

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year in Advance.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XI.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1899.

NO. 8.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stumped, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that shunted back this
brute?
With a breath blew out the light within his
brain?
Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for
power,
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the
sun?
And pillars the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf?
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with curse of the world's
blind greed—
More bent with signs and portents for the
world—
More fraught with menace to the universe.
What gifts between him and the soraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him?
Are Plato and the swing of the Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the roses?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages
look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and dismembered,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.
O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the service you give God?
This monstrous thing distorted and soulless,
Quenched?

How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild it in the muscle and the dream;
Make right the innumerable infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immeasurable woes?
O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute questions in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing
he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?
—Edward Markham.

THE WOMAN UNDER THE HEEL OF THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this,"

From "The Man with the Hoe."

Look into that "last gulf," O Poet! I pray
thee,

Down, down, where its nether cave leans,
And find there—God help us!—a "shape" to
gainsay thee,

A shape that affrighteth the fiends.
And listen, O listen! For through all the
thunder

A voice crieth—heavy with woe—
"I am the woman, the woman that's under
The heel of 'The Man with the Hoe.'"

She is the begotten of despot ages,
Of systems, of the flay,
She is the forgotten of singers and sages—
The creature of lust and of law,
The tale of the "Terror"—the ox's brute
brother,

Can never be told overmuch,
But she is the vassal, and she is the mother,
The thrice-accursed mother of such.

Look up from that last gulf, thou newest
evangel,

Thou builder of ladders for men,
Look up to the pleading, pale face of the
angel,

That writh a Prince of the Pen,
And sometimes, a little, tho' half the world
under

And critics cry high and cry low—
Sing out for the woman—the woman that's
under

The heel of "The Man with the Hoe."
—Hester A. Benedict.

GEN. GOMEZ TO WRITE A BOOK.

HAVANA, Nov. 3.—Gen. Maximo Gomez said to-day that he had a very large quantity of manuscript treating of the warfare in Cuba from 1886 to the date of American occupation. This he regards as his greatest treasure. Of late he has been going carefully through his papers, collecting all data bearing on the subject, with a view of writing a history of the revolution, as he has known it internally and externally.

"Now that peace has arrived," he said, "it proves to be exactly what I had expected, with all its sadness and meanness. I do not care what people may say about me, though many are trying to injure me and telling lies about my motives and conduct. All that is immaterial. It does not disturb me, for I have known the ins and outs of the revolutionary movement better than any one else, and there is no use in trying to falsify history. I have known all who fought in the war. I have known who joined at the last minute in the struggle and who watched it from a safe distance like a spectator at a bull fight."

"One curious trait of character in the Cuban has impressed me. The more I argue a Cuban showed in fighting the snarls, the less he has done for me in times of peace. Yet the man's face has impelled many a Cuban to treat the Americans, who are an extremely difficult people to move in any way. Diplomacy is much more vicious in dealing with the Amer-

ican. Many of those who now occupy positions in Cuba are convinced of the good conscience that they are serving the interests of the island, but are really mistaken. They are serving the cause of intervention, though accepted, and even asked to be so, will be found difficult to terminate conditions that will enable them to transfer their services to the Cuban public. They should bear in mind that they have taken an oath."

"The honorable Cuban should place before himself the ideal of the republic, remembering that every day on which the sun sets until the establishment of the republic is an injury to the Cubans."

Candidate (explaining away his defeat): "Yes, gentlemen, I have been defeated, but how have I been defeated?" Voice in the crowd: "You didn't get enough votes."—Tit-Bits.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

A friend writes me from Florida that bacon will not keep well in that climate, and that the old settlers say it always gets rancid. He wants to know if there is any remedy for this. Yes, I think so, unless hogs fattened on pinders are different from those fattened on corn. This reminds me of a war story. In 1854 my wife and half a dozen little children found refuge from the foul invader at her father's plantation on the upper Chattahoochee river. There was no white man there or near there save her old father, Judge Hutchins. There were about a hundred negroes, more than half of them too old or too young to work. Food for our soldiers was getting scarcer every day and orders came that every farmer should be tithe—that is to say, he should give up to the government agents a portion of his corn and meat and beef cattle. A mounted detail from the home guard was sent out with wagons to enforce the order and gather in the supplies. There was nobody to resist them, for everybody was in the army save old men and invalids and women and children. Late one evening a company of thirty men came to Judge Hutchins' house and rudely informed him that they came for bacon and beef cattle. The judge very calmly told them he had none to spare. For awhile they parleyed with him, but finally demanded the key to the smokehouse. My wife and children and two other little grandchildren listened in fear and anxiety. They knew that the judge was a fearless man, but there was so many well armed men against him, the odds were fearful, and when he refused to give up the key they said they would arrest him and break down the door.

