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"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

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A PRAYER.

If there be good in that I wrought,
My hand compelled it, Nelly, mine;
Where have I failed to meet thy face?
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.
One instant's toll to Thee devolved
Sins all eternity's offense;
Or that I did with Thee to guide,
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

Who, test all thought of Eden fail,
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,
Like a muse stir his own fire,
And manlike stand with God again.

The death and dream of my desire,
The bitter pain wherein I stray;
Then knowest who has made the tree;
Then knowest who has made the day.

One stone the more swings to her peace
In that dread temple of Thy Worth;
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken;
Oh, whatso'er may spoil or lead,
Help me to need no aid from men;
That I may help such ones as need!
—Rudyard Kipling.

THE MYSTERIOUS WIDOW.

Years ago, long before the province of New Brunswick was the populous place it is now, there stood, on the seacoast, several miles from where the city of St. John now stands, a little straggling village, composed principally of fishermen's cottages. Little better than huts they were, and a rough, unpolished, but honest and hard working set were their occupants. In winter, when the snow was piled high and the freezing winds blew piercingly cold, the inhabitants of M—sat in some one of the cottages where, with dance and song, they beguiled the evening hours, as happy as though they knew nothing of the bustling, busy world shut out by their native hills. And in summer the pleasant, moonlight evenings were spent in sailing over the bright waters of the bay, or in wandering in oars through the dim woods—some sturdy, sunbrowned youth whispering in the ear of his inamorata the "old, old story."

Everything flowed on in that little sea-coast village for years and years in the same calm, monotonous way; almost forgotten by the inhabitants was the fact that there existed any other world but the little one in which they lived. Sometimes, it is true, rumors would reach them of the bold manner in which the revenue was cheated by the smugglers of Eastport; but the honest fishermen, secure in their rock-bound retreat, cared little for this. At length, however, the inhabitants were aroused from their stagnation by quite a little romance, of which the following is a brief summary:

Standing on a bleak, desolate sort of eminence that projected somewhat from the mainland was a little ruined stone cottage. It had formerly been built by one of the fishermen, who finding he could not reside in such a cold, cheerless spot, had deserted it, and the intrepid soul had been without an inmate. It was ever here the wind blew cold at winter, and here the sun's rays fell hottest in summer. The summit of the dreary hill was crowded with stunted spruces dwarfed and blackened by the intense frosts of many winters. Over the rocks below broke, with a dull, sullen roar, the waves of the Bay of Fundy; and oftentimes in the spring the tide would rise so high and so rapidly as to entirely surround it, cutting it off like an island from the mainland. The inhabitants had very appropriately named it Bleak Point.

Such was the state of things when one raw spring morning the news went flying through the village that "Bleak Point shanty" had got an occupant. A low, black, rakish looking schooner had come up the bay the night before; a boat had put off from her, leaving a woman on Bleak Point. Then it had returned to the schooner, which, before daylight, was off and away.

Of course everybody was all aglow to discover who she was, and what a woman hardy and courageous enough to live in so lonely a place could look like. This curiosity was soon satisfied; for after the first few days the new comer did not seem disposed to conceal herself. Let them rise as early in the morning as they pleased they would find her up before them strolling about among the rocks.

This wonder was still further augmented at finding her young and eminently handsome, with a healthy brown face, and the brightest, vivacious black eyes in the world. The young men of the village could speak of nothing but her beauty; and the hours they should have spent in catching fish were wasted in devising schemes to catch her. The ladies of the village were, however, absolutely scandalized by the utter indifference with which she manifested in regard to dress—and indeed her garments generally looked as though she had jumped into them. She dispensed altogether with hat and bonnet, and wore in its place a silk handkerchief, knotted under her chin after the fashion of the French women. Still, even the jealous village belles were obliged to own that nothing could have set off better the dark, bright style of her beauty than the rich, brilliant hues of her gay colored headress.

