ROANOKE BEACON.

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VOL. IV. PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1892. NO. 8.

Directory.

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor, Thos. M. Holt, of Alimance.
Secretary of State, Octavious Coke, of Wake.
Treasurer, Donald W. Bain, of Wake.
Auditor, Geo. W. Sanderlin, of Wayne.
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Sidney M. Finger, of Catawba.
Attorney General, Theo. F. Davidson, of Buncombe.

COUNTY GOVERNMENT

Sheriff, Dev[illegible]
Deputy Sheriff, D. S[illegible]ll.
Treasurer, E R Latham.
Superior Court Clerk, Thos. J. Marriner.
Register of Deeds, J. P. Hilliard.
Commissioners, H. J. Starr, W. C. Mar[illegible], D. Latham, Jos. Skittletharpe and H. A. Lietchfield.
Board of Education, Thos. S. Armistead, T. L. Tarkenton J. L. Norman
Superintendent of Health, Dr. E. L. Cox.
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Rev. Luther Eborn.

CITY.

Mayor and Clerk, J. W. Bryan.
Treasurer, E. R. Latham.
Chief of Police, Joseph Tucker.
Councilmen, E. R. Latham, G. R. Bateman, D. O. Brinkley, J. F. Norman, J. W. Bryan, J. H. Smith, Sampson Towe and Alfred Skinner.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Methodist—Rev. W. B. Moore, pastor Services every Sunday at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 8. Sunday school at 9 a. m., J. F. Norman, Superintendent

Baptist—Rev. J. F. Tuttle, pastor, services every 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night at 7:30. Sunday school every Sunday at 9.30 a. m., J. W. Bryan, superintendent.

Episcopal—Rev. Luther Eborn, rector. Services every 3d Sunday at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., L. I Fagan, superintendent.

MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Meets Tuesday after the first Monday of each month, Dr. H. P. Murray, Chairman,

LODGES.

K. of H. Plymouth Lodge No. 2508—meets 1st and 3d Thursday nights in each month. W. H. Hampton Dictator, N. B. Yeager Fin. Reporter.

K. & L. of H. Roanoke Lodge—Meets 2d and 4th Thursday nights in each month
J. F. Norman Protector,
N. B. Yeager Secretary.

I O O F, Esperanza Lodge, No. 28 meets every Tuesday night at Bunch's Hall. T. J. Lewis, N. G, J. P. Hihard, Secretary.

COLORED.

CHURCH SERVICES

Desciple - Elder A B Hicks, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p m. Sunday school at 9 a. m. E. G Mitchell Superintendent

Methodist - Rev. C. B. Hogans, pastor, Services every 1st and 3d Sundays at 11 a. m., and at 3 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m., S. Wiggins, superintendent; J. W McDonald, secretary

1st Baptist, New Chapel - Services every Sunday at 11 and 3, Rev S H Knight, pastor Sunday school every Sunday

2d Baptist, Zion's Hill - H H Norman, pastor Preaching every 4th Sunday. Sunday school every Sunday, Moses Wynn, Superintendent

LODGES

Masons, Carthegian - Meets 1st Monday night in each month. S Towe, W M., A. Everett, secretary

G U O of O F Meridian Sun Lodge 1624—Meets every 2d and 4th Monday night in each month at 7½ o'clock, T. F. Bembry, N. G., J. W McDonald P. S.

Christopher Atocks Lodge K of L No—Meets every 1st Monday night in each month at 8 o'clock

Burying Society meets every 3d Monday night in each month at 8 o'clock, J M. Walker secretary

Roper Directory.

CIVIL.

Justice of the Peace, Jas. A. Chesson.
Constable, Warren Cahoon.

CHURCHES.

Methodist, Rev. J. T. Finlayson, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock (except the first), and every Sunday night at 7:30. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school Sunday morning at 9:30, L G. Roper superintendent, E. R. Lewis secretary.

Episcopal, Rev. Luther Eborn, rector. Services every 2d Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, Thos. W. Blount superintendent, W. H. Daily secretary.

