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"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

W. FLETCHER AUBSON, EDITOR.

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NO. 33.

Directory.

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor, Thos. M. Holt, of Alliance.
Secretary of State, Octavius Coker, of Wake.
Treasurer, Donald W. Bain, of Wake.
Auditor, Geo. W. Sanderlin, of Wayne.
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Sidney M. Finger, of Catawba.
Attorney General, Theo. F. Davidson, of Buncombe.

COUNTY GOVERNMENT.

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Deputy Sheriff, D. Spruill.
Treasurer, E. R. Latham.
Superior Court Clerk, Thos. J. Marriner.
Register of Deeds, J. P. Hilliard.
Commissioners, H. J. Starr, W. C. Marriner, S. D. Latham, Jas. Skittlesharpe and H. A. Litchfield.
Board of Education, Thos. S. Armistead, T. L. Turbinton, J. L. Norman.
Superintendent of Health, Dr. E. L. Cox.
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Rev. Luther Eborn.

CITY.

Mayor and Clerk, J. W. Bryan.
Treasurer, E. R. Latham.
Chief of Police, Joseph Tucker.
Councilmen, E. R. Latham, G. R. Bateman, D. O. Brinkley, J. F. Norman, J. W. Bryan, J. H. Smith, Sampson Towne and Alfred Shinder.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Methodist—Rev. W. H. Willis, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 8. Sunday school at 9 a. m., J. F. Norman, Superintendent.
Baptist—Rev. J. F. Tuttle, pastor, services every 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night at 7:30. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m., J. W. Bryan, superintendent.
Episcopal—Rev. Luther Eborn, rector. Services every 2d Sunday at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., L. I. Fagan, superintendent.

MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Meets Tuesday after the first Monday of each month. Dr. H. P. Murray, Chairman, LODGES.

K. of E. Plymouth Lodge No. 2508—meets 1st and 3d Thursday nights in each month. W. H. Hampton, Dictator, M. B. Yeager, Fin. Reporter.

K. of L. of H. Roanoke Lodge—Meets 2d and 4th Thursday nights in each month. J. F. Norman, Dictator, M. B. Yeager, Secretary.

I. O. O. F. Esperanza Lodge, No. 28 meets every Tuesday night at Bunah's Hall. J. W. Bryan, M. G., L. T. Houston, Sec'y.

COLORED.

Methodist—Rev. C. B. Hogan, pastor. Services every 1st and 3d Sundays at 11 a. m., and at 8 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m., S. Wiggins, superintendent; J. W. McDonald, secretary.

1st Baptist, New Chapel—Services every Sunday at 11 and 8. Rev. S. R. Knight, pastor. Sunday school every Sunday.

2d Baptist, Zion's Hill—H. H. Norman, pastor. Preaching every 4th Sunday. Sunday school every Sunday, Moses Wynn, Superintendent.

LODGES.

Masons, Carthagen—Meets 1st Monday night in each month. S. Towne, W. M., A. Everett, secretary.

U. O. of F. Meridian Sun Lodge 1624—Meets every 2d and 4th Monday night in each month at 7 1/2 o'clock. T. F. Seabury, M. G., J. W. McDonald, P. S.

Christopher A. Locke Lodge K. of L. No. 1—Meets every 1st Monday night in each month at 8 o'clock.

Burying Society meets every 3d Monday night in each month at 8 o'clock, J. M. Walker, secretary.

Roper Directory.

CIVIL.

Justice of the Peace, Jas. A. Chesoon.
Constable, Warren Ochoen.

CHURCHES.

Methodist, Rev. J. T. Finlayson, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock (except the first), and every Sunday night at 7:30. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school, Sunday morning at 7:30. G. Roper, superintendent, E. R. Lewis, secretary.

Episcopal, Rev. Luther Eborn, rector. Services every 2d Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Thos. W. Eborn, superintendent, W. H. Daily, secretary.

Baptist, Rev. Jos. Tinsell, pastor. Services every 2d Sunday at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.

LODGES.

Roper Masonic Lodge, A. F. & A. M. No. 443, meets in their Hall at Roper, N. C., at 7:30 p. m., 1st and 2d Tuesdays after 1st Sunday. J. L. Savage, W. M.; E. L. Williams, Secretary.

Important to Ladies.
Sir—I made use of your PHILITOKER with my last child, in order to procure a safe and easy travail. I need it about two months before my expected time, and I was taken sick, and I had a very quick and easy confinement. Nothing occurred to prevent my confinement, and I got about in less time than was usual for me. I think it a medicine that should be used by every expectant mother, for should they but try it as I have, they would have again been without it at such times. I am yours respectfully, Mrs. ELIZABETH DIX.

