

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XIV.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1903.

NO. 15.

WANTED.

Wanted—a Man—who is gentle and just; A man who is upright and true to his trust; Who cares more for honor and love than for self; And who holds his neighbor as dear as himself; Who's sober and earnest, and merry and gay; Who cheerfully shoulders the care of the day; Whose principle's high, whose integrity's strong; Who'd rather do right any time than do wrong; Yet who to a sinner shows sorrow and pity; Do you think I might find such a man in the city?

Wanted—a Woman—no saint, understand, But a womanly woman, who on every hand Sheds the lustre of purity, goodness and grace; Who carries her loveliness stamped on her face; Whose wisdom's intuitive, insight is deep; Who makes living sunshine where life's shadows creep; Who's poised in her little world's centre, and who Is gentle, responsive, and tender and true; Whose sweetness and graciousness fit like a gown; Do you think I might find such a one in the town?

—Metaphysical Magazine.

"UNTO THIS LAST."

By W. J. Roe.

As so many others did, I knew "Old Howls" in a casual way, as a note broker of the meanest class. He was always untidy, always in a hurry, never anything else but thin and clad, even in the depth of winter, and carried constantly—with a loud laugh and painfully forced jollity that had won him his epithet, "Howls"—a haggard, hunted expression. Jacob Howells's reputation, even when I first knew him on the Street, was quite "off color," and the color had worn off more and more as years went on.

He and I never had any business transactions for two reasons, both valid—I had no spare cash to loan, and when I borrowed—which was seldom—it was not on collateral of the sort requiring the big "shave," out of which this man and his kind made their sparse and precarious profits.

It was growing dark on a raw day last February that, crossing Nassau street on my way toward the elevated, I saw Howells in charge of an officer. Having heard that he had been concerned of late in several pieces of "sharp practice," the fact that he was now in custody did not seem surprising. I was going by with no more attention than may be implied by a brief thought of commiseration ("Poor chap, I hope he'll get out of the scrape"), when I heard him say pleadingly: "For God's sake, wait just five minutes more."

His tone was so imploring, so pitiful, and it seemed so sincere as to some hope in a little delay, that I overcame the dastardly cowardice of prudence, turned right about, and went up to him.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Howells?" I asked, not, I fear, cordially, but coldly, my manner instinctively modulated as to imply that presumption on his part would scarcely be tolerated.

"Yes," he answered eagerly, "there is, if you are willing to take a little—just a little—trouble. As you see, I have got into a little scrape (he laughed grimly), and I have sent a boy for my lawyer. I'm afraid it's so late he's gone home. Now, would you mind going to my flat (he named the street and number), and tell my wife that I have been called away suddenly, but will be back to-morrow—and (he handed me a five-dollar bill) give her that."

Of course I agreed to do what he wished, though his flat was far over on the upper east side, while my home was on the west. Howells clutched my hand hard, "Thank you; my God, but I do thank you," and we parted. I turned back down Wall Street, and took the east side elevated at Hanover Square. While I waited for the train it began to snow, and by the time we reached Fourteenth street a heavy snowstorm had set in. At Fourteenth street there was a long stop, and at the end of perhaps fifteen minutes the guard opened the door. "All out," he shouted, "this car goes no further!"

I soon discovered that there was a fire on the block above. The surface line was blocked also, so I made my way across to the Second Avenue line. There were delays here also, so that it was quite late before I reached the street where Howells lived. In the meantime the storm had gathered strength; the wind blew fiercely, and the mingled snow and sleet beat full into my face as I made my way toward the tall tenement to which I had been directed. I found the number at last; one of these immense, semi-gentle apartment houses, a horror to look upon, much more to be all one could

call "home." Pushing the button of the very topmost flat, the door opened instantly, and, covered with snow, I toiled up the stairs. On the upper landing stood a woman, who exclaimed before she recognized me: "Oh, Jake, dear Jake, I am so relieved—"

Suddenly she stopped, seeing a stranger, and, clasping her hands, her face, as I could see even in the obscurity, turned ghastly white.

"Is this Mrs. Howells?" I asked. "Yes," she gasped, evidently overcome with apprehension, "yes; please tell me, have you word from my husband? Has—has—anything happened?"

