

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XII.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1902.

NO. 47.

JUST LIVE THY LIFE.

Just live thy life in full content,
Do all thy best with what is sent,
Thou wilt not know what was meant,
Just live thy life.

Just live thy life. Be not in fear,
The strength of wrong shall disappear,
And the right is ever drawing near,
Just live thy life.

Just live thy life. Seem what thou art;
Nor from simplicity depart,
And peace shall come upon thy heart,
Just live thy life.

—James Lenox Stockton, in Boston Transcript.

PEGGY'S KNIGHT.

BY WILLIAM FORSTER BROWN.

After having alternately teased and peited his neighbor Peggy since the days of their mutual boyhood, Jack Barstow awoke one evening in Mrs. Rheinhardt's conservatory to the astounding fact that she had grown up, and that he was head over heels in love with her; and, manlike, he made an immediate mess of things. Hence the little note in Peggy's handwriting which he had read until he could almost repeat its contents backward.

"Dear Jack," it said, "please forgive me for being angry with you last night. I think the music and my new dress—it was a dear, wasn't it?—must have turned your head a little. You are not in the least in love with me—that is, not in the way you think; the idea of suddenly falling in love with your old comrade whom you have known ever since she wore short clothes is positively too funny.

"Don't get grumpy now, because I won't be absurd enough to think you are really serious; but when you have smoked your after dinner cigar, and become my usually serene-minded Jack again, come over tonight and take me to hear Sembrich. I've got tickets.

"P. S.—Of course I like you, but not in the way you mean; for Jack—now, don't get wratty—it's all very well for one's dear old chum to golf and yacht and play at being a lawyer, but my husband must do different things than those—things for which I shall reverence him as I do those knights who were always ready to strike a blow for the weak and helpless without thought of self. We have robbed too many orchards together for me to see any halo of romance encircling your head, you old goose."

"That's just like Peggy," said Jack, contemplating his office table dejectedly. "Expects a fellow to be a sort of modern Sir Galahad, rushing around slaying impossible dragons. It isn't my fault that I'm not a wonder. I pulled every wire I knew to get out of Chickamauga and go to the front, but I couldn't work it, and I can't brag people in here to be clients. What can I do?"

The empty office offering no suggestion, Jack grasped his hat, and lighting the consuetudinary suggested cigar, departed, filled with gloom.

His quick, athletic stride carried him swiftly up Washington street, and, heedless of his course, he turned instinctively into Temple place, preliminary to the shortest cut across the Common that led to Beacon street—and Peggy. He would not wait until evening.

As he rounded the corner he collided sharply with a small newsboy rushing in the opposite direction, who, yielding to superior force, shot headlong into the gutter, his papers flying broadcast over the muddy street.

With a quick swoop Jack seized his luckless victim and set him on his feet. "Excuse me," he said gravely, to the small boy, "I am very sorry."

The diminutive boy dug his grimy fists into his eyes to conceal the tears and said, with a gulp: "I'd orter seen yer coming."

Jack stared down at the much be-freckled face. He had expected a volley of recrimination such as he had heard from small newsboys before; then, perhaps on the principle that misery loves company, Jack's heart warmed to the small boy.

"Look here youngster," he said suddenly, "did you ever have a real bang-up dinner—turkey and cranberry sauce and fixings? No? Well, come along; you're going to have one now. Never mind the papers; I'll buy 'em. And by the by, chappie, since we are going to dine together, what's your name?" "Mike," answered the boy—"Michael Sweeney."

The head waiter started forward

with a frown at the muddy and dilapidated figure of a small gamin who, with much air of a suddenly trapped young fox, was preceding Mr. Jack Barstow into this world of proprieties and appetizing odors, of spotted linen and shining silver.

"It's all right, Barnes," said Jack, "the boy is with me."

"Turkey," said Jack to the impressive faced waiter; "much turkey, and cranberry sauce, and pie—unlimited pie."

Jack stopped abruptly, a flicker of red creeping into his cheek.

From the table behind had arisen the murmur of feminine voices, ending in a perfectly audible exclamation:

"Positively indecent," said the voice, "to allow that dirty little street arab in here; there are places, I should suppose, more fitting than this for practicing that sort of charity. I really believe I shall speak to Barnes and have him sent out."

Jack's jaw set grimly. He hoped the object of it would not understand, but the boy rose hurriedly and reached for his cap. Street life sharpens youthful eyes and wits.

