

PUBLISHED BY ROANOKE PUBLISHING CO.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

### W. FLETCHER AUSBON, EDITOR, C. V. W. AUSBON, BUEINESS MANAGER.

BEACON

STARVING RUSSIA.

THE PITEOUS PLIGHT OF THE PEASANTS.

The dispatches from St. Patersburg to the

Telegraph describing the situation in Rus.

sia arising from the failure of the crops and

been cabled to the United States, adds that

a calamity. The Telegraph's correspond-

the year was well aware that a famine was

In addition to the scarcity of food which

has caused untold distress has been inten.

silled by the enormous number of unusually

out the famine-stricken districts. In many

of the districts, entire vulnges have been

destroyed. The inhabitants of the burning

villages, weak from lack of food and with

no prospects of improving the condition,

made no attempt to check the progress of

the flames, but stood and watched their

dwellings burn. Some of them, more de.

vout than others, fell on their knees and

prayed the Almighty to extinguish the fire.

Added to these cruel strokes of fortune

came the cattle plague, which caused in-

creditable havoe, Thousands head of cattle

took the disease and perished, and thus

many families lost their only means of sub-

disastrous fires that have occurred through.

## VOL. III.

3

# PLYMOUTH, N.C.; FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1891.

#### THE HINDOO SKEPTIC.

I think till I weary of thinking. Said the sad-eyed Hindoo King. And I see but shadows around me, Illusion in everything.

How knowest thou aught of God. Of His favor or of His wrath? Can the little fish tell what the lion thinks, Or map out the eagle's path?

Can the finite the Infinite search? Did the blind discover the stars? Is the thought that I think a thought, Or a throb of the brain in its bars?

For aught that my eyes can discern, Your god is what you think good-Yourself flashed back from the glass, When the light pours out on it in flood

You preach to me to be just, And this is His realm, you say; And the good are dying with hunger And the bad gorge every day. d this is His realm, you say;

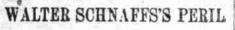
You say that he loveth mercy, And the famine is not yet gone; That he hateth the shedder of blood, And he slayeth us every one.

You say that my soul shall live. That the spirit can never die-If He was content when I was not, Why not when I have passed by?"

You say I must have a meaning, So must dung, and its meaning is flowers, What if our souls are but nurture For lives that are greater than ours?

When the fish swims out of the water, When the birds soar out of the blue, Man's thought may transcend man's knowl edge.

And your God be no reflex of you. -The Spectator.



Ever since he entered France with the invading army, Walter Schnaffs had considered himself the unhappiest of men. He was stout, walked with difficulty, puffed a good deal, and suffered a good deal from his feet, which were flat and very fat. He was, beside, of a peaceful and kind disposition, not at all heroic or warlike, father of four children whom he adored, and husband of a fair young wife, whose kisses and caresses and thoughtful care he missed sadly every day. He liked to go to bed early and get up late, to eat good things at his ease, and to drink beer in the breweries. He believed, moreover, that everything worth having ended with life, and he cherished in his heart a deep hatred, which was both instinctive and rational, for cannons, guns, revolvers, and swords, and, above all, for bayonets, for he felt that he was not able to wield that weapon quickly enough to defend his large stomach. And when at nightfall he went to bed on the ground, rolled up in his cloak beside his snoring comrades, he thought for a long time of those he had left behind and of the dangers which surrounded his path. If he should be killed, what would become of the little ones? Who then would feed them and bring then. up? At that very time they were not rich, in spite of the debts which he had contracted before leaving home in order that they might have some money. And sometimes Walter Schnaffs wept. At the beginning of each battle his legs felt so weak that he would have fallen if he had not feared that the whole army would pass over his body. The whistling of the balls made his hair stand on end. And so for months he lived in a state of fear and anguish. The main body of the troops was ad-

gully with shadows, and the soldier began to reflect. What would become of him? What should he.do? And how? And where? And must he begin again that horrible life of anguish, terror, fatigue, and suffering which he had led since the beginning of the war? No! He no longer had the courage and energy necessary to bear the marches and faco the incessant dangers. But what could he do? He could not

stay in this ditch and conceal himself until the war was over. No, indeed, It he had not been obliged to eat that prospect would not have disturbed him; but he was obliged to eat, to ent every day. And so he found himself alone, armed,

in uniform, in the enemy's country, far from those who could defend him. He shivered to think of it.

