

The Roanoke Beacon.

The Official Paper of Washington County.

PLYMOUTH, N. C.

Entered in the Post Office at Plymouth N. C., as second class matter.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1889.

Directory.

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor, Daniel G. Fowle, of Wake. Lieutenant Governor, Thos. M. Holt, of Alamance. Secretary of State, Wm. L. Saunders, of Wake.

COUNTY GOVERNMENT.

Sheriff, John B. Chesson. Deputy Sheriff, L. I. Fagan. Treasurer, Louis Hornthal. Superior Court Clerk, Thos. J. Marriner.

CITY.

Mayor and Clerk, E. B. Latham. Treasurer, W. H. Hampton. Police, J. F. Ayers.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Methodist—Rev. C. W. Robinson, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m.

CITY MARKET.

REPORTED BY M. J. BUNCH & CO., Dealers in Meats, Green and Heavy Groceries, Produce, Confectioneries and Patent Medicines.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Corn, Meal, Bacon, Lard, Flour, Sugar, Butter, Eggs, etc.

COURTS.

FIRST JUDICIAL DISTRICT. Spring—Judge Boykin. FALL—Judge Brown. Beaufort—Feb. 18th, May 27th, 25th.

CLOSING OUT SALE!

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, FURNITURE, BOOTS, SHOES, GROCERIES, &c., to make room for an immense new stock to arrive from the North.

D. O. BRINKLEY & CO.

Foreign and Domestic Wines and Liqueurs.

CHOICE BRANDS OF CIGARS. Full Line of Superior Canned Goods always on hand.

ICE

for sale by wholesale or retail. PLYMOUTH, N. C.

BEACON FLASHES.

Rice 75 cents. Cotton 92 cents. Beaufort Court this week. First quarter moon to-day.

The Schools gave holiday yesterday. Sunday is the first day of December. Board of Education meets on Monday.

Get your Christmas advertisements ready. Who went to Windsor last Sunday? Ha! ha!

County Commissioners meets on Monday next. The new Railroad is handling right much freight.

Read the notice by Justice J. A. Chesson in another column. If you want the latest styles in Pants call on R. Schultz & Co.

A cross (X) mark on your paper means your subscription is due. You will only receive three more issues of the BEACON during 1889.

Read Clerk's notice R. R. & L. Co. vs. Elva Gurganus and others. Reid & Duke's stock of ladies and gents Underwear can't be surpassed.

Miss Pearl Manning has returned from a visit to relatives in Jamesville. Miss Ida Whaley has returned home after a pleasant visit to Norfolk.

Mr. W. C. Ayers is North, looking after the interest of his Garlic machine. The General Superintendent of the A. & R. Railroad was in the city this week.

Several of our people have gone to the M. E. Conference at Greensboro this week. FOR SALE—One set second-hand double Harness, hand-made. Apply to E. F. Dukes.

Quite a number of our young people went to the circus at Williamston on Monday. Capt. C. W. Askew has opened a shoe shop next door to Mayor's office on Water street.

Reid & Duke sells the most goods for the least money in the city. Come and be convinced. Dr. W. H. Ward and wife are in Baltimore, where the doctor has gone to attend lectures.

We call attention to the ad of E. E. Hines, Machine Repairer, to be found in this issue. Go to Reid & Duke's for the finest and best selected stock of Boots and Shoes in the city.

Messrs. C. D. Loane & Co. have erected a shingle mill on the Furnace farm just below town. The Str. Bertie did not come to Plymouth on Monday, as she took an excursion to Williamston.

Mr. M. J. Norman and wife have been visiting relatives in Bertie county during the past week. The best Henrietta Cloth and Flannels and ladies' Dress Goods can be found at R. Schultz & Co's.

Messrs. R. B. Latham and Louis Owens have accepted positions as clerks at the A. & R. depot. If you want a good suit of Clothes, good goods and a good fit, don't fail to call on R. Schultz & Co.

