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JACK SPRAT.

By Edith Wyatt.

IN Lake View there once lived as neighbors two children, a little boy named Milo Cox Atkinson, but called Butter, and a little girl, named and called Pearl Porter.

To this little girl her grandfather, Major Porter, showed an affection so devoted as to be popularly supposed almost ruinous. “He just spoils that child,” Mrs. Atkinson would say, as she looked out of her window and saw Pearl fastening up the Major’s mustaches with hairpins; and she would turn away with a sigh. It was, perhaps, this devotion, but more probably a native impulse of the heart, that made Pearl an unusually vain child.

She was a pretty little thing, with a floating mist of hair and large, brown eyes, always beautifully dressed, in little, stiff, white embroidered clothes. She was born with a sense of carriage; and she could not help knowing when ladies said in loud whispers, “Isn’t she sweet?”

Her reputation as a Proudly-cat among the children of Lake View had, however, been founded less by her personality than by an incident of her early youth.

When she was only four years old she had been given a little blue silk parasol with an ivory handle. With this at church, she had been left in the pew by her aunt when that lady went up to the communion rail. When Mrs. Burden had reached it and turned, that those returning might pass her, what was the amusement of the congregation and her own astonishment on seeing Pearl tripping lightly up the aisle, with her new blue parasol opened and held gracefully above her head.

The aunt herself was a very dainty lady, and she more thoroughly than any other member of the family sympathized with Pearl in her taste for making calls, for wearing kid gloves, and for carrying a small cardcase with a rose folded in it.

This aunt, Major Porter’s daughter, was a large woman, with long red cheeks, tilted blue eyes and an overwhelming, tightly bussed figure. At the top of her small forehead, long face and towering bulk she always wore a glittering little bonnet. She lived in Washington, and she was able to pet and indulge her niece only on occasional visits.

On these visits Mrs. Atkinson used to watch with longing these two opposite and fashionable types walking out to the carriage together.

She loved Butter, but she had always dreamed of having just such a child as Pearl.

Butter’s tastes were different from Pearl’s. He had no imagination for the world of graceful convention. His companions were other grubby, freckled little boys, most of them disregardfully dressed in trousers bagging about two inches below the knee. Butter numbered among his acquaintances a boy who had run away from home, a boy who had a whip tattooed on his arm and a man supposed by Butter’s circle to be a murderer. Butter cut the man’s grass, and when the man gave him fifteen cents—the market price is ten—Butter handed him back the unnecessary five, and said, “No blood money for me.” The man had laughed in a puzzled way. Of course, if he had done any thing else, it would have given him away.

Butter also knew a boy who had a printing press; and in partnership with him he had conducted successfully an enterprise of printing pink and green highly glazed calling cards for the ladies of the neighborhood. Besides the cash capital they derived from this source, they realized every summer a large income of pins and newspapers from circuses in the barn.

Major Porter sometimes attended these circuses with Pearl and sat in a box for ten newspapers, and though he was so enchanted with Pearl, he used to watch with a pang of envy Butter’s lithe wiry frame turning hand-springs in the backyard. For though he had never had golden curls nor carried a parasol, he had once tumbled on the grass and chased fire engines in a dusty and happy oblivion of the customs of the world.

Once a year a circus came to one of

the empty lots of Lake View, west of the Porters. It stayed for one day; and then pursued its glorious march in honor of more Western cities. This day was one long haze of delight for Butter Atkinson. Its ecstasy began in the morning when he went with his friends over to the lot to see the tent pitched, and it lasted through the concert and at the end of the circus.

Mr. Atkinson always took Butter—had never thought of not taking him, until one miserable day, when an unconsidering Vice-President-elect and his thoughtless wife spent twenty-four hours of being entertained in the neighborhood when the circus was entertaining.