Suddenly he thought, "If I were only a prisoner!" and he was filled with a sudden, violent longing to become a prisoner. A prisoner! He would be saved, fed, odged, sheltered from shots and sabers, without any further apprehension, in a comfortable, well guarded prison. To be a prisoner! What a glorious dream! And he immediately decided to make himself a prisoner. He got up, resolved to carry out his plan without a moment's delay.

But suddenly he stopped motionless, assailed by disagreeable thoughts and new Where was he to go to make terrors. himself a prisoner? In which direction? And how? And frightful pictures of death rushed into his mind. He would run great risks in venturing alone about the country in his spiked helmet. What if he should meet some peasants? As soon as they saw a wandering, defenseless Prussian, they would kill him like a stray dog. They would murder him with their pitchforks, their pickaxes, their scythes, their shovels! They would reduce him to a pulp in their rage at their country's defeat. What if he should meet sharpshooters? They, madmen without law or discipline, would shoot him as soon as

they saw him to amuse themselves, to pass away the time, for the fun of the thing. And he fancied himself already stand-

ing against a wall, opposite to a dozen gunbarrals, whose little black, round holes semed to be looking at him. And if he should meet the French Army itself! The vanguard would take him for a scout. for some bold and crafty soldier reconnoitering alone, and they would shoot him down. And he heard already the irregular firing of the soldiers, hidden in a thicket, while he, standing in the middle of the field can't down kimmer by the balls which he could feel cutering his flesh.

freverywhere atonce, and crawing under his clothes to gnaw the cold flesh, and a great crow was picking out his eyes with his sharp beak.

This thought nearly maddened him, for he feared that he would be overcome with weakness and become unable to walk. And he was quite determined to hurry to the village, to dare all, to brave all, when he saw three pensants couldg toward the fields with their sitchforks on their shoulders, and he drew back into his hiding place.

But as soon as evening darkened the plain he crawled slowly out of the ditchand started off toward the distant chatsau, preferring to go there rather than to the village, which seemed to him as formidable as a den of tigers. The lower windows of the chateau were lighted up. One of them was open, and a strong odor of roast meat came from it, an odor which, rushing through the nostrils of Walter Schnaffs and penetrating to the depths of his stomach, made him impatient, made him pant for breath, drew him irresistibly forward, and filled his safe!" heart with a desperate courage.

Suddenly, without stopping to think, he appeared with his belinet on in the open window. Eight servants were seated at dinner, round a large table. All at once a nurse stopped openmouthed dropping her glass, and stared fixedly ahead of her. All eyes followed hers.

They saw the enemy! Heavens! The Prussians were attacking the chateau! There was at once a cry, a single cry,

composed of eight cries uttered together by different voices, a cry of frightful terthen a confused rising, and a stampede toward the door at the back of the room. Chairs were knocked down, the men upset the women and rushed over them, and in two seconds the room was empty, abandoned, with the table covered with food staring in the face the astonished Walter Schnaffs, who was still standing in the window.

After an instant of hesitation he climbed in and went toward the table. His great hunger made him as weak as a man in a fever, but he was still paralyzed by terror. He listened.

The whole house was in a tumult; doors were slamming and rapid footsteps were heard overhead. The uneasy Prussian listened to these noises, and heard dull sounds as if bodies were falling into the soft earth at the foot of the walls. human beings who had leaped from the story above.

Then all movement, all the commotion stopped and the great chateau became as silent as a tomb.

What orders shall I give?" said the young officer.

"We are going to fall back to avoid a enewed attack with artillery and superior force," answered the colonel, and he gave the order to retire.

The column formed again under the shadow of the walls of the chateau, and detailing harrowing incidents of the famine began to move, surrounding Walter now prevailing, part of which has already Schnaffs, who was bound and guarded by six soldiers, revolver in hand.

Scouts were sent out to reconnoiter. not for centuries has such wide spread dis' and they advanced cautiously, halting tress been recorded. It is nothing less than from time to time.