Baptist, Rev. Jos. Tinch, pastor. Services every 3d Sunday at 11a. m., and 7:30 p. m.

LODGES.

Roper Masonic Lodge, A. F & A. M. No 443. meets in their Hall at Roper, N. C., at 7:30 p. m, 1st and 3d Tuesdays after 1st Sunday. J. L. Savage, W. M., J H Clarke, Secretary.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

John W. Jenkins in Raleigh Chronicle.

From lofty Mitchell's towering peak
To Morehead's summer strand,
From Caswell's green tobacco fields
To Richmond's glistening sands,
From Albemarle's deep waters
To the land where flows the Toe
The faithful clans are gathering,
Stronger than e'er before.

The banner once again unfurled
That bears upon its folds
"Tariff Reform," the watch word,
Just as it was of old.
The flag that led to victory then
Will lead to victory now,
And when November's fight is o'er
We'll hold the field, I trow.

The sturdy "Man of Destiny"
Again is at his post,
For Grover Cleveland leads once more
The Democratic host.
There falls on noble Stevenson
The mantle Hendricks wore,
Firm in his hand the oriflamme
Victorious which he bore.

Old Edgecombe's son, Elias Carr,
The "Tar Heel" standard bears,
And with him "Alleghany's pride"
The Party honor shares,
From Cherokee's last border land
To Hatteras' stormy main
The clans aloud sound the slogan
And re-echo it again.

So when November's ides are come
Our peans of victory will rise—
Ring from the liquid ocean wide
To where the mountains pierce the skies.

GEN. ADLAI E. STEVENSON.

AN ABLE REPRESENTATIVE AND POPULAR PUBLIC OFFICIAL.

Baltimore Sun.

The nomination of Gen. Adali E. Stevenson, of Illinois, for Vice-President, cannot but be a popular one, and must add strength to the ticket. Mr. Stevenson was born in Christian county, Ky., on the 23d day of October, 1835, but belongs to an old North Carolina family. In 1852 Mr. Stevenson's family moved to Bloomington, Ill., where he had excellent educational advantages. He was for some time a student in the Illinois Wesleyan University, but completed his education at Centre College, Danville, Ky.

He was admitted to the bar in 1858 and immediately began the practice of law at Metamora, Ill., where he remained until 1868. In 1861 he was appointed Master in Chancery and held the office for four years. In 1864 he was elected District Attorney, which position he also held for four years, at the end of his term moving to Bloomington, Ill., where he formed a partnership with his cousin, Hon. James S. Ewing. The firm soon attained the first rank at the McLean bar and enjoyed a very large and lucerative practice.

Mr. Stevenson was married in 1866 to Miss Letitia Green, daughter of Dr. Lewis W. Green, an eminent Presbyterian minister, who was president of Center College, Danville, Ky., at the time of his death. In 1864 Mr. Stevenson was a Presidential Elector on the Democratic ticket. In 1874, in a district reliably Republican by about 3,000 majority, he was nominated for Congress and defeated by the Republican candidate by 1,285 majority. He was re-nominated in 1876, but this being a Presidential year the party lines were closely drawn, and he was beaten by about 250 plurality. In 1878 he was elected to congress, carrying every county in his district, his own county in 1876 gave Hayes 2,000 majority, and in 1880 gave Garfield over 2,000 majority, casting its vote for him.

In 1880 he was re-nominated for Congress. Although this was a Presidential year, he was beaten by but little more than 200 votes. Before the next election the State was redistricted by a Legislature which had a Republican majority. On account of Mr. Stevenson's popularity he was placed in a district every county of which was Republican, Garfield's majority therein having been over 2,700. In 1882, in this new district, without a Democratic county in it, Mr. Stevenson yielded to the desire of his party, and once more made the race for Congress. He came within 350 votes of carrying his district. This was his last candidacy for Congress. In the following election his old opponent was reelected by over 2,700 majority. These elections not only demonstrated Mr. Stevenson's great strength with his own party, but his ability to win votes from his opponents as well.