Any merchant or druggist can procure RILEY'S PHILITOKER for \$1 a bottle.

CHARLES F. RILEY, Wholesale Druggist, 82 Cortlandt St., New York.

A BALLAD OF HIGH LIFE IN CHICAGO.

Last night dear Mrs. Bacon-Rhynde,
Of Prairie avenue,
Got up a fete to celebrate
Her daughter Maudie's dayboo.
The lavishness of wealth displayed
Would turn a Crosses pale,
And best of all was Bacon-Rhynde
In his first swallertail.

A hundred splendid carriages
Drove thither through the mud,
With the bluest who came to greet
The latest social bud.
In fact, the city all was there,
Excepting the cannail.
And 'mongst them strode Bacon-Rhynde
In his first swallertail.

His deakin vest was deocolly,
As all such vests should be,
And frill galore his bosom wore,
A gorgeous sight to see;
Four diamonds that for a king
As ransom would avail,
Shone in his shirt when Bacon-Rhynde
Wore his first swallertail.

His collar high its fence appeared
About his ruddy neck;
His long cuffs shone with perfect tone
And innocent of fleck.
His trousers! When I speak of them
My powers begin to fail,
For they were white when Bacon-Rhynde
Wore his first swallertail.

French counts were there and English lords
And real Eytalian dooks,
And native pets when cigarettes
Had made as pale as spoeks.
Great men were there whose bank accounts
No crisis could assail,
But Bacon-Rhynde outdid them all
In his first swallertail.

I can't forget that swarty held
On Prairie avenue;
Though 'twas by right his daughter's night,
'Twas Bacon-Rhynde's dayboo.
A Chinese junk of fashion he
Full rigged and under sail—
Chicago's great Akheond of Swat,
In his first swallertail.

—New York Sun.

WHY?

"Why doesn't he write?"
Cried a maiden fair,
As she toyed with her wealth
Of golden hair.
And gazed in the mirror
With a queasily air:
"Can he be faithless,
Or've forgotten the night
When he vowed he loved me—
Why doesn't he write?"

"Why doesn't she write?"
Cried a handsome youth,
Whose face was an index
Of honor and truth.
"She said she would."
And I, forsooth,
Have waited and waited
Day and night;
But no letter comes—
Why doesn't she write?"

Two servants sat
In separate towns—
Two thievish, knavish,
Country crows,
With unkempt hair
And untidy gowns;
In fact, they looked
Like regular tramps,
And they tore up some letters
To sell the stamps.

—Selected.

A MIDSUMMER AFTER-NOON.

BY EDITH ROBINSON.

"Be sure and lock the front door," repeated Mamma. "Have you the keys?"

"Yes, all of them in a bunch, like Bluebeard's. I wonder which one unlocks the chamber of horrors?" I responded, overflippantly, for the next moment Mamma was repeating, in alarm—

"I cannot let you go alone!"
"I am not going alone. Joe is to meet me at the West street gate. There is my car!" and I abruptly took my leave.

It was the old story of fallen fortunes. My mission that afternoon was to the house we had formerly occupied in the neighboring city. Our late tenant, with the inconsistency that affords one of the most interesting studies in mankind, after taking every key from every individual door in the house—to what end man knoweth not—had neglected to turn off the water.

Anything "happen," indeed! Did anything ever "happen" on that most respectable, conservative of streets, especially on a midsummer afternoon?

I had recourse presently to my favorite study of character, when in the street car. Supposing I had forgotten my purse—and I was apt to forget things—to which person should I apply for aid? The obvious plan of telling the conductor my predicament I ignored for psychological reasons. I decided it should be the man next me, because he reminded

me of Joe. He was small and dark, and Joe was large and fair, but resemblance often lies deeper than mere similarity of feature or complexion. At this point in my reflections the conductor came for my fare, and my psychological researches ended abruptly in their practical result. In my haste and forgetfulness I had done the very thing for which I had so often planned the solution. It spoke well for my power of discrimination that my neighbor, perceiving my dilemma, relieved it so promptly; then with evident desire to cover my embarrassment, he kindly offered me the newspaper he had been reading.

I opened it at the first page and read a column, headed with ominously black type, before its meaning filtered to my horrified brain. It was about the murder of a woman named Mary Ann whom I had once known. I never knew her last name—I did not note it now—but in the old days her pretty, delicate, pale face had been familiar in our house, where she was employed as charwoman. There was the shadow of a tragedy in her downcast eyes, but where had been her home, what her station—beyond what was evidenced by her correct speech and refined enunciation—or what the circumstances that had led to her strange marriage, we never knew.

