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## LOVE.

Love came at dawn when all the world was fair,  
When crimson glories bloom, and song were rife,  
Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned the air,  
And murmured, "I am life."  
Love came at noon when the day was done,  
When heart and brain were tired, and slumber pressed;  
Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,  
And whispered, "I am rest."  
—William Wilfred Campbell, in Century.

## THE LOTTERY TICKET.

Celia Bonner, coming over the hill from Gatesborough to West Gatesborough in the teeth of a keen November storm, wondered why this particular storm affected her so disagreeably. Generally in such weather she beguiled the way with cheerful thoughts and calculations, all overspread by calm complacency that she had at last gained this position as teacher, so long coveted; but to-night she found herself wishing that the school were at West Gatesborough instead of Gatesborough, or else that her mother and the small house and farm which was their sole estate could be moved nearer to the school.

This wishing was all so unlike Celia's matter of fact reasonableness in general that she sought hard for the reason why she should be taken with such a desire. She soon found it in the fact that she was undeniably hungry.

She was wet, cold, and bedraggled, but most of all she was hungry, with the keener, unpromising hunger of healthy young girlhood. Surely this of itself was enough to induce gloomy thoughts and futile wishes.

"I was silly not to think of it sooner," she half laughed to herself. "I had begun to forget that I had such a very meager lunch this noon. But never mind; mother will have a hot supper waiting for me."

Then she turned the last bend in the road, and seeing the light in her mother's kitchen, stumbled along more quickly than ever. A feeble light it was, and typical in a measure of everything within the house, from the mother down, except when Celia was there. Even the fire Mrs. Bonner kindled had a trick of burning weakly and uncertainly.

When, a few moments after she saw the light, Celia burst into the kitchen, with her cloak and umbrella held out before her, the savory supper she had so keenly anticipated was in no way apparent to her senses. The table was provided with no other edibles than cold Graham grout, a very few slices of cold corned beef, and the inevitable dish of apple sauce.

Tireless now of the drip which he spattered the homemade carpet, Celia stood still.

"Mother! You don't mean to say this is all you have for supper!"

Affecting intense preoccupation with the teakettle, her mother responded, "I don't see but it's pretty good, Celia."

"But, mother! We've had nothing else for the last week, and I told you I was starving for something hearty and warm. I gave you money this morning to buy a steak."

"Well, you see, there's so many other things to get," Mrs. Bonner pleaded weakly. There was something so furtive and insincere in her manner that Celia, without difficulty, jumped to a conclusion.

"Mother, I believe you've spent that money for another lottery ticket!"

This abrupt statement revealed the skeleton which had stood in the closet of this poor little household for more than a year. It was a subject so repulsive to Celia that she hated to speak of it, but so dear to the mother that she loved to enlarge upon it.

"And supposing I did, Celia?" she said, more confidently. "Fortune's going to turn sometime, and I'll be bound you'd be glad enough if we came into \$15,000 all at once, as that young man did up in Massachusetts."

The lines of the argument were all wearily familiar to Celia, but hunger gave an added vigor to her protest.

"I might be demoralized by it," she said, "but I'd never be glad! Whether you gain or lose, the principle is the same. It's nothing but gambling, and though you'd feel pretty badly to hear that out Joe out in Colorado had become a gambler, you think it no harm to be one yourself, though you are a church member."

Mrs. Bonner remained silent a little while, and then began to cry softly.

"It's too bad for you to scold in that way, Celia," she said, "when all I'm thinking about is your good and Joe's. And even if I am a church member, I don't see that I'm committing any sin. Ain't lotteries as old as the days of Moses, and didn't he consent to them? And didn't the early settlers in Maine and New Hampshire make use of them to build churches as well as schools?"

This was again familiar ground to Celia, but she took it up as if it were quite new.

"Yes, mother, but we don't live under the Mosaic law now, and our forefathers did many things which we don't imitate. Because they hanged innocent women a-witches, we should not consider it right to do it. Lotteries began in corruption, and they corrupt wherever they go. I'm sure every Christian must condemn them at heart, and to win in them is more dangerous than to lose."

