

The Roanoke Beacon.

The Official Paper of Washington County.

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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, OCTOBER 4, 1889.

CHANCEY M. DEPEW says he thinks the Democratic candidate for President in '92 will be Grover Cleveland.

THIRTY-EIGHT printers have been discharged from the Government Printing Office at Washington, to make room for new appointees.

The Georgia Senate passed a bill July 17th, prohibiting the use of cigarettes by minors. The bill provides that "no person shall sell, furnish, give or provide any minor or minors with cigarettes, tobacco, cigarette paper or any substitute therefor." The penalty shall be that provided for misdemeanors, which is imprisonment for not more than a year or a fine not exceeding \$1,000, or both.

It seems that all the large cities are anxious for the World's Fair in 1892. It is our opinion that the fair should be held at Washington, if Plymouth can't get it, as Washington is the Capital. New York is making strong efforts to get it there, Chicago wants it and is holding meetings and sending out circulars trying to create a sentiment in its favor, and St. Louis is heard to claim it, on the ground that it has the most people in its circle. We say if it don't come to Plymouth let it go to Washington, where it should, and will go.

New Hampshire honors its great sons. In that we acknowledge the inferiority of North Carolina. New Hampshire preserves the memory of her sons who have honored her by illustrious records, with bronze and marble monuments. North Carolina lets them live in the hearts of their countrymen as best they can.

In the State House Park at Concord, there stands in mute majesty a statue of Daniel Webster, a native of New Hampshire and the greatest of all New England's sons, and by it stands a statue of General John Stark, of Revolutionary fame. The Concord Patriot says that a man who honored his native State, to which his life was devoted, a sepulchre near the monument of Webster in an unmarked grave—Franklin Pierce, who won distinction in the civil and military service of his country—and suggests that New Hampshire should rear a monument to his memory. Franklin Pierce was one of our Presidents who had peculiar claims upon the remembrance of his countrymen. He was an upright and honest man with a clean personal character. He loved his country to its outer bounds, and when the great fraternal strife came that deneged his country in blood, Franklin Pierce turned his face away from the unnatural conflict and bowed his head in grief, and perhaps for that New Hampshire has neglected to honor the sacred memory of one of the most illustrious of her dead sons.—Ex.

It is stated that the manufacturers of burlap are trying to persuade the farmers to abandon the use of cotton bagging and return to jute.

No matter what the encouragement may be we hope our planters will be firm to their promises, which has induced manufacturers to place in operation the machinery necessary to turn out the cotton bagging, which will be a total loss to them if the planters refuse to take it, and they would lose confidence in our farmers and many years would elapse before they would again resume its manufacture.

Stand up against them, ye cotton planters of the South. No matter how fair seems their offers, let them know that when the hearts of our Southern people are against a thing they had as well try to reverse the sun and make it rise in the West. Treat with contempt all overtures they can make, don't forget the men who formed this trust only want the chance and they will again take every advantage.

It is estimated that the 49,000,000 yards necessary to cover the crop would consume in its manufacture over 100,000 bales of cotton, and that the withdrawal of this quantity of cotton from the regular channel of trade would increase the price of the balance of cotton per pound, which would add from seven to eight millions of dollars to the amount which the cotton crop would bring, all of which would go directly into the pockets of the planters. In addition to this the manufacture of bagging would open up a new and valuable industry, which would give employment to large capital and a large amount of labor. The value of this bagging would be \$1,000,000, which would be saved to the South, making the use of cotton bagging to cover the cotton crop worth to the South not less than \$10,000,000 a year. Is this not something to encourage our farmers to stand firm against the "Jute Trust" men. Let their motto be "never give up."

LOVE AT NAG'S HEAD.

A Spot on the Carolina Coast Where Nature Aids Cupid to

FOOL FOND FLUTTERING HEARTS

As Youth and Maiden Wander on the Sands in the Moonlight.

THE STORY OF A SHELL-COVERED GRAVE.

[BY W. COTTEN DOWNING.]