As quickly as possible I relieved her anxiety by delivering my message and the bill. I would have gone then at once; but Mrs. Howells urged me to come in. "It was so kind of you to come, and such a dreadful night. Mr. Howells is not strong. Girls (she continued joyously, your father is all right; he was obliged to go out of town."

I had not said this, but let it pass. The little room was a charming picture of modest refinement and homelikeness. Two young women, who had been sitting by a lamp, one engaged in needlework, the other, having laid down a book, rose and greeted me. Ladies, all of them, that was evident, as well as was the deep affection—almost adoration—for the man whom, till that hour, I had known as one who could not have been classed as respectable, much less as a gentleman. It was now, however, quite apparent—that desperate gap between the man of the outside world and of the home, and the hideous struggle he was engaged in with the wof of poverty and to keep the little family together.

The next day Howells came to my office. He looked even more disreputable than ever after a night in jail, but his voice trembled as he thanked me. Then his tone and manner changed.

"Well," said he, with a harsh, hollow laugh, "I got off this time; 'tisn't the first, and 'twon't be the last. You know your Aesop—the pitcher that goes often to the well is bound to get broken some day."

After this I used to do a little more than nod to Mr. Howells; in fact, several times I even threw a little business in his way. Once he came to me on a matter where I was really of very considerable assistance. When it was concluded he asked me to go out and take lunch with him. "Don't object," he said loudly, "on account of its coming out of my pocket. It won't; the man I'm doing this for puts up, and this will go in; besides," he added, consciously, "I'll not take you to any swell place—"

We lunched at a little place—not "swell," but good in its way, and there he let out much of his heart to me. It was pitiful to hear him tell of the miserable shifts and devices by which he gathered together the few dollars needful—pitiful to me, knowing what the man's home life was.

"Do you think I don't know well enough what people say of me? Yes, they call me a blood-sucker, and—no, don't shake your head—that's not the worst; some will tell you I'm an out-and-out scoundrel who ought to be in State prison. But, Mr. —," he laid his hand impulsively upon my arm. "I give you my word before my God that never in my life have I done a dishonest act. Yes, I've been arrested—more times than that once you know of; but it was always as a scapegoat for some other man's rascality. 'Hit him; he's got on friends!' that's the

cry around Wall and Broad streets. What a dreadful business mine is! I know it; but I can't get out of it; I can't try some other more decent. God knows I would if I saw my way, but I don't. When a man's past sixty no one wants him. Besides, I know this business of shaving third and fourth class paper clear down to the ground; I know that and nothing else. Now, this piece of business; how much do you suppose I'll net out of it?"

"Two hundred," I suggested, knowing what his commissions ought to have been.

"Divide that by twenty," said Howells coolly. "What a jackal like me got his full commissions; Not much; I'm allowed for expense carfare, this lunch and odds and ends; but before I got the job I had to agree to take an even ten. Oh! I'm not worrying; it's the best day's work I've done in six months."

From time to time during the following summer I saw Howells, always in haste, always anxious, but his greeting was always a genial smile and a hearty "Good day." He never presumed upon my good offices. It was late one afternoon the following November that a messenger brought me a brief note from him. He was laid up, he wrote, with a bad cold, and there was a little matter of business he wanted looked after. The papers inclosed were all in good shape. It was after business hours; but in his calling they stay down town late. I did what he asked willingly, collected the amount, and sent it by the messenger. A week passed, and the same thing happened again. This time he wrote at considerable length. He was very ill; too ill to be out such a harsh day. He had no one he could trust (the word "trust" underscored). Would I mind obliging him just once more? It was a beseeching—almost cringing—letter. He might have known me better. I did the errand, collected \$6, added \$10, and inclosed a line saying that I was glad to be of service, and that the ten was "at his entire convenience." The next day a postal came, undated, and the handwriting tremulous, hardly legible. It said simply: "O. K. Many thanks. You'll get it later."

About a week after that, while I was sitting at my desk in the office, the door opened hastily and Howells staggered in. My first thought was that he had been drinking, for his manner was wild, his eyes sunken and bloodshot, and his usual pinched and haggard expression intensified tenfold.

"Excuse me for one moment, Mr. —," he said, panting like a winded dog, "I'll get my breath shortly."

When he had recovered himself he began at once, talking very fast—there was a policy on his life, taken out more than ten years before. Originally for five thousand, it would now be worth to his heirs upward of nine thousand.

