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"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

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BRUIN'S MANY WOES.

THE POOR OLD FELLOW HAS A HARD TIME OF IT.

The Siberian Peasants Trap Him in Pits and With Nooses—Ingenious Devices Based on an Accurate Knowledge of Bear's General Character.

The bear in Russia is what the bull is in Spain—the common enemy. Everybody looks upon it as the most praiseworthy of actions to take a bear's life whenever and wherever possible. Yet in spite of this constant war upon his kind, bruin manages to live and to have a gay time.

The Russian bear is the common brown bear found in large numbers in the Pyrenees, and in Russia and in Siberia especially, very numerous. This unwieldy and very crafty animal is omnivorous, which makes him a disagreeable neighbor for farmers and for anyone possessing garden and stable yard. When he is young the bear lives on acorns, chestnuts, walnuts, fresh fruits, roots, mushrooms, grain, eggs, worms, and even insects. His bill of fare is very varied, and he is always hungry. As he gets older he develops a taste for fresh meat, preferably that of human beings. If he can't get a man he will take a fat pig, but his decided preference is for man. Therefore, man is naturally and eternally at war with him.

The chase of the bear has always been considered sport for sovereigns in Russia. Until a young prince has slain his first bear he can not be considered to have shown his courage under arms.

In Siberia the peasants and small farmers are perpetually looking out for bears, and are never happier than when chasing one or trapping him. In this latter sport they are especially ingenious. Bear hunting is very profitable. To free the neighborhood of bears means freedom for the flocks, and less damage to the growing crops. Besides, bear's meat is considered as great a delicacy in Siberia as in our Western States.

The manner in which bears are trapped in Siberia is amusing because it shows such accurate and profound knowledge of the nature and habits of Mr. Bruin. The dominant principle in the bear's character is excessive suspicion. As he is possessed of senses of almost miraculous sharpness, it is decidedly difficult to get around him. If it were not for his besetting sin, his darling weakness, gluttony, the Siberian peasants would never get him into their clutches at all.

Beehives are often robbed by bears, even when they are but a few yards from a peasant's cottage. The raspberry thickets, which cover whole acres in Siberia, are always favorite haunts of the bears at the season when the fruits are ripe. As may well be imagined, the bears do not pick the berries one by one. They sit down on their haunches, and clutching a great mass of bushes with their huge, hairy forepaws, they bite off great masses of fruits and leaves and briars all at once, at the same time, keeping up a noise something like the purring of a monster cat, and expressive of their extreme satisfaction.

In these thickets the peasants dig deep pits, and garnish the bottoms of them with very sharp wooden spikes, the blunt ends of which are driven firmly into the ground. The pits are then artfully covered with broken boughs and leaves, so as to simulate the appearance of forest soil. As soon as a bear falls into one of these pits and is wounded on the sharp stakes, he roars and growls so that he can be heard for miles, and the peasants get an end to him with guns and spears.

But of all the Siberian traps for bears, none is more ingenious or displays a more delicate and far seeing sense of combination than the "lasso and the block." A long cord, very strong and several yards long, is attached at one end to a huge log of wood, and at its other extremity a running noose is rigged and artfully concealed in the center of a mass of brushed leaves. This noose is so arranged that bruin, in order to get at a peculiarly tempting mass of raspberries, which his gluttonish eyes see not far away, must put his head through it. The noose falls loosely about his neck, and does not trouble him until he begins to move away, when the weight of the log of wood tightens the rope, and bruin finds that he can not breathe. After two or three angry trials to pull ahead, like a dog attached by a rope, when walking by his master, the bear growls and follows back the rope until he comes to the log. He picks it up and bites it, shakes it, fights it, throws it down, and starts off again; but anew the fatal cord tugs at his windpipe and his eyes are starting from their sockets. Twice or three times he goes back to fight the log of wood. Then finding that this does not help him, he takes up the log and carries it off in his arms or in his forepaws. Then he looks about for a high precipice or a lofty rock from which to throw the offending log. The moment he finds one he pitches the log violently over, and is, of course, pulled over after it and killed by the fall or so choked that he is easily captured.

Another ingenious trick which rarely fails is the bringing of a very heavy block of wood, suspended by a cord from a bough directly in front of a beehive in the hollow trunk of a tree. When the bear comes to rob the hive, he pushes away the block from the door of the hive and is surprised to find that it comes back and strikes him in the neck. This wack and strikes his face. Anxious to see the monkey

he gives the block a terrific push, and of course it returns with all the more violence, and sometimes breaks his skull or knocks out his teeth. It is said that bears sometimes fight with these springing blocks for half an hour at a time. At last the block gets in a good blow, the bear is thrown to the ground, where he is speedily dispatched by the peasants concealed and awaiting the result of the singular trap.

