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ANOTHER HERO.

There are heroes who are lauded for their daring on the field. There are heroes who on engines let their courage be revealed. There are heroes who rush boldly to save others in distress. There are heroes who give hungry little orphans happiness. But another merits mention as a hero—ring the bell For the man who doesn't grumble when he isn't feeling well.

Let us give the heroes medals who go forth to dare and do. In the crash and roar of battle, and where flames are leaping, too. Let us honor them that nobly help the poor and weak and small. But he ought to have a statue, finely wrought and white and tall, Who refrains from boring others with his troubles, just for spite, Who works on without complaining when he isn't feeling right.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

HE READ HIS ANSWER.

A ROMANCE OF THE MOUNTAINS By Charles Sloan Reid

PIG-PIG-PIG-OO-EH!" Nance Hooper was standing at the head of a little open ravine which wound away toward the foot of the mountain. There was a low rail fence across the head of the ravine a few yards from the mountain highway, and against this fence Nance was leaning. A great mass of flowing brown hair reached far down below her waist, about which her homespun frock was tucked into a large roll, thus shortening her skirts, in order that she might move about more freely. Up to the right of the ravine was a little log cabin where she lived.

It was late in the afternoon, and as Nance called the hogs a great crowd of them came galloping up the hill to scramble over the apronful of vegetables which Nance threw over the fence. From far down the ravine came the roar of the Tuckasiege River as its waters tumbled over the ragged boulders that marked its bed. With her elbows on the fence and her chin resting in her hands, Nance lingered to listen to the roar of the river while she dreamed. Small clouds were gathering in the sky all around, and the young girl's eye watched them slowly change from one shape to another, forming to her mind the outlines of various animals and birds.

While Nance was thus lost in her dreaming and picture-making she suddenly felt an arm placed about her. Whirling around she found herself in the embrace of a tall young mountaineer, who held her firmly about the waist and was looking a world of tenderness down into her eyes.

"Oh, Zeb, how you scared me! Turn me loose this minute!" cried Nance, struggling to free herself. At the same time two bright tears came into her eyes.

"Won't you kiss me, Nance?" asked the young man, eagerly.

"No, I won't. You didn't have any business to scare me, that's what you didn't."

Zeb released her and stood back. For a moment neither of them spoke. Nance again stood holding the top rail of the fence, and was gazing away down the ravine. Zeb stood a few feet away, with his eyes turned toward the ground. At last he spoke:

"Nance, I'm powerful sorry I scared you."

The girl did not reply. There was another long pause, after which Zeb spoke again:

"Did a big day's work yesterday and another one to-day, Nance. Put forty-five logs into the river, nearly all big ones."

He waited a moment, during which he cautiously raised his eyes to a level with the back of Nance's head.

"I-I got that strip of land paid for last Saturday; and—and I've got enough left to build a house on it, Nance."

Still no reply. "Wages are better than they have been," he went on, "and I thought we might as well get married now. That's what I've come to see about, Nance. I think we've waited about long enough."

Silence still. Zeb sat down on an old stump near by and waited a long while. Finally he rose again and gazed up at the sky all around.

"From the looks of the sky the river'll be high enough to float logs in the morning," he said, thrusting his hands down into the pockets of his pantaloons and striving hard to clear a strange huskiness from his voice.

"They're putting in machinery down at Dillsboro to start up a locust pin

factory, Nance. Reckon I could get a good many locust blocks off of that piece of land I've bought."

Again Zeb's vision wandered toward Nance, but she still stood motionless by the fence, her long hair waving gently in the light breeze that was stirring. And the longer Zeb gazed upon the woman he loved the fuller grew his bosom, until he could no longer withstand the pressure; and his words were almost in the tone of a wail as he sank back upon the old stump:

"Oh, Nance, ain't you ever a'go'in' to say anything?"

Nance continued as immovable as before. At last Zeb replaced his big hat upon his head and arose.

"I know what's the matter, Nance," he said. "I can see it all now. Pole Dorsey's been a-comin' to see you of late; and—yes—I can see it now, Nance; you don't love me any more."