A large afternoon reception was given for Mrs. Kendricks at the Porters’ home. He was an old friend of the Major. Mrs. Atkinson assisted in receiving; Butter was invited by Mrs. Burden to open the door. She believed this to have been a piece of kindest consideration. Mrs. Atkinson, too, said that Butter would be glad to remember it when he was an old man; and she could not understand why he looked so morosely at the clean clothes she had with such pleasure put out on his bed.

He walked out to the woodshed after lunch, kicking his heels sullenly and listlessly against each other, and when he came out his eyes were red.

The thought of the white elephant had been too much for him. His father’s suggestion that it had been white-washed was not alleviating. Is a white-washed elephant an ever-day sight?

He had visions of running away. But he knew he should not run away; he would stay scrawling his fingers in uncomfortable gloves and opening Porter’s door for dressed-up and worthless ladies, perfectly healthy and able to do it for themselves, while, amid the sawdust, the opening procession was shining and glittering past unseem, never to be seen by his longing eyes.

He observed, in the open window, Pearl and Major Porter, at their daily after-dinner game of “Old Maid.”

Major Porter was not a kindergartner, and he was almost invariably “Old Maid”—each time with ringing shouts of glee from his victorious grandchild, poised elegantly on the windowsill.

But to-day her poise seemed less airy in its light ease. Butter heard no shouts, and when she turned and waved her hand to him he saw that her eyes, too, were red.

Major Porter was smiting his head with despair and chagrin at being a third time doomed to a single life, and eliciting from his opponent only a very faint smile.

Was Pearl, too, not going to the circus?

Far from it. For days her grandfather had been bringing home handbills and posters; for days he had discussed with Pearl what they both should wear; what time they should start; how many glasses of lemonade they should have; whether they should look at the animals before or after the performance, and now all this was to be on the day of the reception. There were to be only ladies at the reception. There was no reason why Major Porter should remain home for it, and his enthusiasm for the circus had shown no change nor abatement.

In the presence of his mistaken devotion Pearl could not endure to confess, even to her mother, that her heart was torn at the thought of her new fringed sash, the gift of her aunt, and how now she could not wear it at the reception, nor walk around with the ladies. She had the dignified delicacy of many honorable little girls, and she felt that it would be disloyalty to her grandfather to acknowledge that she was no longer interested in the circus.

Her aunt said she cried because the heat made her nervous.

“She doesn’t look to me able to go tooting off to that hot circus, father,” she said, coming up to the window.

“I’m afraid so,” said Mr. Porter, following her. “Do you care so much about it, darling?”

Pearl’s eyes filled again at this.

“Oh, Snooks ’ll be all right for the circus,” said Major Porter, with hasty, blind consolation, as Pearl’s mother

started into the house with her to bathe her eyes. It was his fixed belief that the circus was the most ecstatic pleasure of every child, and any alternative an outrageous disappointment.

“Never mind if you aren’t all right, pet,” said Mrs. Burden, with inspired dullness. “Here’s Butter. He isn’t going and doesn’t want to go. He wants to see Mrs. Kendricks. And, Butter, Mrs. Kendricks has some little boys of her own—such nice, polite little boys—I wish you could know them.”

Butter looked submissively at Mrs. Burden’s benevolent, unperceiving eyes impressively fixed upon him.

“Why isn’t Butter going to the circus?” inquired Major Porter. Butter made no reply.

“Father too busy, I guess,” pursued the Major. “That it?”

“Butter is going to see Mrs. Kendricks this afternoon,” replied Mrs. Burden. “He is going to open the door for the ladies.”

Major Porter whistled. He looked suspiciously at Butter’s red eyelids.

“Well, how would it be to have Butter come along with the circus party this afternoon and let Mrs. Kendricks open the door for the ladies herself?” He gave Butter a nudge under the table at this last abominably weak jest.

Butter could not refrain from a smile of hope.

“We’ll get ready right away,” continued the Major. “You can get your hat, I can black my shoes. Sam can hitch up the horse. Pearl can have a B. and S. or something, and then we’ll go.”

