ROANOKE BEACON.

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VOL. IV. PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1892. NO. 28.

Directory.

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CITY.

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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, L. DOES

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. J. W. Bryan, N. G, L. F. Houston, Sect'y.

COLORED.

CHURCH SERVICES

Disciple - Elder A B Hicks pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a m. 8 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 R 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 Acocks 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 11 a 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.; R. L. Williams, Secretary.

DEMOCRATIC SONG.

When Grover was elected
They sent the news by wire,
It stifled all the Thirdies,
And set the Rads on fire.

CHO —No, no, they didn't fool us,
They told us such fine stories
Of what they meant to do!
They meant to have free silver
And own the railroads, too.

he cry "Reform" from Weaver
And Mrs. Lease's chat,
Meant, 'Don't, O, don't make Bennie
Give up his grandpa's hat."

But now the Force Bill's labeled.
Elections shall be free,
The ass's all are stabled.
And Grover's got the key.

Now shame on any Tar Heel
Who made himself a fool,
And tried to turn us over,
Once more to negro rule.

And now the've shown their colors,
We know just who they are,
For Furches, Exum, Templeton,
Were a l opposing Carr.

And Branch goes back to Congress,
As everybody knows.
Though Radicals opposed him
In Democratic clothes.

Hurrah for old Pitt county!
She run her ticket through;
Dick King beat both the parties,
And Harding got there, too.

James Flanagan, Kilpatrick,
Both Legislators
Yes, they were all elected,
But how'd Will Warren do?

Well, Willie'll go in office.
It needs no great inquest,
He'll bury all the dead man,
And let the weary rest.

—Greenville Reflector

HIS OWN DAD.

Up to his three-and-twentieth year Jack Marsden was a failure. At that age, by a quite natural evolution, he became a disgrace to his family. His family said so and it ought to have known. It said so with emphasis, and also with unanimity, for consists of one person only, Jack's father. Marsden senior was a crabbed, knotty-looking elderly gentleman, the sort of man who looks as if he could never have been young, but as if he must have been crabbed and knotty in his cradle. He was supposed to be worth a prodigious lot of money, as he ought to have been, for he had passed his life in making it, and had never been known to part with a penny if he could help it. It was a speculation of supreme interest and difficulty to himself and his acquaintances how it could have happened that such a fellow as Jack could be born of such a father.

After leaving school Jack distinguished himself as a failure in many walks of life. He was taken into his father's office, with the promise of a partnership to awake his dormant enthusiasm in business pursuits, and afterward articled to a solicitor. It is said that, after standing him for six months, the solicitor offered him one hundred pounds down to break his indentures and go to Australia; it is certain at the end of that time Jack quitted the study of law. As a final attempt to start him in life he was sent to sea. He liked that better, but after a few voyages the monotony of a sailor's life disgusted him, and he announced his intention of abandoning it—"chucking it" was his actual expression.

"And how, if you please," demanded his father, "do you propose to live?"

"I'm going on the stage," said Jack

If he had declared his intention of taking to pocket-picking or arson for a livelihood it could hardly have had a profounder or more awful effect upon Marsden senior.

"Everybody says I should make a splendid actor;" said Jack, "and I am sure I should like the life. I shall never make a business man, sir. Figures won't stick in my head, and I hate the confinement. Beside what do I want to make money for? You've got plenty, and I'm your only child."

Mr. Marsden gasped.

"It really isn't a hard line of life, sir. Actors are just as well thought of as any other sort of people, and, if they succeed, they make heaps of money. Look at Irving! There's Bob Coltsfoot, Sir Robert Coltsfoot's son. I was at school with him. He's on the stage, making sixteen pounds a week, he told me, and he goes into just the same set he knew before he went into the profession."

"Profession!" growled the father. "Good Lord! Raddles his face and makes a public spectacle of himself in a booth, and calls that a profession!"

"And, beside," continued Jack, with a shrewd idea of the kind of argument most likely to touch his father, "it requires no capital. That's a great point. Why, it cost you a thousand to get me articled. Clean waste—money gone and no return. It cost something, I suppose, to fit me out for sea. That's gone, too. But I can walk bang on the stage as I am."

By this time the old man had recovered from the shock. He said things regarding the stage and those who trod it—more especially the fairer half of them—and of people who wasted their time and money in encouraging such vagabonds, which it might not be safe to repeat in these days, when the profession is recognized as a kind of fifth estate, and expressed his unalterable determination to cut Jack off with a shilling if he dared to so outrage his family.

