

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, AUGUST 22, 1890.

Directory.

STATE GOVERNMENT.
Governor, Daniel G. Fowle, of Wake.
Lieutenant Governor, Thos. M. Holt, of Alamance.
Secretary of State, Wm. L. Saunders, of Wake.
Treasurer, Donald W. Bain, of Wake.
Auditor, Geo. W. Sandefur, of Wayne.
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Sidney K. Fluger, of Catawba.
Attorney General, Theo. P. Davidson, of Buncombe.

COUNTY GOVERNMENT.
Sheriff, John B. Chesson.
Deputy Sheriff, L. I. Fagan.
Treasurer, Louis Hornthal.
Superior Court Clerk, Thos. J. Murriner.
Register of Deeds, J. P. Hilliard.
Commissioners, H. J. Starr, A. M. Johnston, Levi Blount, Dempsy Spruill and W. R. Chesson.
Board of Education, T. S. Armistead, Sam'l Johnston and W. J. Merocer.
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Rev. Luther Eborne.

CITY.
Mayor and Clerk, E. R. Latham.
Treasurer, J. M. Reid.
Police, Joseph Tucker.
City Janitor, Earnest Carstarphen.
Councilmen, D. O. Brinkley, G. H. Harrison, J. W. Bryan, A. Barden, Joseph Mitchell and John Wiggins.

CHURCH SERVICES.
Methodist—Rev. C. W. Robinson, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 7. Sunday school at 9 a. m., J. F. Norman, superintendent. Young Men's Prayer meeting every Monday night at 7.
Baptist—Rev. J. F. Tuttle, pastor. Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night at 7:30. Sunday School every Sunday at 9 a. m., J. W. Swift Superintendent.

EPISCOPAL—Rev. Luther Eborne, rector. Services every 3rd Sunday at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m., L. I. Fagan, superintendent.

LOGGERS.
K. of H. Plymouth Lodge No. 2508—meets 1st and 3rd Thursday nights in each month. W. H. Hampton Dictator.
N. B. Yeager Fin. Reporter.
K. & L. of H. Roanoke Lodge—Meets 2nd and 4th Thursday nights in each month. J. F. Norman P. Dictator.
N. B. Yeager Sec'y.

CITY MARKET REPORT.

As Reported by
G. H. HARRISON,
—DEALER IN—
General Merchandise.

Corn, per Bus.	60 cts
Meal	70
G. R. Sides per lb	8
Bacon	9
Shoulders Bacon	7
Dry Salt	4
Breakfast Strips	10
Hams S. C.	12 1/2
Lard refined	10
Flour, per barrel, from \$3.50 to \$4.00	
W. I. Molasses, per gal.	35
Black strap "	20
Syrup "	35
Granulated Sugar, per lb	8
Light brown "	7
Butter "	25 & 30
Green Coffee "	20 & 22
Roasted Coffee "	15
Eggs, per doz.	15
Tobacco, per lb	25 to 1.00
Shot "	6 1/2 to 8
Gun Powder "	25 to 75
Coal Oil White, Safety 150, per gal.	15
" Red C. per gal.	18
Apple Vinegar	30
Sultana Figs, per lb	8
Pickles, Cucumbers, per 100,	75
Bee's Wax, per lb	18
Tallow	
Hides, best first,	
Gambly	
Salt, fine, per 100	10
" T. I. "	
" Blown "	

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

—WHITE BARBER SHOP—
PROF. P. A. TOODLE,
PLYMOUTH, N. C.
The Finest Tonsorial Artist in Eastern Carolina. Strictly a First-class establishment. Washington street, three doors from Water. jy18-1f.

Edmund Alexander
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW & REAL ESTATE AGENT, Washington, N. C.
Branch Office Plymouth, N. C.
ALL REAL ESTATE BUSINESS in Washington county transacted by Messrs. C. V. W., & W. F. AUBSON at THE ROANOKE BEACON OFFICE.

Citizens Barber Shop,
West Side Washington St., Near Water St.
L. E. Jackson, Artist.
The only white Tonsorial Artist in Plymouth. Your trade solicited.

