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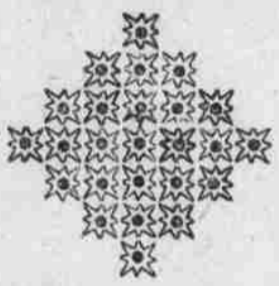
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A RATTLED CONVERT.

She talked to me long ago on the Ego of Thought—
A pretty philosopher sae,
Who needed to speak but one sentence to make
A fervent disciple of me;
The fathomless depths of acumen she reached,
And heights by no wing ever sought,
While glad and enraptured I listened, as she
Discoursed on the Ego of Thought.

The sober light grew in her wonderful eyes,
I watched the rose glow on her cheek;
That's all I remember about the discourse,
Though more such I'd willingly seek:
She talked to me long on the Ego of Thought
(I make this confession to you),
I understand naught of it all—but I'll swear
That every word of it was true!
San Francisco Bulletin.



How Jack's Debts Were Paid

By A. B. SCUDDER.

THEN Aunt Eliza began to cry. Helen never could stand that, so she tried her best to check her aunt's flowing tears.

What was it all about? A trifle? People generally do disagree over trifles. This cause of difference, however, between Helen and her aunt was \$20,000, which had been left to Helen by a relative. Helen declared the money did not belong to her.

Helen Reeve was a young widow. She looked very pretty as she stood before her aunt in her half gown of mourning, her wavy black hair combed back from a broad, low forehead, and coiled with an unruly knot at the nape of her neck. Aunt Eliza was not inclined to find fault with the fate that caused her to be the companion of such a charming young woman.

"Not belong to you?" cried Aunt Eliza. "What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean," said Helen, "that this sum will just pay the last of poor Jack's debts, and I am going to pay them."

"There is only one way to 'settle,'" said her aunt, "and that is for you to take this money and be thankful to the good Lord that it has been thrown your way, and not act so ungrateful to Providence for your good luck."

"I think," said Helen, "I see what Providence meant me to do with it. When dear Jack died I know the thing that worried him most during his last days was the money he owed his old friend, Mr. Bethune. Mr. Bethune was ruined, aunt. The greatest happiness that this money brings to me is the thought that I can do him and his family some good. The poor man is blind. They live down near the river somewhere, and are very poor."

Aunt Eliza looked obstinate, but their talk ended in an agreement to see old Mr. Carruthers, the lawyer. He was consulted and would not deny that there was justice in Helen's determination, although he did not consider her called upon to carry it out.

But she did. Fifteen thousand dollars was paid to Mr. Bethune. A letter that she received at this time had the effect of closing Aunt Eliza's mouth, no matter what her inner reflections might be. It was from a daughter of Mr. Bethune, and gave Helen such thanks as made her heart feel warm and her cheeks to glow with delight.

Now there remained \$5000 more. The other creditor, Mr. Clarence Bartlett, was a rich man. Battles began again between Helen and Aunt Eliza.

"I have never forgotten what I heard he said about Jack, and he shall have his due if it be only for the opportunity of expressing my feelings. I want Jack's name cleared from every imputation of dishonesty."

"There never was any on it," said Aunt Eliza. "Everybody knew that if he had lived he would have successfully carried out his business."

"Mr. Bartlett said differently."

"I declare, Helen, you make me ill. I managed to get along with the first affair; that turned out a mercy, to be sure, for that poor blind man, but this! Why, I never heard of anything so uncalled for."

But Helen was determined, and in spite of Aunt Eliza the money was ordered to be paid. Then Helen wrote a letter in which she expressed her pleasure in being able to settle the debt, and gave Mr. Clarence Bartlett a rap for having expressed an opinion derogatory to her young husband, signing it "very truly yours," in the most dignified manner.

To Helen's boundless indignation there came a letter from Mr. Bartlett, in which he informed her that she was mistaken as to his ever having blamed her husband, and coolly informed her

that although he approved of her wish to settle her husband's debts, she could not do so where he was concerned; that he had always considered her husband a personal friend; that he would not have troubled her with this letter, but for the reason that he felt it due to himself to refute the misrepresentations which had evidently been so deeply impressed upon her mind.