At daybroak they reached the prefecture of La Roche-Oysel, whose National Guard had accomplished this feat of arms.

emminent. The authorities delayed taking The anxious and much excited townspeople were expecting them. When the any action to relieve the distress until it was prisoner's heltnet was seen loud outcries were raised. The women held up their hands, the old ones wept, and an old man threw his crutch at the Prussian and wounded one of his guards in the nose. decrese to go into effect. The colonel shouted, "Keep the prisoner

They came at last to the Town Hall. The prison was opened and Walter Schnaffs, freed from his bonds, was put in it. Two hundred armed men mounted guard around the building. Then, in spite of the symptoms of indigestion which tormented him, the Prussian, wild with joy, began to dance madly about, waving his arms and legs and laughing crazily, until he fell in a heap, quite exhausted.

He was a prisoner. Saved !

This is how the Chateau of Champignet

was recaptured from the enemy after only six hours of occupation.

Colonel Rotier, cloth merchant, who managed the affair at the head of the national guard of La Roche-Oysel, was decorated. - Translated by Miss C. D. Browne, from the French of Guy de Maupassant.

What little food it is possible for the Deas, The Congregationalist tells of an erring ants to obtain is of the vilest description. church brother in Vermont whose conbut so sharp are the pangs of the hunger that science forced him to get up in open they gladly eat food that at other time they meeting one day and make the following would'nt touch. In many cases their only confession: "Brethren, my conscience compels me to confess that when boiling food is the sweeping and refuse from the down my sap this spring I put into the flour mills. In Saratoff the land owners kettle two buckets of water, and sold the found this refuse so injurous to their cattle sugar at the same price as that made that they would not lead it to them. But from pure sap." thought it was not fit for the cattle to eat

Wouldn't Accept It.

it to the peasants. Bread made of finely People who strive to elevate certain chopped\_straw and bran mixed with a very classes in the social fabric, often find, to their surprise, that these very persons send. In many districts the starving peus.

to you, and that you are to believe and ast upon what He says,

NO. 24.

3. Never let a day pass without aiming to do something for Jesus; every morning reflect on what Josus has done for yon.

4. If you are ever in doubt as to anything being right or wrong, consider whether you can do it in the name of Jesus and ask God's biessing upon it.

5. Nover take your Christianity from Christians, but ask yourself, "How would the Lord have me to act?" and allow Him. 6. Never trust your feelings, or the opin... enf says that the trouble is chiefly due to the government, which at the beginning of ions of men, if they contradict God's word.

THE WORLD'S DEATH RATE.

Church Progress. too late. What benefit would have been

Here are a few facts complied by the derived from the prohibition of the export Financial and Insurance Chronicle, of Lonof tye was nulified by the action of thu don, which will interest ali, and life insurgovernment in extending the time for the auce solicitors may find valuable:

"The yearly mortality of the globe is reported at 33,833,333 persons. This is at a rate of 91,554 per day, 3,739 per hour, 62 per minute.

Each pulsation of the heart at this ratemarks the decease of some human creature. The average of human file is 33 years,

One-fourth of the entire population die at or before the age of 7 years; one-half at or before 17 years.

Among 10,000 persons one arrives at the age of 100 years, one in 500 attains the age of 90 and one in 100 lives to the age of 60, Marriel men live longer than single men. In 1,000 persons 95 marry, and more marriages occur in June and December than in any other month of the year. Oneeigth of the whole population is military. Professions exercise a great influence on longevity.

In 1,000 individuals who arrive at the age of 70 years, 43 are clergymon, orators or public speakers, 40 are agriculturists, 33 are workmen, 32 soldiers or military em. ployes, 29 advocates or engineers, 27 pro... fessors and 24 doctors.

RAIN-MARING SCIENCE. PROF. HOUSTON'S VIEWS OF THE REFORTS

TO COERCE JUPITER PLUVIUS.

the land, owners made bread of it and sold Wilmington Star.

At the last meeting of the electrical sec. tion of the Franklin Institute Profes small quantity of ryc is considered a God Edwin J. Houston, the well-known electrical and scientific expert, read an interes. ung paper on artificial rain-makin thinks that to attempt to produce rain by quantity of moisture in the air is to actempt to cause water to fail from the air when practically none is present, and such au attempt is, therefore, not only illogical, bat absurd. The professor sums up his views as follows:

vancing toward Normandy, and one day he was sent to reconnoiter with a small detachment which was simply to explore a part of the neighborhood and then to fall back again.