Another and more cruel trap is composed of a broad plank filled with sharp iron spikes. This is slightly concealed with grass and dirt. Bruin steps on it and finds his forefeet caught; he presses with his hind feet to get away—they are caught also; and, nailed to the plank, he is a lost bear.

SONGS THAT COMEND THEMSELVES TO THE RELIGIOUS TASTE OF THE SAINTS.

An edition of a Mormon hymn book is sufficiently funny and grotesque, but one which has recently come into the writer's hands is surpassingly so. It is entitled "The Mountain Warbler. Being a collection of original songs and recitations. By William Willes, with selections from other writers, for the use of Choirs, Sabbath Schools, and Families." Its imprint shows it to have been printed at the "Deseret" printing office, the official Mormon establishment. It was published in March, 1873. The book is 8x5 1/2 inches in size, in paper covers. The music is not given, but the tune indicated with each hymn or song, and the selection of those shown varied, if not an elevated taste. The second hymn is to be sung to "Sherman's March through Georgia," and goes thus:

We here enjoy the blessings our parents never knew.
For they were schooled in error, and we are taught what's true;
No foolish old traditions do here beyond our minds.
And we are free from delusion, confusion.

Hurrah! hurrah! 'Tis our lot all rejoice!
Hurrah! hurrah! We've made the truth our choice!
Then let us always love it, and never turn aside
From this time forward forever.

Another, to the tune of "Aunt Sally," contains these delicate (?) sentiments:

There's nothing can destroy us if we are firm
and true;
Tho' wicked men among us, the Lord will trot
them through.
He will not leave a greasy spot to mark the
place they trod,
But hurl them to destruction beneath the iron
rod.

One, sung to the delectable music of "The King of the Cannibal Islands," represents the Gentiles as saying of the Latter Day Saints:

These poor deluded people say
O'er all the world they'll soon bear away,
And sweep the Gentiles all away.
And "send them to hell across lots!"
For none but Mormons as there can stay,
I'm sure there'll be the devil to pay,
Unless there's something quickly done
To put these sassy Mormons down.

These Mormons marry many wives,
And every man among them strives
To raise the greatest crowd of boys,
To thrash the wicked Gentiles.

An honored officer in one of the Protestant churches of Utah, a convert from Mormonism, has, with two others of like antecedents, made affidavit that when they were children they were taught in the Sunday school that all the Gentiles should be sent "to hell across lots." The familiarity with which Brigham Young and his associates treated the subject of perdition and consignment thereto is notorious, and reminds one of the preaching of three and four hundred years ago.

A hymn entitled "Home Manufactures," for which the true "Sprig of Shiloh" is named, reveals the hidden inwardness of Mormonism:

The first on the list of our wants I will mention,
Are the boys and girls that most claim our attention,
For building up Zion in these last days;
And these must be raised on the old-fashioned plan.
Which Abraham and Isaac and Jacob pursued,
To give many women to every good man,
And raise up a host from our own mountain brood.

The following was rolled out to the tune of "Bonny Breat Knots":

The Mormon fathers love to see
Their Mormon families all agree;
The prattling infant on the knee
Cries "Daddy, I'm a Mormon."

High be our Heaven, the Mormon's cry,
Our place of birth and where we die;
Celestiaize and purify
This earth for perfect Mormons.

These are samples taken at random from the pages. Among other musical gems designated for tunes are, "O. Nelly," "Rosa May," "Uncle Ned," "Bay of Biscay," "Female Auctioneer," "The Scolding Wife," and many more of choice. These were actually sung in Sunday and day schools of this Territory.

The book is now out of print and suppressed; but it was not withdrawn till it had been used for some years; and the regular Mormon Church hymn book is not much more elevated, poetic, or musical.—The Independent.

Lost Confidence.
"No," says Mrs. Sharp to her husband,
"You can not fool me: it was 1 o'clock
this morning when you came home."
"Now, Mary, it was surely not later
than 12 o'clock."
"I say no; for I was awake when you
came and looked at my watch and it was
just 1 o'clock."
"Well, all right, Mary, if you believe
your old nickel plated 95 cent watch
more than you do my 1 hour pushing
further to say."

A FOOL OR A FRAUD.