Her husband was the biggest, blackest, ugliest looking negro I had ever seen. Once he had come to the house and I had fled, screaming, from the kitchen. He was the realization of my childish idea of a bugaboo. To this day I never hear the word without there rising before me that huge, shambling figure, with its gleaming teeth and rolling eyes.

Now the tragedy was completed; Mary Ann had been murdered. There was nothing unusual in the horrible details. The dead was merely the not uncommon expression of martial disapproval. Prominence had been given to the affair chiefly in the dearth of midsummer news.

I had forgotten my appointment with Joe!

It was too late to retrace my steps. I could do my errand alone. The closed blinds on either side of the street gave evidence of its desertion for mountain or shore. Not a person was within sight. It was a relief to be out of the glaring sunlight, suffocating as the air was in the hall.

With my mind dwelling on Joe's disappointment, and heedful of Mamma's injunctions, I locked the front door and slipped the key under the drawing-room mantel shelf. I went to the cellar and turned off the water. Then, carefully and systematically, I would replace the keys in the locks, beginning with the lumber-room. It was a dear old house. I sighed as I climbed the four long flights. I should like to have lived and died there. This reflection was followed by another.

"The gods curse us with our granted wish!"

I fitted the key into the lock; my hand, from mere automatic action, turned the knob of the door, and my heart stood still within me.

Stretched at full length upon the floor was a huge black figure. I saw every detail; the swollen features, the shock of woolly hair, the great hands that could—ay, had—crushed the life out of a fellow creature. There was a red handkerchief about his neck. Upon the floor were bread crumbs and a partially gnawed bone.

I stood, fattered as in a nightmare, as with eyes heavy with sleep, the bugaboo stared at me. His senses were struggling to him. He opened his mouth; I saw his gleaming teeth again. Where had I read that if a negro commits murder, he bites off a piece of his victim's flesh to secure himself against detection?

Poor Mary Ann! Tomorrow—next week, they would be saying of me—I was half way down the first flight of stairs. I could hear him fumbling, still clumsy with sleep, at the door. There was the thud of his huge flat foot on the stair. I had reached the bottom of the second flight. If the front door were unlocked I should be safe, but there was no time to get the key.

Another flight; in the basement was the kitchen door fastened by bolts and opening into a back yard surrounded by a fence eight feet in height, but built with the beams on our side. That way lay my only hope.

I could lock the basement door after me. My icy fingers selected the long, slender key. I struck my hand against the door and the key knelled its way, stair by stair, to the entry below.

I shut the door behind me and

plunged into the darkness. I was at the bottom of the stairs when the door above opened; my pursuer had been gaining on me from the start. The doors below were many and puzzling; I threw open the laundry door as I passed, hoping thereby to throw him off the track.

In vain. With the memory of locality so often found in the low and brutal, the one visit to our kitchen had imprinted its map upon his brain. I had reached the outside door. The bolts drew hard.

I could hear his panting as in terrible blind-man's buff he crossed the kitchen.

My finger tips just touched the upper bolt. "The gods curse us with our granted wish!"

My frantic leap had succeeded. The bolt was out. Not a fraction of a second was to be lost; I was in the yard. I heard him close behind. Was I caught at last!

I should have been, were it not for the childish climbing over the fence, the knowledge of the jagged board here, the crevice there, on which I could rest my foot; a swing into the neighboring alley, and then—the quiet sunlit street and—Joe!

"What's up?" he cried. Something seemed to snap inside my head and that was all I knew.

SHAM PATRIOTISM.

Wm. Star.

Never since the pension system by which the people of this country have been so outrageously plundered was inaugurated was it so freely and boldly discussed as now, but the extent to which it has been carried has made it necessary to discuss it freely and boldly. Men in public life and the leading Democratic papers have touched it gingerly because they feared that by attacking it they would antagonize the soldiers of the late war, who had been taught by the Republican politicians that the country was inestimably indebted to them for the service they had rendered in "saving the Union," and that they couldn't ask nor receive too much as a recognition of that service.

This was mere political trickery, for the man who professed so much love for the soldier, and to feel so grateful, didn't care a continental for the soldier unless the soldier voted the Republican ticket. It was the service he rendered to the Republican party instead of the service he rendered during the war which inspired the love and the gratitude they felt. No one ever knew a Republican administration to appoint Democratic soldiers to positions under it, and no one ever knew a Republican administration, National or State, to keep a Democratic soldier in position if it could get him out. The fact is that whatever the pension idea may have been in the State it soon degenerated into a shameless fraud which has been growing year by year until it has assumed proportions that are simply appalling.

