

ROANOKE BEACON.



PUBLISHED BY ROANOKE PUBLISHING CO.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

W. FLETCHER AUSTON, EDITOR.
C. V. W. A. SICIN, BUSINESS MANAGER.

VOL. III.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1892.

NO. 33.

A PRAYER.

If there be good in what I wrought,
If my hand counsel'd it, Sign'd it,
If I have failed to meet the end,
I know, through Thee, the blame is Thine.

One instant's toll to Thee denied
Adds all eternity's offense.
O, that I did with Thee to guide,
To Thee, through Thee, to excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
By Thy path led the craftsman's train,
Gave us a model for his own true
And made him stand with God again.

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

One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread temple of Thy Word,
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 send,
Hush us to rest, and bid us then
That I may help such ones as I!

—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 mercilessly cold, the inhabitants of M—, met 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 pairs through the dim woods—some sturdy, unbrowed youth whispering in the ear of his innamorata the "old, old story."

Everything flowed on in that little seacoast 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 hut had long been without an inmate. It was ever here the wind blew cold, in winter, and here the sun's rays fell hottest in summer. The summit of the dreary hill was crowned with stunted spruces starved 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 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, but stylish hair than the rich, brilliant hue of her gay colored headress.

For a time the village 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 maids and matrons 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 high black eyes as she led 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 Bleak. 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 sponges" always without exception in the troubled 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, were kept 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 lovely widow, and every woman under 40 was with her jealous and envious.

But the handsome widow moved on her way as if totally unconscious and indifferent as 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. Wandering whether she had come to carry off the widow again he crept behind a bush 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 "Buenos" maiden, with as bright eyes as ever flashed black 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 benches 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 flashed 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 abruptly changed the conversation, keeping his eyes fixed on the widow, who, all unconscious of his gaze, was now flirting most despatchedly 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.

There was a pause after this. Bill sat gnawing his finger nails, and evidently trying to say something that stuck in his throat. The widow sat tapping the floor impatiently with one foot, and waiting for the return of Ruth, who had left them.

"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 different 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 going to build a new shanty, and get a new boat some of these times, and I'm a pretty good looking fellow—honest so—honest. Wadder, if you'll have 'em, you and me'll get spliced!"

Amusement 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 un-usual 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 one 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 "widow" 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 city, and Ruth Judson and the Widow Black sat for an hour or more in close conference on the rocks of Bleak Point. What Ruth assured there should not disclose, but sun-dry ejaculations of amazement and sundry expressions of delight proved that it was far from disagreeable.

The following evening, when the moonlight 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 'widow,' 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," roared 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 he fell head first into the room, while old Miles, who rushed after her, lay sprawled on top of him. Before they could rise the widow seized the remaining officer, and hurled him with the greatest ease over his fallen companions. 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 fastened 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 her 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.

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:

SHARING THAT NEW SHANTY, ONE, WISHING TO SHOW my gratitude to the family, I have taken of his sister, to whom I will be 'spliced,' wind and weather permitting, to-morrow.

"NEED 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 \$45 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 cursing there every day than anywhere else in Vermont.

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

(With great dignity)—Thass right! Know 'xactly where I am, sir! Haint made no mistake. 'G'mornin', shur!—Chicago Tribune.

Astor's Engagement.
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.

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

BITS OF INFORMATION.
The first American paper appeared 187 years ago.

Pennsylvania was settled by Swedes; New York by the Dutch.

An ordinary automobile letter of Napoleon brings about 20 francs.

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

The man who ran the first car line 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 among the shortest.

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

In 1880 there were 166,971 French persons in this country, and 41,230 Italians. Since then 306,045 French have come to this country, and only 50,461 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 some of the native Australians greenstone (jade) and red ochre form the currency. Iron axes, six being a dozen or handful, 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 Kaffirs. The to-day forms the standard of value at the great fairs of Nishni 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 Hailu, in Tibet, 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 15,635 feet.

An acre of bananas will support 25 times as many persons as an acre of wheat; 1,000 square feet of land, growing bananas, will produce 4,000 pounds of nutritious substance; the same space, devoted to wheat or potatoes, will produce only 83 pounds of wheat, or 93 pounds of potatoes.

It is said that English is spoken by nearly twice as many people as any other European language, the figures being: English, 125,000,000; Russian and German, 70,000,000 each; French, 50,000,000; Spanish, 40,000,000; Italian, 30,000,000; Portuguese, 13,000,000. At the beginning of the century English stood only 12th, being exceeded by French, Russian, German, and Spanish.

SHIP YOUR COTTON.

Peanuts and other produce to

Alexander, Morgan & Co.,

COTTON FACTORS

—AND—

General Commission Merchants

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

Guarantee highest market prices, quick sales and prompt returns.

UND ALEXANDER, WASHINGTON, D. C. L. C. L. A. ORGA, CHICK, VA. L. P. BORN H. L., PLYMOUTH, N. C.

J. J. MARRNER, W. J. JACKSON.

MARRINER & JACKSON.

UNDEBTAKERS

DEALERS IN

Finest Caskets, Coffins, Etc.

CONTRACTING and BUILDING

given special attention. Estimates furnished on buildings of any kind at short notice.

When in need of anything in our line or wishing our services call at our Underwriters Establishment on Washington Street, PLYMOUTH, N. C.

6 11-9111 137 Orders by mail solicited.

The "OLD RELIABLE" Carriage Factory, H. PEAL proprietor, Plymouth N. C.



Manufacture of Buggies, Phaetons, Road-carts, Farm-carts, Wagons &c. at prices lower than ever. Men with the cash can get a bargain. I defy competition and will not be undersold. Repairing of all kinds done. Give me a call.

GEORGE R. BATEMAN, MANUFACTURER OF



BUGGIES, CARRIAGES. Carts, Wagons and other riding vehicles. Repairing of all kind done with dispatch and dispatch. All Work Guaranteed. July 17-11 Adam's street, Plymouth, N. C.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY WORLD, One Dollar a Year. Contains the best features of any Weekly printed. M. Quad, late of the Detroit Free Press, writes a page of matter every week. SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY. THE WEEKLY WORLD, New York City.