About 40 miles above the dangerous reefs of Cape Hatteras, where many a goody ship laden with its freight of valuable merchandise, and still more precious human lives, has gone down forever to the bottom of the treacherous sea, stands a large hotel and numerous cottages on a strip of the sandy beach with the usually placid waters of the Albemarle on one side and those of the more turbulent ocean on the other. The land between the ocean and sound at this point is in the shape of a horse's head, and the distant sea, we can see, but imagine the call "Nag's Head." It is here that many of the wealthy people of the Carolinas spend their summer and no more interesting or picturesque summer resort can be found from Maine to Florida. A few miles from Nag's Head, on the sound side, can be seen historic Roanoke Island, with its clusters of vine-covered forest and its bowers of blooming wild roses.

Every part of this lovely isle of the South has its legend or history, and, as we ramble at eventide beneath the towering branches of live oaks, listening to the sweet music of singing birds and the hoarse murmur of the ceaseless waves, breathing the perfume of a million flowers, watching the blood-red sun dashing its fiery chariots toward the western horizon while his slanting beams glisten and dance along the foam-crested waves of the distant sea, we can but imagine Sir Walter Raleigh's astonishment and delight when he tarried his storm-whitened sails and set foot on his lovely virgin shore. It was there Virginia Dare, the first child in America, was born, and either the deepening shadows of the murmuring pine trees or the unreal rhythm of chiming waters still hold the secret of

HER MYSTERIOUS FATE.

On the ocean side we look out, out, and naught can be seen but the mighty Atlantic. Its ponderous, white-capped waves roar and rumble and break upon the golden sands up and down as far as the eye can see. Soaring aloft, lazily, or darting with the swiftness of the wind, white-winged sea birds dip down in the briny deep for a moment, then rise dripping with the salt sea's tears, and screaming over the silver, scaled prey their talons hold. And the wind! 'tis here they gambol and frolic; 'tis here they moan and shriek with the vengeance of myriad demons. Here the gentlest heath-giving zephyrs bring out the roses on the pallid maiden's cheek in summer, and toy with beauty's flowing curls as tenderly as an enraptured lover. Here the hoarse, wild sweep of the storm is felt in winter—rushing, cutting, beaming in its most awful fury. Here the sun shines brightly along the vast expanse of the ever-pulsing sea, and here the full, rounded moon sheds her silvery radiance in showers of sparkling, glittering diamonds over the throbbing bosom of the rolling deep. Here the clouds gather and deepen and spread till they seem to touch the ocean as a mantle, and the roar of the thunder detonates like exploding worlds, and the flashing, twi-ting, burning lightning scars and seems the very vault of heaven.

Youth and beauty ramble along the stretches of sandy beach or bathe in the chafing waters near the shore. Female loveliness and manly excellence promenade the water-washed piers or congregate in reclining chairs on the cool verandahs where the tempered sea breezes blow. 'Tis here Cupid wings his tender darts most accurately, and many a lovely, blushing Southern maiden has engaged to some gallant beau when she will follow to the altar and promise to "love, honor and obey," ere the Christmas tide has come. Ay, this is indeed

A PARADISE FOR LOVERS.

He who would not feel the soft influence of a pretty woman's smile he would be safe anywhere. Oh! the witchery of the music where a flood of light is streaming and merry feet are dancing to the strains of a gushing melody! Graceful forms recline on cushioned divans and sofas 'neath chandeliers of oriental splendor, while hearts, warm hearts, pulsate to kindred hearts! Or leave the heated ballroom and go out with your fascinating partner for a stroll along the moonlit shore. The refreshing night wind cools your brow, and you scarcely feel the weight of the willow form on your arm as she floats along. You glance into the depths of her dusky eyes and plainly mark the curve of her rosy lips by the bright moon's beam. On, on you go until the music dies in the distance, the flashing lights pale from the windows and all is silence save the beating of your own hearts and the continual sound of the sea. Before you return, unless your heart is made of steel, you have made a fool of yourself—thrown yourself at her feet and vowed to be her slave forever! While she, with the witchery of a siren, bids you rise, and either fills your cup of happiness to the brim or dashes it in a thousand fragments over the phosphorescent sands.