"Sit down, youngster," Jack commanded; "nobody's going to hurt you," and rising, he turned toward the occupants of the table.

"Madam," he said, with grave deliberation—Jack Barstow was famed for his manner—"I beg you will accept my assurance that this young man, whose unfortunate appearance is due in part to my carelessness, has shown by his demeanor that he has the soul of a gentleman; also, madam, he is my guest."

"Mr. Barstow," she said, charmingly, calmly turned to resume his seat, just in time to confront a young lady with flaming cheeks and bright eyes. A young lady who, at the first sound of his voice, had risen from a seat at a far table and come swiftly forward.

"Mr. Barstow," she said, charminly persuasive, "will you not introduce me to your friend?"

"Peggy!" said Jack softly. Then Mr. Barstow rose to the situation. "Miss Cunningham," said he, "allow me to present my friend, Mr. Michael Sweeney; Mr. Sweeney, Miss Margaret Cunningham."

Mr. Sweeney made a wistful clutch at his head, forgetting that his cap was no longer there, his expression a curious conflict between awe and admiration as the lady bent toward him with a winning smile.

"I am glad to know you," she said. "Mr. Barstow is a very old friend of mine; in fact"—Miss Cunningham's cheeks were crimson, but her head was bravely erect—"he has asked me to be his wife, and I am going to say yes. Will you not be the first to congratulate me?"

Mr. Sweeney was struggling with emotions for which he could evidently find no words. He was a small boy and this a large occasion. Mr. Sweeney swallowed hard, then he spoke. "Thank you, leddy," said Mr. Sweeney. He was bewildered, but Mr. Barstow understood.

"But, Peggy," said Jack, a little later, while "Mr. Sweeney" ate turkey—much turkey and unlimited pie—"you said in the letter—I thought—"

"Well," said Peggy airily, though the eyes that looked up at Jack were very soft and shining, "I can change my mind, I suppose? I said that my—er—you must do something grand and noble; Mr. Sweeney and I think you have."—The Household.

Shorter Rifles for Soldiers.

The London Daily News makes the following announcement:

"Owing to Lord Roberts' conviction that the sabre and lance have seen their best days and must be replaced even for cavalry by rifles, while the bulk of the infantry must henceforth be mounted, the small arms committee was instructed some months ago to find a modified form of the Lee-Enfield suitable for all arms.

"As a result the committee has decided in favor of shortening the barrel five inches and increasing the twist of the rifle in order to compensate for the loss of range and accuracy, adding a ten cartridge clip action. An experimental issue of 1000 will be made soon."

A Bit of Philosopher Himself.

"Why do some of the philosophers affect to despise money?"

"For the reason," answered the man who is not ashamed of being rich, "that it is human nature to regard with either fear or contempt the things with which we are unfamiliar."—Washington Star.

ANOTHER ARTIFICIAL SILK.

This Made of Cotton Fibres Suitably Treated With Chemicals.

Several imitations of silk are already known to the dry goods trade. One of the first to be invented was produced by spinning a soft gummy substance obtained from collodion, or gun cotton dissolved in alcohol. The mechanism for drawing this material out into a spider's web was designed by a Frenchman, Chardonnet. His product never had any extensive use, for some reason, though it had a beautiful lustre. The most satisfactory results have been secured by subjecting cotton thread to a soaking in alkali, while under strain. The inventor of the system was a Mr. Mercer, and the process is called mercerizing. A great deal of mercerized cotton is now sold as such, and a great deal more is marketed under names which do not afford to the uninitiated an idea of its real character. In any case, though, it is a poor imitation of silk, but an excellent thing in itself.

Within the last few weeks still another plan has been reported from Germany. As is common in such cases, the preliminary announcement is made in a sensational way, and it probably exaggerates the facts. Still, it is evident that the process is different from Mercer's, and the claim is made that the goods are superior to those which are now so well known. The Wool and Cotton Reporter has found a description of the new method, which seems to resemble Chardonnet's in at least one particular. The cotton fibre is dissolved completely, but the chemicals employed are different from those used by Chardonnet. Our contemporary says:

A German chemist and an Austrian mechanical engineer invented the process. They have obtained letters patent for it in all countries. They mix copper, ammonia and cotton waste in a large vat. In about six hours a liquid of a dark blue color is formed, which passes into a large filter press, and then out of small glass tubes into a mild sulphuric acid bath. It is then of a gelatinous consistency, and is caught by a small glass rod, in the hand of a boy or girl, and reeled onto a large spool as it passes through the bath. The copper and ammonia, together with other chemicals, are described as a sediment, and are used again. As the threads are reeled, they receive a bath of cold water from a siphon. The numerous spools centre on one large spool, and are then reeled onto another, and so on, always under cold water, until all chemicals and acids are removed. This stage of the process occupies about four hours, and afterward the thread is taken to a drying room.