FOR SALE.—As I am going to leave the State I offer for sale three (3) fine milk cows. Anyone wishing to purchase will get a bargain by applying to
L. J. PEACOCK,
Super, N. C.

BEACON FLASHES.

Read the ad of Saml. Wiggins in this issue.
Mr. T. A. Parry, of Norfolk, was in the city this week.
Dr. C. P. Eogart, of Edenton, was in the city this week.
Meals can be had at reasonable rates at Mrs. T. J. Murriner's.
Miss Maggie Morgan left for her home in Richmond on Tuesday.
Mr. H. W. Midgett has been visiting friends at Creswell this week.
Rev. D. Gilliland, of Harrellsville, was in the BEACON office this week.
The colored people of the Second Baptist church will build a new church.
The large grain elevator at the A. & R. depot is rapidly nearing completion.
Mrs. W. H. Hampton and son, Master Roy, are visiting relatives at Wolford, Md.
Mrs. Mand Spruill returned from a pleasant visit to friends in Bertie on Tuesday.

Mr. W. H. Cooper has been visiting his mother, at Sunny, Tyrrell county, this week.
Place your real estate in the hands of the Roanoke Beacon Real Estate Agency. It will pay.
The old jail is undergoing thorough repairs, and it is proposed to make it as safe as a new one.
We are reliably informed that the R. R. & L. Co., will erect dry kilns at their mills at this place.
The taxable property of Winston amounts to \$7,000,000, which is nearly one-half a million in excess of last year.
Miss Annie Mizelle, who has been the guest of Mrs. A. Barden for some time, left on Tuesday for Nag's Head.

Mr. M. Newberry, of Maryland, was in the city during the past week, the guest of his sister, Mrs. S. A. Blount.
We failed to note last week that Mr. W. B. Ward had accepted a position with Mr. W. H. Hampton, as salesman.
We would thank our subscribers to see if there is an X on their paper, and if there is, to send or bring us the case.
Mr. A. J. Leggett is now running the undertakers business at Murriner & Tuttle's stand on Washington street.
The Senatorial Convention meets in Plymouth August 26 and not the 12th of 6th as has been announced. Delegates will please note this fact.
Some effort should be made to keep the boys from playing with the public pump, they keep it almost constantly at work when there is no need for it.
Mr. Noah Minshew, of Scotland Neck, returned to his home on Monday, after a pleasant visit of several days to his uncle, Mr. Jos. Tucker, of our city.
Rev. C. W. Robinson, after an absence of three weeks, which was spent in the Blue Ridge section, returned home on Monday night. He reports a pleasant trip.

It takes brain and cash to run a news paper. We can make out with the brain part but would like a little more cash. That little subscription due us would work wonders.

Miss V. Alice Johnston, of Myrtle Station Va., who has been visiting relatives in the county, returned to her home on Monday. Don't grieve old boy, we know how it is.
A fight occurred on the street Monday night between J. D. Haffon and E. G. Foley. They were promptly arraigned before the Mayor, who found them guilty, and fined them \$2.50 each, and costs.
The Senatorial Convention meets in this town on next Tuesday. We hope the Convention will not nominate any man who does not promise to support Hon. Z. B. Vance for the United States Senate.
While driving through the country last week, we noticed that many of the bridges are in a dangerous condition. The overseers of the roads should see to this matter and make better bridges before some accident occurs.
Deputy Sheriff L. I. Fagan, who attended the Alliance Convention at Asheville last week, says he would not give this section of the State for Asheville with all its fine buildings, for we don't think the Sheriff is stuck with that section.
The three B's remedy is said to be able to cure all diseases. The Democrats of this District believe in it and recommend it.

