

# ROANOKE BEACON.



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W. FLETCHER AUBSON, EDITOR.

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## Directory.

### STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor, Thos. M. Holt, of Alliance.  
Secretary of State, Octavius Coke, of Watauga.  
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 Brunswick.

### CITY GOVERNMENT.

Sheriff, Levi Blount.  
Deputy Sheriff, B. Spruill.  
Treasurer, E. R. Latham.  
Superior Court Clerk, Thos. J. Marriner.  
Register of Deeds, J. P. Hilliard.  
Commissioners, H. J. Starr, W. C. Marriner, B. D. Latham, Jas. Skittetharpe and M. A. Litchfield.  
Board of Education, Thos. G. Armstrong, T. L. Tansenton, J. E. Norman.  
Superintendent of Health, Dr. E. L. Conner.  
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Rev. Luther Eborn.

### CITY.

Mayor and Clerk, J. W. Bryan.  
Treasurer, E. R. Latham.  
Chief of Police, Joseph Tucker.  
Commissioner, E. R. Latham, G. E. Bateman, D. O. McKinley, J. F. Norman, J. W. Bryan, J. H. Smith, Sampson Lewis and Alfred Kiskiner.

### 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 8 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 3d 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, Lenoora.  
Plymouth Lodge, No. 2506—Meets 1st and 3d Thursday nights in each month. W. H. Hampton, Dictator, M. B. Yeager, Fin. Reporter.  
K. & L. of M. Roanoke Lodge—Meets 3d and 6th Thursday nights in each month. J. F. Norman, Protector, N. B. Yeager, Secretary.  
I. O. O. F. Esperanza Lodge, No. 23—Meets every Tuesday night at Bunch's Hall. J. W. Bryan, M. G., L. F. Houston, Sect'y.

### COLORED.

Methodist—Rev. A. B. Hicks, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m., 3 p. m., and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m., E. C. Mitchell, superintendent.  
Methodist—Rev. C. B. Hogan, pastor. Services every 1st and 3d Sundays at 11 a. m., and at 3 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 3, and 8 P. 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.

### LODGE.

Masons, Carthagen—Meets 1st Monday night in each month. S. Tove, W. M., A. Everett, Secretary.  
O. O. F. Meridian Sun Lodge 1926—Meets every 7d and 14th Monday night in each month at 7 1/2 o'clock. T. F. Beaubry, M. G., J. W. McDonald, P. S.  
Christopher A. Lods Lodge K. of L. No.—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. Chesson.  
Constable, Warren Caboon.

### CHURCHES.

Methodist, Rev. J. F. Fishelson, 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 every Sunday at 9 a. m., J. F. Norman, 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 opening at 10 o'clock. Thos. W. Blount, superintendent; W. H. Daily, Secretary.

### LODGE.

Roper Masonic Lodge, A. F. & A. M. No. 443, meets in their Hall at Roper, N. C., at 7:30 p. m., 1st and 3d Tuesdays after 1st Sunday. J. L. Savage, W. M., E. L. Williams, Secretary.

### Important to Ladies.

Sir—I made use of your PHILITONER with my last child, in order to procure a safe and easy travail. I used it about two months before my expected time, until I was taken sick, and I had a very quick and easy confinement. Nothing occurred to prevent my convalescence, 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 done, they will never again be without it at such times. I am yours respectfully, Mrs. ELIZABETH H. DIX.  
Any merchant or druggist can procure RILEY'S PHILITONER for \$1 a bottle.  
CHARLES F. RILEY, Wholesale Druggist, 24 Cornhill St., New York.

## EVERY YEAR.

The following lines were written by the Hon. Albert Pike of Arkansas, who died in the spring of 1891, at Washington, D. C., at the close of a year but a short time before his death. From their sad strain it would almost seem that he felt that he was approaching the "dark valley."

The reply, in equally pathetic but brighter strain, is by his friend, Hon. A. M. Waddell of Wilmington:

It is growing darker, colder  
Every year;  
As the heart and soul grow bolder  
Every year;  
I care more for dancing,  
Or for eyes with passion glistening,  
Love is less and less entrancing  
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended  
Every year;  
Of the charms of friendship ended  
Every year;  
Of the ties that still might bind me,  
Until Time to Death resigned me,  
My infirmities remind me  
Every year.

