ROANOKE

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"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

W. FLETCHER AUSBON, EDITOR. C. V. W. AUSBON, BUSINESS MANAGER.

VOL.III.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1892.

David Dare, standing before the mus-

small. Still there was hope again and he

could do his best. More he could not

do, though success meant life-and life

In the mcantime a trooper had dis-

mounted, and Quixarvyn, armed with

whip and spurs, having taken his place

in the saddle, the horse was led by a

couple of soldiers to the starting point.

Unlike his rival, Quixarvyn's face showed

no elation. For one moment, on hear-

ing the proposal, a gleam had come into

his eyes, but now he rode with down

bent head, as if lost in thought. A sen-

in their quarrel in the church-"You

could not make her happy, and I could."

He muttered the words over twenty

times. It was not until the tree was

reached and the horse was halted with

his head toward the spot where Fever-

sham, discernible far off between the

lines, sat waiting, that he started, roused

David Dare was standing on his right,

stripped to the waist and without his

shoes, ready for the starter's signal.

Quixarvyn's guards dropped the horse'

bridle; and Sergeant John, who stood

between the two competitors, drew a

pistol from his belt to give the signal.

The excitement at that moment was

intense. Not a sound was heard in the

lines were faces fixed intently on the

two competitors. Feversham and the

The Sergeant raised his pistol. The

At the same instant horse and man

motionless as statues.

report rang out.

himself, and looked about him.

with Mary Seldon.

The Russian Czar has an income of \$25,000 a day, which makes President Harrison's \$137 per diem look rather small.

During the present financial year the English War Office expects to save over \$185,000 on account of favorable contracts for bread, meat and forage.

Emin Pasha claims to have discovered the much sought source of the River Nile, but as he does not tell where it is there is a suspicion, suggests the New York Press, that his source of the Nile is in the imagination of his mind.

The net indebtedness of the world in 1890 aggregated \$26,917,096,000, of which amount the debt of the Government of the United States constituted 3.40 per cent.; the total debt of the several States and Territories, together with that of their respective counties, 1.36 per cent., and the total debt of all the foreign countries. 95.24 per cent. Assuming that five persons constitute a family, the average debt per family for the year above named was \$78.15 in the United States.

Harper's Magazine contains an article on the "Old Shipping Merchants of New York," written by George W. Sheldon, and illustrated by C. D. Gibson and F. H. Schell. It will be a surprise to some to learn that these merchants, who exercised so important an influence on trade during the first half of the century, left no successors. They were men who ownel, wholly or in part, the packet and clipper ships of the transatlantic service, and they did a large business in exporting. But where is the American house that exports to-day? The business is in the hands of foreigners, and is done so differently that were the doers of it fifty years ago to make their appearance on 'Change, they could not understand what is going on.

Close observers say that the sparrow is rapidly decreasing in number, and that its utter extermination is only a question of time. Pot hunters, air guns, traps and other devices to catch and kill these hirds are fast doing their work of devastation, making it certain that this pestiferous little bird will become extinct.

SECRET THOUGHTS. I hold it true that t oughts are things Endowed with bodies, breath and wings, And that we send them forth to fill The world with good results-or ill.

That which we call our secret thought, Speeds to the earth's remotest spol, And leaves its blessings or its woes Like tracks behind it as it goes.

It is God's law, Remember it In your still chamber as you sit With thoughts you would not dare have

known. And yet make comrades when alone. These thoughts have life; and they will fly And leave their impress by and by, Like some marsh breeze, whose poison

breath Breathes into homes its fevered breath.

And after you have quite forgot Or all outgrown some vanished thought, Back to your mind to make its home. A dove or raven, it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair; They have a vital part and share In shaping worlds and molding fate-God's system is so intricate.

-Ella W. Wilcox, in New York Press.

QUIXARVYN'S RIVAL.