"You never have been the same, mother."

since you bought that racket two years ago. It's like draun drinking; you want to keep on at it. I don't mean to be unkind, but I can't make it seem any thing less than wicked."

The stern young preacher softened a little here, and a plaintive sniffle by way of acknowledgment prefaced Mrs. Bonner's reply:

"I don't believe I'll ever need to go into them again, Celia. I feel it that I'm going to get something this time. I had a dream last night, and in it I was counting out 15 bags of gold!"

It was useless to argue further. Celia moodily set about clearing away the dishes, and said no more.

A few weeks later, coming over the hill in a snow storm, Celia found the little light absent from her mother's window. Filled at once with a vague alarm she hurried over the remaining part of the road and into the house, calling as she went, "Mother! Where are you, mother?"

No answering voice greeted her, but groping to the mantel she lighted a lamp. Then turning to examine the room, she saw her mother sitting in her accustomed chair by the window.

"Why!" Celia began, half relieved, half provoked; and then the question which was to follow died on her lips, for it became apparent that, though death did not yet confront her, she was looking upon its strange similitude, paralysis.

Her mother's whole body was rigid and motionless. The poor hands, quieted forever, hung down beside it. The tongue, whose irrelevancy had so often wearied poor, practical Celia, was now forever stilled.

For what seemed an hour, though in reality it was hardly more than a moment, Celia stood almost as motionless; then, running down the road to their nearest neighbor, she brought her back, pitying and exclaiming as she came.

Together they lifted the limp figure to the lounge, upon which they wheeled Mrs. Bonner to the bed in the room off the sitting room.

Only when they laid her there did Celia, bending above her in agonized appeal, discover that the eyes alone were instinct with life. They looked up to Celia with pitiful intelligence, seeming to respond to her cry.

Then wandering through the door in their gaze, they fixed themselves on Mrs. Denny with a total change of expression.

Celia turned around in startled surprise, to discover that the kindly neighbor, with the instinct of a housekeeper, was "tidying up" the sitting room, and, as part of the effort, was now examining an envelope. Celia remembered that she had seen this lying on the floor beside her mother's chair, but she had been too sadly lacking in curiosity to examine it.

"What is it, Mrs. Denny?" she now asked. Then she covered her face with her hands, as Mrs. Denny replied:

"For mercy's sake! The poor thing! If it isn't one of those lottery lists. Now that's what's given her this stroke, I suppose. She's been disappointed again, and she set so much store by it. Shall I burn it, Celia?"

"Yes," Celia answered, with sorrowful energy; and then corrected herself, as the haunting eyes on the pillow caught hers with a sudden fierce protest.

"No, Mrs. Denny. She doesn't want it burned, I think. Put it in the top left hand drawer of the secretary, please."

Soon after, and all through the day, which intervened before the end came, that mournful gaze concentrated itself most of all on the old family bible which rested on a stand in the corner of the room where she lay, and this, too, Celia interpreted.

"She wants me to read the bible to her. Oh, poor mother! you know now, don't you, that your truest riches are in that?"

So hour after hour, during the few short weeks in which her mother lingered on, the daughter read and reread the promises which relate to eternal life. Sometimes peace fell like a veil upon the dim windows of that fast-darkening parlernace, and again such restless entreasy looked out from them that Mrs. Denny interrupted the reading:

"Celia, she's got something on her mind that we don't know of yet. It seems sometimes as though her eyes would pierce through the bible as you sit there reading, and when you ain't at it she's still staring at it."

But always Celia's reply was the same: "It's only that she's growing more eager for it all the time. It seems the greatest comfort I have that she loves it so. Yes, mother, I'll read more."

The final summons came very quietly at the last. Celia, going away for a much needed nap, had smiled down upon her, saying:

"Goodby, mother! I'm going to lie down just for a little while. God bless you, mother dear!"

The poor, pathetic eyes had seemed almost to smile in return, but when Celia woke from her nap they were closed in their last slumber. Whatever was the secret they had yearned to disclose all opportunity was now forever gone by.

