

ROANOKE BEACON.



Published by Roanoke Publishing Co.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

W. FLETCHER AUBSON, EDITOR.

VOL. IV.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY MARCH, 3, 1893.

NO. 38.

Directory.

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor, Elias Carr, of Edgecombe.
Lieutenant Governor, R. A. Doughton, of Albemarle.
Secretary of State, Octavius Coker, of Wake.
Treasurer, Donald W. Bain, of Wake.
Auditor, R. M. Furness, of B.combe.
Attorney General, Frank I. Osborne, of Mecklenburg.
Superintendent of Public Instruction, J. O. Scarborough, of Johnston.

COUNTY GOVERNMENT.

Sheriff, Levi Blount.
Deputy Sheriff, D. Spruill.
Treasurer, W. L. Freeman.
Superior Court Clerk, Thos. J. Marriner.
Register of Deeds, J. P. Hilliard.
Commissioners, H. M. Snel, W. C. Marri-
son, B. D. Latham, Jos. Skittlesharpe
and A. A. Litchfield.
Board of Education, Thos. S. Armistead,
T. L. Tarkenton, J. L. Norman.
Superintendent of Public Instruction,
Rev. Luther Eborn.

CITY.

Mayer and Clerk, J. W. Bryan.
Treasurer, E. R. Latham.
Chief of Police, Joseph Tucker.
Councilmen, E. R. Latham, G. R. Bate-
man, D. O. Brinkley, J. P. Norman, J. W.
Bryan, J. H. Smith, Sampson Lowe and
Alfred Skinner.

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, serv-
ices 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. Egan, superintendent.

LODGES.

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

K. & L. of H. Roanoke Lodge—Meets
3d and 4th Thursday nights in each month.
J. F. Norman, Dictator.
N. B. Yeager, Secretary.

I. O. O. F. Kaperana Lodge, No. 28 meets
every Tuesday night at 8 o'clock. Hall, J.
W. Bryan, G. M. L. I. Hamilton, Sec'y.

COLORED.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Baptist—Elder A. B. Hio, pastor.
Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. 3 p. m.
and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m. L.
G. Mitchell, superintendent.

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 a. m. and 8 p. m. S. H. King,
pastor. Sunday school every Sunday.

2d Baptist, Zion's Hall—H. H. Norman,
pastor. Preaching every 4th Sunday. Sun-
day school every Sunday, Alonzo Wynn,
superintendent.

LODGES.

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

G. U. O. of F. Meridian Sun Lodge 1624—
Meets every 2d and 4th Monday night in
each month at 7 o'clock. L. F. Beaubry,
N. G. J. W. McDonald, P. S.

Christopher A. Ochs 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.

Justices of the Peace, Jas. A. Cheson.
Constables, Warren Aubson.

CHURCHES.

Methodist, Rev. J. L. Finlayson, pastor.
Services every Sunday morning at 11
o'clock (except the first), and every Sunday
night at 7:30. Prayer meeting every Wed-
nesday night. Sunday school Sunday morn-
ing at 9:30. L. 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.
Blount, superintendent, W. H. Daily, sec-
retary.

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 3d Tuesdays after 1st
Sunday. J. L. Savage, W. M.; R. L.
Williams, Secretary.

Important to Ladies.

Sir—I made use of your PHIL-TOKEN
with my last child, in order to procure a
safe and easy transit. I need 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 convenience, 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 never again be
without it at such times. I am yours res-
pectfully Mrs. ELIZABE H. DIX.
Any merchant or druggist can procure
RILEY'S PHIL-TOKEN for \$1 a bottle.
CHARLES F. RILEY, Wholesale Drug-
gist, 62 Cortlandt St., New York.

THE BASE OF THE NILE.

BY WALTER F. JACKSON.

In poppled dreams, Old Egypt lies
In the arms of afternoon;
No whisper breathes e'er leaf or flow'r,
Save here where flows broad Nilus, dim
'Neath trembling frondage green,
Winding dark through ready aisles
By marge of our old sheen.

Close by this marge, amid the blooms,
Azure and snowy white,
The fragrant lotus lifts to meet
The kiss of evening light.
'Neath heart-shaped leaves and fringing
flags.

Rock'd by the wimpling tide
A little ark of papyrus floats
O'er arching palms beside.

And in its depths an infant lies,
Of beauty sweet and rare,
The bice of heaven in his eyes,
Its sunshine in his hair.
His tiny hands would seize the gleams
That thread-like round him play;
His wee mouth melts in dimpling smile,
Like spring buds in May.