Everything seemed quiet in that section, and nothing indicated an organized resistance, but just as the Prussians were calmly entering a little valley, crossed occasionally by deep gullies, a brisk firing brought them to a standstill, cutting down a score of their number, and a body of sharpshooters, rushing out from a handful of trees, charged them with bayonets fixed.

Walter Schnaffs at first remained motionless, so surprised and desperate that he did not even think of flight. Then a mad longing to run away seized him, but he thought instantly that, in comparison with the thin Frenchmen who were coming on like a flock of leaping goats, he would run like a tortoise.

Just then, six steps ahead of him, he saw a large gully filled with brushwood covered with dried leaves, and into this Is jumped with both feet, without even stopping to think of its depth, as one might leap into a river from a bridge. He went like an arrow through a thick growth of vines and sharp briars which scratched his face and hands and sat down hard on a bed of stone.

Looking up immediately he saw the sky through the hole which he had made. That telltale hole would betray him, and he crawled along on his hands and feet, at the bottom of the ditch, under the roof made by the interlacing branches. going as fast as he could away from the fighting. After awhile he stopped and sat down again, squatting like a hare in the tall, dry grass. For some time he still heard the shots, cries, and moans. Then the sounds of the struggle grew fainter and ceased. All was calm and quiet again.

Suddenly something stirred close by him and gave him a frightful start. It was a little bird which had perched on a branch, and rustled the dead leaves.

For nearly an hour Walter Schnaffan heart beat with great bounds.

The night was coming on, filling the

He sat down again in desperation. His situation seemed hopeless to him.

Night had by this time quite settled down-dumb, black night. He did not move, but trambled at every slight and unknown sound which was heard in the darknéss. A rabbit that struck against the edge of his burrow nearly put him to flight. The hooting of the owls tore his soul with sudden fears, as painful as wounds. He strained his large eyes to try to pierce the gloom, and every moment he thought he heard a footstep near him.

After endless hours and tortures of the lamned, he saw the sky growing light through his roof of underbrush. At that great relief filled him. His muscles relaxed, and he stretched himself with a lightened heart. His eyes closed, and he alept.

When he awoke the sun seemed to be umost overhead; it must be noon. No noise broke the dull quiet of the fields, and Walter Schnaffs discovered that he was seized with sharp hunger.

He yawned, his mouth watering at the thought of the good sausages that the oldiers had, and his stomach felt emptier han ever.

He rose, walked a few steps, found that his legs were weak, and sat down again to think. For two or three hours he weighed the pros and cons, changing ois mind every minute, hesitating, unappy, and distracted by the most conflicting emotions.

One idea seemed to him sufficiently practical. It was to watch until some inarmed villager should pass by, one who had no dangerous farming tools with him, and then to run out and put himself in his hands, making him understand that he surrendered himself.

Then he took off his helmet, the spike of which was likely to betray him, and thrust his head out of his hole with infinite precaution.

Not a soul was to be seen. Yonder, at the right, the smoke rose toward the sky from the roofs of a little village-smoke from the kitchen fires! At the left be saw, at the end of an avenue of tracs, a large chateau, flanked with towers.

He waited thus until evening, suffering frightfully, seeing nothing but flocks of crows, hearing nothing but the complaining rumbles of his inner man,

And once more night fell around him. He stretched himself at the bottom of his retreat, and slept an uneasy sleep, haunted by nightmares, the sleep of a famished man.

#### Dawn broke again over his head.

Once more he took up his post of observation. But the country was as deserted as it had been the night before. and a new fear possessed him-the fear of dying of hunger! He saw himself stretched at the bottom of his hole, flat pu his back with his eyes closed. Then animala little animals of all sorts, draw near his corner and began to ent it, attacking

Walter Schnaffs seated himself before a full plate and began to eat. He ate in large mouthfuls, as if he were afraid of being interrupted too soon, before he had had enough. He threw morsels into his wideopen mouth with both hands, and lumps of food went down one after auother into his stomach, stretching his throat as they passed. Occasionally he stopped, almost bursting, like the distended hose pipe, and cleared out his throat with a draught of eider, as they wash out a stopped up conduit. He croptied all the plates, all the dishes, all the bottles; then, satisfied with eating and drinking, stupefied, fiushed, shaken by hiccough, his mind uneasy and his tongue thick, he unbuttoned his uniform to breathe more easily, incapable of taking a step. His eyes closed, his thoughts grew confused, he leaned his heavy head on his arms folded on the table, and soon lost all idea of persons and things.