Zeb paused to steady his voice, which had grown a little husky. "Nance," he continued, "I'd a-died for you any time, and I thought you would have loved me right on, Nance, right on. But now—I-I can't say any more. Good-by, Nance."

He turned and walked toward the road. But he had only gone a few steps when he turned and came back again, going close up to Nance, where he stopped a moment. Then he spoke:

"Before I go, Nance, won't you tell me, fair and square, is it me or Pole?"

There was no answer. "Never mind, then; I know that you just hate to tell me that you don't love me any more, and I won't make you. Once more, Nance, good-by."

He stealthily lifted a wisp of her long hair and fervently pressed it to his lips, then walked rapidly away. Nance heard the sound of his footsteps growing fainter and fainter as he ascended the hard roadbed which turned over the hill just above the cabin. Finally she looked around. Zeb was just disappearing beyond the turn in the road, and to Nance it suddenly occurred that he might never return. A scared look came into her eyes, and for a moment she stood undecided what to do. Then she sprang away from the fence and ran up the road, a hundred fears taking possession of her bosom. But Zeb was gone. "Oh, why did he go? Why did he not wait just a moment longer?" She quickened her pace and when she reached the top of the hill was almost out of breath. Zeb had gone out of sight down the mountain. She tried to call his name, but her utterance was only a whisper. But at last she managed to call:

"Oh, Zeb!"

The breeze blew the echo of her own tones back into her face. Tears gushed from her eyes, and she sunk down upon the roadside to sob away her sudden heartsickness.

The clouds began to gather and at midnight the rain began to fall in torrents. By dawn the waters of the Tuckasiege were high between its banks, and the boom-loggers were busy with their rafts, but Zeb Norton, their former foreman, was not among them.

Six years had slipped away. Nance Hooper still lived with her father in the cabin on the side of the mountain. She still went out each evening to call the hogs at the head of the ravine, and in her heart she still lived the old love and deep regret. Zeb Norton has never been heard of since his sudden disappearance. Gold had been discovered on the Tuckasiege, and the community was wild with excitement. But what seemed unfortunate to the prospectors was that the rich vein had been discovered on a body of land belonging to one Zeb Norton, whose whereabouts

were unknown. They feared to proceed with mining operations without having first secured a lease of some kind, and since this could not be obtained from the owner the enterprise was at a standstill.

Half a year passed by. One day a passenger stepped from the morning train which stopped at Dillsboro, and stood with his hands rammed down into pockets. He was dressed in the style of a Westerner. A wide-brimmed sombrero rested on his head, and a heavy brown mustache ornamented his upper lip. For a moment he gazed all around him.

"It's not exactly like it used to be, though it ain't much changed, either," he muttered, as he picked up his valise and walked toward a little boarding house a few yards away. It was noon, and the traveler was hungry. Meeting the landlady at the entrance, he gave her a fifty-cent piece and asked the way to the dining room.

After dining the stranger spent several hours in wandering about the village. Late in the afternoon he suspended his valise on a stout staff which he rested on his shoulder and set off up the river road afoot. Ever and anon, as he tramped along the highway he would stop at some high point and gaze across the hills and valleys.

"Just like they used to be, all just the same," he would usually mutter as he turned away and continued his journey.

At last he reached the highest point in the road where it turned down the mountain on the other side of the river.

"Just the same," he said, "there's not even a change in the road. Wonder if Mark Hooper lives there yet," he continued as he looked toward the cabin off to the right.

A little farther along he turned away from the road and walked slowly down to where the fence crossed the ravine. Here he seated himself on an old, fast-decaying stump, allowing the staff and valise to carelessly slip from his shoulders. Then, pushing his sombrero back upon his head he locked his fingers across his knee and gazed away through the opening over the ravine. It was almost sundown and there were a few clouds in the sky.

"Just the same," he muttered again, after a few moments' silence; "everything just like it was. I wonder if Nance did—"

He closed his lips tightly against further utterance. There seemed to be a sudden breaking loose of something which had been long tied up in his breast.

At last he arose, and, shouldering his staff and valise, started back to the road. And just as he turned his back toward the cabin Nance came out with her apron full of vegetables for the hogs, and came on slowly down the path toward the fence.