The pension question did not directly figure as one of the issues in the past campaign, for the Republican party, the Democratic party, and the People's party, all pledged themselves to "liberal pensions," but it did indirectly, for Mr. Cleveland had made a record when he was President of drawing the line between honest and dishonest pensioners, and the Republicans made war on him on this account in 1892 as they did in 1888. It was not as effective in '92 as in '88, because the rapidly with which the fraud has grown, and the properties it has assumed since 1888, have put people to thinking and convinced thousands of voters who differed from Mr. Cleveland on that question then, that he was right. Even the self-respecting pensioners became ashamed of the frauds which were perpetrated in their name and they, after investigation, applauded the courage and devotion to the people of the man who unhesitatingly put his feet upon the frauds which had been so long tolerated and encouraged, tolerated by the people and encouraged by the timidity that feared to confront them.

The demand of the people, and the position of the Democratic party are not inspired by antagonism to pensioners, but by antagonism to the frauds perpetrated under cover of love for the soldier and under the mask of patriotism. The Democratic party does not seek to abolish the pension system but simply to correct the abuses that have become a part, and the larger part, of the present system, to separate the soldier from the impostor, to weed out the latter and give the former all the recognition to which he is entitled, and meet every just claim he makes in a spirit as liberal as justice to the people will sanction.

Is there an honest soldier, whether he be a pensioner or not, or is there an honest man, whatever his political affiliations may be, who can object to an investigation of the present pension system, and a scrutiny of the pension rolls to ascertain whether there be ground for the alleged abuses or not, or to see how many are on the rolls

which have no business there.

It is broadly asserted that at least sixty per cent. of the names on the rolls have been put there by fraudulent methods, and kept there with the full knowledge that they are fraudulent through influence wielded over the pension bureau by pension agents, by methods not known to themselves, but not entirely unknown to others who have been upon their track. It is said that there are in this country ten thousand men who derive a considerable part if not all of their incomes from the pension business, and to the cupidity and energy of these men more than to any other one cause is to be attributed the colossal proportions the pension rolls and pension expenditures have attained within the past few years. Where there are melasses there will be flies; where there are millions within reach there will be arms stretched out to make a grab, and the most alert and accomplished thief is apt to get there first and make the biggest grab.

That's the way the pension business has panned out. The less that \$25,000,000 twenty years ago, which was denounced then as alarmingly stupendous and fraudulent by such candid and honest Republican statesmen as Sen. Garfield, has grown to \$162,000,000, and yet the end has not been reached. Unless the knife be applied it will amount to \$250,000,000 within a few years.

Isn't it time for the tax paying people of this country who bear this burden to call a halt and demand an investigation to see to whom this vast amount of money is going and for what? The honest man, whatever his politics may be, or whatever his admiration for the soldiers who fought in the Union army may be, will say yes. It is only the tricky politician, or the beneficiary of the fund, who will say no.

MURDER AT GARYSBURG.

G. D. KEE SHOT AND KILLED BY JNO. F. LIFFEY, HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW.

Wilmington Star, Dec., 30th.

Information was received by the Star last night from Garysburg, N. C., of a cold-blooded murder committed at that place yesterday morning by John F. Liffey, railroad agent, his victim being his brother-in-law, O. D. Kee. Mr. Kee went to the Coast Line depot, at which Mr. Liffey was agent, to pay charges on some baggage. After paying the bill he remarked to Liffey that he and his father-in-law had been trying to defraud him, and he intended to have revenge or blood. Kee then started to leave, and as he reached the office door, was shot by Mr. Liffey. Mr. Kee was totally unarmed. Mr. Liffey was arrested, and is now in jail.

Both men are about 28 years of age, and stood well in the community. Mr. Kee was a machinist employed by the Norfolk and Western Railroad Co., at Roanoke, Va., and was on a visit to his home at Garysburg. He married a daughter of the late Gen. Person, of Northampton county, N. C., and is a near relative of Mr. Chas. Bennett, of the Parcell House, of Wilmington. Mr. Liffey is operator and agent for the Coast Line at Garysburg. He married Miss Annie Kee, a sister of the man he killed.

"BLACK DEATH."

News and Observer.

While our Health officers are concerning themselves about the Cholera which coming from the East threatens to invade this country next year, another unwelcome native of the East has also reappeared. The Black Death has broken out in Turkistan. This fearful disease under the name of the Plague has many times spread west from Asia and ravaged Europe. In the fourteenth century, it is estimated that it carried off 25,000,000 of people in Europe. While it prevailed in England less than a year, it lingered on the continent many years. In six months, however, it depopulated England; reduced the population one half, with the consequent result of making labor so scarce that from that event dates the relatively high prices of English labor; and as the fields could not be filled, the pasture lands were greatly extended and the herds of sheep multiplied; and this was the beginning of England's greatness as a wool growing and manufacturing country.