For a time the villagers held aloof from the new comer; but finding their reserve was met with car-less indifference on her part, they soon began to change their tactics. A few of the village maid-servants called at Bleak Point shanty, and though shocked beyond measure at the universal disorder reigning without

and within, they left, on the whole, rather favorably impressed by its mistress. There was a wicked twinkle in her bright black eyes as she begged them to excuse the state in which they found things, on the plea that she "wasn't used to house-keeping." All their endeavors to discover her name and business proved, however, to be vain, but from several accidental remarks dropped by her they came to the conclusion she was a widow.

As it was impossible for her to be spoken of without a name they resolved to give her one themselves—and admiring her bright, black eyes and jetty locks they concluded to give her that of Black. Accordingly, the name by which the handsome stranger was known in the village was the "Widow Black"—a name which, after a laugh at first, she professed her willingness to be known by.

Weeks passed away, and the Widow Black remained the sole dweller on Bleak Point. During this time she became the reigning belle and prime favorite of the good people of M—, in spite of the mystery in which she was enveloped. She accepted every invitation to parties, picnics, and quilting frolics, and "candy sprays," always without exception in the tattered dress and everlasting silk handkerchief. Such songs as she could sing in such a voice, such a splendid dancer as she was, such stories as she could tell, now keeping the audience convulsed with laughter, and now bringing tears into eyes all unused to the melting mood! No party of pleasure was complete without Widow Black! No wonder, then, every unmarried man in the village had his heart pierced by the black eyes of the widow, and every woman under 40 was wild with jealousy and envy.

But the handsome widow moved on her way as if totally unconscious and indifferent to what people thought of her. In fact, different from all other widows that ever were heard of, she showed at all times a decided preference for the society of the young ladies, and rather laughed at all the tender devotion of her rustic swains.

One night old Miles Judson, being out unusually late casting his nets, was surprised to see the same low, black, rakish looking schooner that had left among them the Widow Black enter the bay. Wondering whether she had come to carry off the widow again he secreted himself to watch her.

Presently a boat was lowered, several bales were hoisted over the vessel's side, and the boat rowed to the land and disappeared in one of the numerous islets surrounding Bleak Point. More and more mystified, the old man determined to watch their motions, and three hours after he beheld the boat return to the schooner, which instantly weighed anchor and made off.

The following day old Miles Judson sat talking to a stranger from St. John, who had arrived that day. Seated within was the handsome Widow Black, chatting away with Miles's daughter Ruth, a "Blue-rose" maiden, with as bright eyes as ever flashed back sunlight.

"Have you heard anything lately about that celebrated smuggler, Captain R—?" said the man, mentioning the name of a noted smuggler.

"No, we hear nothing here," grumbled old Miles, while Ruth looked up with surprise at the widow's sudden start.

"Well, people are talking of nothing else in Eastport and St. John," said his companion; "he is a regular dare-devil, and cheats the revenue so boldly that one can not help feeling sympathy for him. Somehow the custom house discovered that he was hovering around Eastport, and a dozen or two revenue cutters were sent out to watch him, but lo! the schooner ran the gauntlet of them all, delivered her cargo somewhere, in spite of their teeth, and where the beaks can not discover. It was a valuable one, too; she was loaded with rum and sugar."

The Widow Black had suddenly ceased her conversation, and sat listening with a look of interest to this recital. As he ceased she bit her lip, and stooped down to conceal a smile that, in spite of all her efforts, broke over her countenance. The motion was observed by Miles; the incident of the preceding night flushed across his mind, and in a moment he felt convinced he had seen the smugglers, and that the "widow" was connected in some way with them.

Miles Judson was a prudent man, and he determined to keep the discovery to himself, and to set out for St. John the next day and inform the authorities. Acting on this resolution, he adroitly changed the conversation, keeping his eye fixed on the widow, who, all unconscious of his gaze, was now flirting most desperately with Master Bill, the old man's son and heir.

"Don't you find it kind of lonesome up there by yourself?" said Bill, with a tender glance toward the "widow."

"Oh, I'm used to it now, and like it well enough," she replied, carelessly.