The Wilmington Star of the 1st, under the above head, says:

The farmers of Washington county, Ohio, never know how well off 149 out of 150 of them and 149 out of 150 of all the other farmers in this country are, and how thankful they should be that it fell to their fortunate lot to be farmers until Col. Robert E. Doan, a Republican member of Congress, who resides in Clinton county, told them. He had been studying up on the farming business, comparing it with the other callings in which men are engaged and gave the result of his investigations as follows:

"Thirty-nine out of every forty lawyers, sixty-one out of every sixty-two bankers, ninety-two out of every ninety-three merchants, eighty-seven out of every eighty-eight manufacturers and capitalists, and ninety-nine out of every one hundred in all other professions and trades die in poverty and bankruptcy, while on the other hand 149 out of every 150 farmers die surrounded with wealth, comfort and plenty."

According to the report of the meeting this rich effusion "produced a profound silence." Well, we should think it did for the farmers who listened to it doubtless sat there with their mouths open in astonishment, wondering what kind of a lunatic was talking to them, or why they hadn't themselves discovered that they were the most fortunate people in this whole world, and that they had struck up on the daisy industry and were "following it all their lives without knowing it, and that although they might scuffle along and find it pretty rough at times, raising wheat, corn, oats, potatoes, cattle, hogs, sheep, &c., &c., to get the money to pay the little debts they might occasionally contract, and the sixty per cent. tariff tribute to keep the protected manufacturers out of the poor house, they still had the satisfaction of knowing that 149 out of 150 of them were going to die (no matter how they lived) "surrounded with wealth, comfort and plenty." They never might have thought this, however, if Col. Doan hadn't kindly taken the trouble to investigate it and told them so. If it hadn't been for this they might have gone on discontented, growling and grumbling and imagined themselves on the ragged edge, just as they had been doing until Col. Doan turned on his calcium lights and exhibited the panorama in all its vivid reality, with the happy farmer sitting over there under his own vine and fig tree (this is an improvised fig tree, however, as the nearest thing to the fig out in that country is the Buckeye persimmon) "surrounded with wealth, comfort and plenty," while the lawyers, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, capitalists, and all the other trades and professions are scrambling along, imagining that they are scooping things, but really meandering right along in the direction of the poor house, so to speak, where they finally wind up and die.

If Col. Doan's not already a farmer as well as a Colonel, a Congressman and an investigator, and he don't go right straight and buy a patch of land somewhere, in New England, for instance, where he could make his pick from some of the thousands of abandoned old farms, we will be compelled to consider him an eighteen carat idiot or a twenty-four carat fraud. We very much incline to the opinion that he is the latter and took the people who listened to him for the former.

If Col. Doan had told his hearers that a majority of the people in the various callings fall to attain great wealth he would have told them the truth, and if he had said that the money which very many of them made finally passed out of their possession and they died poor he would have been simply telling the story of human failure, more frequently illustrated in this speculative country, where the "mighty" but elusive dollar is so eagerly pursued, than in any other, but when he asserted that 99 out of a hundred men in all the other callings die in poverty while 149 out of 150 farmers die wealthy, and that in a State, too, with over \$200,000,000 of mortgaged farms, we don't know which to rank first, the idiotic nonsense in the statement, if the man was in earnest, or the amazing cheek which would have so presumed on the credulity of an ordinarily intelligent people.

If some of those farmers to whom he talked this nonsense had asked him how it was, if the farming was such a favored calling, that the farmers of this country owed to the men of other callings, principally capitalists who are heading for the dark grounds of poverty, over \$2,000,000,000, how would he have answered them? If he were asked how in the great farming State of Kansas, with its rich lands, the farmers owed mortgages to the amount of \$35,000,000 mainly to Eastern capitalists, and as contracted within the past high tariff twenty-five years, how would he account for it? And if some one then had asked him how and how soon the farmers of this country were going to pay up the \$2,000,000,000 they owe to others, and reveal in the wealth that he says is theirs, what would he have said?

There are in Ohio, as there are in other States, wealthy farmers, who have become so by farming and by the increased valuation of their lands in consequence of the building of railroads, increased population, etc., but they are the exception, not the rule. The calling of the farmer when it is wisely pursued, while it offers no avenue to speedy or great wealth, is about as sure a road to ultimate competence as any and is one of the most independent of all callings, but for a man to seriously say in the presence of intelligent people, with the statistics of the progress and condition of the country which are made by the Government every ten years, that nearly every other calling is a failure and leads to poverty and that only the farmer succeeds and reaches wealth, comfort and plenty is too ridiculously absurd.

TWO SPECIES OF INDEPENDENTS.

N. Y. World.

There are two distinct species of Independents in politics. There is the Independent who occupies that position from conviction that in that way he can best discharge his duties as a citizen and promote the public welfare. He has convictions and principles, and he is guided by them. He naturally prefers the Democratic party because it stands for those principles of right, personal liberty, equality of taxation and the like which this kind of Independent deems of more consequence than any party. He will scratch Democratic nominations which he believes to be bad, but in the main he finds his usefulness to his country in voting for the party of liberty and progress.