In 1884 he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, and after the election he was pressed by his friends for the position of First Assistant Postmaster-General, to which he was appointed by Mr. Cleveland, and served throughout his administration with great efficiency. It is said that Mr. Stevenson has as many warm personal friends in Washington as any official who ever held office in the District of Columbia. One of the last official acts of Mr. Cleveland was to nominate Mr. Stevenson for justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, but the Republicon Senate failed to act on his nomination. Since his retirement from the Post-office Department he has been engaged in the practice of law at Bloomington, Ill.

THE BURDEN IS HERE.

New York World.

President Harrison congratulated his hearers on Memorial day that "we do not burden our people to maintain standing armies."

No—but we do burden them with taxes for pensions which exceed the largest standing army in Europe.

Our list of pensioners exceeds by over 325,000 the great standing army of 500,000 in Germany.

We support wholly or partially from the Treasury one in twelve of the entire voting population North and South.

We added to the pension list in ten months of last year—twenty-seven years after the close of the war—255,448 names, which is 70,000 more than the total Union loss in killed, wounded and missing in the twelve great battles of the war.

The cost of pensions alone is now more than double the entire expense of the Government in the year before the war. Peace in the United States is more expensive than the front of war abroad.

POLITICAL POINTERS.

Columbia State.

The Democratic platform is not strong and explicit enough for many of our Democrats, but you must bear in mind that it is the only plank between the South and the Force bill. To desert it plunges us into the flood of Republicanism.

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New York World.

Tammany Hall has been prompt to blazon the Cleveland and Stevenson ticket upon its outer walls in a great transparencies. Those estimable Republican newspapers that have been counting upon a coolness in Tammany Hall have here their answer. Tammany is a Democrat and dosn't keep its politics on ice.

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State Chronicle.

Whatever may be thought of the availability of Mr. Cleveland, his friendship for the South was a conspicious feature of his administration He called around him for counsellors three distinguished Southern statesmen, and he sent Southern men to foreign legations and consulates to represent this government. 'Tis true that it was his constitutional duty to be just to all sections, and he recognized and discharged it. No other President had done so since shots were heard around the walls of Sumpter. Many who doubted the ex-President's availability, before he was nominated, have ceased now to doubt in the face of the great popular uprising of the masses in his favor. Mr. Cleveland is strong where he was thought to have been weak, and his strength is broadening and deepening every day.

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N. Y. World.

"The two platforms fairly express the purposes of the two parties, but the candidates still more accurately represent those purposes to the popular mind.

Mr. Cleveland's election will mean lower taxes and relief to the people, with an economical administration of the government. Mr. Harrison's will mean a still further advance towards the ideal of the McKinley bill the taxation of the people for the enrichment of a favored class, the embarrassment of trade and the aggrandizement of monopolies.

Mr. Cleveland's election will mean an end of bounties. Mr. Harrison's will mean their enlargement.

Mr. Cleveland's success will mean free elections. Mr. Harrison's will mean Force bill.

Mr. Cleveland's election will mean an end of squandering. Mr. Harrison's will inaugurate a new era of still greater extravagance.

Mr. Cleveland's election will mean government in the interest of the people. Mr. Harrison's will mean government in the interest of the plutocracy.

The people are called upon to say by their ballots which of these policies they prefer."

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New York Sun.

The tariff is a very important subject, no doubt. So is silver. So is the civil service. So, to, is liquor prohibition. So is the personal character of the respective candidates; and so are their antecedents and peculiarities.

But there is another issue so much more vital, so much more important, so much more inevitable in its operation, so much more effective in its appeal to the intellect and the heart of the voter, that while it remains alive, it towers above all other issues actual or even possible, as the highest Andes tower above the sea beach below their base, or the poison of the rattlesnake surpasses in deadly menace the infection of the itch.

Shall the white people of the Southern States be subjected through a Force law, to the horror and humiliation of negro rule?