The traveler, who had walked on without looking backward, had scarcely disappeared beyond a turn in the road, when his ears caught the sounds: "Pig-pig-pig-oo-eh," as Nance called the hogs.

Again the staff and valise slipped from his shoulder, and, with his hands rammed down into his pockets, he listened, while his heart beat heavily against his breast.

At last he turned about and slowly retraced his steps, leaving his baggage, where it had fallen, in the middle of the road. He approached within a few feet of Nance before he stopped. Then, steadying his voice as well as he could, he called her name.

Nance suddenly turned about and gazed upon the tall form of the Westerner. Then, bursting into tears, she dropped her apron and impulsively sprang toward him.

"Oh, Zeb!" she cried through her tears. "I didn't mean it, you know I didn't! Oh, why did you go away?"

Zeb caught her in his arms and for a few moments there was sweet silence.

"Nance," said Zeb, at last, "I never could think of loving anybody but you. But when I came back to look after that gold mine I didn't expect to find such a jewel as this waiting for me. It appears like I am mighty rich all of a sudden."

"Ain't half as rich as I am now, Zeb, for I've got you back again," and, reaching up, she took his rough cheeks between her palms and kissed him under his big mustache.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Clues—"Have you any clues to the murder?" "We have plenty of clues—too many, in fact." "Then, what are you waiting for?" "We can't decide which to follow first. If we tried to follow them all it would take a lifetime."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE DISCOVERY OF BIG TREES.

When A. T. Dowd Reported His Find He Was Laughed At.

Once upon a time—it was in 1853, to be exact—a hunter in pursuit of a wounded deer found himself at night-fall in a dark forest. The air was dry and warm, and being weary, he stretched himself upon the pine needles which covered the ground and went to sleep. He awoke at daylight, and when he saw what kind of a forest he was in, he rubbed his eyes and pinched himself to make sure he was not dreaming. On every side of him were monster trees, such as no man had ever seen before. They reared their heads seemingly into the blue sky, and their enormous trunks, bright cinnamon in color and ribbed and seamed, rose like mighty fluted towers. The hunter felt like Gulliver did in Brobdingnag, and looked, half expecting to see the huge forms of giants come striding through the forest. He knew that if the tallest church of his native town was set down in this wood, the cross upon the pinnacle of its spire would be shaded by the branches as would a doll's house beneath an apple tree. He walked up to one of the trees, and spreading out his arms to their full extent, he clasped the bark. Then he moved sideways, placing his left fingers where his right hand had been, spreading his arms as before. He repeated this again and again, and he did it twenty times before he had circled the trunk. This hunter was Mr. A. T. Dowd, and the forest he had discovered was one of the "big-tree groves" of California. Of course, when he returned to civilization, his description of the trees was laughed at as a yarn, and he was accorded second place to Baron Munchausen as an inventor of stories.

As a matter of fact, his stories were much less wonderful than the trees themselves, and the best of it is that many of the trees are still standing there to prove it.—Woman's Home Companion.

Source of Radium.

Radium exists in combination with lead and chalk and silica and iron and various other things that must be got rid of one by one in a series of reactions and operations that are complicated and costly, says Cleveland Moffat, in McClure's Magazine. For days the powder must simmer over a slow fire with water and soda, then it must be decanted into big barrels, where a sort of mud settles; then this mud must be washed and re-washed, and finally put back on the fire to simmer again with carbonate of soda. Then comes more decanting and the settling of more mud and the repeated washing of this, followed by treatment with hydrochloric acid, which gives a colorless liquid, containing small quantities of radium.

To isolate these small quantities from the rest is now the chemist's object, which is attained in a series of reactions and crystallizations that finally leave the precious chloride (or bromide) of radium much purified. In each crystallization the valuable part remains chiefly in the crystals, which become progressively richer in radium and smaller in bulk, until finally you have the product of six weeks' manipulation there at the bottom of a porcelain dish, no bigger than a saucer, some twenty-five grams of white crystals, and these at so low an intensity (about 2000) that the greater part will be refined away by M. Curie himself, as we have seen, in succeeding crystallizations, and at the end there will be only a few centigrams (at 1,500,000), what would cover the point of a knife blade, to show for a ton or so of granite powder and months of hard work.