Suffer little children to be little, and the Lord, for of such is the Kingdom of heaven.
At the called meeting of the Board of County Commissioners on Monday, Aug. 18th the following gentlemen were appointed as registrars for the November election: Plymouth Township, F. R. Johnson Lee's Mill Township, J. A. Chesson, Skinner'sville Township, W. J. Cahoon, Seppernersburg Township, W. J. Mercer.
Our townsman, and popular attorney, Hon. S. B. Spruill, was appointed at the convention at E. City last week, as chairman of the Congressional Executive Committee of the First District. Mr. Spruill is a Democrat of the Jeffersonian type, and any duty put upon him by the party will receive his faithful attention.
The question is asked why we keep agitating the question of a city market? It is just this: We know that the town needs a market; that a market would be a great help to the people and a source of revenue to the town. We know of no reason why the town does not build one, and we are going to keep talking it until it is built.
Senator Vance made a splendid arraignment of the Republican Tariff last week. In replying to the argument of the protectionists that the farmers got benefit from the tariff, Senator Vance said the nature of the bargain between the protectionists and farmers was like that which one small boy proposed to another: "Jim, if you'll give me your big red apple I'll show you my sore toe."

Backlen's Arnica Salve.
This Her Salve is the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Croup, 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.

FROM CRESWELL.

CRESWELL, N. C., Aug. 20, '90
MR. EDITOR: Everything has been quiet in our little town for the past week, therefore our letter will be short.
We are having fine weather and farmers are sowing some of the nicest fodder I ever tasted. [The fodder a good diet for man? Ed]
We had some fast driving on our streets Sunday evening, but the young men went before the Mayor and paid the fine as soon as the driving was over.
The health of our place is good, with a few exceptions.
Mrs. Zef. Spruill has been very ill for a few days, but will soon be out again. Miss Johnson is also convalescent and will soon be out.
On last Sunday as Mr. Red Davenport was on his way home from church, his mule became frightened and ran away turning his top buggy over. There were three persons in the buggy, but fortunately no one was hurt, nor the buggy injured.
Mr. H. L. Spruill who has been with us for a long time, left on the 19th for your town where he will engage in the mercantile business. We are sorry to lose Mr. Spruill, he is a genteel young man, we wish him success in all his undertakings.
Mr. Levi Armstrong, of Atlanta, Ga., is visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity.

We are pleased to see in our midst Misses Hattie Merocer and Hattie Vanwinkle, of New York, they are the guests of Mrs. J. L. Norman. We wish them a pleasant visit.
Mr. Henry Midgett, of Plymouth, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. H. T. Hassell.
Miss Sadie Patrick, of Columbia, was in our town on Monday.
Dr. St. Clair Spruill, of Columbia, has been with us for a few days. He left on the 18th for Baltimore and had was the parting with some one in town.
We had the pleasure of hearing an able sermon on last Sunday at the Baptist church by Rev. J. F. Tuttle, text 2nd Cor. 13th chapter 11th verse. Tiro.

ROPER LETTER.

ROPER, N. C., Aug. 19, 1890.
Rev. D. D. Bailey made a flying trip to Washington last week.
Dr. H. Snell, of Washington, was in town Monday on professional business.
Mr. F. D. Ellis, who has been visiting relatives in this section for the past month, left last Thursday for Avon, Dare county.
Miss Eva Hassell, one of Roper's belles, is visiting Miss Nellie Chesson at Chessonsville. Two more charming young ladies are hard to find.
Miss Mollie Windly, an attractive young lady of Pantego, is visiting Miss Blanche, the (Jewel) of Roper. Look out boys, your hearts are in danger.
Mr. Tom Chesson's family, who have all been sick with typhoid fever, are, we are glad to say, improving. Hope they will soon be entirely well.
There were no services in Hebron church last Sunday, owing to the absence of the junior pastor, who is beginning to learn that he needs an assistant, and when he gets her, he will be likely to hold (her).
The meeting at Zion's Chapel came to a close last Sunday night. The meeting resulted in several accessions. Two were baptized Sunday morning.
The picnic at Zion's Chapel last Thursday was a grand success. D. N. Y.

The Palpit and the Stage
Rev. F. M. Shroud, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mount, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased and my physicians thought I could only live a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound and well, gaining 26 lbs. in weight."
Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousand friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at J. W. Bryan's Drug Store. Regular sizes 50c and \$1.00.