Shall the elections everywhere be controlled by Federal overseers backed by Federal troops?

These are the two sides of this all-absorbing, all-overshadowing question. Beside it the tariff is a trifle, the silver question a farce, the qualifications of the candidates a mere meaningless figment.

No more momentous, no more perilous issue was ever tendered to the American people by a besotted and deluded party. Secession itself was not more pregnant with mischief. Nothing else should be thought of until this supreme issue, framed by folly and proposed by madness, has been killed at the polls and put to rest forever!

THE MUSIC OF PROGRESS IS IN THE AIR.

AND THE OLD NORTH STATE IS KEEPING TIME WITH THAT GRAND MUSIC.

Special Edition Rocky Mount Argonaut.

The people of North Carolina, from the earliest settlement of our country, until the past few years, have been much too conservative. They, to a great extent, have been content, to lead quiet, unambitious lives, content to see other countries and people striving for wealth. This is the reason, and the only one, that our State is not now, one of the foremost in the Union. that the fruitful sod of this section has not been turned into one vast garden, and that within a radius of fifty miles of Rocky Mount, we have not a dozen or so of grand manufacturing towns, bringing prosperity and happiness to our people.

But we are glad to say that this is changing every day. The electricity of progress is in the air. The lands which have been plowed and sowed for generations, are being rudely torn up to obtain their precious ores. The rattle of the cars and the shriek of the locomotive disturbs the quiet of the valleys. The streams where the children used to boat and fish are forced into turning the busy wheel, and instead of the sylvan sounds of the days gone by, is heard the clatter of machinery, where the huge factory converts the products of the field into fabrics for every clime.

The old pastoral days are gone forever. The resources of North Carolina are too great and varied, and the chances of reaping a golden harvest, for the money, brains and energy invested in opening up these resources, are too certain, to allow her to be passed by in the mad rush of the worshipers of mammon, in their pursuit of lucre. If we would hold our place in the race, we must be up and doing. In all our fair Southland. cities are springing up as if by magic. Land, one day a desert, is a busy city the next. Great manufacturing centers are going up all over the land. Our hills are sending out a stream of ore and our valleys are darkened by the smoke of our furnaces. Our grand old State stands pre-eminent among her sisters of the South. Her climate is unexcelled. The cooling breezes that blow from the ocean and the mountains temper the heat of her summers, and instead of the frosts and snows so intimately associated with the name of winter, she has the blending of the beauties of autumn and spring. Her position, climate and peculiar adaptibility of soil, make her the paradise of the fruit grower and market gardener; in fact, this State, especially the eastern part, can be made the market garden of the North Atlantic States. In general farming, with the same intelligence and energy, more money can be made to the acre, than in any other State in the Union.

The Eastern section is eminently adapted to the growing of early fruits and vegetables, the production of which for the great markets of the North is rapidly becoming a business of great extent and importance, and so far, has proven to be one of the best paying investments in the world. Her vineyards prove that she can take the front rank as a grape growing and wine producing country. Her timbers in regard to quality and variety are ahead of any State in the Union. Her water-powers are unsurpassed. She has valuable veins of coal, and the finest iron mines in the world. She exceeds all other countries as to the variety and extent of her metals and minerals. In fact, no country on which the sun shines can show as many favorable conditions, for the upbuilding of a great and prosperous country, as does the Old North State. She is now safely launched on her career of prosperity. May her skies always be bright and her winds favorable.

A LETTER TO THE GIRLS. NO. 8.

[BY WILD ROSE.]

DEAR SISTERS:—I have been so long absent from the pages of the BEACON that perhaps I have been cast aside as unworthy a place in your memory as a reward for neglect. But not so I trust, as I would fain once more fill the place I filled of yore, and come once more for a quiet chat with you, though perhaps ere I do so I owe to you and our much neglected and kind friend, the editor, some explanation of so long a silence, which first let me assure you is not due to lack of interest in the BEACON, as that has, as ever, been a most welcome visitor; or to lack of interest in your welfare, dear sisters, which instead of growing less during this long absence, has become still greater, and in fact I have been practicing what I preach; that is, striving to cultivate to some extent, the talents God has given. So in the pleasant little town of Jamesville, I have been giving my energies and attention so entirely to books, that I have found little time for other employment. But I have bidden adieu to our kind instructor and many friends, and for a brief season, have returned to other duties, so I gladly come once again to you, hoping to receive a welcome.

