

# ROANOKE BEACON.

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A westward ocean trip, between Europe and New York, is usually seven per cent. longer than an eastward one.

London pays forty-two per cent. of the income tax of England and Wales, and its government and management cost about \$55,000,000 a year.

Porto Rico if to have a gold standard of currency, announces the New York Independent, the Mexican dollar to be retained as a basis of weight for the value of silver.

The Crown Prince of Germany is a very precocious boy, according to the Chicago Herald. When the court chaplain told him all people were sinners he said: "Father may be, but I know mother is not."

The Minnesota Supreme Court has decided that bicyclists have the same rights as horsemen on the streets. "Now, let us have a decision giving pedestrians some rights," suggests the Atlanta Constitution.

There can be no doubt, maintains the Chicago Herald, that the talk of grape seeds and appendicitis has affected the price of grapes unfavorably, in spite of the fact that the grape cure a few years ago was in high vogue.

Ornithologists do not tell us that the chicken is the most wonderful of birds, yet the fact remains, avers the Chicago Herald, that in proportion to weight, it is far more important to the human race than any other animal.

The greatest obstacle to the growth of the lemon industry of this country is the fact that the fruit is not properly cured, and will not keep like the foreign article. The lemons themselves are equally good, but the curing process has yet to be learned.

Andrew Lang, the English essayist, says that the idle, the imitative and the needy had better adopt some other calling than literature, and advise all not to try to write a novel, unless a plot, or a set of characters, takes such irresistible possession of the mind that it must be written.

In view of the great number of post-office burglaries and highway mail robberies recently, the Postmaster-General has deemed it proper to offer rewards for the conviction of persons concerned in such transactions, which embrace \$1000 for conviction of robbing the mails while being conveyed in mail car on a railway; \$500 for conviction of robbing the mails while being conveyed over any post route other than a railway; \$250 for an attempt at such robberies; \$150 for breaking into and robbing a post-office, and \$200 in the latter case, where the amount stolen exceeds \$500. The Trenton True American thinks these rewards ought to stimulate the work of detecting and pursuing post-office robbers.

The annual report of Dr. W. T. Harris, Commissioner of Education, says that twenty-three per cent. of the population attend school during some period of the year. The average period of attendance during the year, however, is only eighty-nine days for each pupil. The report says: "It would seem to be the purpose of our system to give in the elementary schools to every child the ability to read. When he leaves school he is expected to continue his education by reading the printed pages of newspapers and books. The great increase of public libraries in the United States is significant of progress towards the realization of this idea. In 1892 we had over 4000 public libraries, with more than 1000 books in each. The schools teach how to read; the libraries furnish what to read. But far surpassing the libraries in educational influence are the daily newspapers and magazines. We are governed by public opinion as ascertained and expressed by the newspapers to such a degree that our civilization is justly to be called a newspaper civilization. The library and the newspapers are our chief instrumentalities for the continuation of school and the university. Lecture courses, scientific and literary associations are assisting largely."

## AT HARVEST.

If we have let our sunny Springtime pass  
With idle scorn of what the year might bring—  
Have gathered flowers to toss them on the grass,  
And only cared to hear the woodbirds sing;  
If we have turned aside from sober truth  
In bright delusive fairylands to stray,  
And spent the golden promise of our youth  
With selfish living and regardless play—  
When shadows fall we shall be struck at heart  
With bitter grieving for our blasted fate;  
And then the lesson of life's sadder part  
Will lead to agonized remorse—too late!  
The land is barren now which once was green:  
We never can be what we might have been.  
—Arthur L. Salmon, in the Academy.

## DAVY'S RIDE

BY MARY EMILY HINKLE.



N a certain clear October afternoon in the year 1779, a bright-faced lad of sixteen rode briskly down a Pennsylvania wood-path toward a road leading to a grist-mill on the Delaware. He rode a fine black mare, and across his saddle lay a large bag of wheat. He was evidently in high spirits, for he was whistling "Yankee Doodle" in fine style. Thick forests skirted the road, with occasional farms and partly cleared tracts. The trees had the brilliant colors of autumn, and a few late wild flowers were in bloom.

After winding up hill and down nearly five miles, the road sloped sharply to the river, and the noise of a mill mingled with the rushing of water. As the boy rode up to the mill, a man in the dress of a Quaker looked out and remarked to the miller, "There has another customer, William—David Lancaster."

Then, as the boy alighted, he inquired, "How is thee, David? And how are all thy people? Is thy brother Nathan better?"

"We're all well," said the boy, "but Nathan limps yet. The doctor says he'll carry that British bullet as long as he lives. He can work at home, but he can't go back to the army. And just think! Mother says I may enlist this month and take Black Bess with me."

"How can she spare thee?"