The Thompson House belonging to Mr. Jos. Skittleharpe, on Washington street, is receiving a new coat of paint. Miss Lizzie Waters after a pleasant visit of two weeks to our town returned to her home at Jamesville on Sunday last.

Rev. Josiah Elliott of Hertford while in the city on Thursday called to see us. Mr. Elliott is a fine preacher, and as a man is loved by all who know him for his gentle and social manner.

Mr. J. I. Batesman, of Creswell, gave us a call on Tuesday, paid his subscriptions and said: "Let the BEACON continue to flourish." That is the way to make it flourish, friends, just give us your help and we will make the BEACON all that you may wish.

At our office can be seen a curiosity in the way of a ear of corn; it is nine inches long, the main body is four inches, then two separate ears branch off, they are five inches in length and well developed. It was raised by Mr. J. E. C. Johnston, on the "Roanoke Dale" farm of W. H. Hampton.

The relatives of Mr. Stuart Ward, deceased, have placed a beautiful tomb at his grave in the M. E. Church yard. It is of blue marble and handsomely engraved, and perhaps there is not a more costly stone to be seen in the yard.

To subscribers who do not receive their papers regularly, we would say your paper is put in the Post Office EVERY FRIDAY MORNING. And yet some say they do not get a paper for two or three weeks, and then they get them all at once.

The Latham House presents quite a different appearance since the new piazza has been finished. In place of the double piazza a neat single one has been erected. The popular manager, Mr. J. H. Smith, informs us that the house will at once receive a new coat of paint, and other additional improvements.

Rev. C. W. Robinson delivered his farewell sermon on Sunday night last, to a large and appreciative congregation, which was one of the most able efforts of his life. His text was from the 92 Psalms, 13th verse. He is now in attendance upon the Conference at Greensboro.

Yesterday Thanksgiving was universally observed by our people. All the stores were closed and business of every branch almost suspended. Owing to the absence of the pastors there were no services in any of the churches. The day was bright and our people had every cause for a glorious Thanksgiving.

We are informed that our town authorities are about to awake, and will at an early day give us street lamps and also a public pump. We thought our Councilmen were not going to stand it much longer, when we saw one of them a few nights ago fall down in the dark.

We would ask Mr. Flipp to be more explicit in his description of characters. In his article last week he described a man that many would take to be ye editor. We were eye-glasses and at times sports a cave but are not quite so sentimental as the individual spoken of.

"Crazy Mariah" is again raving. She should be sent to the Asylum if there is any chance to get her in, if not she should be confined somewhere. While there may not be any danger in her yet the ladies and children are afraid of her and even if they were not she should be confined for her own good. We trust that some step will be taken at once.—Later—She attacked a lady last night and was arrested and sent to jail.

The following named persons were registered at the Latham House during the past week: J. A. Hill, Elijah Harris, T. M. Buena, Samuel Hodges, W. Ince, D. N. Durham, W. J. Carter, W. F. Gallop, Joseph White, O. A. Sledger, W. S. Ramsey.

Engine No. 2 on the R. & L. Railroad while on her out bound trip about two miles from town yesterday afternoon was derailed, causing a general smash-up. The engineer, fireman and two passengers escaped unhurt save a terrible jar. Dr. E. E. Murray had his foot broken, and one of the brakemen had a hand mangled. Messrs. Webbie Cooper and Johnnie Skittleharpe, who were on the train narrowly escaped all injuries.

Engine No. 1 was also on her out bound trip and not far behind No. 2 but was held up in time to save a terrible collision with the wreck. Cyclone in Beaufort County. A cyclone passed through Beaufort county on Friday, of last week. No serious damage was done only at Campbell's Creek, six miles from Aurora, where houses were blown down and other property destroyed.

Remarkable Rescue. Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a NON-LESS TYPICUM OF CONSUMPTION and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from the first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at J. W. Bryan's Drugstore, large bottles 50c and \$1.00.