Two days later they laid Mrs. Bonner in the family burying ground at the back of the little farm, and Celia returned to her teaching with a new tombstone as the immediate object of her ambition.

The blinds were closed in the old house, and the doors locked up, and for the present Celia engaged board in Gatesborough.

term was nearly over. When Celia's brother Joe wrote from Colorado, begging her to join him there. He was well, and was lonely. Why should not Celia let or sell the old place, and come out to this new country, which was so much fairer than that bleak little corner of Maine?

Celia loved Maine with the deep rooted attachment often noticeable in plants which flourish on rocky soil. It was home to her, and she was essentially home loving; but it had been a very dreary home of late, and she missed the poor, weak mother, sorely grieving for her with that admixture of remorse which all strong natures are subject.

The little house under the hill could never be the same to her again. Whether there or in Gatesborough, her living was but scanty at best, and most of all she longed to be with dear old Joe.

Almost as soon as the wish was expressed a tenant was found for the house whereupon Celia with Mrs. Denny's help began the task of clearing away and putting things in order.

Mrs. Denny offered to take care of any such relics as Celia chose to keep.

"If I have room in my trunk," Celia said, "I shall certainly take the old Bible I can't bear to leave that behind."

Then, being alone and somewhat tired she began to turn over the pages of the sacred book, stopping to read here and there.

She opened, all unaware, at two pages where she was not accustomed to read; and there, between them, lay a lottery ticket bearing the number—68,498

Celia looked down upon it for a moment with the half fascinated and yet wholly disgusted gaze which she might have bestowed upon an intruding snake. Then suddenly a thought which she found equally venomous darted into her mind.

"Was this the reason mother used to look so longingly at the Bible?" she thought. "Oh, surely not!"

Then, leaving the book open on the stand, she rushed in a tumult of fear and apprehension to the secretary, and opened the top left hand drawer.

There, where Mrs. Denny had placed it, still lay the well remembered fatal envelope. Opening it Celia scanned the list of numbers which had won the principal prizes at the December drawing.

32,413, 59,162, 44,122, 58,227—and then, dancing before her eyes—68,498!

The poor, futile dream had come true. The \$15,000, represented by the 15 bags of gold, had for one moment flashed before the dreamer's eyes; and then, before her feet could carry her from one room into the next, before her eager hand could grasp the small, blue slip, the hand of death had arrested her.

Just in the first painful shock of her discovery Celia wondered if her conscience could stand the strain. It seemed as if fate, not Providence, had been at work, and had wrought this bitterly cruel piece of irony.

For a long while she groped amid darkened thoughts! Then, material darkness having also come upon her, she rose; and again, as on that fatal night, groped her way to the mantel. She lighted the lamp, and stood looking down into the smoldering logs upon the hearth. While she looked a new thought came to trouble her—a new thought very feeble temptation assailed her.

"Your mother wanted it most of all for Joe and you," the tempter whispered. "She would have been happier dying if she had thought you would have had it."

But, with some of the old time fire in voice and eyes, Celia answered aloud, as though to a visible opponent: "I will not do it! It was like one of those poisonous marsh damps which lure people on to death. It led her there; she would have been alive now if this weakness had not taken hold of her. And I would rather die than profit by it now. I will burn the thing, so that the mean temptation may not come to me again!"

In another moment the small blue slip of paper curled and shriveled over the dying logs, then burst into a mocking flame, and in a moment more was a thin little sheet of ashes.—Hester Vickers Brown.

## Shooting for Beef.

Some years ago a popular Western amusement was a shooting match for beef, in which all the marksmen of the neighborhood participated. The homely sport is described by the eccentric Davy Crockett in his "Life and Adventures."

A farmer wishing to raise money would advertise that on a certain day and at a given place he would put up a first rate beef to be shot for. After the marksmen had assembled a subscription paper was handed round with the following heading:

"A B offers a beef worth \$20 to be shot for at 25 cents a shot."

The paper was passed from hand to hand until the number of shots subscribed for made up the price of the beef. Two persons who had subscribed for shots were then selected to act as judges. Every subscriber furnished his own target—a board with a cross in the center.

