

# ROANOKE BEACON.



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"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

W. FLETCHER AUBSON, EDITOR.

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## Directory.

### STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor, Thos. M. Holt, of Alliance.  
Secretary of State, Octavius 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 Brunswick.

### COUNTY GOVERNMENT.

Sheriff, Levi Blount.  
Deputy Sheriff, D. Spruill.  
Treasurer, E. R. Latham.  
Superior Court Clerk, Thos. J. Marriner.  
Register of Deeds, J. P. Hilliard.  
Commissioners, H. J. Starr, W. C. Murrian, S. D. Latham, Jas. Skittetharpe and H. A. Litchfield.  
Board of Education, Thos. S. Armistead, T. L. Tarleton, 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.  
Commissioner, E. R. Latham, G. R. Bateman, D. O. Beinkley, J. F. Norman, J. W. Bryan, J. H. Smith, Sampson Lowe 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.

### LOGGERS.

K. of H. Plymouth Lodge No. 2508—meets 1st and 3d Thursday nights in each month. W. H. Hampton, Dictator, M. B. Yeager, Fin. Reporter.  
K. of L. of H. Roanoke Lodge—Meets 2d and 4th Thursday nights in each month. J. F. Norman, Dictator, N. B. Yeager, Secretary.

### I. O. O. F. Esperanza Lodge, No. 28.

Meets every Tuesday night at Bush's Hall. J. W. Bryan, M. G. L. T. Houston, Sect'y.

### COLORED.

### CHURCH SERVICES.

Deacon—Kider 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 8 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.  
2d Baptist, Zion's Hill—H. H. Norman, pastor. Preaching every 4th Sunday. Sunday school every Sunday. Moses Wynn, Superintendent.

### LOGGERS.

Masons, Carthagian—Meets 1st Monday night in each month. S. Towe, W. M., A. Everett, secretary.  
G. U. O. F. Meridian Sun Lodge 1624. Meets every 2d and 4th Monday night in each month at 7 o'clock. T. F. Beaubry, M. G., J. W. McDonald, P. S.  
Christopher A. Cooks Lodge K. of L. No. 1—Meets every 1st Monday night in each month at 8 o'clock. J. M. Walker, secretary.

## Roper Directory.

### CIVIL.

Justice of the Peace, Jas. A. Chesnut.  
Constable, Warren Aubson.

### CHURCHES.

Methodist, Rev. J. I. Finlayson, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock (except the 3rd), 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.

### LOGGERS.

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

### Important to Ladies.

Sir—I made use of your PHLEOTON with my last child, in order to procure a safe and easy travail. I used it about two months before my expected time, until I was taken sick, and I had a very quick and easy confinement. Nothing occurred to prevent my convalescence, and I got about in less time than was usual for me. I think it a medicine that should be used by every expectant mother, for should they but try it as I have, they would never again be without it at such times. I am yours respectfully, Mrs. ELIZABETH DIX.  
Any merchant or druggist can procure PHLEOTON for \$1 a bottle.  
CHARLES F. BIBLEY, Wholesale Druggist, 62 Cortlandt St., New York.

## THE LIGHTNING AGE.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

What's the world a-comin' to, a feller'd like to know.  
When they're makin' ice to order an manufacturin' snow?  
The cities—they're gone out o' sight; it 'pears jes' like a dream,  
For when they have a cloudy night they run the stars by steam!  
An here's the lightning, with a song, proclaimin' it is boss,  
An all the street cars skinnin' long without a mule or hoss!  
An here's that ringin' telephone, which never seems to tire,  
But takes a man's voice free of charge, across six miles o' wire;  
An here's the blessed phonograph which makes your memory vain,  
An, like a woman, when you talk, keeps talkin' back again!  
Lord! how the world is movin' on beneath the sun an' moon!  
I can't help thinkin' I was born a hundred years too soon;  
But when I go—praise be to God!—it won't be in the night,  
For my grave will shine like glory in a bright electric light!

## A STORY IN 1892.

BY GEORGE I. PUTNAM.

That this should have happened at all is sad enough; but that it should have come so soon after the feasting and the good-will of Christmas and New Year's, gives a refined intensity to its bitterness. And yet it is but a single incident, and, aside from its own pathos, is capable of illustrating life—actual existence—as is seen by too many people in that vaguely defined East Side tenement district.