Then he pleaded with them in a trembling voice and said to the captain: "Here is my daughter and her little helpless children and here are two others whose mother is dead and their father is in the army. I have but four sons and they are in the army. My two sons-in-law are there. Here on this place are fifty or sixty negroes who are too young or too old to work, and it is a struggle for us all to live. I am alone and getting old. I have done my share for the Confederacy and cannot do more. Now I know that you can overpower me or kill me and take away the little meat I have saved for these helpless ones, but let me tell you, Captain, the first man who goes to that door to break it down will be a dead man before he can do it." His black eyes flashed as if lit up by sparks of fire and his voice no longer trembled. He was desperate. Lightly he ascended the stairs, where he had two double-barreled guns well loaded, and planting himself by the window that overlooked the smokehouse, he said: "Now break that door if you dare to," and the percussion went click, click. The captain looked at the door and then at the judge. There was an awful silence for a few moments. My wife and children heard it all and trembled. Some of the negroes had gathered at the cabin doors, and old Sam dared to exclaim in a low, husky voice, "Better not—better not—old massa kill you—kill you—kill you!"

The captain suddenly reconsidered, "Come boys," said he; "it's getting late, and there ain't no use in fighting about a little meat. We can report the case to headquarters and if we are ordered back we can try it again, I reckon." Without saying goodbye or farewell they left.

Gen. Davis closes his report with a brief statement as to the great hurricane of 1899, and extends his thanks to the War Department for the prompt aid tendered him in caring for the destitute. Accompanying the report is an interesting discussion on the government of Porto Rico, by Major W. A. Glassford. Among the suggestions for reform offered by Maj. Glassford is one that a market for sugar, coffee and tobacco is indispensable for the well-being of the island. He says that a reduction of duties on Porto Rican products entering the United States, and also on some American products entering Porto Rico, would facilitate the development of trade relations between the two countries. He suggests that a removal of the duty on Porto Rican sugar would double the output, and that the same increase would doubtless take place on coffee and tobacco. He says that it would also be advantageous to remove the existing duty on such machinery and its repair parts as are used in the production of these crops. Lumber is also an article of prime necessity, together with building material.

Regarding the financial conditions, he says that about one-half of the 5,929,000 pesos in circulation is at present in the hands of the individuals, and the other half in the banks. He recommends the withdrawal of this currency and the substitution for it of United States money.

The cost of an average campaign has become so great that the average man cannot afford to hold office if he is salary-dependent. The salary he deserves is not sufficient to meet his bills and to make him a living at the same time. The people who pay the exaggerated bills thus made, outside of the cities, are in a great measure the farmers, who not only suffer that ill, but who are liable to drawbacks arising from legislation concocted in vindictiveness or tomfoolery by men seeking to make fortunes at officeholding. The responsibility for the reduction of the crop rests upon the farmers largely, and it is hoped that the day is not far distant when they will cease to allow the office-seeker to throw sand in their eyes.

The Cost of Politics.

Southern Farm Magazine, Baltimore.

WHAT GOOD REPUTATION STANDS FOR.

Baltimore Sun.

In a recent criminal trial, the accused persons being men of high standing in the community, counsel for the defense ostentatiously called high public officials to testify to their good reputations. There was scarcely any limit to the number of men who could have been called to thus testify, for without any doubt the defendants had borne a good reputation before they were accused of this particular crime.