LOODY Sedgemoor's battle had been fought and lost. Night had come again, and in the old gray church of Weston Zoyland 500 of the beaten rebels lay imprisoned. The scene inside the church was awful in its weird impressiveness. The

lurid glare of a few torches which were stuck at intervals against the pillars revealed the forms of men sitting and lying on the seats and floor in every attitude of dejection and despair. Up and down the aisles the iron shod heels of the sentries rang upon the pavement. The greater part of the prisoners were silent, or only moaning with the pain of recent wounds; some were praying, one was raving, mad with terror. And in truth he and his companions had good

cause for fear, for their conquerer was Feversham, the General of the Royalists, whose only mode of dealing with a rebel was to hang or shoot him without more ado, and who was only waiting for the daybreak to begin the work of slaughter. A few only kept their resolutionamong them two were sitting together in the shadow of the pulpit steps. Both of these men had been conspicuous in the fight, and both knew well that they

not tell me, fearing, I dare say, that I space between them like a racecourse muskets, and a thick white cloud hung might twist his neck. I should soon have found him, but then this war broke out and in my rage I could not keep myself from rushing to the fight to cool my blood with blows. And so here I life and liberty. anı, going to be shot at daybreak. But I swear to heaven if I only had that fellow in my power for one brief minute I pair while these preparations were in progress? could die contented."

"You are right," said the other; "I should feel the same."

kets of the firing party, had heard the Quixarvyn drew a portrait from his strange proposal with a sudden thrill of breast and held it out to his companion. hope, so keen that it was almost like a "Look," he said, "is this a face to jilt pain. Then for a moment his heart fell a man? though it is one to drive him again. He knew his own speed of foot, but he knew also that against a fleet crazy. Let me look at yours-it is not more innocent than this one, I dare horse urged by a skillful rider spurring swear. for dear life his chance was likely to be

The young man took the portrait and at the same time handed him his own. Each looked in silence at the portrait in his hand--in a silence of amazement, of stupefaction. The two portraits represented the same person!

Quixarvyn was the first to break the silence.

"What!" he said, drawing a deep breath and bursting into a low laugh, which was both fierce and glad, "you, was it? To think that I have found you after all! Fate is kinder to me than I fancied." tence seemed to be constantly running in his head-the sentence used by Dare

The other returned his gaze.

"Well," he said, "it was I, it appears; though I never knew it, nor suspected it. And," he added simply, "it has been no one's fault."

"No one's fault?"

"No, no one's. Mary Seldon liked you, but she did not love you, and when we met she found out her mistake. You frightened her with your mad humors. Without mentioning your name she told me the whole story. You could not make her happy, and I could; that's the whole case. Do you blame her?"

"No," said Quixarvyn, thrusting the portrait back into his breast, "I don't. But I have sworn to be equal with the man who turned her mind against me-I will never believe he acted by fair means-and I am going to do it. Destill morning air, but all down the double fend yourself; I give you warning."

Both men sprang to their feet at the same instant, and stood glaring at each Major, with glasses at their eyes, sat other. At that moment there was heard outside the church the rattle of a drum.

Only the rattle of a drum. But the sound struck them motionless as figures shot out together from the mark. At turned to stone. Nor was the effect on first the runner, practiced at flying from their companions less remarkable. There the start, and having less momentum was a moment's silence in the church, than the horse, drew out in front. In a deep as the silence of the dead; then a few seconds he was some twenty yards movement-a long thrill of horror. That ahead. Then the gap between them they are experts at the "machine." ceased to widen; then it was seen to be summons meant that day was breaking, decreasing; the horse was gainingand that their hour was come.

The guards set instantly to work to prepare the first batch of prisoners to be by stride. When half the course was and many other marvelous ass stories, are led out of the church. Dare and Quix- covered the horse had drawn up level- all survivals of that curious form of re-

some yards wide. At the end of the above the line of the prisoners stretched course Feversham and the Majer sat opupon the ground. At the extremity of the line Quixarvyn lay upon his face, with his right hand clenched upon a posite each other. Whichever of the two competitors should pass between them first would be rewarded with his portrait which he had taken from his breast, and a bullet through his heart .---And what were the sensations of the The Strand Magazine.

BEACON.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

A clock made in 1671 is still in going order.

