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## THE OTHER FELLOW.

Of all who dwell upon the earth  
There's none I wish to harm.  
Need feel the least alarm;  
My heart is filled with love for all,  
Save one whom I detest—  
But, oh, the way I hate that man  
Makes up for all the rest!

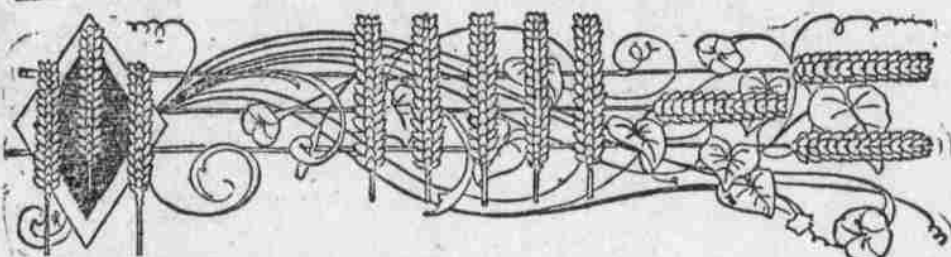
I will not write his name, lest he  
Should chance to read my rhyme,  
And learning of his danger, flit  
To some far distant clime;  
But just to show how he has used  
Me like a canine yellow,  
I'll give some reasons why I hate  
That horrid "other fellow."

My trouble with him first began  
When we were boys at school,  
He always won the prizes, and  
Made me appear the fool;  
And then at college later on,  
When reached the years more mellow,  
I found the scholarships all went  
To him, the "other fellow."

When college days were o'er, and I  
To find a job set out,  
To my disgust I learned that he  
Knew what I was about;  
He'd managed to obtain the start—  
By telephone came, "Hello!"  
We're awfully sorry, but we've just  
Engaged the "other fellow."

And then—oh cruellest blow of all!  
When love had pierced my heart  
And I went begging Annie Bell  
To take away the smart,  
When I implored her to be mine—  
Much gold she had and yellow—  
She let me know, oh, wretched girl!  
She loved the "other fellow."

Now, tell me, don't you think that I  
Have cause to hate this man,  
Who lies in wait at every turn  
To harm me if he can?  
If he should fall into my hands  
I'd make him howl and bellow—  
I wouldn't do a thing to him!  
Confound that "other fellow!"  
—William Wallace Whitlock, in Life.



## OUTLAWED.

By J. L. Harbour.

THE day after the funeral of Jared Coombs his five orphaned children were sitting around the kitchen stove, trying, as Martha, the eldest, said, to "look the situation in the face."

Martha was sixteen years old; Ann, the next oldest, was fourteen; then there were three little boys—Jerry, Leander and Horace.

Their mother had been dead three years, and their father had been an invalid for two years. He had at one time been a fairly prosperous man, but not within the memory of his children, and he had never said much about his "better days."

The people in the town where the Coombses lived wondered vaguely "what in the world those children would do now," and Martha had lain awake nights trying to solve the same problem. Her mind was made up to one thing—they would all "stick together."

The house of four rooms, in which they lived, was their own, and Martha had exactly twenty-five dollars in the world.

The day after Mr. Coombs' funeral was raw and dull. One of the neighbors had made Martha promise to come to her house for dinner, and bring all of the other children with her.

"Everybody has been so kind," said Martha to her sister and brothers. She had in her lap some papers that she had taken from the tin box in which her father had kept them for years. Most of them were yellow with age, and some of them fell apart at the creases when they were unfolded. Some had seals, and were clearly legal papers; others seemed to be old notes and bills, and there were a good many business letters.

As Mr. Coombs had told Martha that none of the papers were of any value, and had advised her to burn them, she now removed a lid of the kitchen stove and began to drop them, one by one, on the coals. She had burned most of them, when she picked up a folded paper, on the back of which was written in her father's hand—

"This man I trusted above all others, and my loss of confidence in him grieves me more than the loss of the money he should have paid me. But on what I know to be my death-bed, I forgive Justin Gye all the loss and sorrow he has caused me."

"Father could never hold a grudge against any one," said Martha to herself, as she unfolded the paper. She spread the document out on her knee. It was a promissory note for five thousand dollars, signed by Justin D. Gye. It had no indorser, and Mr. Coombs had written in red ink across the face of it this single word, "Outlawed."