"The premium is due to-day; this is the very last day or the policy will lapse. It mustn't lapse; that's the long and short of it. My family would get over nine thousand if I should die to-morrow if that premium is paid. If I should die to-morrow," he repeated, choking, "I've got fifteen of it. Can't you help me out with the balance? For God's sake try and help me out—"

I did not keep him in doubt, but opened my pocketbook and counted out the twenty that he said was needed. Howells eyed the money as a famished man might food. As he clutched the bills, the man's joy seemed quite unspokeable. He did, however, manage to stammer out in the intervals of a fit of painful coughing what he called his "deep gratitude."

"You'll get this back, good friend," he said huskily at the door. "Never fear. If I pull through—all right; if not—well," and he laughed hoarsely. "All right, any way. The fact is, I slipped out. No one knew I'd left the flat—or, for that matter, my bed. The doctor said if I came out this raw day it would be the last of Jake Howells. But if you knew, Mr. —, how I've worked and scrimped and gone without to save that policy for Polly and the girls, you'd say I was right—dead right. They call me a hoary old reprobate, but I say that was right—dead right."

About dawn the next morning Howells died. The grief of the three women who loved him was agonizing. If he had been the most respectable citizen it could hardly have been more so. In due time the policy was paid. Mrs. Howells sent for me, and gave me the thirty dollars.

"Mr. Howells told me to be sure and repay you, and to say how very,

very grateful he was," she said between her sobs.

As every man of letters must know—and abide by perhaps at his perils—moralists to tales are quite out of date. Inartistic though it be and unwise, yet the writer feels that he would be false to a higher duty than that of providing an "available" manuscript if he left this brief record without word of comment. Moral! Great Heaven! How certain, how numerous, how eager they are, justling one another to be told to be stamped vividly, effectually upon the cringing flesh of an age professing such high ideals in theory, and in practice crucifying them all! What right had I to gratitude? As much—yes, just as much as he to the opportunity to gain an honest livelihood, unvexed by the ever-waiting spectre of temptation and of crime. The whole range and verge and scope of sociology—aye, and of theology, too—are bunched up in the story of the "hoary old reprobate," who yet, after all, followed the Master, and "gave his life for the sheep."—New York Times.

HURDLE JUMPING.

Kraenzlein is the World's High Hurdle Champion and Record-Holder.

Formerly, in the days of Puffer and Stephen Chase, the hurdle race was even a prettier event than it is to-day as they skimmed the hurdle, and though they sailed over it very prettily, there was a distinct glide through the air and the motion was stopped after each hurdle. The science of hurdling now demands that the athlete get over the hurdle with the greatest possible speed, to flip himself over without any glide in the air, and to so throw the feet and body that the very effort to clear the hurdle hurls the runner on to the next hurdle. This style, while not so pretty, is faster, and Kraenzlein must be given the credit for developing it to its highest form.

Kraenzlein in topping the sticks would use his hip as a swivel, and throw the first leg over the hurdle, not trying to get distance on the farther side of the hurdle. His idea was to get that leg over as quickly as possible. The other leg followed after, but it was not dragged. It was brought up smartly, so that when his first leg hit the ground on the other side of the hurdle his other leg was in the position it should be for the next stride. This is the leg motion, but the young hurdler will find that to get the above result he must use his body as a lever and his arms as a means of balancing and propulsion. When throwing the first leg over, the body is doubled up like a jack knife, as this not only helps to get the leg over the hurdle, but it aids the speed with which the hurdler gets over. The right arm is thrown forward if the right leg is first over; the left arm is then brought up with a rush while the other leg is being swung across the hurdle, so that when the athlete hits the ground after clearing the hurdle he is in the natural position for running, and can put all his effort to getting speed between the hurdles. The athlete should remember when going at the hurdle he should keep his chest squarely facing it. The body is the lever, and if it is not held straight when going over the hurdle the athlete will not alight squarely on his feet, and he will lose form and speed between the hurdles. In this event the runner should plan to take but three strides between hurdles.—From G. W. Orton's "Training for Interscholastic Athletes" in St. Nicholas.

Mr. Pncer's Game.

Seeing a friend step on the platform of a weighing machine, Mr. Pncer stepped on behind him.

"Let's see how much both of us weigh," he said.

"All right," the friend said, dropping a cent in the slot.

The indicator flew around to the figures 297 and stopped.