It is stated that the product is brilliant in color and finish, and of considerable textile strength. The thread is said to consist of 10 or 20 fibres twisted into one, but it can be made to any thickness required. The present price of the product is about 60 percent of real silk. The machines are small and compact, and are operated by ingeniously applied electric power; each machine can be started or stopped without interference with the others. The labor, too, is nearly all unskilled, and the patent is the property of a corporation.

WORLD'S LARGEST SCHOONER.

Unique Five-Masted Vessel Being Constructed in Maine.

The eyes of the shipping community of this country are at present centred with the deepest kind of interest upon the huge five-masted schooner now in process of construction at Camden, Me., for Capt. John G. Crowley, for service in the coal trade between Philadelphia and New England ports.

This craft, whose frames are now up, is distinguished by reason of the fact that she is the largest fore and aft sailing vessel the world has ever produced, and when completed she is calculated to have cost about \$30,000, and will spread 10,000 yards of canvas, carrying a cargo of 4000 tons of coal on 23 feet draught of water.

In this huge undertaking a number of prominent Philadelphians have invested, among them being Henry W. Cramp, S. P. Blackburn & Co., and Samuel J. Goucher, and while the craft, which has not yet had her name determined upon, will hail from Taunton, Mass., a large percentage of her stock will be held here.

This vessel, unlike any other sailing craft afloat, will be lighted throughout by electricity and heated by steam. Her sails and gear, excepting the steering will be worked by steam, and

despite the condition of freights, she is looked upon to declare large dividends to her owners. Capt. Crowley and his brother Arthur, who now manage and sail the schooners Mount Hope, Sagamore and Henry W. Cramp, now trading between here and New England ports, are the first to show the ability of vessels when properly run to declare dividends in these hard times.

The enormous craft which will, in a measure, revolutionize coastwise business, is being built by H. M. Bean of Camden, Me., and will be launched early in November. She is 282 feet long on keel, 44 feet breadth of beam and 21 1-2 feet deep of hold. Her poop deck will extend 20 feet forward of the main rigging. The length over all will be 318 feet. The keelson is eight feet high and the sister keelson four and a half feet.

The new craft is to have five Oregon pine masts, each 112 feet long and 29 inches in diameter. The fore topmast is to be 56 feet long and 20 inches in diameter, and the other four topmasts are each to be 56 feet long and 18 inches in diameter. The jibboom is to be 75 feet long and 20 inches in diameter. The bowsprit has 30 feet outboard and is 30 inches square. The fore, main, mizzen and spanker booms are to be 48 feet long and 14 inches in diameter, while the jigger boom is to be 78 feet long and 17 inches in diameter.

The vessel will have two 6000-pound anchors, with 190 fathoms of two and three-eighth inch chains. Patent engines, windlasses and screw-steering gear will be fitted. John J. Wardell designed the vessel, and, in addition to being a large carrier, she is built with a design to great speed.

The vast changes that have taken place in shipbuilding in the last 15 years are made very apparent by the construction of this huge craft, when it is known that even a schooner to carry 1000 tons of coal was a thing almost unheard of. With the exception of the schooner Governor Ames, this craft will be the only five-masted schooner afloat.—Philadelphia Press.

Philadelphia's Millionaires.

If the city of Penn were to start a Philadelphia millionaires' club, there would be eligible for membership in this extraordinary organization 117 men and 23 women. In other words, 140 men and women in this placid Quaker City own more than \$1,000,000 apiece. Some, of course, own considerably more.

The richest man in this Philadelphia millionaires' club is William Weightman. He is said to be worth somewhere between \$75,000,000 and \$100,000,000—the slight difference of \$25,000,000 one way or the other not appearing to worry Mr. Weightman. Mr. Weightman made his money in war times. He sold quinine pills to the government. His wealth is of the solid sort—real estate. He is said to own more real estate than any other man in Philadelphia, and, luckily, to have selected property which is now in the very heart of the business district.