Yes! the shores of life are shifting  
Every year;  
And we are seaward drifting  
Every year;  
Old places changing fast,  
There are fewer to regret us  
Every year.

But the true life draws nigher  
Every year;  
And its morning star climbs higher  
Every year;  
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,  
And the heavy burden lighter,  
And the dawn immortal brighter  
Every year.

### IN REPLY.

Time, thy be as'er so fleetly  
Every year;  
Only tenses your happy more sweetly  
Every year;  
And we listen to its singing,  
And the ministrals, awake like singing,  
More melodious numbers flinging  
Every year.

Sing on, oh! grand old master,  
Every year;  
Poor thy mellow rhythms faster  
Every year;  
They will make our journey lighter,  
And our weary pathway brighter,  
As our looks grow thin and whiter  
Every year.

Yes, our loved ones go before us  
Every year;  
And the living more ignore us  
Every year;  
It is well, what need for sorrow  
If the dawn of each tomorrow  
Brighter tints from Heaven borrow  
Every year?

## TWO MATCHMAKERS.

I'm sure I wish we could, you know I do, Lucia, but what we can do, I don't know. He is a really good boy, but when his mind is made up he is as set as the hills.

"That is so, Isabel. My daughter is as good as a mother confidant, and yet in this one point so obstinate. Now the time some women have with their daughters! Why, I should die of shame if my Lucia had done what some girls do."

"And Herbert will take us all about, and seem as proud of his old mother as can be; he likes girls, and he'll talk nonsense with them, and dance with all the homely ones, 'to give them a chance,' he says; but if I say anything about his singling out one, he only laughs, and says when he finds one equal to his mother, perhaps he'll think about it." It is so provoking.

"If that is not Lucia, exactly! She will be agreeable to all, young or old, rich or poor, but the minute that someone begins to get especially interested, off she goes, and not a word more can be wrung from her. 'He's so silly,' she'll say, or else, 'when I find someone like my father,' but talk as I will, nothing moves her. She will live and die an old maid, I do believe, in spite of everything."

"They are just out out for each other."

"Yes, but if we said a word to them they would hate at first sight."

"Of course."

"He thinks that girls are frivolous."

"And she thinks—"

At this instant the door of the women's waiting room at Cross Roads Junction swung open, and the station official shouted: "Express for Bawson now ready."

The elderly women, who had one corner of the waiting room to themselves, finished their conversation abruptly. Mrs. Morgan, who had been addressed as Isabel, took her traveling bag and umbrella, and after a loving good-bye to her friend, boarded the train for Boston.

In about half an hour Mrs. Jameson took a train announced "Bawson way stations."

These ladies had been friends in their schooldays, but they had married, separated, and finally lost sight of each other for twenty years. But genuinely kind feeling will revive. Therefore, when they met, quite by accident, about a year before the time of this conversation, they took up again the old friendship, and were very happy in it.

They had interchanged visits, and a great desire had arisen in the hearts of both. Mrs. Morgan had a bright, capable son, an excellent young man, and a great aid to his father in his business; and Mrs. Jameson had a clever, good-looking and well educated daughter.

But, alas, these two mothers had had too much experience to attempt rashly to bring their children together. Still the mothers could not rest, and they had spent the hour at Cross Roads Junction vainly trying to invent some plan sufficiently natural to trap their children's wary feet.

Not long after Mrs. Morgan's return, she received a letter from her friend. She had a plan which she submitted to Mrs. Morgan's approval.

My DEAR ISABEL:—What do you think of this for an idea. You know you and I had planned to spend some time together this summer. Now suppose we boldly announce our plan to our obstinate children, and rather disconcert or forbid them to think of accompanying us, telling each that he or she may meet the other there, and so scare them away. Say that we don't wish the bother of keeping them apart, or say anything that the occasion demands. My thought is, that both will come out of pure coyness, and then—what more can we do?

I met on the train—

Ever your loving friend,  
LUCIA JAMESON.

Soon Mrs. Morgan replied saying that the plan might succeed, and that anyway she was ready to try it. She mentioned a quaint old place down on the Massachusetts coast that she thought would be a good one.

With some trepidation Mrs. Morgan was waiting to open her campaign. An obliging chance helped her.

It was one very hot morning in July. The great heat of the day before had been continued till far into the night by a land breeze, and now that morning had come, and the city awoke tired and unrefreshed.

Mrs. Morgan arose more tired than the evening before, and Herbert, who had just come home from a week's camping with some old college friends, noticed the heat more than ever.