Martha looked at the date of the note. It was thirty years old.

"I wonder who this Justin D. Gye was, and I wonder what 'outlawed' means," said Martha. "I'm going to ask Mr. Marston about it when we go over there to dinner, and I am going to keep this note, because, when I think of it, I don't believe there is another line of poor father's handwriting in the house."

Mr. Marston told Martha that the word "outlawed" written on the note, meant that the money due could not be collected by law, and that a note was worthless after a certain number of years.

"If your father has written 'outlawed' on the note, it is of no value," concluded Mr. Marston.

"But a promise to pay ought to be good at any time," said Martha.

"It ought to be, but unfortunately it isn't good in the written law. The moral law is another matter," said Mr. Marston.

When Martha went back home she took the note from the drawer in which she had placed it, and read it again. A few minutes later she busied herself with some kitchen duties. Her pantry shelves needed clean papers on them. Martha removed the things from the shelves, and took several papers from a bundle Mrs. Marston had given her. She was cutting a strip from a newspaper, when her eye fell on this paragraph:

"Mr. Justin D. Gye, who has within the past five years realized a fortune of fully a million dollars from his investments in Western mines and real estate, proposes to erect a magnificent house on Gaynor Hill."

Martha looked at the title of the paper and read, the *Louisborough Gazette*.

"It's the town where father lived before he and mother were married. I am sure that Justin D. Gye, and the man who signed his name to that note are the same. And he is worth a million dollars!"

She took her scissors, and cut out the lines she had read. Then she got an old atlas and looked up the city of Louisborough.

"It must be a long distance from here," she said, with a sigh. "If it were only nearer, I do believe I'd go and remind Mr. Gye of his 'promise to pay' and ask him if he thought it had been 'outlawed' in the sight of God."

All day she pondered over what she had read. Toward evening she had to go down to one of the village stores. She was passing the railroad station, when an idea suggested itself to her.

"I'll go in and ask the agent if he can tell me how far it is to Louisborough, and how much it would cost to go there."

The information she received was discouraging. It would cost at least twenty-five dollars.

"And that is every dollar we have in the world," said Martha. "I'll have to give it up."

But the more she thought about it the less willing she felt to give it up. On the morning of the third day she said to her sister:

"Ann, do you think that you and the little boys could get along without me for two or three days and nights if I got Jane Lewis, the seamstress, to come in and stay nights with you?"

"I'd rather have her than any one else, but where are you going, Martha?"

"I'm going to a place called Louisborough on a matter of business," said Martha, with a sense of importance.

She would have liked to keep her

going a secret, but this was impossible in a little town like Osbourne. By the time she was ready to start, the entire village knew where she was going and with what purpose. The general opinion was that it was "a fool's errand," but Martha was not to be moved.

It took her a day and a night to go to Louisborough. She had never been in such a large city, and the hurry and bustle confused her. Some in Osbourne had told her to ask a policeman how to find Mr. Gye's house, and when she saw a blue-coated officer at one end of the station platform, she went up to him and said:

"Can you tell me where Mr. Justin D. Gye lives?"

"He lives three or four miles from here, miss, but his place of business isn't more than five minutes' walk."

"I don't think that I want to go to his house. I want to see him on—on business."

"Then you'd better go to his office. Go right up this street until you come to K street. Half a block down that you'll come to a big marble front building. Take the elevator and the elevator boy will show you just where it is."

Martha's timid, forlorn appearance appealed to this big guardian of the law, and moved him to be thus explicit. It was well for Martha that she did not hear him say, as he moved away—

"What can she want with old Gye? If she's on a begging errand, she'd better save her breath."

Martha easily found the marble building, and her heart began to flutter a little when she saw a shining brass plate at the side of the doors with the name Justin D. Gye on it in black letters. Below the plate she read, "Rooms 24 and 26."

She did not take the elevator, but climbed the marble stairway, and at the head of the first flight she found rooms 24 and 26, with Gye's name on both doors.

An almost irresistible impulse to flee from the place and take the first train for Osbourne seized Martha. The very atmosphere of the place chilled and depressed her. Its marble splendor made her realize her shabby appearance. Her dusty, worn old shoes looked out of place on the marble floor. The cheapness of her black skirt, her worn jacket and faded straw hat impressed itself upon her. Her ungloved hand trembled as she laid it on the shining brass door knob.