"The most impertinent letter I ever read in my life," she declared to Aunt Eliza. But her aunt would not see it that way.

"I will go and see Mr. Carruthers this very day," cried Helen.

Aunt Eliza could not trust herself to answer. Silence was her only safeguard.

Down to Mr. Carruthers' office rushed Helen, but she had to be content with his saying:

"Very well, Mrs. Reeve, I will do my best."

The days went on, and Mr. Carruthers said that Mr. Bartlett was out of town, so nothing could be done with the money which awaited him.

Summer came, and Aunt Eliza decided that after their worry they needed a change. Aunt Eliza was neither a tyrant nor a miser. She cared little whether Helen had a penny or not; she had plenty for both. But she had chosen to be delighted when Helen's fortune came to her, for she had been left with little and had a great love for beautiful things, and this money would make her feel independent in the gratification of her desires.

"I am sure I am thankful that we have anything left," said Aunt Eliza, and she gave a sigh of relief, as if there had been a time when she thought that Helen was in a fair way to give away not only her own money, but her aunt's, also.

They decided to visit the Yosemite, and Aunt Eliza was in her element. She would arrange and rearrange finery for herself and Helen; refuse to buy a ribbon because they must economize, and next day purchase some article not at all needed, and pay a most extravagant price with smiling satisfaction.

Every one knows the almost impossible roads by stage to "Clark's" in going down the Yosemite Valley. Helen and her aunt had gone as far as possible by rail, and were now in the last stages of their journey behind six horses in the lumbering six-seated coach usually used to finish this trip and convey patrons to their final destination. There were two ladies besides Helen and her aunt, and on the rear seat the brother of the ladies and another gentleman.

Helen was enjoying the ride and paying no attention to the fears and complaints of the others over the roughness of the road. There were magnificent views, and as they went higher the ladies grasped the sides of the vehicle and held on to it in fear and trembling, as they looked down the dangerous mountainside.

Helen had well balanced nerves, and thought of on danger; but suddenly she was conscious of a crash, a fall, one horrible shriek from the other ladies, then it seemed to her that she was rolling on, on into eternity. She stopped at last and lay still. Was this death?

But after a moment the inconvenience of supporting a weight that lay across her convinced her that she was much alive. She managed to turn partly over and crawl out from under the debris. She was not much hurt.

"Aunt Eliza! Aunt Eliza!" called Helen.

All was silence. She looked about her, but could see only wreckage. A little way up the hill a man lay still and motionless, his white face turned

upward in the sunlight. Sudden fear made her turn away. Just then a man came from behind a clump of bushes, pale, and with his right arm hanging helplessly.

"Thank God, somebody is alive!" cried Helen.

"It is a miracle," he faintly answered.

"Where are the others?"

"Oh, I can't tell. I fear they are all under the wagon."

"What shall we do?"

He looked down helplessly at his arm and Helen asked pityingly:

"Broken?"

"Never mind," he said, "we can't lament over that until we know there is nothing worse."

Just then several men appeared, who had been driving in sight of the accident. They first released the ladies under the coach and then placed them gently in a wagon. Finally every one was disposed of but Helen and the gentleman with the broken arm.

"I have a one-seated buck not far from here," one of the mountaineers suggested.

The gentleman looked dolefully at his arm.

"Oh, I can drive, if that's all," said Helen. "Let's go. It's only a short distance. You are suffering terribly," as she saw him growing pale.

"I believe I am," he answered.

They drove off, and after the first few minutes began to talk.

"It seemed to me that we rolled over and over for an endless time," said Helen.

"You did turn a complete somersault. I was thrown off at the first lurch. The elderly lady I do not think is much hurt. Your aunt, you called her?"

"Yes, my aunt."

"Are you frightened?" he asked suddenly, looking at her curiously.

"I don't know," said Helen, "I feel rather wild."

"Few young ladies have as serviceable nerves as yours."

Helen did not answer at once, but cried, as a turn of the road brought a house in view:

"Oh, there is the hotel! I am so glad."

An hour later she was watching by her aunt's bedside. She felt relieved at the physician's assurance that Aunt Eliza was not seriously hurt. For two or three days she was kept a prisoner, but Aunt Eliza was not one to pet ailments, and was soon about.