A few hours after sunrise every man, woman, and child in M— were crowding round the cottage of old Miles. And there written in large, flourishing capitals, they read:

"O ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—Be it known to all men by these presents that I, Ned Bryson, being one of the crew of the smuggler commanded by Captain R., found we were continually watched by the confounded authorities, resolved on a plan to land our contraband goods. Disguised as a woman I came to reside in M—, where finding it convenient to land them safely and as safely dispose of them, I remained until a few weeks ago. For the gracious manner in which I have been entertained I feel profoundly grateful."

"To Mr. William Judson I would say I regret exceedingly that circumstances will prevent my marrying him him at present and

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you like to get married again?"

"Married again!" replied the lady: "how do you know I ever was married?"

"Why, every one calls you a widow, and I never heard tell of any one being a widow without first being married," replied Bill.

"Yes," said the widow, with difficulty repressing a laugh, "every one calls me a widow, but whether I am or not is a diff'rent thing."

"Well," said Bill, who, as he afterward expressed it, was determined to "go the whole hog," "I'm a chap as is pretty well off. I'm goin' to build a new shanty, and get a new boat some of these times; and I'm a pretty good lookin' feller—heh! so-hem! Widder, if you'll have me, you and me'll get spliced!"

Amazement for a moment kept the widow silent, and she stared in the face of her sheepish admirer, who, blushing, started, sat crossing one leg uneasily over the other. Then every other feeling gave way to her sense of the ridiculous, and, leaning back in her chair, she burst into a peal of laughter that made the old house ring.

The unusual sound brought the whole household to the spot. There was pretty Ruth laughing from sympathy, without the slightest idea of what the fun was about; there was old Miles staring at them with mouth and eyes wide open; there sat Bill looking irresistibly sheepish, and there sat the widow, laughing and laughing till the tears stood in her eyes.

"What—what the dickens is the matter?" the old man roared, staring first at me and then at the other in utter bewilderment.

"I—I must go," said the widow, in a voice faint from excessive laughter; "come up this evening, Ruth; I have something to tell you." And, still laughing, the "widder" vanished.

That evening two events worthy of notice took place in the little village of M—. Old Miles departed full of an important secret to the contrary, and Ruth Judson and the Widow Black sat for an hour or more in close conference on the rocks of Bleak Point. When Ruth learned there she did not disclose, but sum dry ejaculations of amazement and sundry expressions of delight proved that it was far from disagreeable.

The following evening, when the gloaming was falling over the rock bound coast of New Brunswick, the Widow Black sat in her little cottage gazing in the fire and lost in thought.

Suddenly, the tramp of feet approaching Bleak Point fell on her quick ear. Springing to her feet she saw several constables, headed by old Miles, approaching her cottage. Scarcely had the time to draw the bolt when a heavy knock came to the door, and a stern voice commanded her to open in the name of the law.

"Not until I know your business," said the widow boldly; "who are you, and what do you want?"

"We are officers of the law. You are suspected of being connected with smugglers, and of concealing contraband goods about your premises, and our business is to arrest you and search for them," was the reply.

"Then let me assure you that your trouble will be all for nothing. The smuggled goods you speak of were here, but are now where the eyes of the custom house will never fall on them. As to arresting me, a poor, lone 'widder,' I am sure you are too much of a gentleman to do it."

"Open the door, or I will break it open," shouted the enraged officer.

"Break away," reported the provoking widow, with the utmost coolness.

With an oath the officer rushed against the door; at the same moment the widow drew the bolt, and the fell head first into the room, while old Miles, who rushed after, lay sprawled on top of him. Before they could rise the widow seized the remaining officer, and hurried him with the greatest ease over his fallen companion. Then, drawing the door after her, and securing it on the outside, the widow was off and away.

Search was made for the widow, but in vain. No trace of any one answering the description given of her could be found. Neither could any smuggled goods be found on Bleak Point, although they easily discovered they had lately been there.

A few weeks after, late one night, a handsome young fellow dressed as a sailor entered the village of M—. Advancing to the house of Miles Judson he handed a paper to the door, then with a loud, peculiar whistle, crouched under one of the windows. A few moments after the door slowly opened and Ruth appeared. Tucking her under his arm the young man led her way to where a boat lay on the shore, and a few minutes after they were rapidly skimming their way over the bay toward St. John.