The crescent of the waning moon lighted the sky indistinctly above the trees of the park. It was the chilly hour which precedes the dawn.

Silent shadows were gliding about in the thicket, and every now and then a moonbeam made a steelpoint gleam in the darkness.

The quiet chateau raised its great black silhouette against the sky. Two windows only on the ground floor were lighted. Suddenly a voice of thunder shouted, "Forward! To the assault. comrades!" And in an instant the doors, the shutters, the windows gave way under the flood of men which rushed forward. burst open, broke down everything, and invaded the house. Instantly, 50 soldiers, armed to the teeth, rushed into the kitchen where Walter Schnaffs was sleeping peacefully, and placed against his breast 50 loaded guns, knocked lim down, rolled him over, seized him, and hound him head and foot. He panted with astonishment, too much bewildered to understand what was going on, knocked about, beaten, and wild with fear.

Suddenly, a large soldier, much bedecked with gold, planted his foot on his stomach, crying out:

"You are my prisoner! Surrender!" The Prussian heard only the one word

prisoner," and he groaned "Ya, ya, ya!' He was lifted up, bound to a chair, and examined with lively curiosity by his captors, who were blowing like whales. Several of them sat down, overcome by emotion and fatigue. He could smile now, sure of being a prisoner at last.

Another officer came in and announced :

"Colonel, the enemy has fled; several seem to have been wounded. We are masters of the place."

The large officer wiped his forehead and cried "Victory!" And he wrote in a little memorandum book which he fook out of his pocket :

"After a desperate struggle the Prus mans were put to flight, carrying with them their dead and wounded, estimated at 59. Several of them remain in our SCIENTING OF

jealously guard the barriers of class distinctions. The following illustration of Years in Rebel Capitals.

A Richmond lady had a maid who-devoted and constant to her mistress-still Ex. burned with curiosity for a sight of everything pertaining to "Mars' Linkum's men," and especially for "de skule."

For swift in leed had new comers been to preach the gospel of Alphabet, and negro schools seemed to have been brought in by every army ambulance, so numerously did they spring up in the "the road. captured capital. So, early one day, Clarissa Sophia donned her very best, brother. and with shining face, hied her, like anything but a snail, to school.

Very brief was her absence; her return reticent, but pouting and with unduly tip-tilted nose.

It soon came out that the teacher had begun by impressing the children with the fact that all present were born "free him if he were mine. and equal," and that each of them was

Clarissa Sophia. "Yo' say I'se jes' ekal as vo' is?"

"Yes, I said so, and I will prove it to vou.

"Reck'n I is, sho' 'nuff. But does yo'say dat I'se good as missus, my missus?"

"Den I'se jes' gwine out vere, rightoff, cried Clarissa Sophia, sulting action to word, "El I'se good as my missus, I'se goin ter quit, feer I jes' know she ent 'sociatin' wid no sich white trash like you is !"

Fire From 4ir.

The principle of the generation of heat by the sudden compression of nir is utilized in an ingenious maaner for firing blasts in the Aubin collieries in the Province of Aveyron, France.

The apparatus consists of a metal cylinder, in which moves a well fitted niston, the rod of which carries a cross piece for a handle. The end of the fuse bassed through a rubber ring into one end of the cylinder. A quick and strong thrust is then given to the piston, and the compression of the air within the cylinder generates sufficient heat to ignito the fuse. It is said that after a litthe practice the fuse is always ignited at the first thrust. The sparks from the barning of the first inch of the fuse are thrown off inside the cylinder and the danger of igniting the gases which

#### A Growing Revenue.

The internal revenue receipts of the United States for the first nine months of the current fiscal year are greater by \$7,000,000 than for the same time 13 months previously, and considerably in excess of the estimates. If the same rate be kept up to the end the receipts of the fiscal year will exceed \$150,000,000 for the first time in two decades. For the year ending with last June the total www.\$140,500,000, ugainst \$100,800,000 for

antry are not able to procure oven these that fact is given by the author of "Four miserable substitutes for nourishing food, explosious in midair irrespective of the and are reduced to the dire atraights to

procure anything that will prolong life .-

HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.

inday Afternoon.

sistence.

