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The era of material prosperity in the United States may be safely said, thinks the New York News, to have reached its height in 1891.

In the last five years the number of Methodist churches in Chicago, Ill., has been doubled. The membership has also doubled and one million dollars added to the church property.

In this country the railroads kill one passenger out of each 2,800,000 of population. In France only one out of 24,000,000 is killed. Why this difference? queries the Atlanta Constitution.

Clark E. Carr, Minister to Denmark, is traveling in Russia. He says that he has struck him most forcibly in the Czar's domains, next to seeing the poor people all clad in sheepskins to ward off the cold, was the feeling of order and perfect security that prevails. "When you arrive at your hotel," says Mr. Carr, "you are asked for your passport, which is sent out to the Major McClaughry of the city you visit, and the next day it is returned to you with a lot of chicken tracks on it, which you cannot read, but which means that you are all right, and that while in the city you will be carefully looked after and that you will not be molested so long as you behave yourself."

The Russian famine appears to be assuming vast proportions. A trustworthy correspondent of the New York Times declares that in the Province of Samara, where he resides, one-half of the population—no fewer than 1,250,000 persons—are literally dying of starvation, and Levasseur, the eminent French statistician, has calculated that to supply the deficiency in thirteen provinces 6500 ships must be employed carrying 128,000,000 hectors of grain, which would cost \$300,000,000. The State has not the money to spend, not even if it found the money could it provide the means of transport over a surface of 1,000,000 square kilometers to the 5,400,000 houses in want of food.

Says the New York Advertiser: "All Poland will be hung in black this year. Every man and woman will be clad in black. The merchants of Cracow and Warsaw and other cities of what was once Poland have taken from their shelves all rich and gaudy stuffs. Nothing but black textures can be seen. All furs are sable. One hundred years ago the proud land of Poland was plowed by the hoof of the ruthless invader, and cruel Russia, Austria and Prussia dismembered the historic empire and wiped it out of existence. Like common thieves, they divided the land among them, and for one hundred years Poland has only lived in history. Naturally her proud people have mourned. This centennial year will be one of special mourning. It is an evidence of advancing civilization that Russia, Germany and Austria do not forbid the wearing of crapes and the waving of black plumes in the sections of Poland which they have despoiled."

The New York News remarks: "It is stated that the estate of the late President Greely, of the French Republic, is inventoried at more than a million, in which case it is much larger than that of any non-royal executive who has held office in that country. The present President of France, Carnot, is a poor man, probably as poor as President Harrison. It is a remarkable fact that the chief executives of republics are seldom men of large property. In our own country, Washington, our first President, was a richer man than any of his successors have been. The two Adams were men of small means. Jefferson was embarrassed for money, and Madison was little better off. Monroe broke down pecuniarily. Jackson was poor, Van Buren had a small property, and General Harrison, grandfather of the present incumbent, was in very straitened circumstances. So were Tyler and Polk. General Taylor, when chosen President, had nothing but his army pay. Fillmore's estate, which has lately been settled up at Buffalo, was small, although it was increased after he left office. Pierce and Buchanan had each a good house and land at home, but very little income. Lincoln was poor, and so were Johnson, Grant, Hayes and Garfield—all strugglers for a livelihood. Arthur lived well, but accumulated nothing. Cleveland and Harrison were both poor when elected. In the whole list there is not a man of wealth."

"LOVE IS ETERNAL."

Love is eternal! so she sings,
And the lute breathes forth a sigh;
Lightly her fingers touch the strings,
Softly the echoes die;
But just as long as the wind has wings
Will the low plaint go where the breezes
blow,
And banish the cares that the rude world
brings.
Love is eternal! sweet the strain,
Tender the words of the song;
Across the vale, the grassy plain,
The twilight shadows throng;
And just as long as the stars shall reign,
When fair castles rise in the sunset skies,
Will the sound of her voice come back again.
—Flavel Scott Mimes, in Harper's Bazar.

ROSIE'S CASE.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.



SQUIRE BARLOW was fast asleep in his office, his head resting on his desk. He was excusable for sleeping. He was well advanced in life, the day was a hot one, and he had tired his brain in an effort to untangle the accounts of township assessors.

"Hallo, Squire," some one said.
"Hallo, yourself," cried the Squire, flinging up his head, rubbing his eyes and adjusting his glasses.
His visitor was a sturdy, brown-faced girl of fourteen, with fluffy, black hair, bright eyes, and a resolute mouth. She was very self-contained in her manner, and, while there was no resentment in her composition, it was evident that she was one who would stand up for her rights.

