

ROANOKE BEACON.

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FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH.

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The Postmaster-General has issued an amended regulation concerning postal cards, providing that "no printing or writing other than the address is allowable upon the address side, nor may anything except an address label be pasted or attached to any postal card. The address label, however, may be pasted on the message side as well as on the address side of the card."

The St. Louis Star-Sayings observes: Builders, especially in the East, are in view of a probably coming scarcity of lumber, turning their eyes to a new source of supply, Nova Scotia. Now that lumber is on the free list, it will pay buyers to purchase logs at \$6 in Nova Scotia rather than at \$10 in Maine or Wisconsin, especially as the cost of (water) transport is but little. The drain on the Nova Scotia forests has hitherto not been very great, the principal market being England, to which country 100,000,000 feet (166 cargoes) were shipped last year. There are still 2,000,000 acres of virgin timber land in the colony, of which 800,000 acres are owned by farmers, 400,000 by the Government and the balance by individuals and corporations.

The class of '97 of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia have decided to use the metric system in writing their prescriptions when they are graduated. "This action," says the Philadelphia Enquirer, "will no doubt be handed down from class to class as it is the first step made in this country by a medical college. It is contended that at the present time all kinds of weights and measures are used by the druggists and pharmacists, thus leading to confusion between the doctor and the druggist. The United States Pharmacopoeia of 1890, pronounced in favor of the metric system, yet it is only by concerted action on the part of the doctors and the pharmacists that it will be brought into general use. The colleges of pharmacy have adopted the metric system and it is thought that, as it has been brought up in one medical college, others will speedily follow."

The Presbyterian records a singular experiment made by the Woodland Avenue Presbyterian Church, Cleveland, Ohio. Realizing that mothers are prevented from attending church by the necessity of caring for their babes at home, the church has provided a Sunday nursery which is to be open in connection with both the morning and evening services. The practical object of this nursery is to receive and properly and lovingly care for the babes and young children while one or both of their parents are attending divine service in church. The children will be received just before service and delivered to the parents just after service, or at any time previous, as the parent may wish. Such a work faithfully, intelligently and lovingly done, as it will undoubtedly be in the present instance, will enable many a mother, who now gets no such opportunity from one year's end to another, to attend the services of the sanctuary.

The Director of the United States Mint has estimated and the Secretary of the Treasury has proclaimed the value of foreign coins, as required by Section 25 of the act of August 28, 1894. The changes made are as follows:

	Value, July 1, 1894.	Value, Oct. 1, 1894.
Bolivians of Bolivia.....	.457	.464
Peso of Central American States.....	.457	.464
Shanghai tael of China.....	.676	.685
Hankow tael of China.....	.763	.773
Tien-Tsin tael of China.....	.727	.737
Che-Foo tael of China.....	.717	.727
Peso of Colombia.....	.457	.464
Sucre of Ecuador.....	.457	.464
Rupia of India.....	.217	.227
Yen of Japan.....	.493	.500
Dollars of Mexico.....	.497	.504
Sol. of Peru.....	.457	.464
Ruble of Russia.....	.366	.371
Mahab of Tripoli.....	.413	.418

The estimate of the value of coins of countries having a single silver standard is made up on the average price of silver for the three months ending September 29, 1894, viz: \$0.64127. There has been added to the list the Tien-Tsin and Che-Foo taels of China.

HONEY.

When bees went forth in black continuous stream,
And steadily return unto the hive,
When all the air with humming is alive
From pearly dawn to day's last golden gleam;
Then it behooves to work and not to dream!
Up! if your honey store you want to thrive,
(Ere hungry drones with robber bees connive.)
That you may gather all the blossom-cream.
Yet let me pause a moment on the brink—
Between yon flower-calyx and its spout
What labor interveneth! Only think,
What you deem play, to bees and me 'tis toil,
Yet labor, perspiration, many a sting,
So I've the honey—cheerfully I sing!
—The Academy.

THE YOUNGEST CLERK.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

It is a beggar, Jane?" said Mrs. Troop. "Oh, don't send the poor creature away! Give him a glass of milk and a bit of the cold beef."