Branson's N. C. Almanac, 1890. As an old friend, comes every year with a familiar, smiling face. The title page has a fine smile of the State coat of arms and of the great seal of North Carolina. Every page looks bright and new, and yet cheerful as a bosom friend. Much valuable information is given on almost every page about our native State, such as you cannot find in patent medicine calendars. The short calendar on the last page is always handy. Few nouns are more familiar to the golden mediocrity than that of Branson's Almanac. It has carried knowledge, science and fun into thousands of happy North Carolina homes.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Bryan.

"FLIPP."

TAKES A TRIP TO JAMESVILLE—HAS A CONVERSATION WITH ONE OF THE EXCURSIONISTS GIVES HIS VIEW OF THE TRIP—TELLS HOW A MAN GOT A RIDE—SEES A MAN FALL IN THE CREEK—SAYS A WORD TO HUSBANDS ETC., ETC.

Mr. Ennon: It seems that our people dislike to stay at home on the Sabbath day. On last Sunday there were several who went to Williamston on the train to spend the day. Quite a number drove through the country to Jamesville, and among that number were "Pesky Snipes" and myself. On my arrival I went down town, there, in the midst of a large crowd, stood "Pesky" he was telling some joke as usual, and I think his subject was about that J. & W. Railroad.

While part of our town were thus enjoying the gentle breezes of a more western climate, there was yet another crowd that were off for a day away from this historic city. That party, composed of only four of our most popular young men, had chartered the steamer Armitage and gone to Windsor.

In a conversation with one of the party I got the following report, he said: "We left Plymouth at 8 o'clock in the morning and arrived at Windsor at 11. The day was spent quite pleasant until 5 p. m., when we again boarded the little steamer for home, everything went lovely until about six miles down stream, when the Captain, who was not altogether right, ran the boat into the woods, some one cried out that we were sinking, we grabbed as many life-preservers as we could carry and all four made our escape over the bow of the boat into the swamp leaving the captain and his crew to fill, as we expected, a watery grave. We wandered through the swamp for one hour without hearing a sound, when all at once one of the boys yelled 'bear' we made a rush for other parts. From the first, one of our crowd had made night hideous by calling for help, but not until after we had been scared by the supposed bear, which was nothing more than one of our number who fell in the swamp, did any answer or living sound greet our ears, then it was we heard a voice. On going to it we found a man standing in the road, we thanked him for his kindness and asked him how far it was to Windsor, on being told six miles, we laid aside 150 lbs of life-preservers each, pulled off our shoes and started for Windsor where we arrived at 1 o'clock. Next morning we came home on the Bertie, and as these No. 11 feet of mine embraced old Plymouth's grit again, I promised my Ma and my God that I would never take such a trip again on Sunday."

I can imagine how those young men looked as with an excited rush they deserted that steamer and went plunging through the swamp, then, after being scared almost to death, I can see their faces grow bright as through the darkness there comes the voice of a rescuer. Then again methinks I see the bright smile, from their visage fade, and I can hear the slow dull thump of those heavy hearts, as they are told six miles. Their editor, imagining what picture those young men made, as they took from their backs all the life-preservers they had brought from the ill fated steamer, sit down and taking off their shoes they together and swinging them over their shoulder they march on up the road in the darkness, they see them as they march through the deserted streets of the town where only a few hours before they had said good bye to their "best" girl and left for home with light hearts. Then see them again, as in the early dawn they board the steamer Bertie and the Captain refuses to admit them, with their muddy and torn garments to first-class fare, and they have to be stowed away in the dark recesses of the freight room like so many tramps.

"What fools some mortals be." I think the most anxious man for a ride I ever saw was that dark haired gentleman who walked to Jamesville on Sunday last to get a ride back on the train. I asked him why he did not go out in the morning and he said he got left, but "if that train comes back I will ride or fight," guess he got the ride I left him at 4 o'clock sitting in the middle of the track waving a red bandanna.