"Oh, no, you won't," said Jack. "You'll get used to it. In fact, the thing's done. I'm off next week with Moore's Comedy company; signed the engagement to-day. Second juvenile lead; four pounds a week to start with. Not so bad for a beginner."

The old man swiftly sounded his mind to see if he had the moral courage to turn the young reprobate into the street there and then. He had not. Jack was the only son, and he was old. He dared not face the prospect of loneliness for the rest of his life But he made a final effort to assert himself

"Understand, sir," he told Jack, "that the very moment you disgrace yourself by crossing a public stage, I've done with you. I renounce you; I cast you off. You shan't have a penny of my money or see my face again."

"Takes it harder than I expected," thought Jack; "but he'll come round. I must do something for a living, and there's nothing else I'm fit for or should like half so well."

So Jack went on a tour.

It so happened that in a town in the north of England, at which the company appeared, Jack had some cousins living, whose acquaintance he had never made—the children of his father's half brother, who had been dead for some years past. As in duty bound, he called to pay his respects to the family, a little doubtful of how country cousins were likely to accept a young man of his profession, and found himself, to his agreeable surprise, received with delight by the younger members of the family, and civility by his aunt, an elderly lady of a tart flavor, with a manner suggesting a mixture of oil and vinegar. The younger members of the family had seen him in his first performance at the local theatre, and, like the simple country folks they were, they were smitten with the glory of owning an artistic relative. Jack's light, easy manner did the rest, and before he left town the whole family was in love with him. Miss Alicia Maple, a very charming young lady of nineteen, not the least Jack sighed bitterly when the week came to an end and he had to go on with the company. nor was he solitary in his sorrow; and nobody who had witnessed his parting with Alicia would have wondered that, when the tour was over and the company disbanded, Jack, instead of going straight back to London to seek another engagement, should have betaken himself again to the town beautified by her presence. It was a rapid courtship, and the two were plighted to each other before even Mrs. Maple's keen eyes had detected any very serious symptoms of passion on either side. With the honesty of their age, they made their engagement known to her, which, as Jack remarked subsequently, was just where the trouble began. At first Mrs. Maple was more than gracious. Mr. Marsden was wealthy, and Jack his only son.

"You have, of course," she said, "communicated your intention to your father?"

"Why, no," said Jack. "I thought my first duty was to make you aware of the circumstances."

"Quite right," said Mrs. Maple, "Quite right and proper. But my answer must depend upon your father's."

Jack bit his fingers and hemmed and hawked. He was over age; he knew his own mind; but still if she thought so, it should be done. He walked home, revolving in his mind the terms of a letter to his father. The letter dispatched, he spent a sleepless night wondering over his father's probable reception of it, and killed the intervening day as best he could, being under a promise to Mrs. Maple not to attempt to see Alicia until he had received his father's sanction. When the answer arrived he tore open the envelope with shaking fingers, for a minute or so his eyes were so dim that the blurred characters swam meaningless before them. When their meaning became clear to him, he dropped into his chair with a groan. His father wrote curtly and harshly, saying that he might marry any one he would, but telling him to expect no further support or countenance with him. It seemed the death blow to his hopes. Mrs. Maple would never suffer her daughter to marry a penniless stroller. Sadly he betook himself to her house The lady, seated in the drawing-room window, marked the broken and dejected air with which he approached and she was alone when Jack was shown in to her. She read Marsden, Sr's, letter, and was mellifluously regretful at the shattering of love's young dream. "The young man must see," she said, "that her duty to her daughter—" Yes, Jack saw that. It was all over, he knew, but mightn't he see Alicia just for one final moment? He would be quiet and keep his self-control; there should be no scene, but he must see her just to say good-by. Mrs. Maple, perhaps wisely, declined to have her darling's feelings harrowed by a quite useless interview, and, somehow, though Jack had quite meant to say farewell to Alicia before leaving the house, he found himself on the door-step, exiled without that final glimpse of paradise. After the first chill fit of dejection had passed he took a train to London and rushed in on his father, pleading love's cause with an eloquence which left his letter far behind. The old man was deaf to entreaty, and intrenched himself from his son's impassioned assault behind a barrier of cynical humor from which Jack's rhetorical cannon shots fell dead.

"This is tyranny, sir," said Jack. "You overstep the bounds of your authority, and I warn you that, if Alicia will take me, I shall try to win her. As for your money, leave it where you like. I wouldn't give her up for all the money in the world."

"What play is that from?" asked the old man, sourly.