"How pale you look! Have you one of your nervous headaches this morning?" asked Mr. Morgan kindly at breakfast. "And Herbert, too," continued the keen-eyed father. "In spite of his week's tan he looks fairly wilted. What is the matter?"

"My head does ache somewhat, but it was so hot last night, so hot I could scarcely sleep at all," said Mrs. Morgan.

"But you, Herbert?"

"Oh, I'm well enough, but it was intolerably hot;—not much like cool Rock Harbor."

"Well, what you two stay here in misery for I don't see; there's no reason why you should; though for clear comfort give me Boston," said Mr. Morgan.

"I would go away, but I hate to leave you and Herbert in these hot walls," explained Mrs. Morgan.

"Never mind me, I never saw Boston hot yet, and as for Herb, take him along with you," answered her husband.

"I think Herbert won't like to go where I thought of going; I supposed his stay at Rock Harbor was to be longer, so I partly promised Mrs. Jameson to go to Hid Cove with her. It's such a quiet place. There isn't much going on, and scarcely any young people."

"I didn't know that that would disturb our old bachelor," said Mr. Morgan, coming unconsciously to his wife's aid.

"No, but Lucia,—Mrs. Jameson that is, may bring her daughter, and then he'll have to dance attendance on her. That's what he particularly objects to, the young lady, not a score."

"There's safety in numbers," calmly explained Herbert.

"Shades of Brigham Young! What an old Mormon you are, Herbert! I never thought a son of mine would run away from a girl."

It was not very often that Mr. Morgan teased his son, Herbert, flushed a little at the good-natured rally, but did not reply.

"But now that I think of it you ought to have been out of the city a month ago; so if, when I come home at once, I don't find you packing to go somewhere, I'll get out a permit

and pack you off myself to the coolest lunatic asylum I can find."

Mr. Morgan might joke, but he generally had a meaning hidden somewhere in his jest, so his wife sat down after he had gone to business and wrote to Mrs. Jameson saying she was going to Hid Cove the twenty-fifth.

Business was dull, and as Herbert and his father came home, Mr. Morgan was trying to persuade Herbert to take his mother and go away with her.

"You can do as you please, of course, but I can't leave so well as you, and besides, I don't wish to. I dislike summer re-orts even of the mildest type, but if you go you will enjoy it, and so will your mother, twice as well as being alone. I can spare you. When I need you, you can run down. Hid Cove is not far off. What was it about a girl? I didn't suppose you'd stay away for all the girls in creation."

"Never mind the girl. I'll go down, and make mother as happy as I can."

"That's a good boy. You take a weight off my mind. She ought to have left the city long ago."

When Mrs. Jameson suggested that Lucia, the younger, take a trip to Clinton Spring, the young lady asked where her mother was going. The invitation to Hid Cove was then made known.

"Why can't I go to Hid Cove with you? We have always spent our summers together."

Miss Lucia seemed really hurt to think she was to be left behind.

"But, my dear," expostulated her mother, "it's such a quiet place. There will be but few young people, and Mrs. Morgan may bring her son down. You won't wish to have only one young man to pick up your handkerchief and sail your boat."

"I never drop my handkerchief, and I'll hire a fisherman to do my sailing, a dear old fisherman who hitches up his trousers and 'blesses his eyes.'"

"I would do anything to make you happy, but who would have supposed you would care to go, too? I can give up going to Hid Cove."

"You dear mamma, you shall do no such thing. Do you think I can't snub one poor young man and keep him under if I try? He shall not stand between you and your pleasure."

"I was thinking only of your comfort, Lucia," said her mother.

"Did you ever know any young man yet to disturb my peace of mind?"

"No, my dear, I never did," was the candid answer.

Fortwith their trunks were packed and Mrs. Jameson and Lucia arrived at Hid Cove the twenty-seventh.

The two astute matrons behaved decorously until they were fairly alone, then they hugged each other as repulsively as schoolgirls, and gloated over the success of their deep laid snare.

The next few days were devoted to these schemes in keeping their children apart. Herbert tramped over the beach and back through the forest with a somewhat elderly naturalist, and Mrs. Jameson and her daughter explored the wharf and made overtures to a delightful old fisherman who was all that Lucia had fancied him to be.

In a few days this independent young lady had matured her plans. Trusting in her fisherman and his boat, she proposed a picnic and offered to take a half dozen over to a beautiful green island. Herbert necessarily was included.