A Faithful Dog Dead.
Rover a faithful watch-dog belonging to Mr. A. M. Johnston is dead. This valuable dog has been a pet and safe-guard to the family and property at "Rosenath" farm for 16 years, his affectionate and docile disposition won the hearts of the entire family who mourn his death as if it were a human friend, for indeed through the long, dark nights of the past years he has kept watch over the plantation more faithfully than any human friend could have done.
Rover left the homestead for the happy shore, to join the canines to dwell for evermore, and 13 years he roved at large, over field and yard and in his death "Rosenath" loses a faithful friend and guard.
Little grave for him was dug, beneath the quiet shade of which his lifeless body, by gentle hands was laid.
No more will his protective bark at night Give comfort to the household or put the thief to flight.

COURTS.
FIRST JUDICIAL DISTRICT.
SPRING—Judge Whitaker.
FALL—Judge Connor.
Beaufort—Feb. 17th, May 26th, Nov 24th.
Crittendon—March 3th, Sept. 1st.
Covenden—March 10th, Sept. 8th.
Pasquotank—March 17th, Sept. 15th.
Perquimans—March 24th, Sept. 22.
Chowan—March 31st, Sept. 29th.
Gates—April 7th, Oct. 6th.
Hertford—April 17th, Oct. 13th.
Washington—April 21st, Oct. 20th.
Tyrrell—April 28th, Oct. 27th.
Date—May 5th, Nov. 3d.
Hyde—May 12th, Nov. 10th.
Pamlico—May 11th, Nov. 17th.

ARE YOU AN HEIR?
More than half a billion of dollars in unclaimed estates are awaiting the rightful heirs in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. Most of these heirs are in the United States, and have been advertised for in English papers. Thousands of heirs have never seen these advertisements. If your ancestor or your father's or mother's side came from any of the above named countries do not fail to write to E. Ross, European Claim Agency, 227 Grand St., New York, and ascertain if you are an heir. Your deceased ancestor's rights are yours by British law. We have information of every estate and deceased persons whose heirs have been advertised for in 125 years. Send postal note for 25 cents to insure information. If you are an heir we will recover the estate for you. No recovery, no fee.

'FLIPP'

MR. EDITOR, you are aware of the fact that Mr. J. D. Haffon, traveling agent for the Domestic Sewing Machine, has been driving a mule for the past two weeks, well that mule is all mule, I was at the hotel Monday morning when Mr. Haffon started out, that mule was just creeping though the lash was being manfully applied, soon after passing the hotel that mule took a notion and that notion was to get on the side walk and he got there, despite the efforts of the driver to persuade him stay off. Seeing that all efforts to guide him were in vain, Mr. H., alighted and by force pushed him back in the track and started again, when near the corner of 4th street that mule took another notion and tried to go around the corner, and I don't think if an inch rope had been fasten to the bit with the other end around Paul's shop that that mule would have gone his way. Mr. Haffon at last turned the mule in the track but he had decided if he could not go his way he would not go at all, so there he stood rooted to the spot, friend H., let his angry passion rise and began to ply the lash with all his might, this seemed to insult the dignity of his muleship and getting light behind he began to fan the flies out of the drivers face with his heels, every time the mule kicked the driver moved and before the kicking was over Mr. H., had climbed to the loftiest peak of the rear machine wisely giving the mule free play.
This Mr. Editor recalls to my mind an incident of long ago when I was a boy, I was driving a mule and boy like was careless with his feet and let one of them get under his feet and in some way it got wrapped around the mule's foot, that mule he began to kick, the first lick tore the bottom out of the cart and I fell in the road amid a shower of splinters, what happened during the next few minutes I never knew, but as I was coming to I remember feeling the sand fall in my face, on getting up I saw that old mule lying in the road with only about 12 inches of the line tied around its foot, and still it was kicking.
Did you hear about those young ladies going fishing last week? They got a little boat and secured the services of a little colored chap and went out in the river to catch, a bean I recon, after fishing for some time one of them brought to the surface an eel, what excitement, the lady let go the tackle and cried snakes, and the boy says he "specks de lady would er fainted if de boat hadn't bin so small, but he took an toler hit want nuffin but er eel," seeming to be satisfied after seeing the boy take the eel off the hook she tried her hook again, but just then the other lady gave a scream and brought to sight a cat fish, this ended their adventure as fishermen. They should not get out of heart for their success is as good as most ladies have, they all make so much fuss that the fish get out of the way if possible. "That wife of mine" went fishing once with a party of young people and the whole party of ten only caught one fish, and she says they always spit on the bait to give them luck too. Its no use I don't believe the ladies are built for catching fish.

