

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XIII.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1903.

NO. 45.

THE FELLOW WHO FIGHTS ALONE.

The fellow who fights the fight alone,
With never a word of cheer,
With never a friend his help to lend,
With never a comrade near—
Tis he has need of a stalwart hand
And a heart not given to moan—
He struggles for life and more than life,
The fellow who fights alone!

The fellow who fights the world alone
With never a father's smile,
With never a mother's kindly tone
His sorrowful hours to grieve,
Who joins the fray at the dawn of day
And battles till light is flown,
Must needs be strong, for the fight is long,
The fellow who fights alone!

Al, bitter enough the combat is
With every help at hand,
With friends as need to bid godspeed,
With spirits that understand,
But fiercer far is the fight to one
Who struggles along unknown—
Oh, brave and grim is the heart of him,
The fellow who fights alone!

God bless the fellow who fights alone,
And arm his soul with strength!
Till safely out of the battle rout
He conquering comes at length,
Till far and near into every ear
The issue of his fight is blown,
Till friend and foe in the victor know
The fellow who fights alone!

—Denis A. McCarthy, in the New York Sun.

A String Of Pearls.

A YOUNG lady to see you,
Mr. Denvers.
Ralph Denvers, the head
of Brandon & Denvers, looked up from
the pear he was peeling, but no hint of
the surprise he felt at his butler's an-
nouncement was allowed to creep into
his face.

"I am not expecting anyone, Harris,"
he said, quietly. "It is a mistake, prob-
ably. Did she send in any name?"
"She would not give her name, sir;
she was very persistent or I would not
have troubled you, sir; she seems in
distress."

"In distress? What is she like, Har-
ris?"

It was a listless question; he was ab-
solutely without curiosity concerning
the appearance of this stray young per-
son who sought an audience of him,
but it was lonely in this oak paneled
dining room of the great house in
which he lived, and it was more for
the sake of talking to somebody that
he detained Harris now.

Ralph Denvers had more dinner in-
vitations than he could accept, but at
thirty-three he was given to telling
himself that the dinners eaten at other
men's tables were too heavily paid for
in the toll of epigrammatic conversa-
tion that was exacted of the guest who
would justify the reason of his appear-
ance in the brilliant set in which Ralph
Denvers moved. Ralph was just a lit-
tle tired of brilliancy.

"She is very young, sir; a child, al-
most," Harris broke in upon his reflec-
tions. "A lady, I should say, and he
adged beneath his breath, "pretty as a
picture."

It may be that Ralph heard him.
"Show her in," he said, briefly; "I
may as well see what she wants."

Harris disappeared, and presently his
place was taken by a slim slip of a girl,
who stared at the man who rose at her
entrance with a pair of frightened eyes.
Ralph Denvers saw the eyes, and his
glance wandered to the quivering, smil-
ing mouth.

"You wish to see me?" he said.
"Won't you sit down?"

The girl sank into the chair he of-
fered her, and sat there, clasping and
unclasping her fingers in an agony of
nervousness.

"Well," he said to her, and there was
a note of encouragement in his voice.
"Is it very difficult to tell?"

It was more difficult than he knew.
Aline Tempest rose to her feet and
stood with her hand resting on the
tablecloth.

"It is hard," she said, "but I must
say it. I came to say it. It's about
Dick, my brother, you know."

She stopped and looked at him, and
he looked at her. How was he to know
about Dick?

"He never meant to do it," she went
on, and drew a step nearer to him;
"there were men outside who tempted
him, and he was young, and we had
so little, and he hoped to make a for-
tune for me. You see I was to blame;
it was all for me."

"Were you anxious for a fortune?"
said Ralph, looking at the quaint little
figure in the quaint, unfashionable
gown, and then at the lovely, childish
face.

"I wanted nothing," she said, "and I
did not guess until it was too late. You
see, it has been so different since father
—went."

The under lip trembled, and a tear
gathered and fell, and Ralph Denvers
stared steadily at the painted peasant on
his dessert plate.

"I should like to hear all about it,"
he said. "Please sit down again and
tell me what is your name—and Dick's."

"I am Aline Tempest," she said, sim-
ply, conquering her emotion with an

effort that commanded his admiration,
"and when father died Senator Mandeville
got Dick into your bank. He was
going into the law, you know, but it
had to be given up with the other
things. It was all very altered for
him, and I am afraid," with a little
watery smile, "that he did not like the
bank. But it gave us money to live on,
and I meant to teach when I got pup-
ils. I haven't got any yet—it seems
every one can teach something. And
Dick grew tired, and these men came
to him, and there was some horse that
was going to make a fortune for all of
them."