It is again the glorious, leafy month of June, just one year, if you remember, since I last addressed you. One year, and yet what sad changes it may have wrought. How many of those with whom I chatted one year ago may now be sleeping beneath the lillies and roses, the last long sleep of death. But I will not sadden your hearts with these gloomy thoughts of mine. I would rather fill your lives with something of the peace and beauty around me; the grand, glorious beauty of Nature. I thought to tell you something of my life in school since last we met, but doubtless a narration mixed with the noise of desks and classes, the tramp of feet, a confusion of books and papers, and the successes and failures prone to school life would weary instead of interest you, so I will leave that to your imagination, and ask you instead to go with me for a short ramble 'neath the shade of the forest trees this fair June day, for you know that "then if ever come perfect days," and look for once on Nature's feast spread out by heaven's own generous hand to rich and poor alike, that all may look upon her beauties. Especially do I invite those of you who rarely enjoy a sight of Nature's garden; you whose woods is a hot-house, who never saw the wild jassamine growing with its profusion of beautiful flowers, or gathered the daisies and feathery ferns with your own hands. How often I think of you, dear sisters, shut off from earth's pures joys. Come with me and let us wander at our own sweet wills. Look on the grandeur, the sublime beauty of the world around us, take out your pencils if you are artists, and sketch some of the grand and lovely things you see. Look on the towering pines, centuries old; on the noble old oaks and other trees; on that mossy bank 'neath their ample shade where we might spend a pleasant hour with that most grateful of all friends, a book, or dreaming there forget for an hour that we ever had a care. On the mossy carpet, finer than any woven in olden lands, our feet make scarce a print; we go on and on, for we are not yet tired with our walk, looking on the noble trees, the sweet wild flowers, the waving grasses, the throats of many little feathered songsters make the forest ring with their gay music, a timid hare starts up just before us, looking at us with great solemn, dark eyes, and seems almost to know we are not so cruel as to injure him and scarcely fears us, directly a small rustle near us makes us start back in horror, for what daughter of Eve does not fear a snake, but it is only a tiny green creature that is more frightened than ourselves, and glides quickly away; we ramble slowly on, here and there stopping to admire the grand trees with their gnarled trunks overgrown with moss and vines, and to gather the wild flowers into a bouquet to take home; we watch the birds flitting here and there in the sunshine singing their glad songs, and raise our eyes to the blue sky above us with a heart full of thankfulness for the many blessings of heaven. Well, we are getting weary now with our walk, though we could go much farther; take out your sketches and compare them with our surroundings, how small and insignificant do we find even this, the grandest of all arts when compared with nature. Perhaps sister, you were one who sometime spoke with a touch of pity or contempt of the country as "dull" or "common," what think you now? Never again call the great book of nature whose leaves are spread before you, "dull," or anything pure and fresh from God's own hand like our fields and woods, "common." Look on them and think of the wisdom and goodness of Him who made them and us alike subject to cultivation. Art is indeed beautiful, but nature is sublime; it appeals to our hearts as nothing else can. We cannot but feel as we look upon the grass and flowers of the field, that if such have a mission to perform, how much more so must we to whom our Maker has given so much?

Well, dear sisters, the day grows warm so we will return, hoping you have enjoyed your walk among the trees, the birds and the flowers, that ever lift their heads as if in thanksgiving to heaven, and nod them as we pass as if in moderty. Save your wild blossoms until you reach home, you then may use them in many pretty ways, some of which I may tell you hereafter, always providing you care to know.

Well, I have wearied you enough for the present, but some day we may meet again.