“Father,” murmured Mrs. Burden in important haste, “Mrs. Atkinson got a new suit for him, especially for this. Don’t think—”

“Well, Butter, I guess I’ll have to go over and get your mother to let you open the door at the evening reception. That’s the way we’ll fix it out with her.”

Meanwhile Mrs. Porter had by inspiration divined the cause of her daughter’s distress. She came back as the Major was starting off.

“I think Pearl would better stay with us, father,” she said. “I really believe she wished to assist in receiving. I am going to let her pass around the crackers.”

It would seem that providence had arranged for a variety of tastes in the world.

For on that afternoon Pearl floated airily and elegantly among groups of gloved ladies; under the bulging, billowing tent, amid the odors of sawdust and the cries of lemonade-men, sat Butter, between Major Porter and Sam, throwing peanut shells between the open board benches, his happy eyes absorbed in the passing giraffes and ponies.

Major Porter was not looking at the ponies and giraffes, but he, too, was very happy; he was watching Butter.—New York Sun.

WITH FOUR TRIGGERS.

New Weapon Which Carries Sixteen Charges.

A most successful test has been given to a repeating revolver which promises to become one of the most commonly used weapons of its kind in any part of the world, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. The pistol fires sixteen shots without reloading, and is accurate in every particular. It has but three working parts, is light in weight, cannot possibly get out of order, and should any of the cartridges fail to fire, all that is necessary is to press the trigger again to bring another cartridge into position and fire it.

An explanation of the weapon’s operation is quickly and easily given. The handle of the pistol is the magazine, and contains a chain of sixteen cartridges. This chain is moved with each pressure of the trigger, the same pressure firing one cartridge and pushing the next into position. The pistol is so constructed that a trigger is always ready to be pressed, and, therefore, the weapon can be fired as rapidly as the operator can press the trigger. There are four triggers, all of one piece of metal, and revolving so that while one of the triggers is ready for the pressure of the finger another is moving the hammer into position and a third is ready to fall into place within the trigger guard.

The three working parts of the pistol are trigger, the hammer and a spiral cone, and they are so arranged that to miss fire with this pistol is almost an impossibility. Standard cartridges are used in the pistol. The weapon was invented by W. J. Turnbull.



Who is to Blame?

“I’m in the saddest sorrow,” said the pocket-knife of John... “Because, you see, I feel to blame for things that I have done. At school on Monday morning last I made my ownner later. While with my point he slowly scratched his name upon his slate. On Tuesday afternoon he stopped to play awhile with me. By cutting deep his name again upon a cherry tree. On Wednesday—oh, what can I say to tell how shocked I am?—He used my blade to open wide a jar of currant jam. On Thursday I was used to do the saddest deed of all: I cut a lock of curly hair from Nelly’s pretty doll. On Friday I was digging through the side of Willy’s drum. When suddenly my blade was snapped and cut my master’s thumb. On Saturday (that is to-day) my blades are nicely shut. And John has got a bandage round the place that I have cut. And so, you see, I’m sorry for the mischief I have done; But tell me, please, am I to blame as much as Master John?” —John Lee, in Cassell’s Little Folks.

Ray and Archie.

Ray has a boy friend about his own age named Archie. They are in the same class at school. The teacher put them both up into a higher class together, they did so well. That is, they were allowed to skip one class. They play for hours together.

Archie is a fine boy, and they both like each other very much, but they are always quarrelling. Then Ray will say, “I will never play with that Archie again.” And Archie will say, “I will never play with that Ray again.” And yet the next time you see them they will be playing away as pleasantly as ever and will be just as good friends as before.

Did you ever see such boys? I sometimes wonder if they will grow up as good friends as they now are, if they will mate and match up as well together ten years from now.

Sometimes the other boys, knowing they are really good friends, like to urge them on and get them to fighting, and they are foolish enough to let those other boys get them to do this, but perhaps some day they will learn better.

Do you know of any other boys who ought to stop quarrelling with their friends?—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Tight Rope Walker.