"How much do you usually weigh?" asked Mr. Pncer.

"One forty-three, I guess. That's what it was the other day."

"Then my weight is 154. Thanks."

And Mr. Pncer's countenance glowed with serene satisfaction as he stepped down.—Chicago Tribune.

Large Postoffice Business.

The total business of all kinds, including money orders sent and received, transacted in the New York postoffice last year was more than \$223,000,000.

Opportunity.

Opportunity knocks at every door, but seldom goes in and takes off her things.—Chicago Record-Herald.

HUCKLEBERRY PIE.

Now this yere bill o' fare's, I guess, Considered purty fine— Wit eay-e-air an' pom-de-tare An' fancy kinds o' wine— But 'long about this time o' year, Ye know, I kind o' sigh Fer jes' a good old-fashioned slab O' huckleberry pie.

It didn't come in little strips— But great, big, juicy slices, An' many o' 'em as ye pleased, With no regard to prices. It come about two inches thick— An' crust! gee whiz! but my Mouth's waterin' fer a piece o' mother's Huckleberry pie.

Jes' like the clover use' to smell's The way it use' to taste— Seems as I kin feel it now 'A-mel'in' in my face— Talk about yer flyin' wedges! Fill me up an' let me die Jes' full o' large black, juicy chunks O' huckleberry pie. —William Lord Reed, in Green's Fruit Grower.



"I had to discharge my wife to-day." "What was the matter?" "She was horrid to the cook."—Brooklyn Life.

"The elopers have returned to ask your blessing." "Blessing, eh? How do they want it? In the form of an allowance, or a cash deposit?"—Life.

If everybody'd pay everybody—as everybody should— Then everybody'd pay everybody for everybody could. —Detroit Free Press.

Customer—"I want a ton of coal." Dealer—"Yes, sir. What size?" Customer—"Well, if it isn't asking too much, I'd like to have a 2000-pound ton."—Chicago News.

Mrs. Gotham—"Have you noticed how that dog next door shows his teeth? I suppose he is a watch dog." Mr. Gotham—"Yes, an open-face watch dog, I guess."—Yonkers Statesman.

A fellow who lived in New Guinea Was known as a silly young nina, He utterly lacked Good judgment or tact For he told a svelt girl she was skunea. —Chicago Tribune.

Lon—"Jane tells me that her fiance is worth a hundred thousand dollars. Do you believe it?" Ella—"He must be worth more than that. Why, he paid taxes on twenty-five thousand without a murmur."—Judge.

Beryl—"Such table manners! Why, I hear that Jim eats the pie that his wife bakes with a knife!" Sibyl—"If you saw the pies you'd imagine he'd have to eat them with a saw, a chisel and a stone crusher."—Baltimore Herald.

Gussie—"Cholly says he met you and—aw—that you remarked he was a puzzle to you." Miss Pepprey—"Yes; he reminded me of the average puzzle the moment he was introduced to me. So simple when you know it."—Philadelphia Press.

"Might I hope that if I asked you to marry me the answer would be favorable?" "Might I hope that if I said yes to your question you would really and truly ask me to marry you?" "Jane, be mine." "I'm yours."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Harris—"Walters has been looking pretty sad since his daughter got married, hasn't he?" Correll—"Yes; you see, he had no sooner got his daughter off his hands than he found he would have to put her husband on his feet."—Town and Country.

Mr. Pansy—"Just think, I was told to-day of a man who buried a wife and two children in the afternoon, and then went to the theatre in the evening!" Mrs. Pansy—"And yet he wasn't inconsiderate; he was only an undertaker."—Town and Country.

"That story," said Woody Riter to the critic, "is founded upon fact." "It is plain," replied the critic, having finished reading the manuscript, "that you are the real hero of the tale." "What makes you think that?" "I notice you have the courage to sign your name to it."—Philadelphia Press.

How to Help a Church.

A novel plan to raise money for church purposes has been successfully exploited in Lycoming County, Pa. At the suggestion of the pastor, the Rev. A. E. Cooper, the members of the Ladies' Aid Society of Christ Lutheran Church entered into a scheme to sell separately all eggs laid by their hens on Sundays and set aside the money thus derived for the use of the church.

The Trouble Maker.

The fellow who always tells the truth may be depended upon to create a lot of trouble.—Philadelphia Record.