I wish that pony was mine, said a little boy, who stood at a window looking down

What would you do with him ? asked his

Ride him, that's what I'd do.

All day long? Yes, from morning till night.

You'd have to let me ride him sometimes, said his brother.

Why would I? You'd have no right in

Father would make you let me have him

part of the time. .

No, he wouldn't.

My-childron, said the mother, who had been listening to them, and now saw that they were beginning to get angry with each

other all for nothing, let me tell you of a quarrel between two boys no bigger nor

older than you are that 1 read about the other day. They were going along the when one of them said :

I wished I had all the pasture land in the world.

And I wish I had all the cattle in the world, said the other.

What would you do then ? asked his friend.

> Why, I would turn them into your pasture land.

No, you wouldn't, was the reply. Yes, I would. But I wouldn't let you, I wouldn't ask you. Yon shouldn't do it.

I should. You sha'h't.

And with that they cized and pounded each other like two ally, wicked boys as

The childron hughed ; but their mother aid. "You see in what triffes quarrels often begin. Were you muy wisser than these boys in your half angry talk about an imaginary pony? If I had not been here. who knows but you might have been as silly and wicked as they were?"

HINTS FOR YOUNG CHRIST-IANS.

1. Never neglect daily prayer; and remem ar that God hears your prayers.

2 Never neglect daily private libbe read. log; and somewher that God is speaking bage bore.

First, that rain can never be made to fall on any part of the earth's surface irrespect tive of the climate conditions there exist-102.

Second, that during gertain meteorological conditions mid-air explosions result in minfail over extended areas, but the liberation of energy necessary for such rainfalts is not due entirely to the mid-air explosions, but to the energy stored up in the moist air from which the rain is derived. The Professor's third conclusion is that the meteorological conditions which must exist for the successful action of mid.air explosions would probably in most, though not in all cases themselves result in the natural production of rain.

Our Raleigh correspondent informs us avs the Wilmington Star, that the colored people took great interest in the opening of their department at the Raleigh Expo. sition, Wednesday. Rev. J. C. Price and other colored mon have shown commenda. ble zeal in travelling over the State to awaken an interest among their people in the Exposition and get them to do their other day. They were going along the best in the way of making an exhibit of read, talking together in a pleasant way their handiwork and of products of the farm, and we trust their best hopes will be realized. A good exhibit will stimulate them to higher endeavore, and encourage industry and thrift amongst them. AV B the spirit of industrial emulation is aroused. and they compete in friendly endeavor with each other it will be the dawning of a bettor day for them, and in it thay will have the best wishes and every encouragement of the white people of the State.

Our Courts.

SPRING-Judge Bryan, FALL-Judge Brown,

Beaufort-Feb. 16th, May 25th, Nov.

30th. Curritnek-March 3d. Sept. 7th. Cauden-March 10th, Sept. 24th. Pasquotank-March 16th, Sept. 21st Perquimans-March 25th, Sept. 28th. Chowan-March 20th, Oct. 5th. Gates-April 6th, Oct. 12th. Herdford-April 13th, Oct. 19th Washington-Spril 20th, Oct 26th Tyrrell-April 27th, Nov. 2d Dure-May 4th, Nov. 9th. Hyde--May 11th, Nov 16th. Pandico-May 18th, Nov. 23d.

#### REMEMBER.

That every promise is a debt. That children hear more than grown people give them credit for. That it is no disgrace to be poor, but

mighty inconvenient. That the man who amplies eig arettes is not necessarily bounders.

That the girl of the period knows more than her grandmother, for her grandmother -10 13139

That the average man about town is a

L with they were,

abound in the mines is thus obviated.

quite as good as she was. "Wa' dat yo's saym' now?" interrupted

"Ho ! 'taint no need, " was the response.

"Certainly you are."