"What do you want?" asked the Squire.
"Law," was the crisp reply, whereupon the Squire struggled to repress a smile.
"I want my pony!" the girl added.
"Your pony?" repeated the Squire.
"I haven't got your pony. Why do you come to me?"

"You're the Squire, are you not?" the girl asked. "My pony was stolen last fall. The gypsies have her in their camp at Cove Creek. I saw her there this morning."

Squire Barlow suddenly became interested in the face, voice and positive ways of his young visitor.
"What is your name?" he asked.
"Rosie Watson, sir," she said.
"O, you are the blacksmith's daughter," observed the Squire. "Yes, I remember you now. Well, why didn't your father come?"

"It's my pony," the girl said. "And my—my case."
"Yes," admitted the Squire. He laughed softly to himself, spread out his official docket, and made a few entries. "You saw your pony this morning?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. At Cove Creek, by the covered bridge, just outside the gypsy camp. She was grazing on the banks of the stream," stated Rosie.
"Ponies may look very much alike," suggested the Squire.

"Ah, but I'd know Dollie among a thousand ponies," declared Rosie, her brown face aglow. "She's a dark bay, with black points, a star on her forehead, white fetlocks, and a faint dash of white on her breast."

The Squire was busy writing. He stopped and read aloud to her the complaint and the description.
"Can you add anything?" asked Rosie.

"Why, of course, little dear," replied the Squire, in his fatherly way.
"Then add," suggested Rosie, "that the pony is ten hands high."

"That was promptly interlined, and then the Squire gravely asked: "Rose can you swear that you know the pony to be yours, and that you believe the gypsies have her?"

"Yes, sir, I can," Rosie said determinedly, and without a moment's hesitation.

"Take this book," the Squire said. "It is the Holy Bible. Suppose you swore to what is not true?"

"I would be a perjurer," was Rosie's answer.
"And what would be the consequence?"

"My soul would be lost, unless God forgave me the dreadful sin."
"Yes, child," the Squire said, with moistened eyes. "You seem to know what you are about."

He administered the oath, and then said: "Kiss the book."
She looked at him with a wondering glance, and then pressed her lips to the book in an awed, reverential manner.

and when 2 o'clock came, the Squire's office was crowded. The gypsy sat on a rough bench, with an unlighted clay pipe in his mouth. He was dirty, unshaven, sullen-looking. He did not wear a vest, and his corduroy breeches were fastened at the waist by a greasy leathern belt, behind which the haft of a knife was visible.

"The plaintiff here, this little girl, claims that you have a pony which belongs to her," Squire Barlow said, his eyes on the gypsy, who replied:
"She hasn't any claim on it. It is mine."

"Where did you get the pony?" asked the Squire.
"I bought her in Michigan," said the man.

"When?"
"Three years ago."
It was such a bold lie that Rosie's face flamed with indignation.

"She gives a very minute description of the pony," reminded the Squire.
"There are plenty of dark bay ponies, ten hands high, and slashed with white," was the man's dogged reply. "Anybody could look at her across a fence and then describe her," he added with a grin.

"The girl must bring better proof before I'll surrender the pony."
Rosie looked out of the rear window of the Squire's office, and saw a small pasture lot close by. Her face fairly beamed with an idea that occurred to her.

"Squire Barlow," she asked, her strong voice filling the room, "to whose satisfaction must I prove that the pony is mine? To that man's satisfaction, or to yours?"

"To the satisfaction of the court," decided the Squire with a broad smile.

"All right," Rosie exclaimed with a quick, pleased gesture. "Make out another warrant."

"For whom?" asked the Squire.
"For Dollie," replied Rosie.

"Oh, you want the pony arrested, eh?" asked the Squire, whereupon everybody laughed.

"I want her brought here and turned into this pasture lot," pointing out the window. "I'll prove that she is my pony against all comers and goers."
The Squire caught a glimpse of her purpose.

"Constable Finn," bring the pony here," he ordered.

Rosie beckoned the constable to her and whispered to him: "Mr. Finn, stop at the house and get my riding whip. We are going to have a circus."

In half an hour Constable Finn appeared with the pony, and the court adjourned to the pasture lot.

"Poor Dollie, how she has been abused!" Rosie said with a vibrating voice, her tears very near.

"Mr. Finn, hand me my whip, and then turn the pony loose."
The pony scampered across the lot and then returned. Rosie stood still, the whip in her hand, all eyes resting upon her.

"Here, Dollie," she cried. "Come here, Dollie!"
The pony flung up her head, looked at Rosie, whinnied her delight, and then walked up to her and poked her in the ribs with her nose.

