

# The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XIII.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1890.

NO. 29.

## SEA-LOVERS.

Come, let us fare together  
Into that clear blue world—  
The tide that no fate can tether  
With the sail of our souls unfurled.  
Let us drift into any weather;  
Come, let us find a path,  
Such as the mermaid hath  
With pebbles and shells unpearled.

We will float down the foam-swept spaces,  
We will hide by the crystal walls  
Till they break on our cool, moist faces—  
With a rush as of waterfalls,  
Or, like tears, in love's tempest driven—  
Love with us, there alone;—  
Half the world for our own  
And the whole of heaven!

Beggars, we may not borrow;  
Spendthrifts, we cannot pay;  
But come! There's no bright to-morrow  
As dear as our sure to-day!  
Look! not a cloud to shade us,  
Nor a boat sail that's near nor far,  
And we are as God has made us,  
Woman and man we are.

Come! for the world's ways grieve us;  
Hot are the burning sands,  
The hours and the days bereave us;  
Clasp with me gladsome hands  
And go by sweet height, and hollow,  
Where never a milestone is  
To point the way to the bliss  
Our sure feet find and follow!

We will buffet the waves and beat them,  
Rest with them, cheek to cheek;  
Rush with them, meet them, greet them,  
Flee from them, when they seek,  
Lips, with their passion glowing,  
Living, loving anew,  
Shall we spare them a kiss or two,  
From our hearts' wild overflowing?

Nay, if we leave behind us  
Loads too heavy to bear,  
Fetter that strain and bind us,  
With the rags that we used to wear—  
Out of life's fret and pain,  
Taking the way that is nearest,  
What matters it, heart, my dearest,  
If we come not back again?  
—Madeline Bridges, in Life.

## SAVING OF PETER.

How He Found Something Nicer to Take  
Than Ipecac.

MRS. MINNA SCHMITT stood at the kitchen door of Merriam's big house and looked at the changing west. Every moment the light was growing fainter and duller, and still Peter Burns did not come in to the supper that had been waiting for him over two hours. This was strange of Peter, and it would have been not only strange, but suspicious of anybody else, after having been "lectioneering" all afternoon with the old Judge, Mrs. Merriam's husband.

Mrs. Schmidt did not like the Judge. The worst men, in her eyes, are those who always seem so nice and pleasant to everybody, and between times get drunk and abuse their wives. If such men were only mean all the time people would not blame their wives for everything that goes wrong, as the village did Mrs. Merriam, when she had the old Judge bound over to keep the peace. Since that time the Judge had been obliged to live at the village hotel, and Mrs. Merriam was left in the big house. Now, when the Judge wanted to see Mrs. Merriam, he drove up to the gate and whistled for her. Then Mrs. Merriam put on her best dress and went driving with him, for the Judge was really very pleasant when he was in a "good temper," as Mrs. Merriam herself would have put it. Every evening she made Peter drive down to the hotel to see that the Judge got to bed without his boots. The Judge paid those of his bills that he could out of his practice, and Mrs. Merriam paid her own out of the place and the "summer guests." Sometimes she paid an odd one of the Judge's.

Minna could not see but what it was much better so, though whenever she went to the village she had to hear something about women who wear the "pants" and like remarks, which passed for wit thereabouts. But Minna, who had had a sharp, and happily short, married experience of her own, loftily ignored these supposed jokes, for her German tongue was too slow to risk answers. The delectable Peter himself, who made possible the harmony of the present conditions, was Irish. He drove the Judge home one day when the Judge's driving was a bit uncertain, even for a horse that could find the way home alone. Peter had put up the horse and looked after things that evening, and he had been doing so ever since. Now he was the one person who was able to travel cheerfully the sometimes slippery path between the inn and the house at all times.

And still he did not come in. Minna betook herself that she ought to go over to the stables. To-morrow would be Sunday, and Peter often needed a stitch put in somewhere. It was not in Minna's quick fingers to see any one untidy on Sunday if she could help it. So she went over to the stables—not that she was curious or, even worse, worried. Things did look queer. The road-wagon was standing in the driveway, the cushion left shiftlessly on the seat, and Peter's best coat lying across it. After a moment Minna's sharp ear heard deep breathing, and there, at the bench, inside the door, lay Peter, fast asleep. Now Minna could not believe that any man would go fast asleep without his supper unless there was something wrong. But she was used to doing things, not standing and looking at them. She took the cushion off the

seat, and along with the coat carried it into the carriage shed. Something hard in one of Peter's pockets struck her hand, and she knew it at once for a bottle. It was almost empty and the contents were not to be mistaken. Then she tried the other pocket. Behold, another bottle!