In the morning many places of interest can be visited—the sand hills and the fresh water ponds, or lakes, the groves of stunted oak, and, further on, the pony penning. These ponies run wild over the marshes and are penned once a year, in August, by their owners to be branded or sold to purchasers who come from a distance to buy them. When the branding is finished and all sales have been made, the remaining ponies are again turned out to roam at will for another twelve months. They constitute the greater part of the wealth of these hardy people who live along this narrow strip of land washed by the sea on one side and the sound on the other.

WARM FRIENDS, BITTER ENEMIES.

And what a generous, hospitable people they are! Though rough and uncultured they extend the hand of friendship to the stranger and open wide their door for his entrance into their humble homes. The best their larder contains is set before him, and when we remember the luscious oyster, the delightful wild fowl and the toothsome fish that grace their plain tables, he would be an epicure indeed who could not do justice to the bountiful repast they spread. Like the Indians, who centuries ago bathed in the surf, fished and hunted, loved and hated and lived and died along these banks, they are strong in their friendships and lasting in their dislikes. They know what it is to love and are answering in affection. They know what it is to hate, and are unforgiving in their enmities. Gain their esteem and they will shield and protect you—incure their ill will and they will hunt you to death. The maidens love and wed and are as constant and true to the objects of their choice as the most cultured lady at the summer resort lower down the

beach. And their young men, while not as polished as city gentlemen, are faithful to the girls they marry. Indeed, they possess characteristics that might in many instances be copied to advantage by some members of our polite society.

A SHELL COVERED GRAVE.

Near one of the many cart roads running through these sandy barrens is an old burying ground. Huge boulders, brought as ballast for ships, mark some of the graves while others have plain weather-beaten boards at their head. One grave rather apart from the others is particularly noticeable from the large number of bright and curious sea shells entirely covering it. Why this one should be so differently marked from the others causes the inquisitive mind to ascertain at the neighboring cottage. A venerable gray haired woman responded to the call and tells the poetical and touching story of the young girl who lies entombed beneath the glistening pile. From her story is gathered that the maiden was the comeliest lassie along the banks, and that she had a lover of a wild and roving disposition whom she loved with the utmost devotion, and who loved her a truly in return. But her parents were unwilling for them to marry unless he would give up his roving life. So she promised her after one more voyage to quit going to sea and do as her parents wished. With a trembling heart she bade him God speed as his ship sailed away over the treacherous deep. Much bad weather prevailed after his departure, and the vessel was some weeks longer returning than its allotted time. The agonized maiden watched every passing sail until the long delayed one hove in sight. She rushed to the pier to meet her lover, and the sad news that he had been lost in a storm at sea was told her as gently as possible. The shock was so great that she sank to the ground, and when lifted there, from life was extinct. She was buried in the old graveyard, and on every anniversary of her death her companions, in a sad procession, go along the seashore gathering the prettiest shells, which they strew over her grave.

LOVE STRONGER THAN LIFE.

Turning away as the narrator finished her story, the thought presented itself that in all the annals of the rich and great, no instance of undivided true love could be found to exceed in tragic sincerity that of the faithful maiden reared among the simple and unlettered denizens of the bank:

"Oh! ship, with the dripping sail,
From across the foaming sea,
What news of my wanderer?
Do thy wet wings bring to me?
Has he sent true love to his dear,
Or perchance he's never to be seen?
Oh! ship with the dripping sail!"

"Oh! ship with the dripping sail,
Are those drops the salt sea's tears?
A symbol are they of woe?
Oh! how they wake my fears;
And thy broken spar? I know
There's lack of news that cheers—
Oh! ship with the dripping sail!"

"Oh! maiden!—the good ship said—
'Tis true when I left you shore
Thy lover was then with me,
And vowed he would never go more
Over land nor yet over sea.
But would live for his sweet Lenore."
"Oh! ship, tell me not he's dead!"

"An! maiden!—the good ship said—
'He was brave thro' the storm king's reign,
Tho' my gaffs and booms were gone
And my mast of stout oak slain,
He was firm, but just at dawn
By a falling spar was slain."
"Oh! ship!"—and the maid was dead.