FOLLIES OF LADIES.
BY VILLAGE WHEEL-WRIGHT.
[Written for the BEACON.]
Can you show me now a maiden Whose purity I will describe, Whose virgin heart is so pure That money cannot bribe?
I long to see this maiden, I hope some chaw-e to meet, I'd faint beneath her blanches, And fall low at her feet.
My heart would rise, O! wonders, Expand across my breast, To meet this fairest maiden, The purest of the best.
Are you a maiden fancy free, Your eyes a window fair, Where I can look upon your heart And solve the mysteries there?
Do you live within the valleys, Or on the mountain high, And your heart is never ruffled For some rich man to buy?
Do you live among the pines, The richest of the fame, Whose love is not for money But honor and the name?
Do you love your home and playmates, Your parents and your pride, And love all this still better, A maiden for a bride?
Do you ever sneer at workers, Or work for money and name, Who drink up not their living Or gamble out the same?
Do you shun boys society Because their parents are poor, And have but little advantage To make a fortune sure?
Do you now shun the toilers Who till the fertile soil? We live by manual labor, Or work of any toil?
I do not ask the question, Are you familiar with all Who drinks, gambles and don't care If the world grow great or small.
Be sure to have a profession, Or be some ten-cent clerk, For ladies will surely scorn you If you have to work.
Their hearts are vile and chronic, And the world must find a cure Or the hearts of the fairest maidens Will all soon be impure.
There are few that's noble and true, And Oh, that they could rule, For minority shows their wisdom here, And majority plays the fool.
When ladies scorn and sneer at you, Remember them, what they be; They are daughters of Adam's race, And you are sons of loe.
All love money and earthly things, get a greater love should carry, And when we ask for earth's best love, It should be love to marry.
I have the horrors to ever marry A woman who loves for money, For she's like bees that never loves A flower without the honey.
O! woman, deceit hid mountain high, Seeking your love for gold, Make men believe you love them, too, When your heart is stone like cold.
Selling your love for money now, But Oh, the worst of all, When you find out your follies great, And your purchase very small.
O, wretched woman, in floods of tears, When you think back tomorrow; When strong embraced in some cold arms, Your love all buried in sorrow.
Too late to grieve, when this is done, For life's so more again; True you that put your heart on fire, And you must bear the pain.
Buried beneath all pleasures now, And the world is dark and wild; No one to kiss your ruby lips, To blush them with a smile.
Long are the days of sorrow now, And short are the hours of rest; If I could call my days all back, I'd quench my burning breast.
I once did love with the purest love A man most worthy, too, But I sold it all for money now, For wealth I had in view.
Marrying for money, to make love, Like watching a stone that never blooms, Expecting to get a flower.
Littleton, N. C., Aug. 19, 1890.

That spool cotton was sent you as a reminder that it is for sale by **T. W. BLOUNT, Roper, N. C.**

Remember he sells **KERR'S** soft six-cord.

If you want an Engine for Ginning or Grinding, you will do well to get **T. W. BLOUNT'S** prices. **THEY ARE VERY LOW. Every Engine fully warranted.**

Remember **THOS. W. BLOUNT** sells everything from a spool cotton to a steam engine. Call and see his stock.

A CIRCUS!
Is a big sight, but the Stock of Goods
EXHIBITED FREE
By **J. M. REID & SON** will
"KNOCK IT SILLY."
They are headquarters for Clothing, Dry Goods, Notions, Boots & Shoes, Hats, Caps, Groceries, &c., &c. In fact, a varied and well selected assortment of everything kept in a well equipped, first-class General Store.
Country Produce bought and sold, and the highest market prices guaranteed.
Come and be convinced that we offer first-class goods at figures that defy competition.
WATER STREET, PLYMOUTH, N. C.