"That camel of a Judge," she muttered. "He has five stomachs and he does not rest until everybody is like him." The zeal to save woke in her, and she did not ask herself whether she had that fine zeal for every wavering soul, or only for Peter's. She took the bottles and hurried to the kitchen with them.

Mrs. Merriam met her at the kitchen door. "Where is Peter?" she asked. Minna marched past her and tragically held up the two bottles in front of her.

"Minna," gasped that lady, "what have you been doing?"

"I!" screamed Minna. "Peter, you mean."

"Peter! Oh, Peter, Peter, you too, Peter!" wailed Mrs. Merriam, as she sank down in a chair. "But wait; this is the first time, and there is still hope for him. I have it!" And she hurried to her medicine shelf and came back with a bottle with some brown stuff in it. "This will make him wish he'd never touched any election whisky in his life. Run and slip them back, Minna."

Minna obeyed, and then milked the complaining cows, grown restless waiting for Peter. And when everything was well done she went up to her room and cried a bit. In the morning she was up earlier than usual. There seemed to be no use in waiting for Peter to drive her to early mass this morning. She trudged along the damp road from which the late August sun had not yet drawn the dew. And her feet somehow felt very heavy.

"It is a damp morning," she said, looking against the shining mist. Here and there a dead leaf fluttered in front of her. The sun was soft and warm, and the gleam of the trees deep and dark in the glittering moisture, and yet it all kept her thinking that winter was near, and that she herself was thirty-five. As she passed a little house on the road where old Anse, the choreman, lived with about a dozen grandchildren, she heard a child's fretful cry. "Must be it's sick. I'll have to ask Anse."

When Minna came out of the church she had a start that must surely have given her a nervous shock had she been of less hardy fibre, for there was Peter waiting as usual.

"An' why didn't you wait for me, Mrs. Schmidt?" he asked.

"It was a good morning to walk," said Minna most quietly.

He helped her into the cart, and then he said slowly, after they were started: "It was a very hot day yesterday," and he switched the lines to chase the flies off the backs of the horses—"a very hot day."

But Minna was silent. After a little Peter went on: "We went over a terrible lot of country yesterday, the Judge and I. I'm thankful we had a right good supper over to Harnack's, so bein' tired an' restin' me a minute, I fell asleep. It's too bad you milked the cows and did that work."

"Oh, that didn't make much differ-

ence," said Minna. But there seemed to be something that did, so after a bit Peter went on again.

"The Judge is a turrible man to drink and treat all roun' when he goes 'lectioneering. He gimme a couple o' bottles to treat the boys for him, but I met old Anse in the road this mornin' an' he told me one of the children was sick an' he didn't feel very well himself, an' so I gave him the rest."

Peter had the flattering sense that he was clearing himself without admitting the suspicion, which is really a very delicate thing to do. So he was the more surprised to see Minna jump around in her seat and fairly scream at him:

"You did what?"

"Gave it to old Anse for the child."

"Oh," she moaned, "for the sick child. It'll kill it."

"But it was good stuff," said Peter blandly. "The Judge paid a dollar a bottle for the bit of a bottle."

"But it's bad; I know it's bad. Hurry up and tell Anse it's bad." Peter only stared at her, and almost held the horses at a standstill. "Hurry up," she said, and rattled the whip in its socket. At this ominous and unaccustomed sound, the horse plunged forward so suddenly that Peter had to pull them to their haunches to keep them out of the ditch.

"I'll not drive a step, I'll tell ye," he said, "until I know what for." Peter could not stand bothering the horses when he was driving. Then Minna began to cry and Peter as well as the horses was bothered.

"But, Mrs. Schmidt," he said, "sure an' you're always such a sensible woman—"

"What's the use to be a sensible woman when a man's so foolish? It's all your fault." And Minna cried more.

"Well, then, if it is, I'll be driving on," said Peter. "An' you'll be tellin' me how it is that it's my fault." Then he lifted the reins, but he didn't start the horses. Minna looked over the field while the tears rolled down her cheeks. Then she stole a glance at Peter's face, calm and masculinely unrelenting. There came a trot behind her. McGolrick's mules were coming up the road behind them, and she and Peter standing still like that! So she began hurriedly:

"I was afraid you'd get like the Judge, too, so we thought if you did get good and sick you'd never do it again, and we put some ipecac in it, a whole ounce—"

"In what?" asked the hyper-innocent Peter.

