

The Roanoke Beacon.

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W. FLETCHER AUBSON, Local Editor. THOMAS HOBSON, Business Manager.

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All articles for publication must be accompanied by the full name of the writer. Correspondents are requested not to write on but one side of the paper. All communications must be sent in by Thursday morning or they will not appear. Address all communications to THE ROANOKE BEACON, Plymouth, N. C.

We appeal to every reader of THE ROANOKE BEACON, to aid us in making it an acceptable and profitable medium of news to our citizens. Let Plymouth people and the public know what is going on in Plymouth. Report to us all items of news—the arrival and departure of friends, social events, deaths, serious illness, accidents, new buildings, new enterprises and improvements of whatever character, changes in business—indeed anything and everything that would be of interest to our people.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1889.

THE ARTESIAN WELL.

We spoke a few weeks ago in our local columns about an Artesian well, and since that time we have consulted with several of our citizens upon this important subject, and are glad to note that our views have met with the hearty approval of many. Of course there are some men in Plymouth, as well as all other towns, who do not care to make any improvements in the old way of living. They have managed to stay here without the aid of artesian water and do not seem to be inclined to try to avoid the malaria, drank daily, from the old fashion well.

This is a new age, and with it comes many improvements, for our people in accomplishing labor and improving the health, and it is our duty as citizens to strive to place around our town all things that will be for the promotion of the present and coming generation.

There is no question about the beneficial value of an artesian well. To prove our assertion we will refer you to the low malarial lands of Georgia and other Southern States where the people of those towns had to go North in summer to avoid the ever lurking fever. But now many of the towns and cities of which we speak have artesian water to drink and instead of leaving home in summer they stay, and in perfect safety.

The cost of boring a well in this town will not exceed five hundred dollars and will be of invaluable worth to the citizens for years to come.

Water is not only craved by the appetite but is a constant necessity, and it is too often the case that when the supply is ample the quality is not questioned. The saying that "ignorance is bliss" is very true in this case, but that "tis folly to be wise" may be questioned, for this same blissful ignorance is dangerous and often fatal.

Clear cold water is what we think about and long for, but we often make a mistake when we go to the farm well and draw from it a bucket of "pure well water" and drink our fill, we look upon it as one of the chief pleasures of country life and one of the main sources of country health. At the bottom of that clear cold water may be a foot or two of filthy stinking mud. Behind those moss-covered stones or curb are dead insects and other reptiles whose bodies are leaching into the well with every rain or splash of the bucket.

Typhoid fever is a disease peculiar to our community and when traced, if traced at all, goes to the water supply; and many physicians have been made rich and many lives sacrificed by the hideous poison at the bottom of our wells.

Our present generation is far from the condition of our ancestors, whose healthy children were raised while using water from the old wells. The soil is more fully saturated with impurities, there are more houses, the wells are more numerous and many other reasons present themselves why we should be more careful about the water supply.

The desire for very cold water is more of a habit than anything else. People who get accustomed to water at the natural temperature of ponds and streams are more independent and can satisfy their thirst with less danger of unfavorable effects than those who are used to cold water just from the well. Some people will turn in disgust from a spring if they see a frog jump into it and go to a well where dead mice are behind the curb or soaking at the bottom.

The cistern is a great benefit to a community, but nothing to compare with the clear, pure mountain water that comes from the artesian wells.

We have written to several parties to get an estimate of the cost of boring a well in this town, and as soon as possible we will give our readers the particulars; in the mean time we ask the citizens of the town to give this subject their earnest attention and be prepared to aid in the accomplishment of this much needed addition to our town. Do not say it is impossible or that we can do without it, but say that our position needs it, (as it does), and that you will do all in your power to secure an artesian well for the benefit of the town in which you live.

WHAT are we coming to? When Treasurer Hyatt turned over the Treasury the other day, he took a receipt for seven hundred and seventy-one millions and five hundred thousand dollars. We doubt if any other government at any time in the world's history ever had so much treasure. And we ought not to have it. It is the people's money and a large quantity of this ought to be in the people's pocket. News and Observer.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Economist, in its recent issue describing the Reminiscence of the Confederate Veterans in Elizabeth City has this to say in reference to one of the speakers who appeared on that occasion—Col. Wm. F. Beasley:

"And here by way of episode we will say that Col. Beasley is a native of our section and was reared in this town."

The first part of our friend's assertion is correct, but the latter is a total mistake; for not only was Col. Beasley a native of this historic old town of Plymouth, but here too he was reared, until the war, which compelled so many of our people through the destruction of our town to find homes elsewhere, caused him to leave us.

His people for many years were among the most prominent and influential of our citizens; in the Episcopal church yard of our city many of those who have gone before of his family are resting, and the old Academy, gone in the wreck of the war, gave him his educational training for many years.