The sail was all it promised to be. The day was pleasant, the island as lovely near as when seen from afar, and the old fisherman a model.

The picnicers felt unconstrained, and each followed his or her own inclination, and lounged or read, or watched the tide come in.

Herbert found that a girl could plan a picnic which did not involve incessant labor on the part of all the men present, and Lucia discovered one man who did not volunteer a volume of advice that was neither needful or desirable. It was a surprise on both sides.

In the afternoon he strolled over to Lucia, who was sitting on a high rock, idly reading or lazily flinging stones into the water. She actually seemed satisfied and happy, yet she was all alone entertaining herself.

"Are you enjoying the day?"

"Very much. I never lived by the sea, and I always wished to spend a summer down in some rocky, out-of-the-way place, just like this."

This remark was fortunate, for Herbert loved the rocky old seashore.

"The scenery may grow tiresome, after a while," suggested Herbert.

"Perhaps so, but I think not; I have seen

many new ideas to gain from the sea. I suppose my reading has given me wrong impressions, so I would like to see the ocean rise over the water, and the sun, and know something what it would be like to get caught by the tide, or lost in a fog, and see a storm at sea."

"A wreck—" put in Herbert, in a cool way.

"How could you!" she cried and turned in a hurt and angry way toward him. The angry flush soon died away leaving her quite pale, though the pained look deepened in her face.

"I am sorry to have misinterpreted your wishes, but a storm does not amount to much unless there is a wreck to make it truly thrilling," responded Herbert. He was looking across the water—not at her face. Her enthusiasm had seemed frivolous and he had answered her chatter as he supposed in kind. "Shallow as the rest," was his mental comment.

As Lucia did not reply, he looked up.

"Why, what is it?" he asked. He was waiting to hear a bantering reply, not to see a girl white and distressed, looking half ready to cry.

"You did not know. I was in a wreck once on land, not sea. My father was killed. I saw—"

"Grew rude I was; do forgive me, I did not know. What can I do?"

"You can go away, please," said Lucia, still white.

Any allusion to that dreadful night always made her faint and ill.

There was no alternative so he went away, and Lucia, after struggling for her composure, got up and climbed down over the rocks, and walked on the narrow beach until her agitation passed away.

Soon after the whole party went home. Lucia simply ignored the event of the afternoon, and Herbert could do no less than follow her example.

The next day Herbert went up Boston, and Lucia took the mothers out driving. The hard, smooth road finally led off into a grove. Here they stayed and rambled about and gathered flowers, and Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Jameson talked and almost became girls again. Lucia was thoughtful for their comfort and so genuinely simple hearted and happy that Mrs. Morgan fairly coveted her for a daughter-in-law.

Herbert brought down in the evening a bouquet of the loveliest roses that Boston afforded, and gave them to Lucia. "For a peace offering," he said, and she graciously accepted them.

Life was not quite so dull at Hid Cove as had been represented. In the evening there was an impromptu hop. Lucia fell naturally to Herbert at first, and now each found that the other danced well.

Other partners sought Lucia, but both she and Herbert would have been surprised had they counted up the times they danced together. Perhaps the sedate mothers were not so unconscious, but they held their peace.

Lucia with her preconceived ideas of the beauties to be found in old ocean, went vigorously to work to discover them all.

The old boatman appeared her staunch friend, and actually at her earnest request rowed her off one day to a large rock, whose top, though safely above flood tide, only presented a small surface at high tide. There she remained while the tide came in.

For this he was very severely reproved by Herbert Morgan, who seemed to be keeping a close watch over Miss Jameson's comings and goings.

The sly old sea dog took the dollar and the remarks, but made no promises.

Herbert discovered that Lucia was not so shallow as some girls, and Lucia hoped that Herbert would not "go and get silly," for really he was not so bad after all.

Herbert, in his office of inspector of Miss Jameson's movements, found that the worthy old sailor had made an agreement to let her know when he thought the evening gave promise of a brilliant sunrise.

Accordingly Mr. Morgan went down to that ancient marina, and accompanied by dia of such stability and no little silver coins in extracting a promise from the honest man that he would also let Mr. Morgan know when the tokens of a fine sunrise should appear.

The old tar kept his word, and one morning Miss Lucia was surprised to find that no less person than Mr. Morgan was very much interested in an ocean sunrise.

