

**The Roanoke Beacon.**  
The Official Paper of Washington County.

Published Every Friday by  
THE ROANOKE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
W. FLETCHER AUBSON, - Editor

Subscription price, \$1.25 per year.  
Advertisements inserted at low rates.  
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**THE ROANOKE BEACON.**  
Plymouth, N. C.

We appeal to every reader of The Roanoke Beacon, to aid us in making it an acceptable and profitable medium of news to our citizens. Plymouth people and the public know what is going on in Plymouth. Report to us all their news—the arrival and departure of friends, societies, deaths, serious illness, accidents, buildings, new enterprises and improvements, whatever character, change in business—indeed anything and everything that would be of interest to our people.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1892.

The comet which was held to strike the earth Sunday night did not strike, though some people believe it would so strong that when the time passed and the old earth kept on moving as before, the disappointment was so great that they went hopelessly insane.

Perhaps Mr. Porter's Census Bureau can explain why it is that Ohio polls more votes than Illinois, and especially in a year when there was a light vote in Ohio and a full vote in Illinois. Can it be possible that Ohio was cheated out of her position as third State in the Union? Did Porter make some padding in Chicago?—N. Y. World.

There are several distinguished North Carolinians named for positions in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, among them are Hon. J. S. Carr and Governor Thos. M. Holt. The South which gives Mr. Cleveland 159 votes in the electoral college, would be glad to see either of these gentlemen honored. Surely there are not officers enough to honor all the deserving men of this country, but it is no more than justice that the South should share the honors to be conferred and no State would appreciate the elevation of one of her sons more than North Carolina.

**HON. M. W. RANSOM.**

We make the following extract from an article in the Charlotte Observer, on Senator Ransom:

"Since 1847, when, at the age of 27, he was Attorney-General of the State, down through the civil war in which he served with distinction, and to the present day, we have had no citizen who was more jealous of the honor of the Commonwealth, who has done more for its glory, or rendered it more practical service. I must not be forgotten that, twenty-two years ago, when the power of the judiciary became exhausted while numbers of our people were locked up in prison, it was he who took a special engine and made a haste, by rail and boat to Elizabeth City and refused to leave Judge Geo. W. Brooks, of the United States Court, until the latter consented to issue a writ of habeas corpus for the prisoners. It was he who secured the removal of the disabilities of Governor Vance, notwithstanding that Oliver P. Morton had sworn that the bill should never pass while he lived and held his seat in the Senate. The people of north-western North Carolina who became involved in the celebrated 'tobacco cases' about fifteen years ago and for whom the doors of Albany penitentiary had opened, may not know that they closed in their faces because Senator Ransom compelled Judge Bond, under threat of having him unfrocked, to recommend to President Grant that they be pardoned. Time would fail to tell of a title of the things he has done for North Carolina and North Carolinians in the unostentatious way in which he operates, but his masterful campaigns of the past ten years are matters of such recent history that none of our citizens can be unmindful of them nor can any be ignorant of the tremendous influence he has exercised upon public opinion.

**THE CONFESSION.**

They swung upon the garden gate;  
I was near the close of day;  
He blushed and winked, and gave her—  
"There's something I would say."  
"There's something I would say, my dear."  
He gently took her hand;  
"I feel that I must speak, I hope  
That you will understand."  
She looked into his smiling face;  
Her gaze was strong and clear—  
"You need not be afraid," she said,  
"I understand you, dear."  
"Then I'll speak out," he gently said;  
"I hope you will not mind  
But I—hem! The fact is, dear,  
Your neck—"

**HE WAS NO COWARD.**

His Day For Fighting Was About Done.  
"Say," he began, as he buttonholed me in the corridor, "you don't believe in fibustering, do you?"  
"No."  
"Wouldn't be led into a riot and fight it out on that line, because a woman insinuated that your was a coward?"  
"That depends."  
"Wouldn't strike a woman either?"  
"I should say not."  
"But suppose she hit you a clip on the ear with a stove lifter?"  
"I should keep out of her way."  
"And if she followed you out with a rolling pin and made you see stars in the middle of the day, you wouldn't lay a finger on her?"  
"But you have no right to—"  
"That's what she says. No rights at all, not even to breathe the same air she does. See that bump on my head?"  
"Yes."  
"Does that look like a coward's bump? No, sir; it is the principle of my life to do the square thing. I've lived up to my motto. Here it is:  
He who fights and runs away,  
May live to fight another day.

Tomorrow's my day. I've stood all a brave man can to defend his honor, but tomorrow I shall sweep everything before me with a remorseless hand. Ouch! that bump hurts."  
—Detroit Free Press.