When snow came during the first week of the new year, there came with it a sudden change of temperature. The air was biting cold, and the wet chill crept up the streets from the East river, and fastened itself upon the marrow of the tenement dwellers. The poorly fitted doors and windows presented little opposition to the fierce wind, and the snow was blown into rooms in long, angry streamers. And in at least one room the snow did not melt as it came; there was no fire in that room, no fuel for a fire, no stove in which to build one. The only warmth there was was that given out by the puny bodies of three spindling children—two sisters just old enough to have been tucked into snug cribs in warm rooms and kissed to sleep by loving mothers, and their baby brother.

It is a terrible thing to say that there were those living who were responsible for the existence of these little ones, and that they did nothing—absolutely nothing—to warm, feed and clothe them. There was a father and a mother. The family had moved into the room during Christmas week. Moving was not a difficult task, for there were not enough household goods to warrant the employment of a single wagon. By turns the two little sisters carried the baby, wrapped in a piece of ragged bed-covering, and the mother bore the more important articles—more important because plates and cups might break and could not be replaced. But a baby—laugh! That was nothing! So cheap does human life become when daily bread is something more than a mere form of prayer.

Meanwhile the father was drunk. He knew no intermediate degrees of intoxication; he drank to get drunk. The family had no food, but the kind-hearted people in the house fed the poor creatures from their own insufficient tables. They had but the bare allowance made them by the world, and they cursed the world for its meagreness; but all uncomplainingly they divided with those worse off than themselves.

For a few days the mother sat in the room, crouched on the floor, a shawl over her head, and rocking her body back and forth as she repeated: "Me man is drunk. Me man is drunk." No one disputed her. As no one could say he was sober, the fact of his drunkenness was accepted without question. The two little girls nursed the baby between them, feeding him bread soaked in milk and water, or in undiluted water, to still his fretful cries. And they looked, with wonder in their large eyes, at their mother, for now she had changed her cry, and moaned: "Me man is dead. Me man is dead." They had not heard that before. It was not so awful to them as being drunk, however, for that meant curses and kicks and blows; but death was a mystery, and—well, who could tell them what it meant? When the wind was shrieking its

fiercest, and the snow-cloud whirling highest, the mother rose to her feet and went out. She was away all the afternoon. There was no comfort for her at home; there was no fire, no food, no bed. So she staid away. The little sisters huddled in a corner with the baby between them, and silently watched the snow sift in over the floor in lengthening windrows. The baby cried unceasingly. Little Mary said at last:

"Do you think baby's hungry?"

"I don't know. Do you?" replied Katy.

"I don't know," Mary answered slowly. She and Katy were both hungry, but they did not say this. They had lived so long in their few years, and been hungry so much, that they could accept it uncomplainingly, as a part of life. But the baby—that was different; they could condone his crying from hunger, for he had it all to learn.

By-and-by Mary spoke again: "I wish mother would come."

"I do, too," said Katy.

It was lonesome. The room was darkening fast, and the snow, creeping over and past their feet, was so pitilessly cold; and it made such strange shapes, whirling in the half-light. The mother would have taken no notice of them had she been there, but they would have found an appreciable comfort in her mere presence. They knew the value of small joys; large ones did not enter into their sphere. They would have welcomed any animate thing—a big, warm dog to lie against; anything but the fearful dark, and the cold, insidious snow.

Finally Mary slipped out of the room.

"I'll fetch mother," she said, and was gone. She knew very well where to look—just at the corner where the windows were warm with yellow light, and a hot draught of air was at the door. Mary pushed the swinging door and stood inside. There, to her eyes, appeared men standing at a long table down one side of the room, drinking out of glasses yellow and red and white liquids. They called for more, and talked among themselves; they were engrossed in their comfort. No one saw Mary as she crept down the room, and at the end, at a table, found her mother. The woman was sodden. Her hair hung in strings about her shoulders, her shawl lay on the floor, among the crusts and rinds of a free lunch, and she mumbled to herself inarticulately. Yet she recognized Mary, and drove her away by look and gesture. And the little girl crept out again, and returned to her sister and the baby.