The testimony respecting good reputation had no effect upon the jury because there was positive evidence of guilt, and in the face of such evidence good reputation only adds to the offense committed. Where, however, there is only circumstantial evidence of guilt, or there is doubt arising from any circumstance, good reputation has great weight and may turn the scales of judgment. This is the real value of a good reputation. It shields one from the suspicion of wrong-doing, and it must be broken down by positive and unquestioned testimony before its possessor is deprived of its benefits. It is because reputation usually corresponds with character that it is accepted as an answer to unproved accusations of wrong-doing; it is because it does not necessarily correspond with character that it is accorded little if any weight as against direct testimony showing it to be a false reputation or one that has been sacrificed. Reputations are built up slowly, and a man is tried in many ways and for a long time before his fellow men feel fully assured that he is to be trusted, that he is in fact what he seems to be. His credit having been established, it cannot be swept away by mere suspicion. It is not easy to establish a false reputation in the smaller circles of one's intimate associates, nor can a false reputation long maintained before the general public after its character has become known to the few. Gossip soon destroys it. But a good reputation honestly earned may be sacrificed by one criminal or disreputable act. That good name which has been built up by years of probity and fair dealing may be swept away in an instant by a single act of dishonesty. Sometimes, also, a man of good reputation may maintain it for a long time after his character has changed, through concealment of his crimes; but the moment they become known his good reputation vanishes. Although it may be so easily lost or sacrificed, good reputation is a most valuable possession, and every man should aim to build it up on the sure foundation of good character. Reputation is seldom highly valued until its loss is threatened.

Cassio had probably never thought anything about his until, in a moment of weakness, he suffered military disgrace, and then he felt that he had lost the immortal part of himself. There are men of character who are so careless of their good name that they fail to establish a good reputation. They do no evil, but their associations are of a character to make men suspicious of them. The young more especially should take care not only that they live upright lives, justifying a good reputation, but that they avoid the appearance of evil. They should not be hypocritical, but should be careful of appearances so that their characters may alike be good.

OUR NATIONAL FINANCES.

Hon. Lyman J. Gage, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for November.

Columns of figures are seldom interesting, yet I fancy the two which register the receipts and expenditures of the United States year by year from 1791 to the present time will, without illumination, stimulate the curiosity even of those ordinarily indifferent to statistics. If some modern Rip Van Winkle were to be handed this table, which annually appears in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury to Congress, he would know at a glance that in one instance, at least, some great and tremendous event had happened in his country's history. Beginning with gross receipts, which includes revenues and loans, of \$4,771,000 in 1791, he would notice steady growth, until they reached \$83,371,640 in 1861. Next year, 1862, they were \$581,080,000—an increase in twelve months of nearly half a billion of dollars; in 1863, \$889,379,652; in 1864, \$1,303,461,000; in 1865, \$1,805,939,345; and for three years thereafter receipts increased in excess of one billion dollars annually. From then until this day he would see, also, that the Government's ordinary revenues have been counted annually in the hundreds of millions. If, after seeing such a picture, one were to tell him that this country, a generation ago, suffered four years of strife such as the world had never seen, it ought to occasion in his mind no surprise. The plain cold figures are sufficiently graphic to tell the story of the magnitude of the Civil War.

The waiter girl knew a thing or two about table etiquette so she sniffed scornfully as she said: "It's not our custom to serve a knife with pie."

"No?" remarked the patron in surprise, "then bring me an axe."

Gentleman: "You can't work out paralysis! Nonsense as strong as I do."

Tramp: "Well, you see, paralysis of the will dat I'm

STORY OF A GAMBLER.

Baltimore Sun.

"Two friends of mine," said the old gambler, "were broke and pretty hungry. One was an indefatigable gambler, the other a man who thought of his stomach before anything else in the world. They stood in front of a Sixth-avenue beauty, looking hungrily at a pot of pork and beans from which a waiter was taking some for a customer. They hadn't a cent between them, but pretty soon a friend of my game friend came along and passed out a \$2 bill on request.

"Thank heavens, we can have some of those beans now," said the hungry boy.

"We can, eh?" said the other.

"Well, wait awhile and we'll see."