"In the bottles of whisky," gulped Minna.

Peter whistled and the horses flew. "Ipecac's bitter, isn't it?" But Minna did not notice. She was crying so hard. "Guess I better tell Anse that it's cheap 'lectioneering whisky and the Missus will send him somethin' better." Minna smiled so gratefully that Peter fell to wondering what he could do next to please her. When he came out of Anse's he was chuckling. "The baby's all right. But Anse is havin' a time!" Whereupon Minna giggled hysterically.

To make sure, Minna herself took the basket and the port wine which Mrs. Merriam sent. When she came back she walked rather slowly up the driveway, trying to decide whether she should stop and tell Peter. When she came to the stable door Peter was pitching straw for bedding. He did not seem to be getting much on his fork, and presently he looked up as if seeing her there was the most unexpected happening. He pulled his hat down and came toward her. Leaning against the doorpost he regarded the prongs of his pitchfork intently. About that time Minna found her basket handle very interesting, and she began to rub her forefinger thoughtfully up and down its strands.

"The baby's all right, Peter," she said, after a while. Peter looked at her meditatively as if somehow she were saying something else.

"Mrs. Schmidt," he said then, "I've been thinkin' about how worried you got about them botties. It's kind o' nice to think people care enough to worry about you. Now, I've been thinkin' that there might be nicer things to take than ipecac, and sometimes it's the nice things that are best for a man, don't you think so?"

Peter stopped and dug his pitchfork into the ground. Minna's literal German mind had become unwary.

"What would you take, then, Peter?"

"Well, now, Minna, if twere left to me I'd take you."

In spite of Mrs. Merriam, who pointed out precedent and evidence to prove that Minna had strangely inverted her opinions, Minna agreed with Peter—just to save him, to be sure.—New York Sun.

## Snakes in Dutch Guiana.

"Speaking of snakes," said a mining engineer, "I do not think there is a spot on the face of this earth to equal Dutch Guiana in that respect. There they have large snakes and small snakes, red snakes and green snakes, amber-colored snakes and golden snakes, snakes harmless and snakes deadly, round-headed snakes and flat-headed snakes, and snakes ranging through the entire list of colors from mud gray to a striped orange and red.

"If you are a tenderfoot in the country, before you leave Paramaribo for the gold fields in the jungle the natives will warn you against the snakes. On the way to the fields, 400 miles up the river in a canoe, you can shoot a dozen or more water snakes if you are watchful. Once in camp and accustomed to precautions, before you get into your hammock at night you turn it inside out to oust a possible parrot snake that may have taken kindly to your bed. During the night if you are called upon to leave camp you pick your way along the jungle trail with a lantern held low to light every inch your feet traverse. In the morning when you come to the embers of your camp fire you will find a bunch of snakes curled up around one another to keep off the chill of the night in the warm ashes. And so it is, snakes, snakes, snakes. Throughout 40,000 square miles of jungle it is one continuous snake paradise."

## The Preservation of Westminster Abbey.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Antiquaries in London Professor Lethaby read a paper on "Westminster Abbey and Its Restorations."

Referring to the coronation of Edward I, he said the accounts showed that a great stable was built in St. Margaret's Churchyard, temporary halls were set up in the gardens of the palace for the people, a wooden passage was built from the palace to the church and the new tower above the choir was covered with boards, and a wooden floor laid down in the choir, showing that these two last portions were not then completed. He traced the story of the vandalism in the shape of restorations which has been going on since Henry III, work—the destruction of the palace buildings, the painted chamber, St. Stephen's chapel, the star chamber, etc. He said that similar work was still under way, and that unless this system of so-called improvements could be arrested the original abbey would soon be a thing of the past.

## A Record-Breaking Name.

Josephine Andreszkswerownitzka is the name of a young Polish girl who arrived in this city on the Haverford from Liverpool last week. She has the longest name of any immigrant that ever came to Philadelphia, and when they told her so as they examined her at Washington wharf, she smiled with gratification. "I thought my name would be the longest," she said. "I thought you would tell me that, for that is what I have been told by everybody since I left home." Miss Andreszkswerownitzka is bound for St. Paul, where a place as housemaid has been engaged for her in a hotel. She was advised to change her name, on account of its awkward length, but she replied: "No, indeed, I will not change it till I get married." —Philadelphia Record.