**Why He Swore Off.**

"No," said the old drummer, fiercely, to a Free Press reporter, "I play no games of chance any more, not even the simplest kind, for money."  
"Won't you pitch pennies?" persisted his companion.  
"That least of all," he said, visibly affected.  
"Why not?" asked the other.  
"Do you see this dollar?" he said, taking a cart wheel from his pocket. "Well, thereby hangs a tale. Listen: Ten years ago I was, and had been for five years, travelling for a big diamond importing house in New York, and as usual I carried with me a large number of gems, often having as much as fifty thousand dollars' worth. One day four of us all in the same line met in Denver and that evening we were drinking and matching dollars in my room. It was a hobby of mine, as it was of one of the other men, Frank H., who was as inveterate a matcher as ever the late John T. Raymond was. Well, we drank and matched, and kept at it until we began to toss up at five dollars a toss, and the other two soon backed out and watched us. I guess we were both pretty drunk, for before I knew it we had made a pot of a hundred dollars, and were tossing best two in three for it. I lost and lost again, and then, having no more money, I put up a diamond against his pile. I lost that, too, and then put up two against his money and what had been my diamond, and that time I won.  
"I think we were both half crazy now, for Frank pulled out one of the pocket books from the inside of his vest and laid it open on the table, and asked me me angrily if I dared to match it. Of course I dared, and I dared more. I put down beside it all mine, valued at wholesale rates at fifty thousand dollars, and he emptied his other vest pocket to an equal amount. Our two friends tried to stop us, but we were wild, and would listen to nothing. Frank threw first, and I called 'tails.' It came 'heads.' It made me shiver. Then I threw 'heads' and he called 'tails,' and we were even. I don't know how I felt as he picked up the dollar, and I looked at those glittering gems, for I don't know anything clearly, though I had a vague idea that somebody would be ruined forever on the next throw. Frank tossed the dollar to the ceiling, and I called 'heads.' It struck the floor and rolled over toward the register. All four of us made a rush for it, and Frank fell headlong. The dollar had dropped through the grating, and was lying on the closed shutters of the register, just below.  
"Get a match," I almost shrieked.  
"I stepped back, and my foot struck Frank. He did not move. I bent down and shook him. He was still. I tried to cry out, but could not. The other two men caught hold of him then, and turned him over. His face was blue, and the blood was gushing from his mouth. He had died in an instant. The three were sober men in a second, and at once alarmed the landlord and sent for a physician, but he might as well not have come. He told us death had been instantaneous. I put my diamonds back into my pockets, and took care of Frank's; and the balance of the stakes I divided, taking what I had put up and setting his aside, and the next morning we started home with poor Frank's body."  
"How about the dollar in the register?" asked the listener. "Who won?"  
"Oh," said the old drummer, with a start, "I almost forgot that part of it. I never thought of that dollar till just before we left, and going, back I fished it out and put it in my pocket, and this is it. It was 'heads.'"  
"No wonder you don't gamble any more," exclaimed the listener, with a look of relief. "Let's go and take a drink as a forgetter."  
"And I don't drink any more, either," said the old drummer quietly.

**The Main Part.**

"I've got an idea for an opera," said one writer to another.  
"Something new in the way of a plot, eh?"  
"No; plot be hanged. I know a man who wants to sell an elephant cheap."  
—Washington Star.

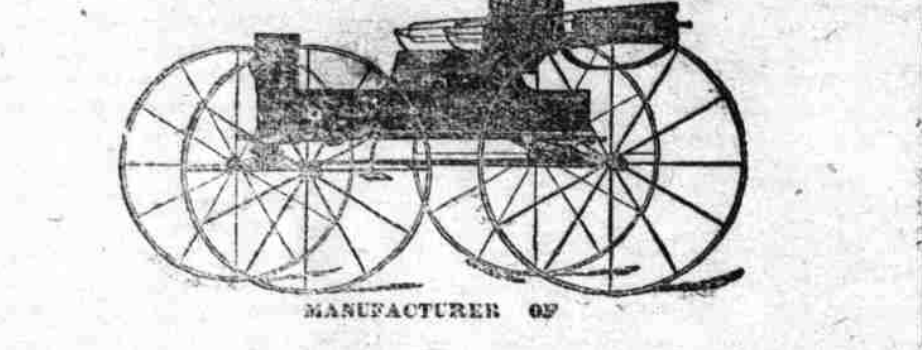
**The Only Sure Way.**

Beaver—What is your idea of having your collar and cuffs attached to your shirt?  
Melton—So my laundryman will bring them back with it.—Clothes and Furnisher.

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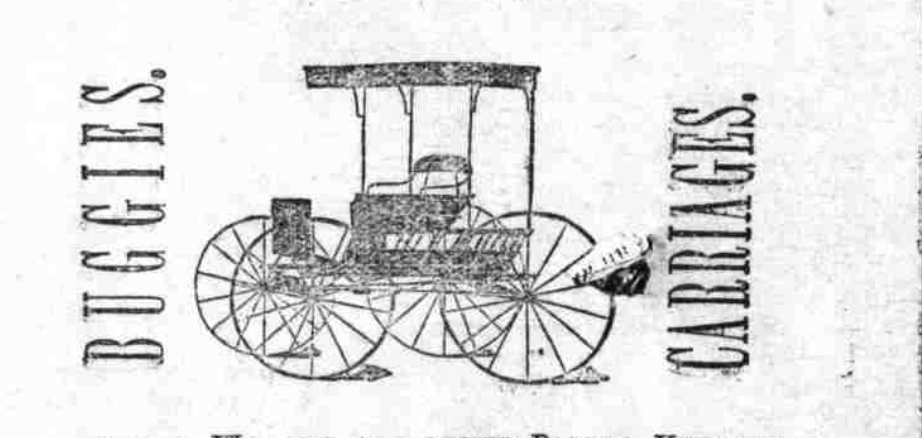
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