"We have heard of that horse be-
fore," said Ralph, and then was
ashamed of his jest.

"Have you?" said Aline. "We never
had. They persuaded him, and Dick
—oh, how could he do it?—took money
from the bank; a little at first, and af-
terward a great deal. It isn't known
yet, but to-morrow it will be known.
They've given him money to get off
with, and he's going to England to-
morrow from Boston. He must go, I
suppose, or else something worse will
happen. But I hated him to go like
that, and I thought if I brought you
these—they're mother's pearls, the only
thing of hers they let me keep—and I
thought they would help to pay some-
thing, and perhaps you won't let it be
known to-morrow."

She handed him the pearls as she
spoke and Ralph took them in his
hand. A short string, worth, perhaps,
\$500 if the full value were given, and
this child's mother had worn them.
He looked at them and wondered what
he should do, and a timid hand was
laid on his arm.

"Isn't it enough?" said Aline. "Oh,
I don't know how much it was, but
they will help a little. And will you
keep them and let me go home and
tell Dick that he need not go? And
afterward, when I get work, I can pay
it back—all of it."

"I will keep them."

Ralph Denvers stood up and slipped
the chain in his pocket.

"I will keep them," he said again,
"and you can go home and tell Dick
that he must come into my room at the
bank to-morrow."

What made him do it, he, Ralph Den-
vers, cynical man of the world, given
to jesting doubt over such vague words
as faith and charity, given to denying
the hope that has led men to stumble
on so long? What made him do it? It
may be that he knew even then. And
when she was gone he stood and called
himself a fool for his pains, and it was
perhaps as well he did not see the girl
he had befriended sink down before
an empty chair in an empty room and
weep her heart out because Dick was
already gone.

Ralph took up the invitations on his
mantel shelf. He had all that evening
before him—Where should he go? He
put them down again and paced the
room. What was this thing he had
just heard? It had sounded simple
enough, but it may be that it meant
a big thing. Those men outside sound-
ed ominous, what if they were also
going to England to-night?

Hastily snatching up a list of sailing
steamers he saw that a steamer was
due to leave Boston at dawn. His
mind flew to ways and means; to get
down there to-night a man must go
by the 10 o'clock from the Grand Cen-
tral. He looked at his watch and
found, to his relief, that he had time
and to spare. Why should he not
profit by the information he had re-
ceived to be his own detective? And
if only Dick Tempest were there why
should he not bring him back to the
sister whose heart he was going to
break? She must not be allowed to

weep any more—that pretty child who
had come to him in her dark hour.

It promised a little more excitement
than an evening spent in listening to a
singer whose repertoire he knew by
heart. He went upstairs and changed
into a lounge suit, and, with a coat
over his arm, he walked quietly out
of the house in West Seventy-second
street and had himself driven to the
Forty-second street station.

He knew who they were now. They
were Richard Tempest's children, and
he remembered that old Senator
Mandeville had said something to him
about looking after the lad. But when
one is good looking, popular and thirty-
three, what time is there for looking
after stray boys? Ralph had seen
young Tempest once, and had asked
him how he liked the bank, and had
not waited to hear his answer, and
straightway had gone away and for-
gotten that he was in the world. He
wondered if he should know him again
as his cab pulled up at the main en-
trance of the railroad station.

It was early yet, and the platform
was not overcrowded. Ralph walked
the length of the train and saw no one
who was likely to be Dick Tempest.
He went to the ticket office and got
himself a ticket; it might be necessary
to go to Boston, it was just possible he
had caught an earlier train. He walked
up and down scanning the faces of
those who passed him with keen, lei-
surely glance. The time sped, the mo-
ment of farewells came, and Ralph
was wondering if he had thrown his
evening away, when suddenly he saw
him. Dick Tempest came quickly
down the platform, a small handbag
for all his luggage, surely a poor outfit
for a trip to Europe. The train was on
the point of starting, and Ralph was
the last person in the world to desire
"a scene." He stepped out to meet the
lad coming toward him.

"Ah, Tempest," he said, pleasantly,
"I thought you were not coming. I
have a stateroom."

Dick Tempest looked into the face of
the man he had robbed, and knew that
his story was told. He hesitated, but
the other's glance was compelling, and
in answer to it he got into the train
and took his place in Ralph Denvers's
stateroom.

The journey to New Haven and back
is not a long one, but there is time in
it for a pitiful tale of weakness and
temptation and a too late repentance
to be told; there is time in it for for-
giveness to be sought and not denied.
It was early morning when these two
strange traveling companions arrived
again in New York. Ralph Denvers
put his hand on the shoulder of the
younger man.