"Please, ma'am," said Jane, "there ain't so much as a drop of milk left, and you gave the last of the cold beef to old Gideon Gallup. And besides, ma'am, I don't think it is a tramp at all. It's quite a respectable young man, in a brown linen duster, and a carpet bag."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Troop. "A new boarder, eh?"

"Well, ma'am, I ain't quite sure," said Jane, discreetly. "Folks is so different."

"Jane," said Mrs. Troop, mysteriously, "I see it all now. It's the youngest clerk."

"Ma'am?" said Jane, in a bewildered way.

"Oh, don't be so stupid!" cried Mrs. Troop, who was one of those nervous women who are perpetually instinct with electricity, and who saw and comprehended things by flashes. "Call Barbara, and make haste about it!"

Barbara came into the green gloom of the little pantry, whose window was thickly shaded with morning-glory vines—a tall, slim lassie, with solemn blue-gray eyes, brown hair, and a slow grace of manner which she must have inherited from the birches on the mountain side and the reeds in the swamp, for other teachers she had none.

"What is it, mother?" said she. "I was just emptying the feathers out of the old pillow-ticks."

"Barbara," said Mrs. Troop, "don't bother about pillow-ticks. It's the youngest clerk! He's waiting just over there on the porch, with his bag. Can we accommodate him, do you think?"

"Mother," said Barbara, "what on earth do you mean?"

"Why," cried Mrs. Troop, with an impatient gesture, "don't you remember old Mr. Fanshawe, the book-keeper in Browne, Brownson & Browne's, telling us about the youngest clerk there who had the weak lungs and the small salary? And he said he'd recommend him here for his vacation, and he hoped we'd take him cheap and do what we could for him."

"Oh!" said Barbara, arching her pretty eyebrows. "Yes, it seems to me now that I do remember something about it. But, mother, where can we put him? Every room is full—even to the two sloping-roofed chambers in the garret."

"But a poor young man," said Mrs. Troop, in a distressed voice, "with hereditary consumption and almost no salary! Barbara, we never can turn him away."

"No, of course not," said Barbara, reflecting. "Mother, I can manage it. Don't fret any more. Tell him he may come."

"And high time, too," said Mrs. Troop, nervously, "with him waiting there on the porch and wondering, no doubt, what all this delay means." She bustled out, with kindly hospitality. There, in the purple twilight, apparently listening to the song of the whip-poor-will on the mountain-side, sat a slender man, dressed in cool, brown linen, with a valise resting on the floor beside him. How was Mrs. Troop to know that he had heard every word of the brief colloquy?

"Madam," he said, lifting the straw hat from his curly head, "I—"

"Oh, yes, yes!" said Mrs. Troop; "I know all about it. Your name is Browne—with Browne, Brownson & Browne. Mr. Fanshawe told me all about you. You are the youngest clerk there."

"Madam, I—"
"It isn't necessary to explain," kindly interrupted Mrs. Troop. "We'll give you a room and board for two dollars a week. I can't promise you the dainties they have at the Chocoma House, but everything shall be clean and wholesome. Mr. Fanshawe told us that your means were limited. Mr. Fanshawe knew I would be interested in you, because I had lost a son of about your age."

"Indeed, Mrs. Troop, I am very much obliged to you, but—"
"Here comes my daughter Barbara," said Mrs. Troop, evidently desirous to abbreviate the new-comer's thanks. "Barbara, this is the youngest clerk. His name, I believe, is Browne."

Barbara let her soft, blue-gray eyes rest upon his tired face for a second, with the most angelic sympathy.

"Is your cough very bad?" she asked. "Oh, I hope the mountains will do you good! How long a vacation have you—two weeks?"

He smiled.

"You are very kind," he said. "The firm will allow me to be gone as long as I like."

"And your salary will go on just the same?"

"And my salary will continue just the same."

"That is what I call real generosity," said Barbara. "Oh, I should like to thank Messrs. Browne, Brownson & Browne! Well, come in. Our little cottage is full of boarders, but my mother and I will contrive to make room for you somewhere."

And the pale boarder slept that night in a rose-scented room, with a floor of bright rag-carpet on the floor, hand-painted china vases on the wooden mantle, and cheap muslin curtains at the window, after a supper of blackcaps and milk, delicious home-made bread, fresh honey and Johnny cake.