"O, she and Nat and the girls will manage the farm."

"Did you say you're going to enlist?" asked the miller, leaving his work. "That's right, Davy. I'm going too, as soon as I can find somebody to take the mill. Have you heard from your father lately?"

"Yes; we got a letter about a week ago. He's well; but he says more men are needed."

"When will this dreadful war end?" said the Quaker, thoughtfully. "It takes even the boys."

"It won't end till the British are licked," said Davy: "and they may as well get out, or we'll pitch 'em out."

"You're right there," put in the miller. "We will beat 'em in the end, but it'll be tough work. See," he added, "here comes old Jake Hummel."

A fat white horse came leisurely down the road and stopped at the door. The rider, a short, solemn-faced Dutchman, as slow of movement as his horse, dismounted, and left his steed to crop the grass.

"Afternoon, Jake," said the miller. You've come rather late, if you want your grist to-day, for Friend Hollis and Davy Lancaster are here before you."

"I was in no hurry. To-morrow's another day," replied Jake, nodding to the company. Seating himself, he proceeded to fill his pipe. After a few preliminary puffs, he was ready for conversation.

From Davy's intended enlistment and other local news, the talk turned to the doings of the army and of Congress. At length the miller inquired: "Heard anything about the Deans, Jake?"

In those days the name of Dean was enough to awaken the interest of anyone living in that region, for the Deans were a gang of marauders whose coming was uncertain as the wind. They were five Tory brothers, who, at the opening of the war, began secretly robbing their neighbors of their best

horses. They were suspected, yet for some time they continued going openly to house-raising and social gatherings, where their strength and skill in athletic sports were the wonder of all. They soon left their home and camped here and there, making night raids upon the houses of people living on both sides of the Delaware and taking everything valuable within their reach. If anyone refused to give up his valuables they felt no hesitation at making him dance barefooted on a hot shovel until he should be in a frame of mind to do so. They dared not try such methods, however, when their leader, Abner Dean, was with them, for he was far more humane than his followers. Yet they were often generous to poor people, sometimes flinging out their gold by the handful. They admitted one stranger to the gang—a man called "Foxy Joe," to distinguish him from Joe Dean.

Naturally, when the miller spoke of the Deans, all listened with interest for Jake's reply, as he was a sort of local newspaper. But he had little to tell.

"I hear nothing," he said, "but dot dey was sthitt in Chersey. But it was about time for dem to pe after us again."

"Ab Dean's as strong as Samson," remarked the miller, "but I once saw Tom Jarvis throw him in wreslin'. Was the biggest tussle ever I saw, and it was the only time Ab was ever thrown. That was three years ago, and Ab has hated Tom ever since. You remember when the Deans tried to rob the Jarvies, and Tom somehow got wind of it. Well, folks say the Deans said they'd finish their work some time."

"Tom Deans was vorse as tu Pritishers," said Jake, still puffing at his pipe.

"I hope they may never get thy pretty mare, Davy," said Friend Hollis.

"They'll not find it very easy to get into her stable," answered Davy, "for every night I make the stable as safe as bolts and bars can make it."

The miller had many stories to tell of the Deans and their exploits, which Davy found so interesting that he lingered some time after his grist was done. At length, seeing how late it was, he took his grist and started homeward.

About a mile from his home the road ran close to a deep ravine filled with trees and bushes. Passing this spot Davy was surprised to see his mother's spotted heifer standing by the roadside. It was nothing uncommon, however, for her to run away. Davy tried to drive her home, but the frisky creature only kicked up her heels and ran into the ravine. Davy followed, and soon found himself by a deep brook, which the heifer had crossed. Hoping to find a place narrow enough to jump, he walked some distance up the brook. He noticed fresh horse tracks in the damp earth, and once fancied he heard voices. A thought of the Deans came into his mind, as, curious to know who was in this lonely place, he followed the tracks. A moment later he almost jumped, so suddenly did he come upon six horses saddled and bridled as if awaiting their riders. Davy hastily dodged into the bushes, for he saw, a little further off, six men sitting around a small fire where they had been cooking their supper. The meal being over, they seemed inclined to lounge about.

One, a tall, strongly-built man, went to his horse, took a pair of pistols from the holsters of the saddle and began to examine them, saying in tones that Davy heard distinctly:

"We must be moving if we expect to make three hauls to-night and cross over to Jersey before morning. We must beat Jarvis's early. I want to be sure of Tom Jarvis before it's known we're about again."

That was enough for Davy. Forgetting the heifer, he slipped away through the bushes and quickly reached the road. He leaped upon the back of impatient Bess and urged her to a gallop. He began to grow anxious, for the sun had already set. He knew that if the Jarvies were to be warned he must cover the ten miles of rough road between his home and theirs with all possible speed, and that it would not be very easy to do so at night.

