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## AN OLD STORY.

O you are fair and young, my love,  
But I am growing old,  
And in good sooth you do me wrong  
To ask a story of a song.  
For all my songs are sung, my love,  
And all my tales are told.  
My voice has gone this many a year,  
My wit has grown so small  
I'm even forced to speak the truth;  
But somewhere lives a lucky youth,  
Who'll tell you—like, I think, my dear,  
But you'll believe them all.  
He'll have a noble scorn of self,  
He'll sing, and sigh, and sue,  
He'll say his love will last for aye—  
And heaven knows what he will not say—  
I've done this sort of thing myself,  
It is not hard to do.  
He'll talk of dying if you doubt  
The ardor of his flame;  
You'll save his precious life, my dear,  
And in a quarter of a year—  
But there, you'd better find it out—  
It's always much the same.  
Ah, then, forgive my foolish tongue,  
Or better, frown and scold,  
For certain that I can not know;  
These things are changed since long ago!  
I said that all my songs were sung,  
And all my tales were told.  
—Herbert E. Clarke.

## SAVED BY STRATEGY.

"Can you guide me to Mason's ranch?"  
"Yes, senor."  
"Very well. I shall expect to start at sunrise to-morrow."  
"I will be ready, senor."  
"Can you furnish two good horses?"  
"Yes."  
"Then you may come at the appointed time."

With a low bow the Mexican guide turned and strolled down the street.

I was seated on the piazza of a large two-story frame house, which possessed the distinction of being the only hotel in Nutt's Station, a little town situated on the Santa Fe Railroad in southern New Mexico, 25 miles from the Mexican line.

I had just arrived from Los Vergos, and was on my way to Mason's ranch, which lies 40 miles to the northwest of that place.

The guide whose services I had engaged was a young Mexican not over 16 years of age. He was slender in build, with hair of a jet black and skin of a deep copper color.

He might easily have passed for a full-blooded Indian, so dark was his complexion, yet there was an indication of intelligence in his face and something of shrewdness in his deep black eyes.

Though only a youth, he had been recommended to me as a thoroughly competent person to guide me anywhere in the Territory.

It was just sunrise the next morning when my youthful guide, Manuel Garcia, made his appearance at the hotel with two horses bridled and saddled, ready for our journey.

He was armed with a repeating rifle and two pistols, while I had only one pistol—a small .32, which I always carried with me in my travels.

However, seeing that Manuel had thought it necessary to be well armed, I procured a rifle and 100 rounds of cartridges before leaving the station.

Thus equipped we set out on our journey, taking a course to the northwest, in the direction of the San Francisco range of mountains.

The plain over which we were traveling soon began to give place to a more hilly and broken country, with here and there a narrow canyon that wound its way through ranges of low hills.

It was in the afternoon. We had traveled 25 miles at least, and were making our way across a strip of barren plain, when suddenly Manuel reined in his horse and dismounted.

Bending down he examined the ground closely for some time, then he cast a hasty glance about me.

"Los Apaches!" he said, making a gesture to the west with his hands.

"Do you think there are Apaches in this vicinity?" I asked in alarm.

He nodded his head and pointed to the ground.

I glanced downward and could plainly see the marks of unshod horses in the sandy soil.

"Perhaps we had better turn back," I suggested. "I am not anxious to encounter a band of hostile savages."

But Manuel assured me that such a course of action was not to be thought of. There might be no danger after all, but if there were it could not be averted by retreating. It was just as probable that we might encounter the Apaches by doing so as by continuing on our course. So, after a few moments spent in considering the matter we resumed our journey.

We rode on three or four miles further, when, in crossing a little hill, we came suddenly in sight of a squad of perhaps 20 Indians advancing from the north, and not more than a mile away.

Turning our horses quickly about, and keeping under the brow of the hill, we galloped to the south, hoping to avoid an encounter with them.

There was a chance that our presence had not been discovered by the Indians, and it was our aim to put as much distance as possible between us before venturing across the open plain that lay to the south.

at first appeared to be two men sitting in saddles, fastened securely in their seats by ropes and straps; but a second glance told me that these figures were only dummies made to closely resemble men.

"What does this mean, Manuel?" I questioned, wondering if the guide had taken leave of his senses.

"Will the Apaches take these for men?" he asked, pointing to the figures and not appearing to notice my surprise.