No, Bro. Creevey, Will Beasley is a Plymouth boy, "native here and to the manner born," and whilst we rejoice to see that the entire section of his nativity is proud to claim him, still, by old Roanoke water, and not Pasquotank, was he reared, and his splendid record is a part of the glory belonging to this ancient town.

The grading on the road from Williamston to Plymouth has been completed and track laying is being done as rapidly as possible. All the trestles have not yet been built, but it is thought that the road will be finished and trains will be running on it before October. The terminus of this road will be at Roper City, six or eight miles below Plymouth, where there is plenty of water front, and it is generally believed that a line of steamers will be put on from this point direct to Baltimore. It is thought that trains will be run direct from Weldon to Plymouth and Roper City in connection with the steamer to Baltimore. It is also rumored that a road will be built from Roper City to some point on Pamlico Sound.—Roanoke News.

The above paragraph from the News is right so far as it speaks of the Railroad being pushed forward to completion, but it must be wrong when it says that the terminus will be at Roper City eight miles below Plymouth. In the first place there is no water front at said town. It being situated on the McKensy creek, one of the most crooked streams we ever saw, and is not navigable only by small boats.

The terminus of this road will undoubtedly be Plymouth as the company is now at work building the depot, elevators etc. After the road is completed to this point, it may then run a branch road to Pungo river, unless Mr. Roper can be persuaded to connect his road at this place, which it is quite likely he will do.

The R. R. & L. Company will run their road to Washington, making this the northern terminus. As to water front, no town can offer better.

Gov. Broggs, of Delaware, has the following to say in regard to the whipping post at Tamany celebration:

"There is not a single penitentiary in Delaware today. If a man beats his wife or sets fire to his neighbor's barn, or breaks into a house, he isn't shut up with a lot of other criminals, with full time and opportunity to learn their tricks of devilry that he did not know before. As a preventative of crime the whipping post has a much greater terror than a term in the penitentiary, and I have never known of a man that came back for a second dose. He simply leaves the State. Maybe he comes to New York; I don't know."

The law provides no way for the Board of Directors of the Insane Asylum to be removed, and Governor Kowle is powerless to interfere in the Grissom matter. Neither can he remove the Superintendent. The only power to remove him rests in the Board of Directors and it can hardly be expected that they will either remove him or request him to resign as the majority expressed a belief in his innocence. If Dr. Grissom does not offer his resignation voluntarily he will remain in the office during the remainder of the term.—Roanoke News.

THEODORE Council, the young man who killed his wife with "Rough on Rats" near Robersonville, Martin county, about two weeks ago, was arrested near his home on Friday last and committed to jail at Williamston to await trial. He is trying to get acquitted on a plea of insanity, but if guilty of the crime he should be given the full penalty.

In our last issue we mentioned the killing of an Editor, Roger J. Page, of Marion, N. C. A late despatch from Marion, tells us that one Edwin Brown, charged with the homicide went to the Sheriff's office voluntarily and surrendered. He waived examination and was committed to await his trial at the October term of the Superior Court.

NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.
Selected.
This is a sort of topsy turvey world. No one seems to be satisfied. One man is struggling to get justice another is flying from it.
One man keeps a pistol to protect himself against burglars, while his neighbor doesn't keep one for fear of shooting some member of the house by mistake.
One rich man wears poor clothes because he is rich and can do anything, while a poor man wears fine clothes because he is poor and wants to create the impression that he is not.

The laborer with ten children keeps out of debt on \$10 a week, while many an unmarried bank official with \$100 a week can't get along without helping himself to the bank's funds.
One man escapes all the diseases that flesh is heir to and is killed on the railroad, another man goes through half a dozen wars without a scratch, and then dies of whooping cough.

STATE NEWS.

Lincolnton is to have a new \$10,000 hotel. Cabarrus county will have a fair this fall.

Newton is having her streets macadamized and sidewalks curbed and paved.

The next session of the Western Baptist Association will be held at Asheville October 28th.

A large amount has been subscribed to build a cotton factory at New Berne on the co-operative plan.

A patent has been granted Rev. C. L. Arnold, of Wilmington, on a new and useful improvement in cars.

Charlotte is said to manufacture more paper for the country than perhaps any other place of equal size.

A meeting has been held at Asheville looking to the establishment of a wood-working establishment there.

The headquarters of the Inter-State Immigration Bureau, which embraces all the Southern States, will be located at Raleigh.

The Battery Park Hotel at Asheville, which is one of the finest in the state, is soon to have one hundred more rooms added.

The Warrenton Gazette has entered upon its eighteenth year under the same management. Few papers in the State have done as well.

Morganton Star: We understand that the Morganton Land and Improvement company will positively open a bank in Morganton on or before the 1st of October next.