Jack left the house, boiling, and went back north, where he wasted time and temper in trying to persuade Mrs. Maple that, after all, a young man with profession in his fingers is not so bad a husband, as times go, and in trying to get a glimpse of Alicia, in both of which he failed completely. Jack Marsden, with his father's fortune in prospect, and Jack Marsden the disinherited mummer, were two widely different people, and the vinegar in Mrs. Maple's manner greatly predominated over the oil. She had her duty as a mother to think of. Setting aside the doubtfulness of his position and resources, what kind of a husband was a young man likely to make who had started life by quarreling with his father? Alicia, like a sensible girl, shared her mother's view of the situation.

"Let her tell me so," said Jack. "Let her write it to me, if she fears to see me and tell me so by word of mouth,"

Mrs. Maple promised that Alicia should write. Jack went home and waited three days for the letter. Then he called again to receive the answer:

"Not at home."

On the following day, to quote a favorite phrase of a popular author, a remarkable thing happened. Mrs. Maple received a card bearing the inscription, "Mr. Richard Marsden," with a pencilled line asking for a moment's interview. Entering the drawing-room, she found there a white headed, crabbed-faced old man, engaged in examining the books on her drawing room table.

"Mr. Marsden?" she asked.

"The same, ma'am," answered the old gentleman. "We've not met for so long I can excuse you for not recognizing me. You're not looking any younger." Mrs. Maple was conscious of the fact, but thought its statement unnecessary "I've a letter here from that scamp of a boy of mine." He took the document from his pocket and scanned it through his glasses, muttering phrases from it. "Eternal affection, unchangeable, my darling Alicia," the usual sort of thing; need'nt trouble you with the idiot's ravings. You saw my answer to his first letter?" Mrs. Maple intimated an affirmative by a bend of her head. "I've been thinking since I wrote it," he went on scowling at the lady thoughtfully from under bent brows, "a good wife would be a godsend to him—the making of the dog. He says here that the young lady—Alicia, isn't her name?—confound her, where is it? Yes, Alicia—he says Alicia would marry him if you didn't stand in the way. Is that so?"

Mrs. Maple hesitated. The old gentleman's mind had obviously changed since he had answered Jack's letter. If that were so the penniless actor was not so bad a match after all.

Girls are foolish creatures, she said, simperingly. I have had trouble with her. Of course, she would do her duty if I called upon her to do it, but—

But she'd have no objection to marrying ten thousand dollars a year, nor you either, eh? said Mr. Marsden with his usual cynical chuckle. Let me see the girl, ma'am? I'll sound her metal, I warrant you.

Mrs. Maple rose, saying she would send Alicia to him.

No you won't, ma'am, if you please. Ring the bell for her. I don't want her prompted. I want to know her real mind.

Mrs. Maple obeyed, and jurgated by this rude old man.

"Send Miss Alicia to me, if you please," she said to the servant who answered the call.

Alicia appeared. She started slightly at sight of the old man, struck by the strong family resemblance to Jack, traceable in his rugged features. She had little need of her mother's introduction to be sure of him. Mr. Marsden stuck out an ungrateful hand to her, but she courtesied and ignored it.

"Got pluck!" muttered the old gentleman. "I like that. Good sign when a girl has pluck. So you're in love with that scamp of a son of mine?" he continued aloud. Alicia shot a glance at him which should have dumbfounded him but it didn't.

"In love!" he pursued. "Why, how old are you—sixteen?"

"I was nineteen last birthday," replied Alicia, covering a strong disposition to tears with a cold demeanor of dignity, at which the old gentleman chuckled afresh.

"Lord, Lord!" he said, "as venerable as that! What a female patriarch you must feel! So you're in love with Jack, eh? In love with a young ass who offends an affectionate father and throws ten thousand a year into the gutter to join a pack of strolling mountebanks?"

"Shakespeare was an actor," answered Alicia. "And so was Molleire—if you've ever heard of him."

"Alicia!" cried Mrs. Maple. "My dear child!"

"Don't you interfere, ma'am," said Mr. Marsden, turning on her with a sudden snap. "I won't have her prompted, I tell you, and if you would kindly spare us your society for ten minutes I think there'll be a better understanding"

Mrs. Maple rose and left the room, bristling with anger. A parti with ten thousand dollars a year was worth enduring something for, but to be told to leave her own drawing room in that fashion!

"So tell me," continued the old gentleman in a milder tone when they were left alone; "you really love the scamp eh? Don't be afraid of me, my dear. Your's a plucky girl; I like pluck. Your's pretty, too. Very pretty. And your's really fond of him, eh?"

At this Alicia's pride, which had been sustained by costumely, began to waver, and the tears came to her eyes. "Yes," she said, in a scarcely audable tone, broken by sobs, "I love him."