Brave little girl! It was not necessary to explain to Katy why she came alone. She said nothing of the momentary warmth of the saloon, that had set her chilled little frame to trembling all over. Katy herself was numb and blue, but that was not worth mentioning. The baby was crying so querulously, so weakly, in little quick-drawn breaths. Mary took him into her own arms, but nothing she did could still his cries.

"I guess he's just cold," said she, at last. "I don't believe he's hungry. I brought mother's shawl, and I'll wrap him up in it."

She gave the baby the benefit of every square inch of the worn old shawl, and held him close. She reached one hand out in the darkness and felt toward Katy.

"I've got something to eat," said she.

The refuse of the free lunch made such a supper as Mary and Katy had not eaten for many days. And when it was swallowed to the last crumb, Mary proposed that they lie down, one on each side of the baby, to keep him warm. Katy assented, and the three little bits of humanity lay so close together that one human arm might have embraced them all. But there was no arm; even the other dwellers in the house seemed to have forgotten them. And the very tears shed by angels weeping over their misery turned to snowflakes that fluttered through the room, and lay cold against the sisters' cheeks.

By-and-by Mary stirred. She had been asleep. She awoke Katy. The baby was quiet. "I guess he's cried himself out," said Mary.

"Yes, he's asleep," said Katy. Then they lay down and slept again. It was morning when they next awoke. They jumped up, and the snow fell from their thin little dresses and thin little legs on the floor. They looked at the baby, lying there half covered with snow.

"How sound he sleeps!" said Katy.

But Mary said, "I'm going to fetch somebody." And directly she brought in a woman of the house. "The baby's cried till he cried himself out," said Mary, "and then he slept so still!"

The woman was a good creature, and possessed an unfortunate sympathetic temperament—something sadly out of place in a tenement-house. Instantly she divined the cause. "Yes, yes," he cried himself out, and he's gone to sleep. Yes, yes, he won't wake up, dearie. He isn't cold, or hungry, or anything. He's just sound—very sound—asleep."

Then others of the house—men and women—came in to look upon one who had escaped their own hard fate. And they looked at the baby form, wrapped in a shawl, covered so lightly with the whitest snow, and said, softly, "Lucky little chap!" And they looked at Mary and Katy, alone, cold, forsaken, and said, still more gently, "Poor little girls."

A young man, educated, refined, who is living on the East Side and who is trying to better the condition of these people, climbed four awful flights of stairs, and came upon the group. There lay the baby's body. "God has taken him!" said the young man.

"Don't talk of God in a tenement house!" said one of the group, bitterly. "We come into the world without a choice, and we drag through it without choice, striving, freezing, all the way. He's got no use for us. It's only rich folks that can afford to have a God and believe in one."

The young man was troubled. "I don't wonder your faith weakens," said he.

"It don't weaken," was the reply. "There isn't any. Faith is dead—as dead as that baby."

For one short moment the young man sought a reply. It was no time for argument, and silence would mean defeat.

"Look!" said he, and his eyes shone with the consciousness of a good victory won. "Death means life. Like a seed that must lie in the dark ground before it can fulfill its mission of leaves, flowers and fruits. Your faith may be there now, but it's day of birth comes." Then to the sisters: "Little ones, you shall come with me and learn to live."

It may have been his words or the earnest simplicity of his manner, or his carelessly protective way toward the little girls that wrought the work. But just then the bitter one went up to him and grasped his hand.

"There are lots of men," said he, "and a few brothers, but you—you are a man and a brother. I can have faith in you, and to believe that you were sent into this hell's kingdom for good work."

"Now," said the young man, gladly, "the seed of your faith has put forth a shoot."

## GREAT CHAPTERS.

There are chapters, like books and verses, in the Bible that stand out like bright stars in a deep blue sky. Some of them we name. The bottomless chapter is Job xxix., while Wisdom is the name of the xviii. of the same book. The Rest chapter is Hebrews iv.; Resurrection chapter is I Corinthians xv., and Victory is described in Romans viii. For Duty, read Ezekiel xxxiii., and Work in James ii. Courage is in Joshua i., which with the Couvener's chapter, Isaiah xii. forms a harmonious duet. Psalm cxxi. is for the traveler, while ii is for the Prodigal. Luke xv. is the Lost and Found chapter. The Minister's chapter is Ezekiel xxiv., while charity is the beginning and end of I Corinthians xiii. For Attonement read Hebrews ix. and then Leviticus xvi. None will know how to Fast until they read Isaiah lviii., nor can promises be found that reach higher up or go further down than in John xiv. The Blessing chapter is Deuteronomy xxviii., and where is heaven spoken of so beautifully as in Revelation xxi? When one feels his feet slipping, he should go to the Rock chapter, Deuteronomy xxxii. Hypocrites should read their chapter, Matthew xxiii.—Watchman.