"Two dollars a week for such fare as this, to say nothing of my cunning little corner room!" said Mr. Browne to himself. "I never boarded so cheaply before in all my life."

At the end of a week he was more than delighted. Mrs. Troop was the kindest and most motherly of hostesses. Barbara was the impersonation of sweet and gracious refinement.

The mountain was full of purple glens, merry voiced cascades, winding footpaths and breezy heights. Mr. Browne enjoyed himself intensely. He believed that he had come to the right place.

"Don't you think," said Barbara to her mother, "that he's very strong for a consumptive?"

"It's that herb tea and the diet of honey and new milk that is building him up," said Mrs. Troop, triumphantly. "I never knew it to fail yet in lung diseases. But he's very pleasant, Barby, isn't he?"

"Very!" said Barbara, earnestly.

Mr. Browne had not been a month at the little cottage on the mountain when, overtaken by a sudden shower, he sought refuge in an old, unused barn not far away from the house, where a thicket of blossoming elderberries concealed the rude stone basement, and a veteran yellow pine tree flung its banner of black green shade over the mossy shingles of the roof. Unused, except to stow sweet hay in—and in one corner a little chamber had been finished off long ago with a brick chimney and a tiny paneled lattice.

The door was half open, and Mr. Browne could discern a little cot bed, draped with white, a dimity covered toilet stand, whose coarse, cheap bowl and pitcher were enriched with purple and crimson autumn leaves in hand painting, and a little needlework rug which lay at the foot of the bed.

"Ah," said Mr. Browne to that best of confidants, himself, "I comprehend it all now! I have displaced Mademoiselle Barbara from the little corner room in the cottage. Upon my word, I feel like a usurper! But how good they are, this mother and daughter, whose only income is derived from this precarious occupation of taking boarders! How unselfish, how utterly self-sacrificing! There are good Samaritans yet left in the world, thank heaven!"

When September came, with its yellow leaves and its clusters of vivid blue asters on the edges of the woods, Mr. Browne prepared to return to the city.

"You are sure you are strong enough to resume work?" said Mrs. Troop, anxiously.

"Mother," said Barbara, "he isn't at all like an invalid. Either old Mr. Fanshawe was mistaken, or Mr. Browne has made an almost miraculous discovery."

Just at this instant Jane came to tell Mrs. Troop that neighbor Jackson was at the door waiting to borrow a drawing of tea.

The gentle widow bustled out; Mr. Browne turned to Barbara.

"Yes," said he, "I am going to return to New York. But I shall leave something behind me."

"We shall be very happy to take charge of anything for you," said Barbara, who was sorting over red-checked pears for preserving.

"Shall you? But you don't know what it is, Barbara," suddenly lapsing into extreme gravity. "It is my heart. I am driven to confess that I have lost it—and to you!"

"You are joking!" cried Barbara, coloring and half-disposed to be indignant.

"I never was more serious in my life," asserted Mr. Browne. "I do love you, dear Barbara, truly and tenderly. Do you think you could dare to trust your future to me? Poor as I seem, I could yet give you a good home."

"Oh, I am not afraid of that!" said Barbara, with rising color and drooping eyelashes. "I have been brought up to be independent, you know, and I believe I could earn a little money by art work, if I ever had the chance. If—if you really care for me—"

"My own darling!"

"Then—yes, I do love you!"

So Barbara was wooed and won.

"Of course, the dear little mother must live with us," said Mr. Browne.

"I couldn't do without her!"

Mrs. Troop, who had once more joined the group, looked worried.

"Is it a flat?" said she, wistfully.

"No, I occupy a whole house."

"But, dear me!" cried the mother-in-law-elect, "isn't that extravagant?"

"I think not," said Mr. Browne, seriously.

"But must you really be married at once?"

"I should like to carry both Barbara and you back to the city with me," said the lover.

"And poor Jane? Though, of course, it would be out of the question for Barbara to keep a hired girl?" hesitated Mrs. Troop.

"Oh, Jane must come, too!" said Mr. Browne. "Bring her with you, by all means. We can manage it somehow. To tell you the truth—"

"Well?" said Mrs. Troop, eagerly.