"Why—do you mean—?" I stopped short, for a light had suddenly dawned upon me. "You mean to turn the horses loose upon the plain so as to deceive the Apaches into thinking that it is we who are their riders?" I asked.

"You are right, senor." I held out my hand.

"I see," I replied. "You are wiser than I in these matters, and I believe your plan will work."

"It is our only chance," he said in a calm tone, "and if it fails we are lost."

Having completed every arrangement for carrying out Manuel's plan, we took our stations to watch the movements of the savages till night should give us an opportunity for action.

It was not our purpose to wait until darkness had fully set in, but to carry our plan into action just at dusk, when the light would be sufficient to show the Indians that the horses had riders, but not enough to reveal the deception.

As the twilight settled over the plain I could see that the Indians drew closer together, as if holding a final council.

"It is time now, senor," said Manuel in a low tone.

Keeping in the shadow of the house we led the two horses to the outside, then, turning their heads to the north, we struck them several sharp blows. They reared violently and plunged away in the darkness.

At the same moment we threw ourselves in at the door and lay flat upon the ground.

We held our breaths as the sound of retreating hoofs broke the stillness. Then rose a fierce tumult to the east and west, with a succession of terrific yells from a score of savage throats. The Apaches had discovered the two retreating horses and had gone thundering in pursuit.

Through the open door I could see a line of dark forms moving to the north against the eastern horizon, and knew that our ruse was having the desired effect.

"Come," said Manuel, "we must not lose a moment. We must be as far away as possible before they discover the trick and return to search for us."

Carrying our rifles in our hands, ready for quick use, we darted from the cabin and ran with all the speed we could command to the southwest, while from the north came the fierce yells of the Apaches as they swept on in pursuit of our two flying horses.

We ran for nearly a mile, and then being almost exhausted by the violent exercise and hearing no sound of pursuit, we dropped into a walk.

We traveled steadily for three hours, until we found ourselves among a range of low, sandy hills, and there, secreting ourselves in a patch of mesquite bushes that grew in a small canyon, we rested for nearly an hour. Then we resumed our journey, and by traveling in a circuitous route reached Mason's ranch at sunrise the following morning.

Thus ended one of the most dangerous adventures of my life, and but for the shrewdness of a Mexican boy I should not be alive now to tell the story.

Two weeks afterward, as we were returning from Nutt Station we came upon the dead bodies of our two horses, which had been literally hacked to pieces by the savages, so enraged had they been on discovering the deception that had been practiced upon them.—Golden Days.

## Great Flumes in the West.

The great lumber flumes of California are little known in this part of the country, where railroads run into every place that has anything to transport. In California streams of water are carried for miles in wooden flumes for irrigation and mining purposes, and similar flumes are used for floating lumber from the forests in the mountains to the mills in the plains. The *Engineering News* gives an interesting account of the great flume of the King's River Lumber Company in Fresno county, Cal., which starts nearly at the snow line in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and extends 82 miles to the lower plains.

The flume is of V-shaped section, 3 feet 7 inches wide across the top and 21 inches deep. It is built of 14 inch boards and is supported upon trestle work, some of the canyons being crossed at a height of 180 feet. The construction of the flume consumed about 9,000,000 feet of lumber, much of which had to be carried on men's shoulders over the mountain. In one stretch of about 1,000 yards near its head, the flume falls nearly 750 feet.

Logs are the chief freight of this novel transportation line, but passengers are often carried. The boat for the carriage of passengers or freight is a V-shaped box about 16 feet long. The front end is left off, as the velocity of the water is such that it will not run back into the boat to any extent. A plank is placed along the bottom, and on this the passengers rest their feet, sitting on cross seats. When all is ready the spikes that hold the boat while loading are pulled out and away it goes on its 82-mile journey, a trip full of exciting experiences.

## Zero.

This little word, which means so much in winter, is from the Spanish, and means empty, hence nothing. It was first used on a thermometer in 1709 by a German physicist named Fahrenheit. From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and when only 19 years old, in the remarkably cold winter of 1709, he experimented by putting snow and salt together, and noticed that it produced a degree of cold equal to the coldest day of the year. As that day was the coldest that the oldest inhabitant could remember, Gabriel was the more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily and incorrectly concluded, that he had found the lowest degree of temperature known in the world, either natural or artificial. He called the degree zero, and constructed a thermometer, or rude weather glass, with a scale graduating up from zero to boiling point, which he numbered 212, and the freezing point 32, because, as he thought, mercury contracted the thirty-second of its volume on being cooled down from the temperature of freezing water to zero, and expanded one hundred and eightieth on being heated from the freezing to the boiling point. Time showed that this arrangement was by no means truly scientific, and that these two points did not represent the extremes of temperature; but Fahrenheit's thermometer had been widely adopted, with its inconvenient scale, and none thought of any better until his name became an authority, for Fahrenheit early in life abandoned trade and gave himself up to science. Then habit made people cling to the established scale.