Chinese military drums are made of wood.

There is a singing grove near Hamburg, Conn.

The Burmese, Karens, Hungere and Khans use lead and silver in bullion for currency.

A little Philadelphia boy has a pet rabbit which he has trained to draw a small wagon.

Four pounds of gold have been collected from the soot of the chimney of the Royal Mint in Berlin, Germany.

A St. Louis (Mo.) woman has opened an office for the cure of "afflicted minds, cranks, fanatics, bigots and agnostics."

It has been proposed to put jinrikshas, the Japanese sedan chairs on wheels, drawn by men, in the streets of London. There is in Buffalo, N. Y., one line

of street cars on which a car crosses fifty four railroad tracks in making one round trip.

A ricochet shot from the new magazine rifle adopted in England broke a cottage window four miles distant from the firing point.

In a Philadelphia cold-storage house, an English hare has been kept frozen for fourteen months and is still apparently in good condition.

There is a strong flow of natural gas in the Ventura River. When lighted, it is said, the flames extend over a space eight feet wide.

Recently between Tewkesbury and Cheltenham, in England, in three minutes, 700 words were sent to a newspaper office and correctly received over a telephone wire.

At Dresden, Germany, they are baking an American corn bread that is finding much favor and is much cheaper than their ordinary bread. A pound costs a trifle over three cents.

The typewriter is fast superseding the pen in telegraphy. Operators are learning to handle the typewriter everywhere, and new hands are not employed unless

The superstition of the yellow donkey of India, the story of the swift ass of slowly at first, but gaining surely, stride Eastern Asia and the ass of Dionysius THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA. GRAPHIC PEN PICTURES OF THE

NO. 43.

AWFUL DESTITUTION.

Nearly a Million People Dying of Hunger in One Province-Measures of Relief-America Leads.

Concerning the awful destitution that prevails in the Kazan Province, on the banks of the Volga, the following letter was recently written by M. Mikhnevitch, a staff correspondent of the St. Petersburg Novosti, who, in company with a physician, made a tour of that district. I translate it from the Dziennik Poznanskio, Posen, Prussia, says, the Countess Norraikow in Harper's Weekly. It was intended only for private circulation, as the Russian Government in putting forth every possible effort to suppress the facts in regard to the suffering that is being endured by the perishing thousands.

"The famine is increasing at a most appalling rate. The aid thus far rendered the sufferers is but a drop in the ocean of distress. We come first to the village of Mikhaylovka, which comprises about fifteen hundred inhabitants. The place had the appearance of being quite deserted, as scarcely any one was seen upon the streets. On entering a peasant's house, our attention was first attracted to a bundle of rags and an old hat that was lying upon a bench. As the pile seemed occasionally to move, we turned it over, and were astonished to find the man of the household lying underneath, apparently suffering from a high fever. His body was almost rigid, and as the doctor examined him, he betrayed hardly any signs of life. His face was pale and expressionless, save, perhaps as it indicated the abandonment of hope. His eyes were fixed on us, though they manifested not the slightest gleam of intelligence.

"Just think of it! In Kazan Province alone there are 950,000 human beings dying of hunger, while fifteen neighboring provinces contain 27,000,000 of people almost as bad! A truly pathetic picture is mesented by these millions of peasants in by the slow death of starvation without a murmur, while the Gov-ernment Relief Committee have as yet only discussed a means of alleviating the distress! The deliberations of this distinguished commission, under the presidency of the Czarowitz, are securely bound with red tape and impenetrable mystery, though, thus far, they have seemed to consist mainly in diligent efforts to suppress all accurate news relating to a calamity unparalleled in the history of this sorrow-stricken empire. Perhaps this is why the civilized nations of the globe have as yet looked only with apparent indifference upon this lamentasituation. But I am proud to note

The sparrow, which was introduced with the purpose of ridding the country of the ansects that are injurious to fruits of all kinds, has proved to be an enemy just as destructive to buds and blossoms as are any of the known insect foes to the same growth, so that with the sparrow exterminated, opines the St. Louis Star-Stayings, we may not only have greater fruit crops, but a return of our native sweet song birds, which were driven out of the groves of this region at the incoming of the sparrow.

