night. The man took a sure and effective method of shuffling off this mortal coil. He cut a hole in the ice of the creek just small enough to pass through, squeezed himself down in the aperture into the icy cold waters and shoved himself along under the ice for several feet before he became unconscious. The man made certain of his death. He cut the hole so small that there was not one chance in a thousand of ever getting back through it. Then, very deliberately, he took off his hat and forced his body down beneath the thick ice, and so close was the fit that he scarified the flesh on his shoulders.—Seattle Daily Times.

Rhodes's View of Death.

It had always been the wish of Cecil Rhodes since the time that he first beheld the Matoppo Hills, and among which he afterward passed through so many scenes in his life, that he should at last be buried amid their solitudes in a grave cut into the living rock. Though strikingly picturesque, the views which the Colossus entertained of death were extremely simple. The thought of it gave him little or no emotion. "When I am dead," he once said, "let there be no fuss! Lay me in the grave. Tread down the earth and pass on; I shall have done my work."

Aden, on the Suez canal, does a large business in the export of salt secured by evaporating sea water.

THE GAME OF MUMBLE PEG.

I used to like to loiter
On the hillside in the spring
When leaf an' bud an' all o' that
Made lark an' linnet sing,
Jus' loungin' on the shady side
Of beach and other trees,
An' scentin' sweet perfumeries
That floated with the breeze,
An' jus' layin' there an' idlin',
Kinder restin' on one leg
An' playin' that old boyish game—
The game of mumble peg.

Right down the mossy ridge a piece,
The way I used to go,
The dogwood spread its petals like
Lingerin' flakes of snow,
An' lazily and dreamily,
Hedged in the pretty shrine
I used to often loiter with
A dear old friend of mine;
Jus' layin' round an' idlin',
Kinder restin' on one leg
An' playin' that old boyish game—
The game of mumble peg.

Softly from the memories
Of all the yesteryears,
I gather smiles, an' laughter, an'
But mostly—mostly tears!
I'd like to loiter once again
About the break o' spring,
When leaf an' bud an' all o' that
Made lark an' linnet sing,
An' jus' layin' round an' idlin',
Kinder restin' on one leg
Jus' once more with my old friend
The game of mumble peg.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.



Mrs. Hatterson—"What! you've had fourteen cooks in three months!" Mrs. Catterson—"Yes, and I didn't please any of them."—Life.

"Will you marry me?" he asked. "I told you once that I would not," she answered. "Yes, but that was yesterday," he urged.—Tit-Bits.

"I see you've got an automobile. Were you ever in a race?" "Yes." "How did you come out?" "On crutches a month later."—Philadelphia Press.

This thing called fame oft brings regret; Its ways are light and breezy. The kind you want is hard to get; The kind you don't is easy.

—Washington Star.

"What are you here for?" inquired the visitor at the penitentiary. "For keeps," replied the convict known as No. 1147, with a mirthless laugh.—Chicago Tribune.

"Willie, did you give Johnny Smith a black eye?" "No, ma'am." "Are you sure?" "Yes, ma'am. He already had the eye, an' I jest blacked it for him."—Chicago Post.

"He's a very fast young man." "Not at all." "Evidently you don't know how he spends money." "Well, I know he returns what he borrows."—Philadelphia Press.

"But I can't bear to be insulted!" said the statesman, resentfully. "Well," said his friend, "you should have thought of that before you went into politics."—Brooklyn Life.

Merchant—"So you're looking for a position." Young College Graduate—"No; I've wasted so much time looking for a 'position' that I'll be satisfied now to take a job."—Philadelphia Press.

I hate to use a folding-bed, Because I have been told That many sleeping lambskins have Been gathered in the fold.

—The Philistine.

Briggs—"I donated my brain to my college, and just got an acknowledgment from the president." Griggs—"Was he pleased?" Briggs—"He wrote that every little helps."—Harper's Bazar.

"Let's see," said the inexperienced salesman, "the price of that ping-pong set is \$10 net." "See here!" exclaimed Mrs. Gotrox. "I don't want the price of the net; I want the whole outfit."—Baltimore Herald.

The Value of Tact.

A man must possess the happy faculty of winning the confidence of his fellow beings and making steadfast friends, if he would be successful in his books or profession. Good friends praise our books at every opportunity, "talk up" our wares, expatiate at length on our last case in court, or on our efficiency in treating some patient; they protect our name when slandered, and rebuke our maligners. Without tact, the gaining of friends who will render such service is impossible. The world is full of people who wonder why they are unpopular, ignored and slighted. People avoid them because they make themselves disagreeable by appearing at the wrong time, or by doing or saying the wrong things.—Success.