## Mr. McAllister and New York Society.

The contempt in which aristocracies have always held commercial society is natural, and it is natural that such a society should always try to escape from itself by reverting to the ideals of aristocracy; this was the way of commercialized society in Venice and in Florence; but it is none the more disfigured in New York for that reason. It is always and everywhere amusing to see a plutocracy trying to turn into an aristocracy, and this is what Mr. McAllister shows us, with no apparent sense of its comicality. These men who have no ideal but to get money and more money, these women who have no ideal but to spend more and more, are necessarily ridiculous in the transformation act; but it is not Mr. McAllister who has made them so; he has merely shown them so. He did not create society; it created him; and if he is deplorable, society is to blame for him. If society had known how to do something besides dress and dine and dance, we have no doubt he would have said so; that is, he would have written a different book. But you can not make something out of nothing.—[W. D. Howells, in Harper's.]

The chewing gum industry is a big one in this country. There are dozens of factories which produce \$450,000 worth of gum each year. Their product, with the output of smaller institutions, will amount to \$8,000,000 a year.

There are 108 Irish members in the house of commons of Great Britain.

## There Was Room.

He rolled up to the counter in a Lansing hotel about 3 a. m., and the clerk was ready to receive him.

"Want a room," he said thickly.

"We're full," responded the clerk briefly.

"So'm I," he said. "Gimme a room."

"I tell you we haven't got any room. They're all full."

"Tell'm better sober up. Gimme a room."

"There isn't any room in the house, and you'd better get out," and the clerk began to get ready for business.

"Been out nearly all night already. 'At's swat's matter wiz me. Wanter room."

"Once for all I tell you there isn't any room in the house that isn't occupied."

The visitor didn't answer, but he looked at the clerk, then at the floor and the ceiling and the walls and furniture, and moved unsteadily toward the door.

"There's plenty of room here, m'frien," he called back to the clerk, "plenty of room (hic) fer'm prove (hic) ment. Good night, m'frien."

## The Biggest Farm.

In the southwest section of Louisiana is a farm of 1,500,000 acres, the largest in the world. It is 100 miles long by 25 wide, and is owned and cultivated by a syndicate of Northern capitalists. It is divided into ranches. All the cultivating, ditching, etc., are done by steam power, a tract of about half a mile wide being taken and an engine placed on each side. The company has three steamboats upon the 300 miles of navigable waters which traverse their estate, and also possesses a shipyard, a bank, and rice mills.

## He Was Her Preferred Suitor.

"Mr. Parkin," asked the Boston maiden blithely, "what was the name of the patron saint of France?"

"St. George, James, Patrick—I'm sure I don't know."

"You don't?" she rejoined coolly, but not incredulously, and having her chair off about seven feet.

P. S. His name was Dennis.

## ALLIANCEMEN BEWARE.

### ALLIANCEMEN OF NORTH CAROLINA BEWARE.

The Farmers' Alliance, as I understand it, was organized for the protection and defence of the agricultural classes, and for the advancement of their interests. This is a noble object—that of relieving honest, poor men from the oppressions of rich rascals whose god is gold, and whose motto is "gold at any cost." But there are many in the fold of honest laborers whose every interest in the cause and its exponent is vested in the pecuniary benefit to be derived by themselves, and who would forsake the Alliance altogether were there a chance for a more lucrative position in either of the old parties than the one they now hold, or hope to hold in the new party.

Such men are dangerous to the welfare of any community, order or party. Aye, more dangerous and more to be dreaded than the pirates of old. For while the corsair ramed the high seas openly in quest of prey, these men claim to be honest, and their outward appearance is as pure and chaste as the driven snow, while their hearts are as black as night.

The Progressive Farmer, Col. Polk's paper, is boasting the third party movement for all it is worth—and a great deal more. It seems to think it voices the sentiment of the people in denouncing the Democratic party. It even gets worried because every other paper in the State don't think as it does.