"Go home," he said. "Remember
that a sister waits for you, and that
you are to come to the bank as if noth-
ing had happened."

He drove home himself in the keen
morning air, and almost for the first
time in his thirty-three years of life he
realized how pleasant it is to be a rich
man. There was a big check drawn on
his account that morning and the firm
of Brandon & Denvers never knew how
it had been swindled to the extent of
nearly \$25,000.

It was shortly after this that hos-
tesses began to complain that Ralph
Denvers was never available for even
the most attractive of their parties.
And it was nearly a year later when
one morning there was a quiet wed-
ding in a little church round the corner
—a wedding to which the world was
not invited, a wedding at which only
three happy young people were pres-
ent.

They left Dick standing on the steps
of the church, and as they drove to the
station Ralph slipped his arm round his
wife's shoulders and dropped some-
thing into her lap.

"My first present to you," he said.
"I have given you nothing yet."

Aline Denvers took the little string
of yellow pearls in her fingers.

"Oh, Ralph," she said, "and once I
was silly enough to think—"

He stooped and kissed her.

"They are the most wonderful pearls
in the world," he told her. "They have
brought happiness for three people."—
New York News.

The Cynic's Wisdom.

Engaged people put on magnifying
glasses when they look at each other's
virtues. The day they are married they
take them off.—New York Press.

The Onion State.

New York State ranks first in the
production of onions, the last year's
crop being 2,177,271 bushels.

Canada's Mineral Product.

The total value of Canada's mineral
product in 1900 reached over \$63,000,
000, or \$12 a head of the population.

HANDLING SLAG.

Disposing of the Refuse of the Iron
Furnace.

When it is considered that for every
ton of iron taken from the furnace
there is produced from 1000 to 1600
pounds of slag, and that this slag oc-
cupies from two and one-half to three
times as much space as an equal
weight of iron, it is easily seen that
the problem is of no small importance
to the economical working of the plant.
There has been recently introduced
in one or two plants a system of hand-
ling the slag by means of a clam-
skull bucket, which moves along on
the overhead framework, carrying the
slag to the cars, cement plant or any
desired place.

The plant, says the Iron Age, con-
sists of an overhead runway spanning
the slag pit and railway track, and an
electric trolley, which carries the hoist-
ing machinery and operator's cab and
handles a clam-shell grab bucket. With
this apparatus the molten slag is run
from a furnace into a brick-lined pit
prepared for the purpose. As the slag
enters the pit it strikes on a flat jet
of water, which comes in from below,
and is disintegrated by the contact
and becomes of the consistency of fine
gravel. It is then dug out with the
clam shell and loaded into cars, which
stand directly beneath the runway,
or it may be carried directly to the
cement plant or other of the various
works which make use of this material.
The length of the runway varies from
120 to 300 feet, according to the room
available, the number of cars to be
loaded and the size of furnace.

The trolley is constructed with a
structural steel frame supported on
four track wheels. The hoisting and
lowering are done with one motor,
and the traveling along the track with
a separate one. An electric brake in
series with the hoisting motor auto-
matically clamps the motor shaft
whenever the current is cut off, either
purposely or accidentally. The oper-
ator rides with the trolley in a cab,
which automatically protects him and
his controllers from the weather. The
cab is built of steel and has glazed win-
dows.

No Profit on Dressed Beef.

This is the way the packer proceeds
to demonstrate that the sale of dressed
beef has yielded him no profit since
the first of last April. The present
average price of a 1200-pound
"prime, corn-fed beef steer" is \$7.50
per 100 pounds, that is, \$90 for the
animal as it stands in the Chicago
stockyards. Adding to this the cost of
slaughtering, which is \$1.50, the car-
cass ready for dressing, has necessi-
tated an outlay of \$91.50. Practice
has shown that such an animal will
"dress" about fifty-six per cent. of its
live weight, that is, 672 pounds. Upon
the other forty-four per cent., which
is hide, horns, hoofs, blood, surplus
fat, trimmings, and offal, the packer
realizes, on an average, \$14.75. So the
two "sides" of the steer, as they hang
in the packing-house refrigerator, have
cost \$76.75. The moment the packer
moves the 672 pounds of dressed meat
his expenditures begin anew. Sending
the carcass to New York, for instance,
costs \$7.05, which is the aggregate of
freight at 40 cents per 100 pounds, and
of refrigeration during the journey
and selling charges at 50 cents per 100
pounds. So, when the time comes for
the retailer to negotiate for the meat,
it has cost the packer \$83.80, or 12.3
cents per pound. Since April 1 the
highest wholesale price for dressed
beef in New York has been 11.5 cents,
or eight-tenths of a cent less than the
cost of production. Pursuing this
arithmetical process with an average
steer, of 1100 pounds at \$7.10 the hun-
dredweight, the usual price, it will be
found that the dressed carcass on sale
in New York represents an expendi-
ture on the part of the packer of 11.4
cents per pound, nearly one cent a
pound more than he can obtain for it.—
From "The So-Called Beef Trust," in
the Century.