"I am a fraud and a delusion," confessed Mr. Browne, while Barbara raised her soft eyes in amazement. "I am not the youngest clerk in the firm at all the youngest clerk went out to Bermuda, at the expense of the firm. I hope he is doing well in that climate. This man was Ferdinand Brown. I am Augustus Browne, the youngest partner."

"But however came you here?" eagerly questioned Mrs. Troop.

"Didn't Mr. Fanshawe recommend you?"

"Not at all. I came to the hotel, but it was full; and they thought that perhaps I would be provided for at Mrs. Troop's cottage until there was a vacancy in the Chocoma House. But when the vacancy came I didn't care to claim it."

"So you are not poor at all?" said Barbara, in a low voice.

"Not in your sense of the word, perhaps; but I shall be poor indeed, sweet Barbara, if I have forfeited your favor," he uttered, fervently.

"Nor consumption?"

"No, nor consumption," he admitted.

"You have been deceiving us all along?"

"Yes, I have been deceiving you all along," said Mr. Browne. "But under the circumstances, do you see how I could help it?"

"It is very strange," said Barbara. "I ought to be thoroughly indignant

with you; but somehow—somehow I love you more dearly than ever."

Mrs. Troop could hardly believe her own ears. A palace in Fifth avenue; a double carriage driven by two fine gentlemen who wore choicer suits and glossier hats than the parson himself; double damask napkins, with monograms embroidered on them, at every meal; egg-shell china; all the luxuries which she had dreamed of, but had never known! And all these gifts bestowed by the hand of the poor young clerk whom she had undertaken to board at two dollars a week because he was alone and friendless, and for whom she had saved the choicest slices of honeycomb and brewed the most invigorating herb-tea!

"One often reads of these things in novels," said she; "but how seldom they come true in real life!"

Kind, simple-hearted Mrs. Troop! If she had been a student of the great "novel" of Human Nature, she would have known that we are all of us living romances at one time or another. And why not? Is not the world always full of Love and Youth.—Saturday Night.

Righted Soap Sandwiches.

"Of all the harum-scarum youngsters that ever I came across," said a well-known dry goods merchant recently, "the worst, I believe, were in my employ until last week. I had to discharge them—three office and stock boys—at once, in order to restore peace in the establishment."

"The ringleader was about seventeen years old, and worked in the stock. His position brought him in contact with the head porter, and between the two there was continual warfare. It started, I believe, in a practical joke of the boy's."

"One warm day last summer the porter had laid his shirt aside in the cellar. We happened to have there an old stencil, used to mark a cheap bleached muslin for export. The boy stole the shirt and stenciled on it 'Mohammed Bleached Muslin.' Then he called all the other boys and they began to jeer the porter, accusing him of stealing samples for his shirts. The porter is as honest as the day is long, but the continual nagging preyed upon him, and at last he came to me, the shirt in one hand and the stencil plate in the other. Of course I laughed at the matter."

"But the boy didn't rest at that. The porter was in the habit of eating his lunch in the cellar. He brought it with him in the morning and stowed it away in a closet until the noon hour. He was very fond of cheese sandwiches. One day the young scapegrace of a boy stole the lunch for a while, and, taking a bar of yellow soap, cut generous slices from it. He then removed the cheese and substituted the slices of soap. Then he told the other lads, and they all secreted themselves to watch Tom eat."

"My porter must have a strong stomach. He ate the sandwiches without detecting the soap. Then to the disappointment of the boys, he turned over on the top of a case, put his coat under his head and prepared to take a nap. This was too much for the boys, and they pelted him with balls of twine, wads of paper and the like."

"The man awoke and chased the boys for ten or fifteen minutes. Then Tom became ill, and had to leave for the day. The story came to my ears, and following, as it did, so many other pranks, I concluded that it was best to turn the young rascals out."—New York Herald.

For the Army.

Recruiting Sergeant—"You won't do for a soldier."

Applicant—"Why not?"

Recruiting Sergeant—"The front fingers are off your right hand, and you can't pull a trigger."

Applicant—"Oh, that'll be all right. I'd just as lief be an officer and carry a sword."—Washington Star.

An Unreasonable Public.