In the room she entered half a dozen clerks were at their desks and there were other clerks in a room beyond. A boy in livery came forward and asked her whom she wanted to see.

"Mr. Gye," replied Martha.

"He's busy," was the reply.

"I could wait," said Martha.

"Have you a card to send in?"

"No," replied Martha, with a blush.

"You'll have to send in your name first."

"My name is Martha Coombs."

The boy motioned toward three or four chairs near the door.

"You can sit down and wait, and I'll take in your name when Mr. Gye's present caller goes."

Martha waited an hour and a half, during which time she regained her self-possession. Other persons who came in and asked to see Mr. Gye were told to wait, and they, too, sat down in the row of chairs near the door.

At the end of an hour and a half the boy came up to Martha and said:

"Mr. Gye says you can come in."

She passed into the private room. A portly, pompous looking man sat at a rosewood desk. His manner was almost harsh, as he said:

"You wanted to see me?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am extremely busy and can give you but a few minutes. What do you want?"

"I came from Osbourne, which is several hundred miles from here, to bring you this."

Martha walked forward and handed Mr. Gye the old, faded, outlawed note. She stood quietly by his desk and watched him as he read it.

"There is something written on the other side, sir," she said quietly, when he had read the note and let it fall. He took it up and read her father's words on the back of the note. His hand trembled and his eyes were downcast when the note again fell to his desk.

Martha fancied that he looked a little pale, and she saw him bite his lip under his gray mustache. He put one hand over his eyes. His other arm fell heavily at his side. There was silence in the room for fully a

minute; then, with his hand still before his eyes, he asked, in a husky voice:

"Where did you get this?"

"I found it among some old papers of my father's, sir."

"Are you Jared Coombs' daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he is living yet?"

"No, sir. He died five days ago, and I brought the note to you because he died so poor that I have not a dollar for the support of my sister and my three little brothers, and I want to keep them together if I can. I read in a paper about how prosperous you were, sir, and although the note is 'outlawed,' I felt that you might feel willing to pay something on it."

He took his hand from his eyes and offered it to her.

"You did right to bring it to me," he said. "Sit down on this chair and tell me about yourself and your father. He was a good man."

"He was, indeed," said Martha, with tears in her eyes.

There were tears, too, in the eyes of the man as she told him of her father's disappointment, and of the poverty in which he had left his children.

"They told me in Osbourne," she said in conclusion, "that it would be useless for me to come here with an outlawed note, but I did not think so."

"You were wiser than they," he said gravely, but with a smile, "for I shall pay every dollar of the note, with interest in full, and even this will not atone for my lack of duty in not finding your father and paying the note years ago. I shall see to it that his children shall lack nothing that they need hereafter."

There was great excitement in Osbourne when Martha returned with the news that she and her brothers and sister were to go to Louisborough to live in a home of their own.

"There are splendid schools there, and Mr. Gye will be a friend to us. I can't tell you how kind he was, and I can never be thankful enough that I went to him with that outlawed note!"—*Waverly Magazine*.

## Most Daring Publication.

A young Parisian woman edits and manages what is no doubt the most daring publication in the world. It is circulated among members of the light-fingered fraternity, the editress being a kleptomaniac of no mean order, and also an inventor of several devices calculated to assist her subscribers in following their craft. Items of interest are solicited, and if useful to "the trade" are liberally paid for.

The paper has no title and is undated and unnumbered. The illustrations of touch gloves, false beards and other novelties are reproductions of black and white drawings made by the editor and contributors.

The magazine offers great assistance to shoplifters who have had experience in their profession. Every subscriber must have at least a year's apprenticeship in crime. As the utmost care is taken in its circulation, this unique magazine has flourished for several years and is issued monthly at \$3 a copy.—*London Publicity*.

## Extreme Politeness.

"They tell me that Boston has the most polite man in the country," said a merchant. "He was run into by another man on the street, and tipping his hat, said: 'If I ran into you, I beg your pardon. If you ran into me, don't mention it.' But I have a man that is a daisy. He is our agent in a Northern town, and for some reason or other we failed to remit to him last month. Yesterday he wrote: 'Pardon me for the intrusion, but for fear you may think you have forwarded my usual remittance and are wondering why I do not acknowledge receipt, I humbly beg to apprise you that I have not received it.' Now that man got his money by return mail."—*Indianapolis News*.