Jones's Mines, perhaps the oldest iron mines in Pennsylvania, are to be abandoned. They received their name from David Jones, a Welsh ironmaster, who purchased in 1735 about one thousand acres of land in Carnarvon Township, Berks County, upon a part of which tract the mines were worked. Jones made a fortune out of them for himself and his descendants. Two miles from Morgantown there still stands the fine old family mansion, which was built by Jorathan Jones (a son of David), who was a colonel in the Revolutionary Army. Until recently a large force of men were employed at the mines, but the expense of following the iron ore is considered too great in the present condition of the iron trade, and the pumps and other machinery are to be withdrawn and the shafts allowed to fill with water.

The New York Independent laments: The American people have shown so much aptness and skill in almost all other lines of industry and business enterprise that it is mortifying to have to confess that we have been greatly behind other nations in shipbuilding. With the finest timber in the world in great abundance, with all kinds of metals in great supply, with rolling mills and steel mills and other metal works, we should be first in shipbuilding. It is gratifying, however, to be told by a foreign shipbuilder, who has visited our shores twice within a decade, that we have taken a long step forward in shipbuilding in this period. He says the quality of our Americanbuilt warships is almost as good as that of the British warships, and they are built quite as cheaply. If we can build as cheaply now we ought to be able to build more cheaply after having had a little more experience.

must die at daybreak. The elder of the two was a man of

about thirty-five, with powerful thickset frame, and strong and rugged features; a bad man to have against one, one might say. He was by trade a horsebreaker, and a great part of his business was to break in the wild colts of the marsh. His companion was some six or eight years younger. His figure was tall and slight, but finely made, and has face was singularly handsome. He was the swiftest runner in the West of England, perhaps in the whole kingdom. His name was David Dare; that of the elder man John Quixarvyn. Both were natives of the town of Axbridge, but, until the day before, they had been strangers to each other. Chance had made them comrades in the contest, where they had fought

side by side and where the same troop of Royalists had seized them both. The two were silent. Quixarvyn had pulled out a short black pipe, had filled and lighted it and was now smoking tranquilly. His companion had also

pulled out something from his breast, but it was not a pipe; it was the portrait of a beautiful young girl. He took a long look at the lovely face, a look which said farewell.

Quixarvyn watched him. In the dim light in which they sat he could not see the features of the portrait, but he guessed how the case stood.

"Poor fellow!" he said, with more tenderness than would have been expected from his looks. Theo, after a minute's silence, he went on, as much to himself as to the other. "And yet my case is harder. I was in love-I am in love, God help me !--- and I also have her portrait in my breast. What would I give if I could look on it as you can look on yours!"

Dare looked at him with interest.

"What !" he said, "have you also the same trouble-a poor girl who will go distracted when she hears of what has happened to you?"

"No," said the other bitterly; "she will not go distracted; she has had enough of me, and I shall have the pain of dying unrevenged upon the knave who robbed me of her.

It was strange to see how in a moment his eyes had grown ablaze with passion. The young man looked at him in astonishment.

"Who was it?" he inquired.

"Who was it?" echoed the other. "Do you think if I knew that that I should now have cause to writhe at dying without crying quits with hun? No, I do not know him. I only know she loved me, that she cooled toward me; that when I asked her plainly whether she | led out of the line. had found a younger and a better looking man she confessed that it was true and threw herself upon my generosity to set her free from our engagement. I

5 M H

arvyn were among the first seized. With about a dozen others they were marched of sunrise as they passed out of the churchyard gates; but the whole village sleep that night. Every window was alive with terror-stricken gazers as the party of doomed men, surrounded by a band of soldiers, were hurried through the narrow streets and out upon the open moor.

> At the border of the moor sat an officer on horseback, surrounded by a troop of soldiers. Here the party halted and the guards saluted. The officer was a man of about forty, whose dandified appearance, which was as trim as that of a toy soldier newly painted, showed cddly in the midst of soldiers

stained with battle. This was Lord Feversham-a man in whose nature vanity, callousness and love of pleasure were about equally combined. His face was gay with pleasant expectation as the rebels were drawn up before him.