Now if Col. Polk and the Progressive Farmer think they are "rook of the walk" in this matter, or that the farmers are dupes enough to run a third party ticket because they tell them to and advocate such a mess, are they going to be very badly fooled. The Colonel will find out that the farmers of this land are not to be so easily fooled as he may imagine, and he had better keep a little quiet or they may take away from him the office he now holds. Then what would he do?

There are some politicians who are working the Alliance like the Republicans have worked the negro for the past twenty-five years—they tried every election year to get an issue on which they could rick the success of their party, but every time they fail and have to fall back on the poor negro. So it is with these men. They have tried both of the old parties and not getting an office from either, have joined the Alliance, partly as a last chance, and partly as an opportunity to vent their spleen upon the parties who failed to see them as they saw themselves, and would not allow them to pose as candidates on their platform. How does that strike you?

As perhaps you all know I am a Democrat, first, last and all the time, and in favor of, and in full sympathy with the Alliance because its platform but echoes the sentiments of the Democratic party, which is ever the ruthless enemy of anything or anybody that is detrimental to the people. Now, there are in America to-day over 122 negroes who are worth upwards of \$5,000,000 each; 35 who are worth over \$1,000,000 each and 3 who are worth over \$100,000,000 each; while there are thousands upon thousands of men who are not worth one thousand dollars and a large number who are not worth one hundred dollars each—good, sober hard working men too. And yet Col. Polk and a few others ask and seem to expect the poor man to run a third party ticket, in direct opposition to their best friends, the Democrats, and which would be of great benefit to their old enemy, the Republican party, under whose rule the poor have been steadily becoming poorer and the rich richer. Isn't this, so, friend farmer? Have you ever got any relief from the Republicans, who have been in power ever since the war?

By the way I want to say that I understand that Mr. S. L. Ramsey, associate editor of the *Progressive Farmer*, while serving in that capacity some months ago made some very disparaging remarks about Senator Z. B. Vance, (I am mistaken I beg Mr. Ramsey's pardon) and I would advise him to be a little careful as to how he speaks of the Senator in the future, for were "Old Zeke" to notice it enough to make a reply the probabilities are that Mr. Ramsey would feel like the parrot. "What a darned fool I was for saying anything."

OLD MAN.

## FAITHFUL NEGRO.

### A COLORED MAN WHO SERVED THE EX-PRESIDENT.

Baltimore Sun.

Frederick B. McGinnis, a well known colored man of Baltimore, has received from Mrs. Jefferson Davis a handsome orange-wood case, which is a bequest from the ex-President of the Confederate States. The case has a massive silver head, handsomely wrought, and beneath it a silver band with the inscription: "To Frederick McGinnis, from Jefferson Davis, in memory of faithful services during 1867."

McGinnis was with Mr. Davis in the capacity of servant during his confinement at Fortress Monroe, and by his forethought and tact contributed largely to the comfort of Mr. Davis. Speaking of Frederick in the biography of her husband, Mrs. Davis said:

"What this judicious, capable, delicate minded man did for us could not be computed in money or told in words. He and his gentle wife took the sting out of many indignities offered to us in our hours of affliction. They were both objects of affection and esteem to Mr. Davis as long as he lived."

Mrs. Davis also relates of Frederick two instances illustrative of his devotion to Mr. Davis. To her inquiry as to the whereabouts of "Jeb," he answered with a bow, "I am sorry, madam, not to be able to inform you where he is. I do not know such a person." She insisted that he did, saying: "Are you not his servant?" He answered: "No, madam, you are quite mistaken; I have the honor to serve ex-President Davis."

At another time, when about to marry Mrs. Davis' maid, Mrs. Davis asked him if she might invite several of the officers at the fort, notably General Bacon, to witness the marriage. He said: "I will send them as much cake and wine as you choose, but cannot receive a couple as my guests."

who hold Mr. Davis a prisoner." "I first saw Mr. Davis in front of General Beauregard's tent during the battle of Manassas. I had no idea at the time who Mr. Davis was, but I knew from the dignity of his bearing that he was a man of prominence. The next time I saw him was at Greenboro, N. C., and after the surrender at Appomattox, when I had the pleasure of serving him with a cup of coffee—the first, he informed me, he had had since he left Richmond. When I saw Mr. Davis again he was a prisoner at Fortress Monroe. I went there to wait on him, to prepare delicacies for his table that he could not procure at the fort. I remained with him nearly two years, until he was released from prison. I went with him to Richmond, thence to Montreal, and for several weeks had the care of the children, while Mr. and Mrs. Davis went away. I stayed with them until they completed their preparations to go to Europe, when I bade them good-bye and came to Baltimore.