The other kind of Independent is Independent because in that way he can most easily advertise himself as a person of consequence and persuade the unthinking to accept the advertisement as reflections a truth.

This kind of Independent professes Democratic principles for the most part, but his concern is not for them. His desire is to attract attention to himself. He always "kicks" at the most critical moment. He arrays himself against those who represent the aims and principles which he professes to cherish, upon the plea that they are wrong on some minor side issue. In that way he secures the advertisement of himself which is to him the purpose and reward of political activity.

DANGER IN THE RUSSIAN MANOEUVRES.

By Cable to the Chronicle.
LONDON, Oct. 1. A Vienna dispatch speaking of the Russian manoeuvres at the Pruth calls attention to the fact that the Pruth war began with the crossing of the Pruth by the Russians, and says that the next great European conflict. Five squadrons of Roumanian cavalry have reached the Roumanian boundary, opposite to where the Russians are manoeuvring, and there have been no midnight demonstrations by the Russians since the cavalry arrived. The latter came by forced marches from Bucharest and will remain on the frontier with a division of infantry, now on the way, as a corps of observation. It is said that the arrival of the Roumanian troops seemed to take the Russians by surprise, as if their plans had been discovered and checked.

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WISE WORDS.

The parlor is the matrimonial market place.
Are you a man or a woman? Or are you a part of the public.
Do not grow old; it is both unnecessary and inexcusable.
There is no perfume like a fresh turned furrow in the spring.
The trouble with the crank is that he will turn only one way.
The lark rehearses not and men do not catch the secret of his singing.
There is more good common sense in the French diet than in any other kind.
Children warm the world; there is a wintry landscape in a gray-beard's face.
Carving white pine goods boxes with a pocket knife is a profession and not a trade.
There are two ways to forge ahead, and young men are frequently getting them mixed.
Learn your business thoroughly. Keep at one thing in no wise change. Always be in haste, but never in a hurry. Observe system and order.

Labor and pluck are the invisible heroes who win success; they strike out new paths, create, contrive, think, plan, originate, take all legitimate risks, toil to surmount obstacles, push forward and win renown by success. The glorious galaxy of successful business men, and illustrious authors have all been hard workers.—Ex.

I LOVE MY COUNTRY.

Gen. Longstreet says that on one of the long night marches in Virginia the only way he could get rest was to lie down on the ground while the column was passing and sleep for an hour or so. He woke up just as the stragglers were coming along the rear and heard an old Georgia cracker soliloquize about the situation: "I love my country and I'll fight for it, and I'll die for it, and I'll no make and no defend for it, but when this war is over I'll be cursed if I ever love my country."

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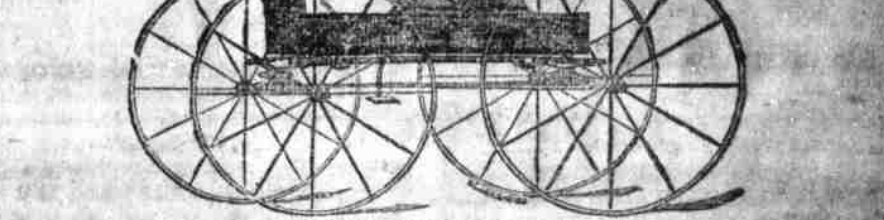
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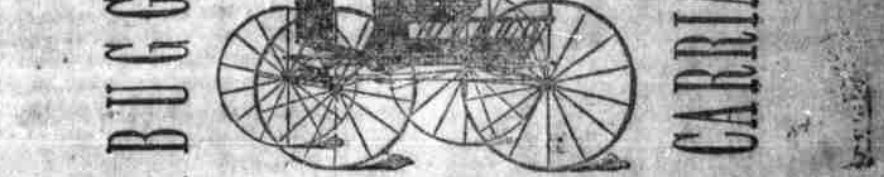
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NOTICE.

NORRIS CAROLINA, Washington County, In the Superior Court.

Stephan Johnston vs. Emma Johnston

The defendant above named will take notice that an act is entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Washington county, being an action for divorce. And the said defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear at the next term of the Superior Court of said county to be held on Monday 20th day of October 1891, at the Court House of said county in Plymouth, N. C. and answer or demur to the complaint in said action or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in complaint. T. J. MARRINER, C. of S. C.

NOTICE

The firm of Carrington & Co., of Danville Va., hold notes against me for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars which they are offering for sale. I hereby notify all persons not to purchase these notes as they will not be paid. RUFUS SWAIN.

Small advertisement for a business or service, featuring a portrait of a man and some text.