The next day but one after the accident Helen's driving companion sent to ask after her health, and she was appalled by the name on the card: "Mr. Clarence Bartlett."

Aunt Eliza laughed heartily at the absurd situation.

"I think it is very impertinent of him," said Helen.

"To get his arm broken?"

"To inquire after us?"

"Perhaps he does not know who we are," said Aunt Eliza.

"I think I would perhaps like to leave here to-morrow," was Helen's only reply.

Aunt Helen did not argue, as she knew that it would only increase Helen's prejudice, but she proposed to stay where she was.

It was not long before Helen and he met. She was on an upper piazza early one evening, and came face to face with him. His arm was in a sling, and he looked pale and worn, but was evidently pleased to see her again.

He held out his hand.

"I am glad to have made your acquaintance, Mrs. Reeve. You will introduce me to your aunt, will you not? Your husband and I were good friends. I was also a friend of your father, although I was young at the time."

She could not refuse, and he talked so pleasantly that Helen could not help forgetting her prejudice, and did not see her way clear to bringing up the money question. Aunt Eliza was delighted, but shrewdly held her peace.

Such a first meeting as they had had naturally caused their acquaintance to grow rapidly. Mr. Bartlett was most agreeable, and all his efforts tended to make Helen's days happy. They stayed six weeks at the hotel, and it was the evening before they were to go. Helen and he were on the piazza enjoying the sunset, when Aunt Eliza came up with a letter.

"For you, Helen."

She stood and chatted a few moments and then said she must be off and finish packing. Helen still held the letter in her hand, turning it over and over in embarrassment, for she recognized the writing of Mr. Carruthers. She was nervously fumbling at the clasp of the bag at her side, to put

the letter out of sight, when Mr. Bartlett said:

"Pray, read your letter."

"It is of no consequence," Helen answered.

"I am not so sure of that," he returned in an odd voice. "At all events, read it, or you will be thinking about it all the evening."

Helen opened the letter and read the crabbed handwriting in great haste. Mr. Carruthers wrote to say that Mr. Bartlett refused to take the money and "wished to hear no more about it." She flushed and glanced at her companion.

He was looking at her with a quiet smile.

"I think I know whom your letter is from," and he laughed.

"Please don't," she said, coloring more brightly, but determined to speak now. "Mr. Bartlett, I want to talk with you about this. I want you to do me a favor, but first promise—" she hesitated.

"You don't want me to promise until I have heard what it is, do you?"

"Only that tiresome money. I want you to take it."

"Oh, he answered slowly and gravely. "Yes, say you will. It will make me so much happier."

He waited a moment, and then said: "I will take it on one condition."

"Something in his voice made her eyes drop suddenly.

"That I may take you with it," he whispered, as he leaned over her. "May I, Helen?" He held her hand now—and it was not withdrawn.—Waverley Magazine.

A Cereal Story.

The refreshing part of a story which the New York Times recounts is not the stupidity of man in his domestic aspect. The particular man concerned is an actor whose wife—an actress—is an earnest advocate of the theory that food should fit the consumer rather than the reverse. Consequently there are periods when milk flows incessantly through the household menu. Again it is hot water, and at other times nuts, fruits and grains alone are relied upon to nourish genius to its finest flower.

Once, in the grain age, the wife was called away to a rehearsal that was likely to last well into the afternoon. She told her husband that he would have to get his own luncheon, and he cheerfully consented to do it.

"I had a fine meal on your new cereal," he said, when she returned.

"What do you mean?" she inquired. "I haven't any new cereal in the house."

"Why, that nutty sort of stuff you left on the dining-room table."

The wife sat down suddenly. "You've eaten up my window garden!" she wailed. "All my petunia, nasturtium and pansy seeds!"

Woman in Masculine Garb.

Since Dr. Mary Walker introduced the idea of women wearing the masculine habit, she has won recognition in a startling way. The male garb is not donned by women for its comforts, but to conceal identity, bury a past, and divert to one side the undesired admiration and attentions of men.

In the present year alone there have been five recorded cases where women have risen to man's commercial and professional stature merely by the aid of his garments. At home the disguise would be doffed, and the prudent, modest housewife and decorous mother would blossom forth. The scorn of men and also their flattery is avoided by a mere change of garments. Women suffragists have long been looking for emancipation from the tyranny of man. Where else can freedom be found so easily as in the robes of masculine dignity?—Boston Advertiser.