I understand that some of the gentler sex did not like the way I scared "that wife of mine" with a mouse. Really, I am sorry if any of them are mad, but think if all husbands would use the mouse trick more and less law they would find home more comfortable. You had as well try to reverse the moon or feel safe near the rear of a mule as to try to jaw with a woman. He will always have the last word and if you are not sharp she will say every word and make you believe yourself unworthy to be a man. I have adopted the mouse as my wife's subdancer, and it works like a charm.

One of our popular counter hoppers was out to the mill yesterday with several other young men while there he saw some men rafting logs. Thinking himself as smart as the raftmen he mounted a log to help them. That log took a turn. That boy took a fall and I never saw a man so wet and scared in my life. He crawled up on a log to dry but after shaking the bark all off he found more comfortable quarters in a nigger hut near by where he was dried out and sent home.

Well as tomorrow is Thanksgiving I guess our town will be quiet. I had a fine turkey out fatning for that day but I found this morning that some one else had him and the coop is empty so I will feast on fried herring while the individual who stole my turkey will be making arrangements for his burial cause let me tell you that turkey has been fed on danymite for the last ten days and the man that tacksles him will have a fine time.

Say I am going to Washington next week and will write up the trip. FLIPP.

A Love Letter. The following letter was written by some genius editor who, like all editors, had some non-paying subscribers, and we address it to those on our books who have failed to come up:

"Dear darling delinquent! Our precious subscriber in arrears! You are so shy. Do you think we have sold out and gone? No, little sugar-plum, we could not get away if we wanted to. We are still at the same old stand dishing out the Advertiser on sweet promises and bright expectations. They make an excellent diet, darling, with a little padding, flavored with a word of encouragement to serve as a dessert. We are waiting and watching for thee, our turtle dove. We long to hear thy gentle footstep on the stairway below and hear the silver ring of the happy dollars within our office. Dear one, we feel unusually sad and lonely without you, dear. Now little pie-crust will you come? Do we hear you answer in a voice so sweet and beguiling, "I'm coming," or is it only the winds that around our office roar? We pause for further development."

MONUMENTAL AGE-ENCY. Representing the well-known Marble Works of P. W. BATES, Worcester, Conn. MONUMENTS AND TOMB STONES. Any one wishing to mark the last resting place of deceased relatives or friends by erecting a monument to their memory, will do well to call on the undersigned, who will furnish estimates and designs upon application. Also Agent for Fire Insurance. Only best Companies represented.

H. H. Brown, Plymouth, N. C. RAIL ROAD RESTURANT, JOHN H. LEE, Proprietor. Meals at all hours—day or night. Fresh oysters served in any style. I employ none but polite and attentive waiters for my tables and you will always find my rooms comfortable. Stand near the A & R. Depot. —GIVE ME YOUR PATRONAGE.—

JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING. CREATES many a new business; ENLARGES many an old business; REVIVES many a dull business; RESCUES many a lost business; SAVES many a failing business; PRESERVES many a large business; SECURES success in any business.

SEND YOUR Job Printing TO This Office! We do Everything in the Printing Line.

IF YOU WANT Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Circulars, Programmes, Cards, &c. Or posters of any description, Send us your order. Our Prices Reasonable. OUR WORK FIRST-CLASS. Come and see samples before you send your work elsewhere.

DR. E. E. MURRAY, DENTIST. PLYMOUTH, N. C. C. L. PETTIGREW, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Practice in all the States and Federal Courts. Office, Water Street, PLYMOUTH, N. C. DR. C. P. BOGERT, SURGEON AND MECHANICAL DENTIST, EDENTON, N. C. PATIENTS VISITED WHEN REQUESTED. E. E. HINES, MACHINE REPAIRER. I am prepared to repair all kinds of sewing machines will put them in perfect order or no charge. Give me a trial if your machine is out of order.

FALL OPENING. MRS. S. A. BOUNTY calls the attention of the Ladies and the public generally to her choice selection of MILLINERY. To which she has added a fine line of Dress goods and Trimmings. Ladies cheap coats on hand. Special attention given to fine ORDERS. Water Street, Plymouth N. C.