"Do you love me, Dollie?" she asked. The pony nodded her head.

"How much do you love me?" Rosie asked.
The pony made no response.

"How much do you love me?" Rosie sharply repeated, with a peculiar movement of her whip.

The pony kissed her by touching her cheek with her nose.

Rosie was so overcome that she flung her arms around the pony's neck and laughed and cried hysterically. More than one sturdy man drew his sleeves across his eyes. The gypsy started at the experiment, his swarthy face growing darker.

"Kneel, Dollie," ordered Rosie as she swayed her whip.
Down went the pony on her knees.
"Sit up," cried Rosie.

In a moment more the pony was on her haunches.
"Shake hands, my lady."
The pony thrust out one foot.

"Now pray."
In response to that, the intelligent animal folded her front legs, rested her head upon them, and looked comically demure.

"Get up," was the next order.
When the pony was on all fours again, Rosie struck her lightly on the foot.

"Why, you poor child, you!" she commiseratingly said. "You are dreadfully lame!"
The pony limped around, bobbed her head and looked so dejected that everybody laughed except the gypsy. Constable Finn grinned at him, and said sarcastically:

"You must a-spent a power o' time leavin' the pony all that are."
The gypsy muttered something under his breath, a baleful look in his eye.

walked to the fence and dropped her handkerchief. Then she came back and stroked the pony's nose.

"Dollie," she said, in a tone of deep concern, and she passed the whip three times in front of her, "I have lost my handkerchief." The pony snuffed about her dress. "It isn't in my pocket," Rosie said. "I must have dropped it somewhere. Go look for it."

The pony went around the lot, found the handkerchief, picked it up, and brought it to her young mistress.

"Is the court satisfied," asked Rosie, a quizzical look on her face.

"The court is satisfied," Squire Barlow said. "In fact the court is overwhelmed. Rosie Watson, the pony belongs to you. Take her home, she is entirely too smart."

"But ain't I to be compensated in any way?" asked the gypsy, with a fierce scowl.

"You are getting off cheaply enough as it is," was the Squire's comment.

"You ought to be glad that she did not charge you with stealing the pony."
"Well, I'm going to give the pony good-by, anyhow," the man said.

He stepped quickly up to the pony, grasped the halter and pressed closely to her.

But Rosie had her eyes about her. She gave a loud scream, and dealt the pony a stinging blow on the nose. The animal sprang back and the gypsy fell flat on his face. When he rose to his feet, he had an ugly knife in his hand.

"The coward was going to kill my pony," cried Rosie, in terror.

Stoutly built though the miscreant was, Constable Finn seized him by the collar and shook him until his teeth chattered. The crowd surged down upon the gypsy, to do him further harm, but Squire Barlow interfered.

"Look here, you scoundrel, he said in a great rage, "if you are not out of the township in half an hour, your whole gang, bag and baggage, lock, stock and barrel, you'll find yourself in the county prison. Now be sharp!"

The gypsy sneaked sullenly away, Constable Finn following closely at his heels.

The bystanders congratulated Rosie, and cheered her heartily as she waited unaided upon the bare back of the pony and rode home with it. For weeks Rosie's case before the Squire was a topic of conversation.—Yankee Blade.

Spilled His Packer.

Felix Nickel, a French horn player, valued his ability to pucker up his lips at just \$2000, and because his lips will not pucker up as they used he has sued Ries Brothers, grocers, of First avenue and Eighth street, for that sum.

Of the 4000 musicians in New York City there are only thirty-five French horn players, as the French horn is a particularly difficult instrument to play well. Mr. Nickel until last November was one of the best of the thirty-five.

He was employed at Amberg's Theatre, and the sweet notes that he would draw from his beloved horn pleased Leader Nathan Franko of the orchestra mightily.

Mr. Franko paid Mr. Nickel \$35 a week for his services, and did not consider that that he paid any too much for them.

On November 24, as Nickel, with his French horn under his arm, was crossing Second avenue and Eighth street, Ries Brothers' grocery wagon ran into him and knocked him down, and he was injured severely. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital, and the next day to his home, where he was ill in bed for a week.

From being a strong, hearty man before the accident, he became the very reverse. When he went back and took his seat in the orchestra at Amberg's, he found that his old-time skill had departed from him. His lips would not pucker as he wished them to, and the sweetness of his notes had gone. Try as he would, he could not get the melody out of his horn that he did before the accident.

Leader Franko found fault with his playing, and from being a highly-prized member of the orchestra, Nickel soon began to be considered as of little value as a musician.