As he neared his house Nathan met him, exclaiming: "What's the matter with you, Davy, and what kept you so long?"

"Can't stop to tell much," said Davy, hurriedly. "I saw the Deans in the big hollow by the road, and I heard 'em say they're going to Jarvis's to-night. Bess will have to take me there faster than she ever did before."

Without another word he turned and galloped away, while Nathan went to tell his mother and sisters the news.

After doing the evening work and making everything secure, they sat around the wide hearth, talking anxiously of what Davy told, and wondering if he could warn the Jarvies in time.

Meanwhile, Bess was showing her speed so well that Davy began rather to enjoy the situation, for he knew that at this rate he could easily reach the Jarvis place in time. There was just enough moonlight to make the road plain. The wind freshened, blowing so loudly in the woods that other sounds could not be heard. So it was that when Davy neared a cross-road he did not hear the clatter of horses' hoofs until he saw several horsemen coming around a bend in the cross-road. He did not stop for a second look, but turned Bess's head toward a half-cleared field, where a clump of trees would hide him from the men, who, he felt sure, were the Deans. Behind the trees he watched them ride slowly to the forking of the roads and turn toward the Jarvis place.

Davy said plainly that he had no way but across the fields. He gave Bess the rein and away she went, over stumps and stones, through bushes and swamps. Davy's face and hands were scratched by swinging branches, but he managed to guide Bess in the right direction, until at last she dashed down a bank and into a creek, across which could be seen the Jarvis house. The water was deep, but Bess did not hesitate; and in another moment she scrambled up the opposite bank with a snort and a shake of her mane.

The Jarvis family were about to put out their light and go to bed when they heard a horse gallop to the door and some one hastily knock. "Who's there?" said Tom. "Dave Lancaster. Let me in." "What are you after this time of night?" asked Tom, opening the door.

"Lands! how'd you get so wet?"

"Ab Dean and his gang are coming," cried Davy; "I guess they'll soon be here. I saw 'em at the cross-roads, and they're coming this way. I saw 'em before, though, when I was coming from the mill, and heard their talk."

"Ab Dean! Well, we'll be ready for him. Ben, take Davy's horse to the stable, and lose no time."

Ben, a lad of fourteen, hurried out, while Tom and little Jack took down the rifles from their hooks over the fireplace. Tom examined them, and offered one to Davy, saying:

"Here's a gun for you, Davy, if you'd like to shoot in earnest."

"Guess I would," cried Davy; "and before long I'll be used to it, for I am to enlist this month."

"I wish I could go with you. I would have gone long ago, if mother had been well, and the boys a little older. I think you'll find me in the army next spring, though; for Ben and Jack can see to the farm then."

"Where's your mother?" inquired Davy.

"Yesterday she went to visit Aunt Ruth. She feels so well now that she thinks of staying there several days and letting us boys keep house. Come, Ben," he added, as the boy entered, "we must hide in those bushes by the road and leave our light burning to deceive those scamps. They will pass the bushes if they come at all."

He led the way through the yard and into a clump of bushes a little way from the house.

The boys had scarcely hidden themselves, when the noise of horses' feet sounded faintly up the road.

"Listen!" whispered Tom, "they're coming! Don't be afraid to shoot, boys, when I give the word."

By the light of the moon, they saw six mounted men riding toward the house. They halted by the fence that was across the road and some distance from the bushes, and there began tying their horses. Davy was fairly

trembling with excitement, but he kept quiet. Tom cautiously peered through the bushes.

"Now," he whispered, as he raised his rifle, "get ready!"

In an instant, four shots rang out, telling the robbers that they were expected. Yells and answering shots followed, while the startled horses tried to break away; and one rearing high, rolled over dead. Evidently the Deans did not like their reception; for they lost no time in mounting and galloping off, the one whose horse was shot riding behind a companion. The noise sounded farther and farther away, until all was still again.

Tom Jarvis stepped out into the road, and said, as he glanced thoughtfully at the dead horse:

"You don't know what your ride has done for us, Davy. I hate to think of how these fellows might have treated us if they had taken us off our guard."

"Why, Tom, you'd have done the same for us."

"Yes, I would; but I'll never forget what you've done. If you do as well in the army, you'll be a general yet. And Davy, you must stay over night with us."

Davy entered the army soon afterward and about a year later joined Colonel William Washington's cavalry troop, with which he did good service in the South. He rode Black Bess until the battle of Cowpens, where she was killed in the charge of the American cavalry. Davy never became a general, but he did come home a captain of cavalry, having won his promotion through bravery in more than one battle.