A PRECEDENT IN THE NAGLE CASE.

Statesville Landmark.

Nagle the deputy marshal who shot and killed ex-Judge Terry in Carolina a few weeks ago, for slapping the face of Justice Field, has been discharged on his own recognizance after a hearing upon a writ of habeas corpus. The law as laid down by the judge who heard the case, to the effect that wherever a judge of the Supreme Court is, there court is in session, sounds a little novel, but there is a precedent in North Carolina for such a ruling. It is stated that in a county where the State where Judge Cloud was once holding court, a man appeared with a performing bear and his Honor adjourned court and went with the multitude to the bear show. A drunken fellow stepped on his Honor's coat and his Honor expostulated with him in his most vigorous style, upon which the drunk man cursed his Honor and called him names. His Honor had him hauled up for contempt of court, when his counsel raised the point that the charge would not lie for the reason that the court was not in session at the time of the alleged indignity. His Honor told him that that court was at all times a subject of contempt, and sent the offender to jail. It is rather rough on the latter to institute any sort of comparison between Judge Cloud and Judge Field, and this home spun story "is but a light thing to be wrenched in so serious a matter, but yet it expresseth well the deformity."

THE TANNER TANGLE.

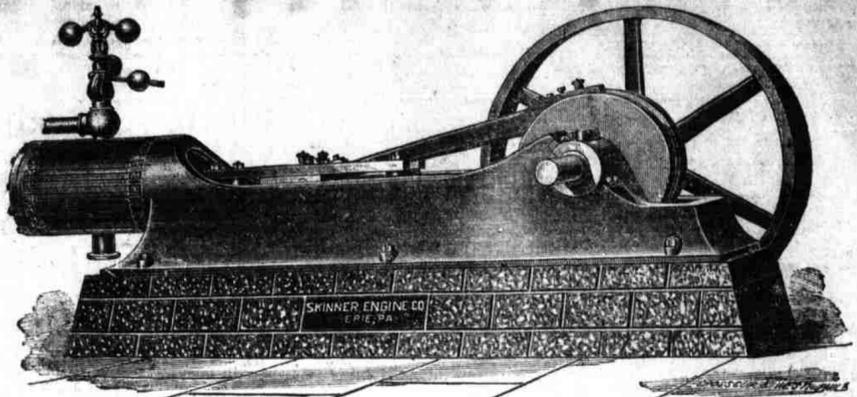
Economist.

President Harrison is not happy. He is between two stools. Tanner and the G. A. R. is on one side and the people of the United States is on the other. The G. A. R. and Tanner wanted the surplus in the treasury. The President of the U. S. was willing for them to have it, but the people, the hard-working people of the United States were unwilling for the surplus to be given away to frauds, deserters, cowards, skinkers, bummers and discharged soldiers. Many of the Union soldiers thought with the people and thought they were dishonored by the character of the beneficiaries of the pension bounty. And now the President is beset by a new trouble. He virtually discharged Tanner who was the choice of the G. A. R. for the place of Commissioner of Pensions and he can get no one to accept the place of Tanner. And worse than that, he has lost his hold upon the league of the G. A. R. and their vote is necessary to his re-election which he covets. And worse than that, he is afraid of assassination at their hands and has to travel under the protection of armed detectives with as great fear as the Emperor of Russia of the Nihilists.

And this guarded travel of President Harrison brings our country and its institutions into disrepute. It dishonors us before the world. It says to the world in language stronger than words that our government of the people, by the people and for the people, has to have its chief officer protected from the people who have placed him in power, by the pistol and the bowie knife. Better would it have been for Harrison to be killed than to have subjected our people to such a humiliating impudenc.

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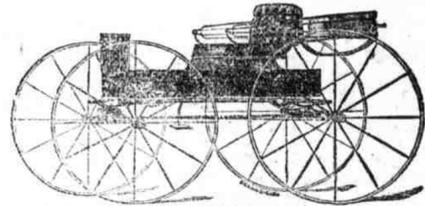
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