We need two corks and four matches. The matches we insert into one of the corks in such a way that they form the arms and legs of the little man, as



shown in figure. These arms and legs we can bend in all directions, giving the little man all the possible positions of a tight rope walker. The head we make of a round piece of cork, the nose of a small chip of cork, which we insert into the head; the mouth we cut with a penknife, and the eyes as well as eyebrows we burn in with a red-hot piece of wire.

To balance our little man on the rope we cruelly stick two forks in his body, as shown in figure. If we make an incision in one of his legs and give the thread forming the rope a slight slope to one side, we can make him walk from one corner of the room to the other.—New York Tribune.

CRANKS IN JERUSALEM.

A Place Where They Are Always Sure of Good Treatment.

Jerusalem is a great place for cranks, particularly those of religious tendencies. People who have visions and possess the gift of prophecy, who have discovered new ways of salvation and methods by which they may live without sin, seem to flock here as the moths seek the light. Some come in clubs and associations, others as individuals. Many of them are actually insane and possessed of peculiar delusions. There used to be an old sailor here who went around through the principal streets day after day carrying a heavy cross. He was doing penance for some great sin he had committed and it would be a satisfaction to know whether he obtained absolution before he died. Then there was a man who bought a lamb every morning and sacrificed it, giving the skin and the meat to the poor. His place of sacrifice was on a rock outside the walls and a crowd was there awaiting him when he came with his offering upon his back.

There is an old woman in Jerusalem now—and she is said to be rich, for she lives in a comfortable house and seems to have plenty of money—who considers it her mission to relieve the hunger and the distress of all the Ishmaelitic dogs. She goes out daily with baskets of bread and meat to feed them, and if she can catch one of the mongrel curs with which the streets are haunted she takes him home, washes him, puts ointment upon his sores, soaks him with carbolic acid and other disinfectants and then turns him loose. But she never gets the same dog twice. Although they like the food she brings them, they do not relish the other attentions.

The Moslems, like the North American Indians, consider a lunatic sacred, and any man who comes here with marked eccentricities is absolutely safe, safer than if he had an escort of the Sultan’s bodyguard.—Correspondence, Chicago Record-Herald.

The Motorman.

The motorman, facing the storms of women and the elements outside, says Charles M. Skinner in the Atlantic, looks in at the cheery congregation, and in the bitterness of his envy at the conductor’s lot starts his chariot with a vehemence that sends the whole company sliding against the man at the farther door, and crushes him. Yet many times the conductor as keenly envies the driver, and the two have to declare a peace when some passenger must be put off for having smallpox, or hysterics, or a bill too large to change. If the conductor must be a diplomat, the motorman must be a soldier, and, as in larger matters, the soldier is at the behest of the diplomat, yet the latter cannot shrink responsibility, for in the case of accident the conductor is arrested as well as the driver. A successful motorman is not of too fine grain. If he were his trips would take a day apiece. He would so fear doing injury and hurting the pride of strangers that the passengers in his charge would learn to dislike him. Having fewer nerves, therefore, than poets have, the trolley driver makes way for his car with the fewer compunctions, and in a contest with a truck-

he expresses himself with admirable directness. These encounters, ending, mayhap, in the dismantling of the truck, seldom make him surly or indifferent, for he has ever on his mind the consciousness of peril. Frightened children have a way of appearing from vacancy and throwing themselves in front of vehicles that brings the whole of one’s internal anatomy into his throat and nearly chokes him, and the way of elderly females is to cross within four feet of a farther curb, and then run back when they hear a trolley gong.

The Real Andrew Carnegie.

Writing in Leslie’s Weekly Harry Beardsley describes Andrew Carnegie as a “little smiling, white-haired man, unaffected in manner, with nothing whatever imposing in his bearing, without what is commonly called a ‘presence,’ or, in expressive song, a ‘front’—a man so diminutive that he is conspicuous in contrast with other men and women surrounding him. He seems so small, so gentle and modest that you look in vain in his conduct at that time for some of the forceful personal traits which he possesses—traits which he has exercised to thrust himself ahead of those who were in the race with him.”