To what extent this industry was recognized as the basis of England's prosperity and power, one may understand when he remembers that in token of it, the Lord Chancellor, even to this day, sits in Parliament on a wool sack! And thus England's greatest glories are traceable to that great scourge, which, however, at the time interferred with and put a stop to her military operations against France which then looked most favorably for the complete subjugation of France to English dominion.

How sweeping was the character of the disease may be imagined from the statement that much property in the course of six months changed hands more than a

dozen times. A month was a long time for an heir at law to enjoy an estate derived by inheritance before he was carried off. This old disease has, it is said, reappeared in its old birthplace. We trust it will not work its way westward as formerly.

TRADE FLOURISHING.

THE MOST PROSPEROUS YEAR EVER KNOWN IN BUSINESS.

DUNN'S REVIEW—FAVORABLE INDICATIONS FOR THE FUTURE—RAILROAD EARNINGS SHOW AN INCREASE—EXCESS OF EXPORTS—THE SITUATION AT THE SOUTH RE-GUARDED AS SATISFACTORY.

Telegraph to Wm. Star.

NEW YORK, December 30.—The most prosperous year ever known in business closes to-day with strongly favorable indications for the future. From nearly all points comes the report that the holiday trade has been the largest ever known, and while the wholesale trade is not unusually active at this season of stock-taking, it is now remarkably so. Settlements through clearing houses outside of New York in December, were apparently the largest ever made in any month, exceeding last year's by more than ten per cent. For the year the volume is also about ten per cent. larger than last year, and the largest ever known.

Railroad earnings in December show an increase of about three per cent., over last year, and for the year an increase of about 5.05 per cent.

Foreign trade has been smaller than last year in volume of exports: at New York, \$7,800,000 in value for the past four weeks, and at cotton ports about \$10,000,000 less. But imports at New York have been \$3,000,000 larger, and this month still shows great excess of imports. For the year, excess of merchandise exports has been not far from \$70,000,000, with largest imports and largest total of exports and imports ever known in any year.

In iron, the trade is weaker, the demand for finished products being at present light, but steel rails have been reduced to \$39 per ton and sales of 78,000 tons have followed. This great industry has been much affected by the market for securities, which has been depressed for some months by foreign selling and monetary uncertainties, so that the companies have been restricted in purchases of railroad supplies.

Bradstreet says Southern merchants report the wholesale trade seasonably quiet, with the prospect for distribution in 1893 regarded favorably at New Orleans, Birmingham, Galveston, Memphis and Richmond. Atlanta dealers say retailers have small stocks. Some excitement exists among Charleston dealers owing to the new liquor law. The total volume of general trade at the South is believed to be in excess of that for 1891.

Southern iron furnace stocks are the lowest for thirteen months, and are regarded as normal two week's supply.

FOR THE LADIES.

Woolen fabrics is used for under and outer petticoats.

Tam o'Shanter hats are made of surah for small boys.

White black velvet ribbons is suitable for shir; borders.

Bretty ruchings of double chiffon are appropriate for a ruffe.

Very large buckles with Rhinestones are worn on house shoes.

The comb, part of which is a handle, is a great improvement on the old kind.

Fern baskets of silver for the table are made to imitate straw baskets, including handle.

White hats and bonnets are said to be among the regular fancies for the coming season.

Fringes are largely imported in jet, gold lined crystal, iridescent, garnet and brass heads.

Pins, buckles and other millinery ornaments set with brilliant Rhinestones are the fashion.

Among jewelry novelties may be noted collars that are adapted for use as bands around the hair.

Usters, very long, very loose, double-breasted and with full capes are the fad of the moment.

The newest dress skirts are of the much loved umbrella shape, and some of them have an astonishing "flare" around the lower portion.

New passementeries and galloons are made up of the heavy silk cords, open meshes and settings, pendants and Hungarian drape, arranged to give an open lace and lattice effect.

Some druggists are preparing a cold cream of very soft consistency, in which tincture of benzoin, zinc and rose water are used. It is very agreeable and exceedingly beneficial to the skin.

Skirt-trimmlage are everywhere visible but they are seldom wide. Peppings, plaitings, ruches, tiny frills, fur and feather bands abound; and sometimes, on very elegant costumes the slender fur border is headed by a rich bead and metal passementerie.

During the season satins will be worn extensively; also shot and glass patterns and terry velvets. Very few brocade silks will be seen. In the way of woollens, serge and all varieties of cassimere that have gained a cross the fabric will be popular.