## The Perfumes of Bulgaria.

What a strange perversity of fate it is that the finest perfumes in the world should come from the filthy Bulgarians! The rose industry of that people seems most incongruous, yet last year some 10,000 pounds of otto of roses were produced, at an average value of, say \$5 an ounce.—New York Press.

## The Biggest Balloon.

The biggest balloon ever made was by a German named Ganswendt about twenty years ago. Its capacity was 20,000 cubic yards. It weighed twenty-one and a half tons, and would raise three and a half tons into the air.

It is said that the New York Central will be obliged to raise its tracks eleven inches all the way between New York and Buffalo, in order to get in the new stone foundation.

## THE GRAVE OF KUSHQUA.

### Foreman of Gang of Laborers Imposed on Dr. Seward Webb.

Dr. W. Seward Webb, whose name has been filling the newspapers recently in connection with the affairs of a syndicate in Wall street, has great talent as a railroad builder. One of his achievements was the construction of the Adirondack and St. Lawrence railroad, cutting through the heart of the great New York wilderness.

During the building of this road Dr. Webb became very much interested in the location of a hotel at Lake Kushqua, an extremely beautiful spot. He ordered a section gang to clear the grounds all about the hotel, and to lay out a smooth, level lawn. The foreman in charge of this gang was an Irishman. In the course of his labor he came upon an enormous boulder. To remove this rock would have involved more labor than he was inclined to give to the job, so he covered the rock with earth and laid over this a carpet of turf.

About two months later Dr. Webb came to Lake Kushqua and his eyes fell upon the mound. He called the foreman sharply to task.

"Didn't I tell you," he said, "to level this ground?"

"Yes, sir," replied the foreman.

"Then why didn't you do it? What is this hummock doing here?"

"That hummock?" repeated the foreman, sparring for time; "why, I didn't think you would want that hummock removed. When we lifted the rock we found some bones under it, and one of the Indians around here, whom we asked, told us that it was the grave of the great Chief Kushqua. I thought you would probably want us to leave it."

The man received Dr. Webb's commendation for his thoughtfulness, and to this day the hummock is pointed out to visitors at the hotel as the grave of Kushqua, to the great glee of the natives thereabouts.

## Died on Devil's Island.

Only the other day there died on Devil's Island, the French convict settlement off Cayenne, the man who invented and patented the telegraphic system now universally adopted in France, and known as the multiple transmission system. Victor Nimalt, twenty years ago, was an electrical employee of the French telegraphic service. In 1871 he discovered and legally protected a system of multiple transmission, on which he had been busied for years. Almost coincidentally a M. Baudot (not an official) invented a somewhat similar apparatus. This M. Baudot, being a personal friend of M. Raynaud, the director of the telegraphic department, found favor with that gentleman, and the Baudot system was finally accepted and universally adopted as the better of the two. Victor Nimalt brought action against M. Baudot and M. Raynaud, and, after losing lawsuit after lawsuit, died at and mortally wounded M. Raynaud. The unhappy inventor was tried, sentenced to imprisonment for life, and in due course was sent out to Cayenne. Twenty years having elapsed, he was recently pardoned by President Loubet. A subscription made by his friends in France left by the same boat which took out his pardon. But it arrived too late, for Victor Nimalt, who had been ill for some time, died the day before port was made. The irony of it all is that poor Nimalt's system has been in use in France for many years now; for, after he was sentenced, it was found to be preferable to the one adopted and approved by Raynaud, the then director of the telegraphic department.

## Beards Not Pleasing.

"I suppose I will surprise my young readers," writes T. P. O'Connor in M. A. P., "when I tell them that I remember the time when a man who wore a beard was regarded as something of a phenomenon, and, indeed, as scarcely gentlemanly; but so it was. At the bar a young barrister who wore a beard or a mustache would so outrage the etiquette of the profession that he would be refused a hearing by some judges, and by others so sneered at as to make solicitors unwilling to employ him. A judge who has only just left the bench professed one day, while he was listening to a junior, not to understand what he was saying, and when at last the unfortunate junior began to shout the judge sweetly remarked that it was very difficult to understand any gentleman who insisted on putting a hair screen on his upper lip."