Clerk—"Mr. Blinks was just in to say that you hadn't sent a man to fix his pipes."

Plumber—"He's about the fortieth man to come in with that story to-day. I wonder if people think we haven't anything to do but sit here and listen to complaints."—Puck.

The Guest Chamber.

Very few housekeepers, no matter how hospitably inclined they may be, furnish the "spare room" so that when the stranger within the gates is ushered into it a feeling of completeness takes possession of the senses, and chairs, rugs and carpets cry out in welcome. In too many homes the idea that is carried out is to provide the guest with a suitable bed, a bureau in which to put the clothes that he or she has brought for use during the visit, one chair and a washstand. Some weary pictures of pastel subjects adorn the walls, and the entire aspect is drear and commonplace.

The writer knows of one abode where the guest chamber is made the subject of infinite thought. The comfort of the visitor is the watchword that governs the selection of every stick of furniture, and the great wonder is that any one who once enjoys the pleasant atmosphere of that perfectly appointed room ever has moral courage enough to bring the visit to a close.—Philadelphia Times.

Chinese Pawnbrokers.

Among the Canton houses there are occasional exceptions to the general one-storied or low constructions. Some of these are built like square towers four or five stories high, with no outside windows save at a considerable distance above the ground, and no outside projections by which thieves might climb up. These establishments are called pawnshops, but they appeared to me more to resemble our banks where we place deeds and other valuables for safety. I understand it is usual among the Chinese to deposit their possessions of value, when not in use, in these establishments. The people also store there during summer their winter clothing, and loans may be obtained against the goods stored. To have dealings with a pawnshop is in no way derogatory to a Chinese gentleman's dignity.

A Peculiar Theft.

Thomas Keegan, the proprietor of a marble yard in Brooklyn, reported to the police the other day that some thief had during the night stolen a white marble tombstone and cross from the yard.—New York Post.

Miss Francis E. Willard has been re-elected president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which met at Cleveland, Ohio.

A NOVEL UNDERTAKING.

A Great Company Furnishes Its Employees Free Medical Attendance.

William L. Douglas, President of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., has always had a great personal interest in the army of men and women who inhabit the great factory at Montello, Mass. He is a great believer in the idea that manufacturers should have this personal interest in the condition of their employees, and feels that if the idea is carried out to the extent that is possible, that it will result ultimately in the breaking down of the barriers which have been built up between employers and those whom they employ.

Mr. Douglas is satisfied that a scheme he has originated is a good one, and he has now put it to practical test. A few days ago he handed to every person in his employ—and they form a small army—a card, which entitled the bearer "to full and free medical attendance while employed by the W. L. Douglas Shoe Company. A competent and skillful physician will be at the private office of the company at 12 m., daily, except Sundays and holidays. If said employee should be detained at home by sickness, the physician will give full and free medical attendance there."

Blank spaces are left in the card for the name and residence of the employee; and it is signed by Mr. Douglas, as President of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Company. The conditions printed on the card are as follows: "The physician will not make visits outside the city limits. This ticket is not transferable, and does not apply to the family of the employee, and must be returned as soon as the term of employment ceases. This privilege is a free gift of the company and is no part of the contract for wages, and may be made void by the company, at its own option, without notice."

A doctor has been engaged to attend sick employees, and everything that medical skill can accomplish will be done for them during illness.

This is a practical illustration of the plan. It will doubtless be appreciated by the hundreds who receive the cards. Mr. Douglas believes there are hundreds of workmen and workwomen who find a doctor's bill a great burden after a period of enforced illness, and that if this is lifted from them they must feel that their employer is interested in them in some other way than simply to get all the work he can for just as little money as he can. Mr. Douglas says also that there are men and women who keep at work when it would be better for their health if they laid off a day or two and received medical attendance. Then again they will now feel free to consult the doctor for slight troubles, which heretofore they would not do because of the cost.

Speaking of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., it may be said further that in their factory the principle of arbitration is recognized. Mr. Douglas is a firm believer in the principle and has been since the establishment of the State Board of Arbitration. The firm obliges every employee to sign a statement to submit any disagreement that may arise, and which cannot be settled by the labor and parties, to the State Board of Arbitration, the decision of that Board to be final.