Leader Franko and several musicians examined Nickel and his playing, and they said unanimously that he did not play as melodiously as he did before the accident.

Mr. Nickel then brought suit against the firm of Ries Brothers for \$2000.—New York Sun.

Care of Country Roads in Germany. The highways of Germany are built to last forever, and their excellence is not surpassed anywhere. In addition to the main road there is a sidewalk for foot passengers, and another path for horseback riders. All along the sides trees are planted as soon as the roads are finished. Usually these are fruit trees, the crops of which furnish a part of the income of the men who take care of the road, or of the toll gatherer.

For every vehicle, a small toll is collected for a given distance, except farm wagons, which are free. Heavily loaded trucks have to have broad tires on their wheels. The cost of building and maintaining these roads is not put on the rural population alone, but the cities, desiring to secure the rural traffic, assume the largest share of it. The principal highways are macadamized and are built by the State, which has also the control of them.—American Agriculturist.

More than forty-two thousand one hundred photographs found their way to Uncle Sam's Dead Letter Office during the past year.

ALASKA'S FERTILE REGION

GREEN VALLEYS AND MUCH MINERAL WEALTH DISCOVERED.

Easy Transportation Will Lead to the Establishment of a Great Industry—The Stick Indians.

E. J. Glave, who had some rough experiences in Alaska eighteen months ago, has just returned from another trip to that country and he brings back with him considerable valuable geographical and other information. He has been absent nine and one-half months and five months of that time was spent in the Mount St. Elias region in Eastern Alaska, which was never before visited by a white man. That part of the country it has always been supposed contained nothing but snow-covered mountains, frozen rivers and glaciers. From the maps of the Government to-day the information to be had is that the region is supposed to be cold the year round and that it is barren.

But Mr. Glave has discovered that the country, instead of being anything like what it was supposed to be, is as fertile as any part of the West, and that during five months of the year it is warm and pleasant. Furthermore the temperature is never below zero in the winter. There are vast quantities of minerals there, rich deposits of copper being abundant.

"I had two reasons for exploring that wild region," said he to a Tribune reporter. "One was to see if there was a vast amount of mineral wealth in the mountains within easy reach, and the other was to open up a transient route. I did not find large deposits of mineral, as I expected to find them, but enough is there to make it more than an object to establish a great industry in that part of the country when it is open to easy transportation, and I proved beyond a doubt that transport routes could be established between the St. Elias district and the coast."

"I started for the interior from the coast near the Chilkat River early in June with four pack horses. Jack Dalton, who has had considerable experience in prospecting, was my only companion. Before our departure we were told by old explorers that we would never be able to reach that country north of the Mount St. Elias range, as there were no provisions to be had in that arctic region, as it was called. But when I reached that part of the country I found fertile valleys and immense forests instead of ice and snow. The finest kind of grasses were growing in abundance, and some day the region will be a great stock-raising country. While I was there we found all the gooseberries, huckleberries and raspberries we could eat. During the whole of July it was light enough out of doors to read a book at any time during the day or night."

"The natives of this heretofore almost unknown country are the Stick Indians. They look something like our North American Indians, but are not so warlike, on account of their inferior numbers. They are what I call a mean, cowardly set. They are not entirely cut off from civilization, for while I was there I saw many of them intoxicated. The stimulants they secured was in the Florida water which the Chilkat Indians, with whom they trade, had brought from the coast. Florida water, which contains alcohol and kerosene are regarded by the Stick Indians as delicious beverages. They frequently get pure whiskey, but, as the law is strict about carrying it to the interior, the traders do not venture often to furnish it to the Indians. But there is no law against sending bottles of kerosene and Florida water to them, and when the Chilkat Indians get to the St. Elias district they take large quantities of these beverages with them, an exchange for which they get furs. The choicest lynx, beaver, otter, mink, squirrel, moose and fox furs come from that part of the country. People generally do not think that fox furs are valuable, but I have seen the skin of a black fox sell on the coast for \$100. The Indians are expert trappers and catch any number of animals without much difficulty. The Stick Indians are strictly a forest people, and it was only recently that any of them lived in houses. The majority of them now live in caves and brush piles. Their form of religion is a peculiar one. They worship as their deities the raven and the crow."

"The St. Elias district will some day prove to be of great value, for there is no doubt that the wealth there is more valuable than the sum which the United States paid for all of Alaska. I expected to find rich deposits of gold and silver within easy reach, but it will take heavy mining machinery to get at it. I traveled about 1000 miles over the fertile country, crossing many wide and swift flowing rivers, and as I had a complete set of geographical instruments with me, I secured some valuable information. The United States this year intends to send out a surveying party, and no doubt either Mr. Dalton or I will go with them. The boundary line has not yet been surveyed, and miners, if they established claims along the border would not be able to tell at the present time whether they were in Alaska or Canada."—New York Tribune.