The shot that hit the center, or came nearest to it, secured the hide and tallow, which was the first choice. The next best shot got his choice of the hind quarters; the third received the other hind quarter; the fourth took his choice of the fore quarters; the fifth, the remaining quarter; and the sixth was allowed the lead in the tree to which the

targets were nailed.  
The judges stood near the tree, and when a man fired they shouted, "Who shot?" and the shooter gave his name. After all had shot the judges examined the boards and decided what part of the beef each man had won. Sometimes one man, being a good marksman, and having subscribed for six or eight shots, would get nearly all the beef.

## Which Was It?

One of the best compliments a preacher can ever have is this: "He preaches as if he meant every word he says." Nothing is quite so soon detected as insincerity in the pulpit.

A Western minister, who is not always so careful as he ought to be in making his preaching and his practice go together, was lately telling some friends a story of adventure. It was a large story, and the minister's little 10 year old girl was listening to it very intently. When he finished, she fastened her wide open eyes upon her father's face and said, very gravely:

"Is that true, or are you preaching now, papa?"

## Citizens Only.

The desirability of care in expression can hardly be too forcibly impressed upon those who write advertisements, circulars, and public announcements of all sort.

A very peculiar effect was produced by the following announcement, contained in the advertisements of a county fair:

"Among other attractive features of this great Fair there will be highly amusing donkey races and pig races. Competition in these two contests open to citizens of the county only!"

The *Athenian Globe* thinks that what people read a good thing about a man in the papers they look at him the next time they see him as if they hadn't seen it; when they read a mean thing about him, however, they look as if they had seen it.

For Value Received.—She—He was desperately in love with her. Why, he sent her costly flowers and presents nearly every day for two years. Did he finally win her? He—No. He earned her.—The Epoch.

## GOSSIP FROM ABROAD.

German papers express serious alarm at the spread of irreligion in the Fatherland.

A method of blasting by electricity has been tried in Sweden with reported good results.

The prime bishop of Cracow, in Austrian Galicia, receives a revenue of \$200,000.

The Statistical Institute of Rome announces that 63 per cent of all Italians are unable to read and write.

The sultan of Turkey is reported as saying that if it were not for his duty to his subjects he would emigrate to America.

An American 5 cent stamp, issued in 1846 at Brattleborough, sold in London recently for \$1,250. This must be the much vaunted stamp of approval.

After many years of ignoble neglect, the town of Ayr in Scotland is at last on the point of setting up a bronze statue of Robert Burns in an open space in the town, paid for by local subscription.

By a decree of the khedive, the cultivation of tobacco has been prohibited throughout the whole of Egypt. The owners of lands which are found to be under tobacco cultivation will be subjected to a fine of \$1,000 per acre.

A beautiful piece of sculpture from ancient Ephesus has reached the British Museum. The relic forms part of a marble bull, the head being exquisitely carved, while the figure of a goddess appears on the body. It is supposed to be 2,000 years old.

The English census shows that prisons are the healthiest abodes in the country, and that workhouse life insures a ripe, old age. At one workhouse it was found that nearly three-fourths of the inmates were over 60; 33 women and 21 men were between 80 and 90; two women over 90.

In the *Manchester Guardian* the other day appeared two suggestive advertisements side by side. One was for a "woman" who was a good cook, to whom \$45 a year was offered, and the other was for "a lady by birth and education," to act as nurse to a child at an annual salary of \$30.

The longest bridge in the world is the Lion Bridge near Sangang, China. It extends five and a quarter miles over an area of the Yellow Sea and is supported by 300 huge stone arches. The roadway is 70 feet above the water and is inclosed in an iron net work. A marble lion 21 feet long rests on the crown of every pillar. The bridge was built at the command of Emperor Kieng Long, who abdicated in 1796 on account of old age.

Ruby's mamma is accustomed to read something from the bible to the children when they are put to bed. The other day the little girl possessed herself of the bible and began to play with it. On being reprimanded, she looked up and asked most innocently, "Why, mamma, is this your heaven book?"

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