## A Grateful Elephant.

In India elephants are as plentiful as horses in Denver. A certain elephant used to pass daily through the market of Ajmeer. A kind-hearted woman who kept a stall used to give him a handful of greens. One day the elephant got into a great rage and dashed through the market, scattering the crowd in all directions. Alarmed like the rest the woman took flight, but in her flight left her child behind her. The maddened elephant came up to her baby, stopped in his wild flight, lifted the infant gently with his trunk and laid it safely on a stall in front of a house in the neighborhood.—*Denver Post*.

In China liquids are sold by weight and grain by measure.

## MERE RUMOR.

Oh, the gold and purple sunrise is a lovely thing to see,  
When the radiant east with waking light is glowing,  
When the happy songsters carol in each dew-bespangled tree,  
And the rooster his shrill clarion is blowing.  
There's a magic fascination in the fast-approaching sun,  
And the rugged outlined mountain peaks that screen it.  
There's a glory in a sunrise that will charm the dullest one  
Into rapture—so I've heard—I've never seen it.

Virtue, toil and self-denial always bring their own reward,  
Eighteen hours is too short a day for labor,  
Man is happiest when working at a job so good and hard  
That it couldn't be accomplished by his neighbor.  
Souls are brightened and ennobled by unflagging industry  
And a prize is best enjoyed by those who've won it.  
Digging in from dawn till bedtime brings serene felicity  
To the digger—so I've heard—I've never done it.

—J. J. Montague, in Portland Oregonian.



Sue—"But why do you want to put my picture in your watch?" Tom—"Because you are a jewel."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Judge—"Have you formed any opinion on this case?" Wouldbeigh Juror—"No, sir; I haven't mentioned it to my wife."—*Smart Set*.

"I would not live away,"  
The poet sadly wrote.  
He went to row that day,  
And some one rocked the boat.  
—*Philadelphia Record*.

She—"If I had known what a fool you were I never should have married you." He—"You might have guessed it when I proposed to you."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Borem—"Scribbler, they tell me, is now quite a literary light. I must call on him." Wigwag—"Even a literary light may be out when you call."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"What is a fort?" asked a teacher.  
"A place to put men in," was the answer.  
"What is a fortress, then?"  
The answer was prompt: "A place to put women in."—*Tit-Bits*.

Oh, fortune is a little ball—  
Or so the canny golfers say.  
Some lightly loft it over all,  
And others fizzle day by day.  
—*Washington Star*.

She—"Don't let my refusal of your proposal embitter you, Mr. Simpkins." He—"No, no. After all, it is something to have been even rejected by a girl who owns a \$500 dog."—*Detroit Free Press*.

General—"Stop that reporter." Aide—"What! Don't you want to have him send home an account of your heroism?" "No. I don't want to be an American hero for a week and a punching-bag for the rest of my life."—*Life*.

"What is your favorite dish?" inquired Mrs. Frontpew of the Rev. Longface, the new pastor. "She felt sure it was chicken, but it proved not. 'Er—the contribution plate," answered the Rev. Longface, absently.—*(Ohio State Journal)*.

"A local schoolboy, his examiner tells me, in an exercise-letter the other day, commenced his epistle with, 'Dear Tommy, we was glad to receive your welcome letter telling about the sudden death of your dear father.'"—*Glasgow Times*.

Nervous Lady Passenger (to deck hand)—"Have you ever seen any worse weather than this, Mister Sailor?" Deck Hand—"Take a word from an old salt, mum; the weather's never very bad while there's any females on deck a-mak-in' henquiries about it."—*Fun*.

"Oh!" gasped the beautiful woman as she fell back, clutching at her heart and permitting the telegram to flutter to the floor. Her fashionable guests rushed forward, crying: "What is it? Has your husband met with an accident?" "No—no," she moaned; "it is from my son-in-law. I am a grandmother."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Just remember," said the man who makes every one suffer when he is uncomfortable, "that irritability is now said to be disease." "And also remember," said the man addressed, as he reached for a club, "that some diseases require heroic treatment." Thus it happened that the value of the mind cure was demonstrated and the disease did not develop.—*Chicago Post*.