Hospital Balloons.

Dr. Naugier, of Paris, in a paper on
ballooning, at a recent meeting of the
Academie de Medecine, made the as-
tonishing assertion that a two hours'
voyage in the air causes a marked
increase in the number of red corpus-
cles, and the condition persists for ten
days after an ascent. Two such as-
cents in the course of six or seven
weeks, he said, are more beneficial to
an anaemic than a sojourn of three
months in the mountains. Dr. Naugier
urged that the municipal council be
asked to provide a large balloon capa-
ble of taking to the upper air daily
fifty patients who are too poor to afford
a change of climate.—London Globe.

A FICKLE WORLD.

He was the hero of the hour;
And he was strictly "in it."
He seemed—so quickly fled his power—
The hero of a minute.
He gently mourns his present lot;
The hear him softly say,
"The pet of yesterday is not
The darling of to-day."

The books that pleased our fathers so,
We view them with disdain;
The songs we sang some time ago,
We scorn to sing again;
And smiles and sighs alike forgot,
Time's hand has swept away;
The pet of yesterday is not
The darling of to-day.



"How much did your daughter's
wedding cost?" "Oh, about five thou-
sand a year."—Life.

Bobby—"Say, pa! What's barbar-
ism? When a barber cuts your hair?"
Pa—"Yes; very often, my son."—
Princeton Tiger.

"That photographer's wife is very
jealous of him." "No wonder. Just
see how many other women he flatters."
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Customer—"You said this suit would
wear like iron." Clothier—"Well, didn't
it?" Customer—"Too much so. It's
getting rusty already."—Judge.

Life's full of strange surprises;
Thus sometimes it's deceiving.
The flower of a family
Turns out to be a weed.
—Philadelphia Record.

"I never saw anybody so daffy about
the men as Fannie is. I think she must
have wheels in her head!" "Oh, no,
not wheels; only the fellows."—Com-
fort.

Penn—"I don't see how you can call
Van Meter a genius. His poems cer-
tainly do not show it." Brush—"No;
but the fact that he sells them does."—
Judge.

Bank Director—"How did you come
to examine his books?"—His Associate
—"I heard him address his Sunday-
school class on 'We are here to-day and
gone to-morrow.'"—Puck.

Mrs. Justwed (house hunting)—"Oh,
Charlie, here's the loveliest little linen
closet." Janitor (interrupting)—"Dat
ain't no linen closet; dat's de dining-
room."—Detroit Free Press.

"I," says the garrulous person, "was
always the apple of my father's eye."
"Maybe," muses the weary listener,
"maybe that is why you are always so
seedy."—Baltimore American.

"H'm! The composer of this song
was conceited enough, I must say."
"What makes you think so?" "Why,
here in one place he has written
"Fine."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Her Mother—"May, why do you treat
Jerold so shabbily, while he treats
you so good?" May—"Why, the dear
boy couldn't treat me any better, no
matter how I treated him."—Judge.

This life is a procession
Where many folk appear;
And some must march and do the work
While others stand and cheer.
—Washington Star.

First Tramp—"Do you believe in
signs?" Second Tramp—"No more; I
haven't had a bite to eat in twenty-
four hours." First Tramp—"What has
that to do with it?" Second Tramp—
"A good deal; I've been up against
twenty doormats to-day with the word
'Welcome' on 'em."—Yonkers States-
man.

Mr. Wabash—"Yes, I'm stopping at
the Bongtong House." Miss Eastern—
"Ah! that's our most fashionable ho-
tel. The service is splendid, don't you
think?" Mr. Wabash—"Well, I've seen
better in Chicago. All the swell hotels
out our way furnish silver-mounted
bellows to blow your soup with, for
instance."—Philadelphia Record.

Elephant's Tusks Stolen.

Thieves sawed off the great tusks of
Jumbo II. last night and carried them
away. The elephant was the property
of Boston, and on account of his ugly
disposition had caused his owner much
trouble. He was known as a man-
killer, and the deaths of a number of
men are credited to him. When Bos-
ton left his summer quarters, Jumbo
II. was left behind. Friday he died.
The thieves came prepared for a hard
job, and their work was far from easy.
The iron band which surrounded one
tusk was almost saved in two before
the vandals decided to saw on each
side of the ring. The tusks were four
inches in diameter and three feet long.
—Inquirer.