Quadracycle Fire Engine.

A quadracycle, composed of two tandem bicycles arranged side by side, has been invented in Paris to serve as a fire engine in cases of emergency. It is worked by four men, and is fitted up with the necessary hose pipes and fittings, which occupy the space between the riders. On reaching the scene of action it will be the work of a minute to bring the hose pipes into play on the fire.

Portrait in Marble Column.

In polishing a green marble column in the south aisle of the new Roman Catholic cathedral at Westminster, a curious freak has been revealed. It is a white face in the dark marble, which is by some regarded as an exact portrait of the great Duke of Wellington, but which resembles rather the late Cardinal Manning.

TAKE YOUR MEDICINE.

Now and then you hear a fellow Make a kick about his luck; But you very seldom hear him Talk about his lack of pluck.

Now and then a failure tells us That the world is down on him; But he never tells us how he Milk and mashes his grit and vim.

Every day you hear some loser Say that he was frozen out; But that he was ever in it He expresses not a doubt.

When the world stamps on the kicker You can hear him yell a mile; But who always scowled at others Now is begging for a smile.

When a man is down and out he Always has some tale to tell; He was always pushed or shoved, but Never tells you that he fell.

And, in short, it seems the rule to (When a chap is on the self) Tell a tale that sounds so good he Nearly thinks it's true himself.

MORAL.

Never squeal if you've been bancoed, For nobody's in the dark; Either you passed by the shuffle Or you were an easy mark. If they caught you in the pantry With your finger in the jam, And you got a proper licking— Emulate the wise old clam!

—Baltimore News.



Briggs—"Do you consider Mercer much of a French scholar?" Griggs—"Pretty fair. He understands the language sufficiently well not to speak it."—Boston Transcript.

A balmy mood steals o'er the land, Soft, soothing zephyrs are exhaled— A bitter frost comes forward and The fruit crop once again has failed. —Washington Star.

Soubrette—"Yes, I flatter myself that it was I that made the play a success." The Manager—"Well, I don't know, I think you ought to gif der ministers some credit for der vay dey chumped on it."—Puck.

Palette—"You'd be surprised if you knew the amount of time spent on that canvas." Pellette—"Yes; I understand men have stood in front of it for hours trying to make out what it is."—Yonkers Statesman.

"You say you saw my sister at a recent wedding?" "Yes, it wasn't very long ago." "But I don't remember that she mentioned seeing you." "Very likely, I was only the groom."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"That is very generous of old man Gotrex, paying for the musical education of the girl who lives next door to him." "Yes, but he has stipulated that she shall learn it all in Europe."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

"Now that ye are one of thim, tell me what a politician is." "A politician is a feller that promises something that he can't do to git elected, and does something he promised not to do to hold his job."—Life.

Tommy pushed his Aunt Elizer Off a rock into a geyser. Now he's feeling quite dejected; Didn't get the rise expected. —Cornell Widow.

"That man your automobile bowled over says he has the number of your machine." "What did he say it was?" "Sixty-six." "It's ninety. He was standing on his head at the time he saw it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Well, what does he say?" impatiently asked Mr. Spotsash. "I'll tell you in a moment," replied his secretary, who was still struggling with the opening sentence of a letter from the German correspondent of the firm. "I haven't got to the verb yet."—Chicago Tribune.

A Crowless Rooster.

Realizing that a crowless rooster is a long-felt want, George F. Nachtwey, of Seattle, Wash., invented one, or, rather, a mute male fowl. Nachtwey has two samples of the crowless bird, both full grown and silent. Whether they are deaf and dumb Nachtwey does not know, but they can't, don't or won't crow. In all other respects they are like ordinary roosters.

The crowless fowls are a cross of Black Spanish and Wyandottes. Whether this result will happen every time in crossing these two breeds Nachtwey does not know.

In Russia altogether there are about 85,000 elementary schools, the total cost of their maintenance being 50,000,000 roubles, or about \$27,000,000.