Queer Articles of Trade.

Most of the people nowadays hear a lot about the conservation of waste, but looking through the catalogue of traders of various kinds it is astounding what a number of eccentric commodities are utilized for trade purposes. The skins of millions of eels are tanned and used as leather for bootlaces; frogskin has become one of the most beautiful and useful articles known to the binders of fancy books and the makers of fans; walrus whiskers provide the most elegant toothpicks known to the modern man of fashion; and beetles of a certain kind are exported by the hundred weight for use on theatrical dresses.

The annual report of the Western Union Telegraph Company, just issued, shows 80,000 messages transmitted, \$29,000,000 earned; net revenue, \$8,000,000, and a surplus of \$13,000,000.

THE TROUBLES WE NEVER HAVE

The youth that lies so far away,
That seemed to end so long ago,
Might still be sweetly claimed to-day
By many a man whose step is slow
If, somehow, he might borrow back
The days his foolish fears made sad,
The days through which he sighed, "Alack!"
O'er troubles that he never had.

As careless prodigals we waste
The years through which youth blithely
skips,
And many a bitter dose we taste
That never comes to touch our lips.
Before our time we droop and die
And leave the scenes that were so sad,
Despoiled and fooled and broken by
The troubles we have never had.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.



"You must not monopolize all of the conversation, Gertie." "When shall I be old enough to, mamma?"—Yonkers Statesman.

from the monkey?" "Some descended," answered Miss Cayenne, "and some merely dress differently."—Washington Star.

He—"Did you ever notice what small feet Miss Fetcham has?" She—"No, but I've observed what small shoe she wears."—Cincinnati Tribune.

O'Ryan—"Strange that after reaching the top of the ladder he should fall so suddenly." O'Bryan—"There was a woman at the bottom of it."—The Gael.

The boy stood in the crowded car;
He couldn't turn his neck;
He groaned before he traveled far.
"For me the burning deck!"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She had called to see him on a matter of business. "He is engaged," said the office boy. "What of it?" she retorted. "I don't want to marry him."—Chicago Post.

"He's a gay dog; likes all women, but isn't engaged to any particular one." "I should think not. What particular woman would have him?"—Brooklyn Life.

"Don't place too much confidence in a man's opinion of himself," says the Manayunk Philosopher. "The ass can make as much noise as the lion."—Philadelphia Record.

"You will have to admit that women are better at driving bargains than men are." "Not invariably. Suppose the bargain is a pound of nails?"—Kansas City Journal.

The man who studied questions deep
Was in oblivion left to sleep.
The man whose name the public notes
Is he who hustled round for votes.
—Washington Star.

Small Tommy—"The teacher wanted to box my ears this morning." Grandma—"How do you know she did?" Small Tommy—"Cause he couldn't have boxed 'em if he hadn't wanted to."—Chicago Journal.

Harvey—"I touched pop for twenty to-day to buy a camera. Think I'll touch him again to-morrow to get some plates." Harold—"Better be careful, old chap. Retouching is not always so easy in photography."—Chicago News.

"I'd like to know," began the little Eden street boy. "Well, what would you like to know?" asked his mother. "I'd like to know why sweetbreads haven't any bread in 'em and sweetmeats haven't any meat in 'em."—Baltimore American.

"But, you know," persisted the wife who was trying to work her husband for a new outfit, "that all women are slaves to fashion." "True, my dear," replied the heartless husband, "but I'm not the man to give up money for the purpose of encouraging slavery in any form."—Chicago News.

Jenkins—"What's the matter, old man? You look sore." Pheeder—"So I am. I wish the Government would exterminate these sparrows that overrun the country." Jenkins—"How do they bother you?" Pheeder—"They give me indigestion every time I eat reed birds at a restaurant."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cape to Cairo.

The great Cape to Cairo Railway, the dream of Cecil Rhodes, is gradually nearing completion. It has now reached a point within sixty miles of the Victoria Falls, and the engineers hope to get to the falls by March. As soon as the falls are reached work will begin to harness them after the fashion of Niagara.