Governor Fowle thinks the celebration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America should be held at Washington and the expenses be paid by the general government.

The Southern Cotton Exchange rates North Carolina fourth as a cotton producing State, and makes the statement that no Southern State ranks it financially, as is evidenced by the great increase in manufacturing industries and in railway development.

There will be eight or ten fairs in this State this year. The first will be August 6th at Mount Holly. The last will close with the Fayetteville Fair in November, with the Centennial Celebration, where Jefferson Davis and Senator Ransom will speak.—Democrat.

AN ANCIENT RIDDLE.

A great many years ago a prominent merchant in Taunton, Mass., presented to an eccentric old woman, named Lucy King, that if, taking her subject from the Bible, she would compose a riddle which he could not guess, he would give her a certain prize. The riddle was as follows:

Adam, God made out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man,
To answer His most holy plan.

My body He did make complete,
But without arms, or legs, or feet;
My ways and acts He did control,
But to my body gave no soul.

A living being I became,
And Adam gave to me a name;
I from his presence then withdrew,
And more of Adam never knew.

I did my Maker's law obey,
Nor from it ever went astray;
Thousands of miles I go in fear,
But seldom on the earth appear.

For purpose wise which God did see,
He put a living soul in me;
A soul from me my God did claim,
And took from me the soul again.

For when from me that soul had fled,
I was the same as when first made;
And without hands or feet or soul,
I travel on from pole to pole.

I labor hard by day and night,
To fallen man I give great light;
Thousands of people, young and old,
Do by my death great light behold.

No right or wrong can I conceive,
The scriptures cannot believe;
Although my presence is found,
They are to me but empty sound.

No fear of death doth trouble me,
Real happiness I never shall see;
To heaven I shall never go,
Nor to the grave, nor hell below.

Now, when these lines you closely read,
Go search your Bible, with all speed;
For that my name's recorded there,
I honestly to you declare.

She Crosses the Ocean to Meet Her Love.

The Orange County Observer tells the following romantic little story: "About two and a half years ago, Mr. Julian Brown, of Hillsboro, left here with Dr. Florence Cheek under contract to work with the doctor five years in Siam. Since leaving home Mr. Brown and Miss Omie Forrest, of Orange, have been carrying on a correspondence which resulted in their engagement. Recently Miss Forrest received a letter from Mr. Brown telling her to come to Singapore, where he would meet and wed her, as he could not get off to come to this country. On Tuesday, July 30th, Miss Forrest took leave of mother, sisters and brothers, at the old home, near Hillsboro, and took the cars for New York, from which place she will sail for Singapore. Miss Forrest is about 25 years of age rather good looking, and has a fair education."

Geo. E. Stevenson

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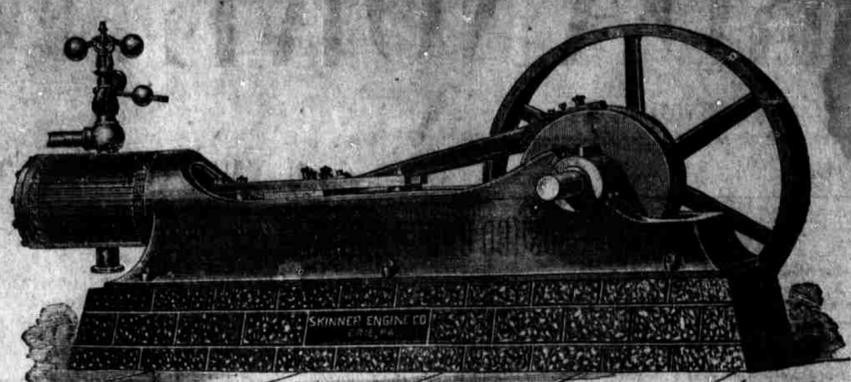
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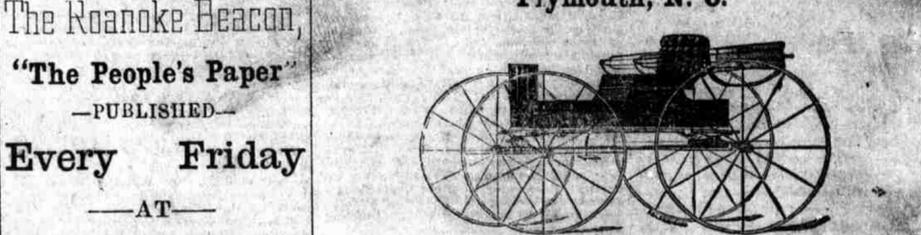
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The next session will begin on Wednesday 11th of September, and close in June 1890.
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The design of this school will be to prepare students for College or any pursuit of business life.
Sufficient measure will be adopted to enforce discipline.
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