She did not betray her surprise, but returned his "good-morning," and allowed him to walk on with her to a high point which gave a grand ocean view.

To herself Lucia was saying, "There, I do believe he is just as bad as the rest, if he gets silly what shall I do? Mother will only laugh and say 'I told you so.'"

Her apprehension was groundless, apparently. Herbert gazed calmly at the gorgeous spectacle, and left her quietly alone, to enjoy it to heart's content. Finally they turned away.

"What shall we do now? It is not yet time even for the early breakfast, and who would sleep again after this?"

"Suppose we take a sail!" suggested Herbert.

"No, I would rather leave this ocean in-

pression undisturbed by others. Let us go for a ride. The drive through the forest will be lovely now; I use to go as early as this sometimes with father." This was the first reference to her father that she had made since that unlucky speech of Herbert's on the island a few weeks before.

The early hour with its crowding associations, the thought of her father, and the beautiful grove, all tended to loosen her tongue, and she spoke naturally and without restraint or embarrassment.

She told of the blue tinted mountains that she was accustomed to see; and the roadsides that in June were one mass of pink and white laurel blossoms, and in Autumn were scarlet with woodbine and sumac and yellow with the beautiful golden-rod.

The ride was not long, and when they returned the early breakfast was being served.

Notwithstanding the sunrise, the day turned out to be as rainy as the ancient marine foretold.

Lucia went away for a nap, and time hung heavily. Herbert fussed about his mother's room seeking diversion, yet scouting novels and threatening every little while to go to Boston for a change.

Mrs. Morgan had seen boys before, and she knew her son wished to say something and did not know how to begin.

"Where's everybody?" he at length asked.

"Sleeping, reading novels or playing billiards."

"Yes, I know" (impatiently) "it's a confounded long day, I wish I had gone up to business."

"Poor boy, he wishes to be amused, shall his mother play cribbage with him?"

"Hanging cribbage," he cried.

"Why, Herbert Morgan what has come over you! After all the games we've played together. Are you sick, or sleepy or what is the matter?"

Neither said anything for a while and then Herbert said gently, "I know I was cross." Then relapsing into a childlike formula, "I was bad to you. Will you forgive me?"

When peace was made Herbert asked:—  
Are you having a good time here?  
Yes, it is so cool, and I enjoy seeing Mrs. Jameson very much.

Lucia is a nice girl, ventured Herbert.

Not any better than many I have seen, said Mrs. Morgan, wickedly taking the opposite side.

How can you say so, mother? exclaimed her son falling neatly into the trap. I thought you knew girls better than that. I never saw one so compare with her.

Then he saw the admission he had made and flushed under the seaside tan.

Is she as nice as your mother? There was a twinkle in Mrs. Morgan's eye. She may be sometimes if she keeps on, slowly coaxed Herbert.

There was a pause and then Mrs. Morgan said softly:

Is there anything I can do for you my son?

No, do you suppose Mrs. Jameson would object?

I think not, said Mrs. Morgan, reflectively, keeping the corners of her mouth straight by quite an effort.

But if you wish some advice, said Mrs. Morgan, I think I would, if possible, not speak to Lucia yet. She hates flirting and she never as liked being made love to. Get acquainted all you can during the remainder of the stay here, and let her come to know you well, then perhaps she may be ready to listen to you.

And not yet?

Not today, or tomorrow; wait till the time here is nearly ended.

Herbert sighed, but strange to relate, in a case of this kind, he actually followed his mother's advice.

If a trace of feeling a trifle more pronounced than usual appeared in Herbert's manner, it was banished again so speedily that it was gone before Lucia really divined it.

Toward the end of the stay, the moon became full again, and Lucia planned an evening sail over to the island.

The evening was perfect. Lucia climbed again to the rocky point and watched the great moon as it slowly rose above the water.

The "waving reflection" was all that she had imagined. Herbert sat at her feet and watched the changing path of light before them.

The remarks he made evidently were more acceptable than those in the first interview in that spot, for she did not send him away, nor, in reporting something of the conversation to her mother, did she call it "silly."

But it was not until after the wedding tour was over that those two match-making mammae dared even hint at their scheming.

—Chicago Ledger.

The Charlotte Observer urges the appointment of ex-Congressman W. M. Babbie as United States Minister to Mexico, and it says that, in addition to many other qualifications, he is an accomplished Spanish scholar.