## HAS A TOUGH HEAD.

Williamstown, Mass., boasts of a centenarian who is still as lively and clipper as many men of half his age. He is Abraham Parsons, the "butler," a colored man who claims to be 103 years old and who was a man grown when the rest of the town was in knee breeches.

He has a record of killing twenty-six horses with his fist, and killed a cow once by butting her in the head. On another occasion he broke a grindstone with his head. The stone was put in a cheese box and he was told he could have the cheese if he could break it. He is married to a white woman and has five grown sons.

## A NEW RELIGION.

THE HOLY ONES—THEY WORSHIP IN THE OPEO AIN—GIVE UP THEIR JEWELRY.

State Chronicle.  
For more than a year there have been around Raleigh white and colored people who claim to be holy, and they have been preaching and proselyting all they could to their peculiar religious belief. When this sect was first started in this city it was by a white man and several white women. After they had been here for a few months they left and were succeeded by a negro man by the name of E. Loney, who came here from Richmond, Va. Loney claims to be sent of God to give the last warning to the saints, and admonishes his heroes to sell all their property and give it to the sustenance of the Gospel.

With Loney came women and they have been preaching and exhorting in and around Raleigh for the past year. He teaches that unless men and women are sanctified by the Gospel before marriage they are violating God's law by living together as man and wife. Those who were married before they were sanctified must leave their wives and husbands or they will be lost and damned forever.

The Holy ones prefer to follow the example of the early Christians and worship in the open air, they do not go into a building unless compelled to do so by the weather. At every meeting they call upon all members to give up all their jewelry, declaring that they cannot be holy unless they give up all property of this character. The ornaments and trinkets are usually taken off and piled up together in a heap on the ground, surrounded by the congregation, and then Loney and the four women take possession of it and it is never seen any more by the former owners.

They also teach that it is wrong to call a physician in the event of sickness, saying that God will do his will with the sick—if he desires they will recover and get well, otherwise they will die and no physician could save them. One colored woman is known to have carried the doctrine so far that she would allow no physician to attend her sick child and the result was death.

There is a feature of Mormonism also. They teach that the men of the sect may have as many wives as they choose, if the women also belong to the sect, and that they may barter with the male members for a new wife provided the woman belongs to the holy ones.

This new religious sect has rapidly increased and now numbers several hundred. Bureau Snipes and J. Wilcox, of Masons village, have been converted and have joined and have been assisting Loney in preaching and exhorting. Many women have been turned nearly crazy by these doctrines, and many of them have sold their personal property and given it to these three men and have joined the sect and left their husbands and children.

Loney, Snipes and Wilcox have taken up with the wives of other men. Two weeks ago these three men and fifteen women left Raleigh for Wilmington, where they are reported to have been preaching in the Sam Jones Tabernacle. Snipes took with him Esther Shepherd, wife of Washington Shepherd, and on Thursday last the outraged husband retained Mr. J. C. L. Harris for the purpose of having his wife brought back and to bring Snipes to the bar of justice.

L. M. Mason and N. O. Kelly have published a card exposing this crowd in some degree and calling the attention of the public to their palpable violations of the moral law. The entire eighteen are reported to have left Wilmington on Thursday day last on a Southern tour. They are all colored.

## WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID.

Methodist Recorder.

A good many years ago a little girl of 12 years of age was passing an old brick prison in the city of Chicago, on her way to school when she saw a hand beckoning from behind a cell window and heard a weary voice asking her to please bring him something to read.

For many weeks after she went to the prison every Sunday, carrying the poor prisoner a book to read, from her father's library. At last one day she was called to his death-bed.

"Little girl," said he, "you have saved my soul, promise me that you will do all your life for the poor people in prison what you have done for me."