As for the Deans, their band was broken up most effectually shortly after the close of the war. It would take a long story to tell the adventures of the Deans and their various fates; for they were no myths, but real robbers and outlaws, as anyone can find who cares to inquire among the people of southeastern Pennsylvania.—The Pathfinder.

## Thirty Years of Burning.

Deep in the heart of a hill which rises gently above the tiny town of Marshall, in Boulder County, a fire caused by a spontaneous combustion began to burn thirty years ago. At first it emitted only smoke, then it quickened to a dull red glow, and now, despite years of effort to drown it out and wall it in, it rages throughout an underground area of from 200 to 300 acres and spouts flame, cinders, and smoke through a dozen outlets, each of which would vie in appearance with the crater of a working volcano.

The smouldering patch detected in this hill in the early 'sixties has increased to the 300-acre furnace of today because the fire fed upon the walls that pent it in, for the walls were of lignite coal, and under the surface of the hill ran the richest fuel vein in Boulder County before the fire ate it away. Now property that at one time was worth millions of dollars is not only nearly valueless, but it has become a menace to the surrounding coal fields, to which it threatens to communicate the same destruction which has come upon itself.—Denver Republican.

## Gold in Georgia.

The hill sand valleys of North Georgia are yielding a golden harvest. Reports from the gold regions are very encouraging, and foreign capital is coming in and finding profitable investment there.

This is especially the case in Lumpkin County, where active mining work is going forward all the time, and where rich results are obtained. But there are other counties, where gold abounds, that have no practical development, where the soil is only waiting on capital to bring its wealth to light.

Georgia is a fine field for the investor in this as well as other respects, and there are now many Northern and Western capitalists engaged in gold mining here, and they are all reaping fine profits. There is room, however, for more, in the undeveloped regions. The work accomplished with gold mining in Lumpkin and other counties is an indication of what can be done elsewhere. The soil is ready for the workman, and the reward is sure.—Atlanta Constitution.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

Fruit perfumes are counterfeited with acids.

Children's first teeth have a great effect upon the second set.

The eye of the vulture is so constructed that it is a high-power telescope.

The growth of girls is greatest in their fifteenth year, of boys in their seventeenth.

A college of dentistry on the American model is to be established at Quito, Ecuador.

In nine consecutive transatlantic voyages the 12,000-ton *Lucania* has averaged a trifle over twenty-five miles an hour.

Exactly why the magnetic needle always points to the northward has never been positively determined by the scientists.

A "seismograph" record at the College of Rome shows that the undulations from the great Japanese earthquake were continued a distance of about 6000 miles.

The Navy Department, after a test of aluminum as a material for ship-building, finds that the much-vaunted light metal corrodes rapidly in salt water and attracts barnacles. Hence it is not recommended.

In Germany one out of every three public school pupils is near-sighted; in France, one out of four, and in England one out of five. The percentage is highest in the classes of rhetoric and philosophy. Want of physical exercise is the main cause.

Vaccination threatens to become a universal penance in the ingenious hands of continental savants. Inoculation against snake bite is the latest production in this field, brought forward by Messrs. Phisalidis and Bertrand at a recent meeting of the Academie des Sciences.

We know that heat expands most things and cold contracts them. The great steel trusses that supported the roof of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building at the World's Fair heaved and surged under the heat of the sun to such an extent that if careful provision had not been made they would not have stood the strain. The great steel cables that support the Brooklyn bridge are seven feet and six inches longer when the thermometer is at 100 degrees than when the mercury is down to zero.

The continued and careful observations which the meteorologists of the world have made during the past twenty years only serve to strengthen the remark made by the author of "Abdill's Theory of Electric Storms," "that the majority of fatal and destructive lightning strokes occur in level, open country." Trees, villages and thickly built up towns and cities, by their numerous projections and their network of rails, wires, etc., seem to neutralize or scatter the electric forces, thereby protecting both the animate and inanimate from direct strokes of the death-dealing fluid.

## Poisoned Bullets in Warfare.

International compact, which forbids the use of poisonous and explosive bullets, provides against purposely infected shot. Nevertheless experiments have been made by Messner with bullets purposely infected with micro-organisms. The bullets were discharged at tin boxes filled with sterilized peptone, and the channels made by the shots were examined. It was found that in spite of the heat of the discharge and the violence and briefness of the impact, cultivations of bacteria arose in the gelatine. In other cases the boxes had been wrapped in flannel infected with various bacteria, and uninfected bullets were fired through flannel and gelatine. Growths of bacteria derived from the infected flannel appeared in the gelatine.—New York Telegram.

## A Believer.

"Do you believe in this talk about discovering a man's character from his handwriting?"

"I do," replied Mr. Habin Swift, with a sigh.

"Ever know of its being tried?"

"Yes. And with fatal efficacy. The experiment is most successful when the handwriting is read aloud in court."—Washington Star.