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"To Mr. William Judson I would say I regret exceedingly that circumstances will prevent my marrying him him at present and

bearing her now shabby, old, weather-worn to show my gratitude to the family. I have taken off my sister, to whom I will be "spiced," wind and weather permitting, to-morrow. Ned Bryson, alias the 'WIDDER BLACK.'

It only remains for us to say that the above facts are strictly true. Ned Bryson was prevailed upon by his pretty wife to give up smuggling and settle down in some more honest way of living, and finally became a respectable citizen of St. John.

The Lord's Prayer on a Big Rock.

Two men, says the *Vermont Herald*, are now hard at work cutting the Lord's Prayer in letters an inch deep and six inches high on the face of a big rock on the Bristol road. They are hired by Dr. Green, of Buffalo, who pays them \$15 for the job. The rock is as big as a house and stands at a sharp turn and goes up a steep hill. It is about the hardest place in Vermont for a team, and in the season when teaming is liveliest there is more teaming there every day than anywhere else in Vermont.

Repelled the Invasion.

Saloonekeeper (to tough old customer)—We don't give credit here, my friend. You have made a mistake in the shop. Tough Old Customer—S'loon, ain't it? Yes.

(With great dignity)—Thass right! Know exactly where I am, sir! Hain't made no mistake. G'mornin', shur!—Chicago Tribune.

Astor's Environment.

Stingy Employer—What! Want more pay? John Jacob Astor began work on a salary of \$2 a week and he died worth \$10,000,000.

Store Boy—Yes, sir. There's a big difference in bosses.—New York Weekly.

A Deserving Case.

Footpad—Hold up yer hands! Pedestrian (calmly)—I have been out shopping all day with my wife.

Footpad (sympathetically)—By Jinks! Here, take this quarter.—New York Weekly.

Gypsies originally came from India, not Egypt as is usually supposed.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

The first American paper appeared 1871 also.

Pennsylvania was settled by Swedes:

New York by the Dutch.

An ordinary autograph letter of Napoleon brings about 5 francs.

The earth is still growing. The estimated increase is 2,500,000 pounds a year.

The man who ran the first one that ever drew a passenger car in America is still living.

The expense of firing a shot from one of the big guns of an Italian ironclad is said to be \$500.

The English are the best race among men; the Italians and Spaniards are about the shortest.

A recent history of the "harmony of sounds" asserts that the flute is the oldest of musical instruments.

In 1880 there were 106,971 French persons in this country, and 41,230 Italians. Since then 306,045 French have come to this country, and on 15,500 French.

The following Southern States have homes for Confederate veterans: Virginia, Arkansas, Maryland, Louisiana, North Carolina, Texas, and Tennessee.

Scientific men say that the earth's age is about half a million years for the nebular and stellar period, and about 25,000,000—of which 15,000,000 are past—for the period of organic beings.

Among species of the native Australian granite (jade) and red ochre form the currency. Iron, like, six being a dinch or hanful, are employed in certain parts of Central Africa.

Air flows into a vacuum at the rate of 1,338 feet per second and steam at the rate of 2,000 feet per second. It would take a column of steam 11 miles high to produce a pressure of 15 pounds.

New York, according to the best judges, now has a Hebrew population of from 225,000 to 250,000 souls. It is the center of Judaism in the world. It contains more of the Israelites than all of Palestine.

Oxen form the circulating medium among the Zulus and Kafirs. Tho-day forms the standard of value at the great fairs of Nizhni Novgorod, Russia. In the retired districts of New Guinea female slaves form the standard of value.

The highest place in the world regularly inhabited is the Buddhist monastery Hau, in Thibet, which is 16,000 feet above the sea level. The next highest is the railway station at Galena in Peru, which is located at a height of 15,633 feet.

An acre of bare land will support 25 as many persons as will an acre of wheat; 1,000 square feet of land, growing bananas, will produce 4,000 pounds of nutritious substance;