"Good !" he remarked. "These were all ringleaders, were they? Sergeant look about him. John, draw up your firing party and

shoot down every man of them. The order was instantly obeyed. The

firing party was draw up, the prisoners were ranged in line at a few paces distance. At one extremity of the line David Dare and John Quixarvya found themselves once more side by side. An officer who sat on horseback st Feversham's right hand observed them. "I know those two," he said, pointing to them with his finger. "Pity two such fellows should be done for. One of them is the best runner in the coun-

try side, and the other the best rider.' "Eh? What?" said Feversham, standing up in his stirrups. "Hold there a moment, Sergeant; I spy a chance of gallant sport. What say you, Major?a race between these two across the moor, the one on foot, the other mounted. Will you back the rupper?" The Major was a man of some human

ity. He reflected for a moment. "Agreed !" he said. "And to insure

that both shall do their best let the winner have the promise of his life." Feversham received this proposal with by no means a good grace, for to spare a rebel hurt him to the soul. But the

delightful prospect of seeing two men racing for their lives and of being able, after all, to shoot the looser, at length reconciled him to the scheme. He gave his orders and the two prisoners were

Out upon the moor, about a guarter of a mile away, stood a solitary tree. This was selected as the starting point. A double line of troopers was drawn up did so-in a frenzy of mad passion. But stretched from the tree to the spot where

and then came such a race as had never yet been seen. For a hundred yards and into the open air. The gray dawn was more the two ran locked together, side scarcely giving way to the first streaks by side, the runner almost flying over the crisp turf, the horse stretched out in a fierce gallop, with the rider standing in was wide awake and in a tumult of ex- the stirrups. And now the goal was only citement; indeed, there had been little | fifty yards away; but the gazers drew a deep breath as they saw that now the horse was gaining .- was drawing out in front. For one instant it seemed that all was over; the next, to their amazement, they were conscious that the horse

was failing. Then they saw a gallant sight; they saw the runner nerve himself for a last effort and close upon the goal, dash past the horse and past the judges and fall headlong on the turf.

At that scene, in spite of discipline,a frantic cheer broke forth along the line. Even Feversham himself smiled grimly, as one who, though he had just lost a bet, had gained its full equivalent in pleasurable excitement.

The winner, who had fallen panting and exhausted, was raised into a sitting posture by two troopers, and in a few seconds he was able, though still weak and dizzy, to stund upon his feet and

A few paces off his beaten rival stood beside his horse. Dave looked at him, and their eyes met. Quixarvyn's face bore an almost imperceptible smile; but it was not this, but something in his look which the other could not have defined, which struck him backward like a shock. He staggered back a pace or two, bewildered by the light which broke upon his mind. Then he stepped up to his rival's side, and the guards, who saw no cause to interfere, falling back a little, he put his mouth close to Quixarvyn's car:

"You pulled that horse," he said. Quixarvyan looked at him, but answered not a word.

"You let me win," the other went on, his voice breaking. "For her sake you did it."

Quixarvyn drove his nails into his palms; he had acted, he was acting, not without a bitter cost.

"Make her happy," he said, briefly. As he spoke he turned away and strode swiftly to his old position at the head of the line of prisoners, before which the firing party was again drawn up.

Dare turned his back upon the scene and thrust his fingers in his ears. Nevertheless, he could still hear with horrible distinctness the Sergeant's loud, clear voice, with an interval between the

words-"Ready !" "Present !"

Almost as the word was given came the crash of the report. Moved by an impulse which he could not conquer he turned around with a shudder. The when I asked her for his name she would the General was stationed, leaving a soldiers were lowering their smoking

ligious worship-the adoration of the ass's head.

The Morman Temple in Salt Lake City, Utah, is built in the form of an ellipse, and, although it is of enormous dimensions, it is so well constructed with regard to acoustics that a person standing in the focus at one and can carry on a conversation in a whisper with any one in the focus at the other end.