LONG RIDGE, N. C., June 20, '92.

DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

The following is the State Democratic platform as adopted by the State convention assembled May 18:

RESOLVED, 1. That the democracy of North Carolina reaffirm the principles of the democratic party, both State and national, and particularly favor the free coinage of silver and an increase of the currency, and the repeal of the internal revenue system. And we denounce the McKinley tariff bill as unjust to the consumers of the country, and leading to the formation of trusts, combines and monopolies which have oppressed the people; and especially do we denounce the unnecessary and burdensome increase in the tax on cotton ties and on tin, so largely used by the poorer portion of the people. We likewise denounce the inequitous force bill, which is not yet abandoned by the republican party, but is being urged as a measure to be adopted as soon as they regain control of the House of Representatives, the purpose and effect of which measure will be to establish a second period of reconstruction in the Southern States, to subvert the liberties of our people and inflame a new race antagonism and sectional animosities.

2. That we demand financial reform, and the enactment of laws that will remove the burden of the people relative to the existing agricultural depression, and do full and ample justice to the farmers and laborers of our country.

3. That we demand the abolition of national banks, and the substitution of legal tender treasury notes in lieu of national bank notes, issued in sufficient volume to do the business of the country on a cash system, regulating the amount needed on a per capita basis as the business interests of the country expand, and that all money issued by the government shall be legal tender in payment of all debts, both public and private.

4. That we demand that Congress shall pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the dealing in futures of all agricultural and mechanical productions; providing such stringent system of procedure in trials as shall secure prompt conviction and imposing such penalties as shall secure most perfect compliance with the law.

5. That we demand the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

6. That we demand the passage of laws prohibiting the alien ownership of land, and that Congress take early steps to devise some plan to obtain all lands now owned by alien and foreign syndicates; and that all lands now held by railroads and other corporations, in excess of such as is actually used and needed by them, be reclaimed by the government and held for actual settlers only.

7. Believing in the doctrine of "equal rights to all and special privileges to none," we demand that taxation, national or State, shall not be used to build up one interest or class at the expense of another. We believe that the money of the country should be kept as much as possible in the hands of the people, and hence we demand that all revenue, national, State or county, shall be limited to the necessary expenses of the government economically and honestly administered.

8. That Congress issue a sufficient amount of fractional paper currency to facilitate the exchange through the medium of the United States mail.

RESOLVED, That the General Assembly pass such laws as will make the public school system more effective that the blessings of education may be extended to all the people of the State alike.

That we demand a graduated tax on incomes.

PANTS.

The boy who composed the following composition on the above subject was expelled from the school:

Pants are made for men, and not men for pants.

Women are made for men, and not for pants.

When a man pants for a woman, and a woman pants for a man, there are a pair of pants. Such pants don't last.

Pants are like molasses, they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold.

The man in the moon changes his pants during an eclipse.

Don't go to to the pantry for pants, you may be mistaken.

Men are often mistaken in pants.

Such mistakes make breaches of promise.

There has been much discussion as to whether "pants" is singular or plural.

Seems to us when men wear pants they are plural, and when they don't wear any they are singular.

Men get on a tear in their pants all right; but when the pants get on a tear it is all wrong.—Ex.

DO WE DO IT?

Do we handle with care the words we speak? If we did there would not be so much that was misunderstood.

Do we handle with care the disagreeable opinions we have of other people? If we did they would not find out how much we disliked them.

Do we handle with care the woman whose mind is tainted with envy and whose speech is full of malice? If we did we wouldn't lend the listening ear to her.

Do we handle with care the feelings of the friends who love us? If we did there wouldn't be so many heartaches.

Do we handle with care the little people who come to us? If we did we would have honorable sons and daughters.

Do we handle with care the hearts of the men and women that are about us? I don't think we do. In the race of life we don't seem to have time to stop and do as the good Samaritan did, but we rush along, and are only too apt to simply send to the sufferer our regrets that other engagements prevent us from personally offering our condolence.—Ex.