John Wanamaker comes next in the list of real estate holdins, and is said to be worth about \$10,000,000. Most of the members of this exclusive millionaire coterie believe in real estate, but William Weightman and John Wanamaker have gobbled up the choicest bits in Philadelphia.

The richest woman in town is Mrs. Sarah Van Rensselaer. She was a Drexel, married John R. Fell, and at his death became Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer. Her wealth is estimated at \$12,000,000.—Philadelphia Press.

Ants Raise Crops for Food.

Prof. W. M. Wheeler describes a species of ants which raise "mushrooms" for food. They first cut leaves into small pieces and carry them into their underground chambers. Then they reduce the leaves to a pulp, which they deposit in a heap. In this heap the mycelium of a species of fungus finds lodging, and the subterranean conditions favoring such a result, minute dwellings are produced on the vegetable mass. These are the "mushrooms," which constitute almost the sole food of the colony of ants that cultivate them.

A Life Saver.

The best second for a duel is a second thought, for then there will be no duel and you will not get hurt.—New York Times.

The tongue-tied man is generally an ardent advocate of free speech.

THE RING IN THE OLD OAK TREE.

Indian Legend that is told in a Beautiful Gulf Coast Town.

Every foot of ground around this town is full of legends. Stories of Indians, stories of Blenville and Iberville and all the rest of the gentlemanly adventurers, and some adventurers who were not gentlemen, can be had here for the asking. Something of the dreamy charm which these ancient oaks cast over the wanderers from France and Spain and other countries is with them still. There is the same reposeful sky which bends over the shining waters of the bay, the same quietude which one finds among old places, as if age had given them a respite from the strenuous toll of a life of conflict, the same gentle tones among the people, as if they were afraid a loud voice would wake some of the spirits of the restless men of long ago. It is hard to stir the feeling of energy in the coast towns.

No visitor to Biloxi goes away without seeing the ring in the patriarchal oak in the yard of the rectory of the Church of the Redeemer. How old the tree is nobody knows. But it has been here for at least two hundred years. There is a record running that far back, and it was a big tree when the record began, and the ring was there when the story was started. It stands today in silent grandeur. The trunk is knotted and gnarled, and the limbs are bent as if with the weight of years.

There is one of the most beautiful legends of the whole coast country wrapped in this tree. The tree cannot talk, so the people must do the talking for it. They say that long before the French came, long before there were any Spanish in Louisiana, long before there were any white faces in all the long stretch of beautiful coast, there was a chief whose daughter loved a brave. She pleaded with her father for permission to marry her lover. She pleaded with all the eloquence and all the vehemence of Indian maidens. She prayed and threatened, but the old chief had chosen another for her husband, and he would not consent to the change. The girl was importunate. Like all maidens in love, she could not see that any other man in the world approached the brave of her choice in all the arts of war, in the chase, or in those things which go to make the perfect warrior.

Day after day she besieged the old parent for consent to wed the man she had chosen from all the rest of the tribe, and day after day the old man steeled his heart against her appeals and grew more and more obdurate. One day when the girl had been exceptionally supplicating, the father pointed to a giant oak and said: "When a ring grows in yonder tree then will I consent to your wedding, but not till then."

The girl thinking all was lost, left him in tears. But that night a great storm arose, and when the morning came there was a perfect ring in the tree, caused by the interlacing of two branches. The chief was won over. He thought the great Sun God had sent him a sign of approval, and his unwillingness melted, and the maiden and her lover were married and lived to a green old age, the young warrior in time becoming the chief of the tribe.

That is the story they tell. Anyway, the ring in the oak is there. It can be seen of all men. The place is a favorite resort, partly for the tree and partly for the beautiful surroundings, the old churchyard, the ivy-covered rectory and the magnificent view of the beach beyond. Many photographers have taken the view through the ring. In order to do this it is necessary to climb on a stepladder, because the ring is in a limb which branches from the trunk in almost a right angle. They not only tell you the story, but show the spot where the girl fell weeping at the last refusal of her father. And if they can show you the tree and the very spot where the girl fell, how much more proof can they offer? The girl is gone and her husband is gone, and the tree and the spot are all that remain.—Biloxi (Miss.) Letter to New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Mosaic Explanation.

"How did you attain the reputation of being witty and satirical?" inquired the methodical person.

"It was quite accidental," answered Miss Cayenne. "On two or three occasions I inadvertently said something which left my friends no alternative except to laugh or get angry. And they were too polite to do the latter."—Washington Star.