There were blooded dogs in early Egypt, and highly prized. Their names were carved on monuments which still remain. One of them, his name showing his foreign origin, was called Abaikarou, a faithful transcription of the word abaikour, by which the hunting dog is designated in many of the Berber dialects.

A classic account of the distribution of wheat over the primeval world shows that Ceres, having taught her favorite, Triptolemus, the art of agriculture and the science of breadmaking, gave him her chariot, a celestial vehicle, and that in it he traveled night and day distributing this valuable grain among all nations of the earth.

Many a huntsman through a long life has chased the fox with enthusiastic ardor who would be surprised to know that in the very tip of his tail or brush is a little bunch of hairs twentyfive or thirty in number, which gives forth to the despairing and almost vanquished beast the refreshing and stimulating odor of violets.

The very the collection of postage stamps bequeathed to the trustees of the British Museum by the late Mr. Tapling, Member of Farliament, contains about 200,000 stamps, and its value is estimated at \$300,000. Its late owner was occupied for over twenty years in its formation. It is without doubt the finest collection in the world.

In Dikio, in Adenmouah, in Logone and elsewhere small cotton strips are the regular currency. In Bagirari these strips are so small that from seventy to 150 of them would have to be pieced together to make a shirt. In Darfoor the gray, coarse shirting circulates as money, and in Tiout, in upper Egypt, this material is uyed dark or blue and then cut into pieces of three yards' length.

Flights of Insects.

Dr. Marey, the eminent French physiologist, has been studying the flight of insects by photo-chronography, the apparatus used to obtain photographs allowing exposures to be made so short as 1-25,000 of a second. His observations indicate that wings of insects in flight by meeting obliquely the resistance of the air in to-and-fro movements, act in a very similar manuer to the scull used to propel boats. --- New York Witness,

that the United States were the first to offer assistance, which was gratefully accepted; while through the mule-like stupidity of the autocrat on the Russian throne, the prompt aid of England was peremptorily refused.

"The fact is, it will require at least two billion rubles (a billion dollars) to provide the food, clothing, seed, and cattle that shall be necessary to tide over this disaster, and it is needed at once. Count Tolstoi, with the help of his wife, two sons and two daughters, is feeting over a thousand families. In Moscow he has started a relief fund, while at many other points he has opened soup kitchens, to which the famishing people flock in thousands, blessing the philanthropist's honored name. His address is 15 Dolgokhamonicheski Pereoulok, Moscow, Russia. All lovers of humanity who desire to aid in this worthy cause by prompt donations may send their contributions to the above address, through bankers in all parts of the world doing business in Russia, and all such may rest assured of its safe transmission and intelligent distribution.

"If the needed relief be not immediate and abundant, we may expect in the spring an eridemic of disease which will menace not only the lives of the Russian survivors, but also the entire population of the European and Asiatic continents. It will thus be seen that other nations. in this emergency, have a political and practical as well as a moral and Christian duty to perform.

"It has been estimated by expert statisticians that to sustain the lives of these 5,000,000 families till next harvest there shall be required 9,000,000,000 pounds of grain; 50,000,000 rubles for the purchase of seed, 4,500,000,000 pounds of meat; 750,000,000 rubles for the purchase of horses, cows, sheep, hogs, and poultry, and 50,000,000 rubles for clothes. I am pleased thus to be able to give the outside world a rough idea of the extent and the probable consequences of this famine."

Evidences everywhere abound that the terrible situation is the direct and logical result of the deepotic system of Government, which is maintained by 1,500,000 soldiers, besides an immense army of police and spies. Contributory if not primary causes are involved in the agrarian or land question, and the outrageous taxation of the peasantry which has been going on for centuries,

When to Try on New Shoes.

There is a time for everything in this world, and so it is that the best time to get fitted to shoes is in the latter part of the day. The feet are then at the maximum size. Activity naturally enlarges them. Much standing tends, also, to enlarge the feet. New shoes should always be tried on over moderately thick stockings .- New York Journal,

"Fire!"