The little girl promised, and she has kept her promise. Linda Gilbert has been all her life the steadfast friend of the prisoner. She has established good libraries in many prisons, and visited and helped hundreds of prisoners, and from the great number of whom she has helped six hundred are now, to a certain knowledge, leading honest lives. Prisoners from all parts of the country know and love her name, and surely the God of the prisoners must look upon her work with interest.

And all this because a little girl heard and heeded the call to help a suffering soul.

## A NOVEL CASE.

GIRLS DON'T TAMPER WITH YOUR BRAIN.

The Pittsburg Record says that the Supreme Court of North Carolina has this week decided in favor of the plaintiff in a case from this county, which was tried last May, wherein Samsen Edwards is the plaintiff and Jennie Culbertson is the defendant, and the court's decision should be a warning to all young girls not to flirt with their brains, especially an old one. The plaintiff is a widower about 82 years old, who sued the defendant (a young woman about 25 years old) for the recovery of \$275.25 which he alleged she had fraudulently obtained from him, pretending that she would marry him and would buy a certain tract of land with the money and this land should be in lieu of her dower, but after getting the money and buying the land she refused to marry him and married another man not 21 years old. At the trial the jury found as a matter of fact that the defendant had fraudulently obtained the money from the plaintiff as he had alleged, and the plaintiff's attorney insisted on the Judge signing a judgment declaring the land liable for the money loaned, and ordering it sold. He declined to sign this judgment and gave a judgment merely for the recovery of the money, which could not be collected because the defendant had no property above the homestead exemption. The plaintiff appealed to the Supreme Court and that court has now ordered the land to be sold, and the proceeds of the sale paid to the plaintiff. It is quite a novel case and its trial last May attracted much attention, and afforded considerable amusement to all who heard it.

## AND THIS WAS A DOG.

Chicago Journal.

A Chicago dog has been distinguishing himself recently. He is a member of the canine aristocracy that sleeps on cushions in warm rooms, have baths in porcelain tubs twice a week, and live principally on tenderloin steaks. This particular dog is of the spaniel family, and has long since acquired the reputation of a perfect gentleman.

For several days past the servant under whose immediate care this dog is placed has noticed that he seemed unwilling to eat his breakfast in the house. Every morning he took his portion of meat between his jaws, walked to the door, wagged his tail, and looked appealingly into the servant's eye. If the door was opened in response to this mute request he disappeared immediately and was not seen again until luncheon. If the door was not opened he placed the meat on the floor closed by and sat guard over it until an opportunity for escape arrived.

The dog's mistress learned of his unaccountable conduct. She was very much interested, and engaged a detective to shadow the dog and report upon his proceedings and conduct. The detective was his brother, so his services were gratuitous. This morning he stationed himself outside the kitchen and when the dog appeared was careful not to attract his attention. But the dog saw him, and immediately put on an air of dilletante indifference as though he had an idea of taking a constitutional, but wasn't quite sure whether he felt well enough. So the detective pretended to be busy looking for four-leafed clovers. The dog was a trifle suspicious at first, but the detective was a good actor, and managed to deceive him completely; and presently the dog lounged away toward the gate, and then, when he thought the detective wasn't looking, sneaked out. Down the alley he trotted, a fat beef steak in his mouth, and presently turned into a vacant shed in the next block.

When the detective arrived he found the dog sitting quietly in the corner of the shed. He seemed rather surprised and a good deal mortified, but was extremely cordial. In another corner of the shed the last piece of steak was rapidly going down the throat of another dog. This dog was not brand, some. In fact, he was about the homeliest, dirtiest, most unkempt and generally used-up dog the detective had ever seen. There was an ugly sore on his side and his ribs were prominent. But he was a dog. If he wasn't beautiful, and the other dog's charity was clearly his support.

And this, good people, was a dog. Not a man, blessed with reason and educated in the principles of Christianity, but a plain, brute, dog. Yet, how many men, placed in a similar situation, would act the good Samaritan as he did?

A denizen of a Kentucky town got himself into trouble by using postage stamps which had been used once but were not disfigured much in cancelling. No one has a right to beat the Government out of postage except Republican Postmaster Generals who let Republican committees and political donations through the mails free, and Republican Congressmen who lead Republican committees their franks for the same purpose.—Star.