"Love him!" said Mr. Marsden; "but that's a word girls don't always know the meaning of. Yes, yes, I know," he continued, checking her as she was about to answer him. "But how much do you love him? Suppose I cast him off—won't give him a penny?"

It wouldn't alter me. said Alicia. I would die for him.

Die! answered the old man, You talk easy of dying, you young people. Maybe you wouldn't be so fond of the prospect if you were a few years nearer it, Would you live for him, that's the question? Would you marry him if he were only a poor actor, and not a rich man's son?

Yes, said Alicia. Oh, sir, I love him so. Nature spoke in the cry; her voice, eyes, hands were eloquent. My darling, cried the old man, in quite another voice, and she found herself in his arms.

Jack! she half shrieked, but he covered her mouth with his hand.

For heaven's sake! no hysterics. I wanted to test you, that's all, and I've succeeded. If you mean what you say, be at the end of the lane at 8 o'clock tonight. Pull yourself together; your mother will be back directly.

When Mrs. Maple re-entered the room she found them in their former positions.

Well, ma'am, said the old man rising, I must have time to think this over. I'll write or call; and so, good day to you. Good day, my dear.

Extraordinary old man, said Mrs. Maple. Well, my dear, will he consent?

I—think so, mamma, stammered Alicia, and she ran to her room.

I must confess that I should have my doubts as to the morality of the story but for two circumstances, which help me to take the same view of it taken by Jack and Alicia. The first of these circumstances is that, for the first three years of their married life, Jack and Alicia justified their faith in each other's affections by fighting the battle of life together unaided, except by a very small ally, who joined their forces toward the end of the first year. The second is, that Marsden, Sr., has consented to reinstate Jack as his heir, spends half his nights at the theater of which Jack is the principal star, and vows that Alicia is the best wife and daughter-in-law in England.—Chicago Ledger.

WHAT A FRIEND IS.

Tid-Bits.

This is the prize definition:

The first person who comes in when the whole world has gone out.

The following are some of the best definitions submitted:

A bank of credit on which we can draw supplies of confidence, council, sympathy, help and love.

One who considers my need before my deservings.

The triple alliance of the three great powers, love, sympathy and help.

One who understands our silence.

A jewel, whose lustre the strong acids of poverty and misfortune cannot dim.

One who smiles on our fortunes and frowns on our faults, sympathizes with our sorrows, weeps at our bereavements, and is a safe fortress at all times of trouble.

One who, gaining the top of the ladder, won't forget you if you remain at the bottom.

One who in prosperity does not toady you, in adversity assists you, in sickness nurses you, and after your death marries your widow and provides for your children.

The holly of life, whose qualities are overshadowed in the summer of prosperity, but blossom forth in the winter of adversity.

He who does not adhere to the saying that No. 1 should come first.

A watch which beats true for all time, and never "runs down."

An insurance against misanthropy.

An earthly minister of heavenly happiness.

A friend is like ivy—the greater the ruin the closer he clings.

One who to himself is true, and therefore must be so to you.

The same to day, the same tomorrow, either in prosperity, adversity or sorrow.

One who combines for you alike the pleasures and benefits of society and solitude.

One who is a balance in the see-saw of life.

One who guards another's interest as his own and neither flatters nor deceives.

A nineteenth century rarity,

One who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity and assist you with his hand and heart in adversity.

One truer to me than I am to myself.

HAVE YOU LEARNED

To appreciate that cherry, bright neighbor?

That some people are better, sweeter than they seem?

That he who accepts many gifts pays dearly for them?

To come in with pleasant thoughts and a cherry word?

To defer the discussion of vital questions until after breakfast?

To make the best of the dreary weather, the brown landscape and gray sky?

That to get something for nothing is contrary to the laws of nature and mankind?

A new, important lesson from the books you read, the work you do or the people you meet?

That you do not always serve the greatest, highest ends by carrying out your own petty plans?—Good Housekeeping.

DID YOU EVER TRY

A glass of hot water for sleepliness?

Rose-water and glycerine for sun burn?

Grated horse-radish and vinegar for neuralgia?

Borax water for removing stains from the hands?

Kerosene oil for taking out iron rust and fruit stains?

Putting paper bags over fruit cans to exclude the light?

To keep a cash account and to teach a girl to do the same?

To keep your closets free from old shoes or any soiled garments?—Exchange.

Congressman Fitch, chairman of the committee appointed to investigate John I. Davenport, will go for John's official scalp by introducing a bill to wipe out the whole system under which that little bulldozer has been enabled to play his infamous pranks Then if they could find some way to cage him, as he has caged so many Democrats, it would be a practical illustration of retributive justice.