"My friend made a bee line for a gambling house, followed by the hungry one, who pleaded with him eloquently to get something to eat first. He was inflexible, however, and a few minutes later was seated in front of a layout with \$2 worth of checks before him. The boys ridiculed the idea and tried to disparage their father. Then Bill Jones hitched himself up to the plow and the boys "killed" one another as their father pranced up and down the field, pulling a heavy turning plow to break the soil. The neighbors came by and looked on in amazement. Bill would not stop to talk to them; but the neighbors got in a word every time he reached them on his rounds and predicted that he would not be able to pull the plow all the spring and summer, and that the crop would never be made and the family would starve. But Bill proved himself equal to the any horse or any six horses in the county, and pulled the plow every week day till the crop was laid by. When the crop was harvested and marketed Bill paid himself out of debt, paid cash for a horse, bought winter clothing for his family, laid in a supply of provisions, and still had \$100 in cash on hand.

When Bill Jones died he was the rich man of the Donoho community and his family lived in comfort and the boys and girls are married off better than their neighbors.

HOW BILL JONES ACTED HORSE.

Doxono, S. C., October 31—There died not long ago in the Donoho community Bill Jones, a one-armed man.

Bill made himself famous by pulling a plow one year, while his two boys held onto the plow handles by "spells." That was when Bill was in his prime. Bill owned a small farm, and his family as large and expensive. Then just before breaking the soil for planting one spring, Bill's only horse up and died; and Bill could not buy another horse in all the country around. The people who had horses to sell told Bill they were sorry for him; that he would certainly have to let his family starve.

There was no encouragement or assistance that he could get from his neighbors. So poor Bill, who was an industrious man and a good father and faithful husband, determined upon a novel plan for making the crop. He told his two boys that he would pull the plow if they would do the plowing. The boys ridiculed the idea and tried to disparage their father. Then Bill Jones hitched himself up to the plow and the boys "killed" one another as their father pranced up and down the field, pulling a heavy turning plow to break the soil. The neighbors came by and looked on in amazement. Bill would not stop to talk to them; but the neighbors got in a word every time he reached them on his rounds and predicted that he would not be able to pull the plow all the spring and summer, and that the crop would never be made and the family would starve. But Bill proved himself equal to the any horse or any six horses in the county, and pulled the plow every week day till the crop was laid by.

When Bill Jones died he was the rich man of the Donoho community and his family lived in comfort and the boys and girls are married off better than their neighbors.

A SPEAKER WITH A BACKBONE.

Texas Correspondent of The Voice.

Judge Sherrill, present Speaker of the House of Representatives of Texas, allows no liquor of any kind in the house or other portions of the capitol under control of the Speaker and sergeant-at-arms. While there has never been any liquor sold in the Texas capitol, yet this fact did not bar members from drinking or keeping it for use. Often in other days, the Speaker's room and also the room occupied by the sergeant-at-arms are reputed to have been the places where beer has been kept on tap, or where bottles and jugs of stronger beverages have been stored for the use of the members, who were wont to resort hither to play poker.

This is the order of the present Speaker: "There shall be no drinking in any of the rooms under the control of the Speaker or sergeant-at-arms, nor shall any intoxicating liquors be kept in or about said rooms."

Eleven pages were appointed under control of the Speaker. They accepted their positions with the distinct understanding that any one of them known to smoke cigarettes would be discharged.

The Up-to-Date Debating Society will meet at the courthouse to-morrow night and discuss the question, "Was Gen. George Washington Justified in Crossing the Delaware?"

Miss Birdie McGuffin is visiting the home of Squire Squilby. Miss McGuffin is from the city and sings like a lark, her favorite selection being that popular ballad, "When the Surfing Tide Sets."

While Deacon Hemlock was attending class meeting last Thursday some one entered his house and stole his large hair satchel. The deacon says he does not mind the loss of the satchel, but that it was filled with a new kind of green paper, which he intended to make experiments with in this country. He says he bought the paper in the city.

BRIEFS FROM BILLYVILLE.

Billyville has a society for the prevention of cruelty to authors. Some of the farmers in this section plow them from sun to sun, and then make 'em chop wood by moonlight.

The Billyville regiment reports that General Otis is not making much headway in the Philippines. But no man can make headway without a head.

We are getting ready for Christmas in this neighborhood, and are daily accepting turkeys, cows and possums on subscription. For one turkey you get the paper six months; for five possums you receive it one year, and for a good fat cow it goes to you during your time; but we no longer cut trees and split them into length—what's the fact?