## IMPORTANCE OF PRAYER.

BY MRS. ANNA N. TWIN.

Written for the BEACON.

Prayer is an imperative duty we owe to the divine being for the many blessings He has bestowed upon us, and we should pray that he will renew us with grace and strength which will enable us to serve him faithfully. The angel of compassion stands near by the bowed soul and blends the fragrance of the incense of misery with the rising prayer, and thus it enters heaven. Peace falls upon the anguish spirit, for the music of harps stood down from the infinite profound, and the temple of the soul dies away as the face of Saut grow calm when the melody of David fell upon his spirit. How beautiful is that other vision given to John, where spirits had every one golden harps and vials filled with odors, which were the prayers of saints? Heaven makes everything sweet that rises from a prayerful heart. The speech of an agonizing soul, that holds fast to its reverence for the rectitude of God becomes fragrant odors in golden vials when it rises to the courts of heaven. Mysteriously thus changed, it comes back to the soul and lips that so late were praying. "Let this cup pass from me, because to grieve with anguish, and the pious language of submission. 'Thy will be done.' The serenity that marks the after life of such spirits is all explained by the prophets words. They poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them.

The prayer of faith has saved the sick at heart, and out of the cool rans of the mountain heights of devotion the soul has drunk the waters of life. Prayer leads fourth in the true atmosphere of the spirit out of the close chamber of wearying melancholy. It enlarges the boundaries of thought, and gives better than the wings of a dove, that it may fly away and be at rest, not from duty and usefulness, but from the slavery of the anthropic and desponding musing. It leads it above the shades and sublimity can it make an application to its own experience of what the aeronaut described in his flight. At last a thick vapor being past, what a scene was disclosed! A storm was sweeping through the sky nearly a mile beneath, bows rolling in indistinguishable grandeur to the music of the thunder peals as it moaned afar and near on the coming and dying wind. When we get beneath such clouds they seem less dark from the remembrance of the beauty to be seen above them. The dying poet who exclaimed "give me a great thought that I may refresh myself!" uttered an idea that is worthy of being constantly remembered, for like the influence of the atmosphere of a fountain to the travel worn pilgrim or the bracing mountain air when he ascended the lofty mountain, is the refreshing of great thoughts to the soul.

Prayer brings us into the heaven of thought, we enter into the presence of the loftiest goodness, we commune with the spirit of all life and new energy enters our souls. Where ever there dwells a mortal who restrains prayer before God, there is weakness indeed. The prime means of renewing the mind is set aside, and the strengthening angel comes not to the refreshment in which they are bowed. If we are bereft of our friend by death or meet with misfortunes, or disappointments, let us not yield in despair, but give ourselves to prayer. Let it be the outgushing of feeling, as when a child comes to its parent with its whole heart open and pours out its grief at once. The way of prayer is always open and he that humbly seeks wisdom is assured that he shall not meet with an oriental monarch. He is the God of mercy and the God of all comfort. Lie not down on a prayerless bed recount the mercies spiced, and see how holy thoughts will strengthen the memory to recall long forgotten blessings.

Prayer will bring serenity to the spirit as it breathes the calmness of heaven upon the troubled thoughts that night gathers in the audience chamber of the soul, and when sleep comes it will bring rest and refreshment. Oh, if the departed could speak to us they would say the loving words of her who said to the weeper on her death, "Remember me, remember God."

## HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Post.  
Take time; it is no use to foam or fret, or to do as the angry house-keeper who has got hold of the wrong key, and pushes, shakes and rattles it about the lock until both are broken and the door is still unopened. The chief secret of comfort is in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures. Try to regard present vexations as you will regard them a month hence. Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get. It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature that is the trouble. The world is like a looking-glass. Laugh at it and it laughs back; frown at it and it frowns back. Angry thoughts canker the mind and dispose it to the worst temper in the world—that of fixed malice and revenge. It is well in this respect that most men become criminals. "Beware, your house by saying much in a few words. Try to speak more and word or do some kind deed on the day of your life. You will be amply repaid. Set your work to rest."