The largest siphon, probably, is on the levee between McKinney Lake and the Mississippi River. The main pipe is two feet in diameter and 215 feet in length, and it has a discharging capacity of 28,000,000 gallons a day.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Japanese eat live fish.

Camels can stand heat and cold, but they perish quickly in moist atmosphere.

The medusa is a fish so fragile that it melts and disappears when thrown on the beach.

In France and Holland the auctioneer's fees are paid by the purchasers of the goods.

There are fourteen Mariettas in the United States, and three of them are county seats.

Confucius, 500 years B. C., was the first man on record who admired and popularized the chrysanthemum.

The first child born of white parents in California was Thomas A. Sutherland, of Portland, Oregon, who became a newspaper man, and was the editor of a weekly paper when he was drowned the other day while endeavoring to catch a ferryboat.

The late Baron Martin, of England, never would engage a servant who had not come out of a racing stable. He attached the highest possible importance to the moral qualities which he believed to be acquired under the strict discipline of these establishments.

During the reign of Nero an expedition was sent from Rome, Italy, to explore the amber producing country, and so successful was the party that a present of 13,000 pounds of amber was brought back to the Emperor, including a piece weighing thirteen pounds.

The Oxford (England) University Press has just issued the most diminutive Bible in existence. It is finely printed on Oxford Indian paper, and its dimensions are three and three-fourths inches in length, two and one-eighth inches wide, and seven-eighths of an inch in thickness.

Something remarkable in the fruit line is noted in Cherryfield, Me. In 1833 H. H. Bowles planted a flowering shrub. Close to the shrub grew a greengage and a cherry tree. In 1890 the shrub put forth cherry blossoms, but bore no fruit. This year it produced luscious fruit of the greengage variety.

In Nicaragua, Central America, the statues of the gods were generally placed at the foot of the pyramids, while the native fathers north placed theirs at the summit or in temples. While hieroglyphics are common on idols, walls and pottery, yet the patient researches of our archaeologists have recovered but little of the manners and habits of these aborigines.

Jumbo, a horse owned by a Savin Rock shipbuilder, is said to be the largest horse in Connecticut. He is nearly seven feet high and weighs 1700 pounds. He is a powerful animal, and has dragged with apparent ease a two-ton load. With the children he is a great favorite. It costs a good deal to feed him, as he has eight pecks of oats at each meal and makes away with two hundred pounds of hay every week. His shoes are of unusual size and weigh four pounds each.

Cause of Wrinkles.

Wrinkles are not entirely the marks of time, but they are often the unmistakable outward signs of our inward nature. An habitual laughter will have wrinkles earlier than those with grave, sallow faces. Indigestion will produce crow's feet in children, and a little worry through life will make a habitual frown develop into tiny wrinkles between the eyes. But a habitual grin or laugh on the face produces wrinkles more than sickness or disease. The invalid of many years will often have a perfectly smooth face, unmarked with wrinkles. This is due partly to the fact that her melancholy life prevents her from laughing much, and no creases are made in her immobile face. Wrinkles are often expressive of an inward character which gives true dignity to the face, which is far more to be desired than the perfectly smooth, expressionless face. The wrinkles which come from care, trouble, and irritation are the only ones which mar the face without giving any compensating value. They should be avoided by every woman, for it makes her old before her time and robs her of her beauty. The way not to have such creases is not to think of trouble, but to look on the sunny side of life.—Yankee Blade.

What Is Cuttlefish?

The so-called cuttlefish, belongs to what are called mollusks or shell fish, and is more nearly related to the clams and oysters than to true fishes. While the oyster and clam have no organs in any manner resembling feet or arms the cuttlefish is well provided with them, hence are called cephalopods, meaning "head-footed" because they have long powerful and muscular arms or tentacles around their heads, by the aid of which they collect their food. But while our cuttlefish is really a mollusk and closely related to what we have become accustomed to call shell fishes, they have no outside shell, but instead a large one within. This internal shell is lodged in a sac on the back part of what is termed the mantle, and is of a somewhat oval shape and thickest in front, and is the article sold in shops as cuttlefish. It is quite light, porous and formed of thin plates with intervening spaces divided by thin partitions.—New York Sun.

California produced in 1891 a more valuable crop of fruits and vegetables than in any previous year.