But lo! what shapes are these that glide
Upon the eve-spelled scene—
Light, playful forms arrayed in white,
And glist'ning 'mid the green,
From gardens afar where glow the dyes
Of Orient flowers they've come.
From yonder domed and pillared pile,
The Pharaoh's palace home.

Lovely they are, with large soft eyes,
And cheeks of damask hue,
And brows serene, and full curved lips
Like roses dripped in dew;
But queen of all is she who leads,
In majesty and grace,
Her floating wealth of cloud-like curls
Enframing form and face.

Down marble stairs, beneath the shade
Of lac-like iron, she leads
Her blooming train to Nilus' brim,
Where rocking 'mid the reeds,
She sees the barque a mother's love
Has launched upon the stream,
And putting there, the while her eyes
With longing wonder gleam.

She bids a daisied fetch it thence,
Away the maid bounds fleet,
And bustling, lays it down before
The princess' sa-dated feet,
Now bends the head of Pharaoh's child
To view the shape it bears:
A fl'w'r from heav'n half-folded, sweet,
Before her on the stairs.

Wit, laughing e'er, the babe looks up,
And eager with delight,
He seeks to seize her beauty as
He sought to catch the light;
But fails, and so swift wailing tears
Beflood his pretty eyes,
That sparkle through that diamond veil,
Twin stars in twilight skies.

Throbs Egypt's heart; his loveliness
A young pulses warm:
'May I kiss thee, babe?' she breath-
'And shield thee from all harm!'
Then leaning o'er, she takes the child
Close in her soft embrace,
And murmurs low: "Him shall they spare,
For I will show him grace."

So Mizraim's queen protects and rears
The babe designed by God
To break a nation's chains and free
Pale captives from the rod;
And so in night and mystery,
His purpose to fulfill,
Jehovah moulds and shapes the lives
That work His wondrous will.

SOUTHERN POSSIBILITIES.

Take it all in all, there is no por-
tion of the United States which pre-
sents as many advantages and as few
drawbacks to the man who wants to
make a comfortable living and add
some to his worldly possessions, as
that portion South of the Potomac
and Ohio rivers, East of the Missis-
sippi and Louisiana, Arkansas and
Texas, West of it. While there are
populous cities in it, many towns
and sections pretty thickly settled,
as a whole it is comparatively an un-
settled region. To the eye of the
traveler the trees felled in clearing
the lands for cultivation have scarcely
made a perceptible impression on
the great, glorious forest with which
nature crowned it.

In the area South of those two
rivers and East of the Mississippi
there is room for 50,000,000 of peo-
ple, without over-crowding, and cap-
acity of soil, if properly cultivated,

to feed and clothe many more.

Let us take North Carolina by way
of illustration. The population is
in round numbers 1,600,000. The
area is 50,000 square miles, or 32,-
000,000 acres. This would be at the
rate of 32 persons to the square mile,
giving each man, woman and child
in it a farm of 22 acres, or every
family of five persons a farm of 110
acres. If one-fourth of this farm
were put in wheat, it would produce,
at the average rate of production in
this State, about 190 bushels, or
enough to bread the family and
leave a surplus of 165 bushels. Put
the remainder in corn, oats, vegeta-
bles, fruits, &c., and there would be
enough to feed the family and leave
even a greater surplus, for wheat
gives a smaller yield per acre than
any other crop grown. This gives
some idea of the capacity of the soil
as a food producer to sustain life,
even with the present small yield
per acre. The farm of 110 acres
would not only feed, and feed well,
the family of five, but ten families
of five and then leave a surplus,
that is if industry and intelligence
made it do what it could do.

But it could do more than this by
thorough culture. The fact is there
is no telling what it could not do.
There is land in North Carolina,
once and not many years ago, land
of less than average fertility which
now produces from 40 to 50 bushels
of wheat per acre, six times the av-
erage. We have seen it.

There is land which produces 600
bushels of Irish potatoes to the acre.
We have seen it.

There is land which produces more
than 75 bushels of corn to the acre.
We have seen it.

There is land which will produce
three tons of hay to the acre, and
will yield two cuttings to the season.
We have seen it.

There is land which will grow
clover and timothy six feet high.
We have seen it.

There is land which will produce
sorghum, turnips, onions, beets, cab-
bages, sweet potatoes, beans, peas
and other food crops in the same
proportion. We have seen it.

Of course they are the exception,
but the exception only because in-
telligence, industry and perseverance
have co-operated with nature and
brought out the latent possibilities
of the soil.

All the 32,000,000 acres in the
State are, of course, not susceptible
of being cultivated, because some is
swamp land, (much of which, how-
ever, may be reclaimed) some moun-
tainous, some too barren for the
plow, and the larger part still under
timber, but with all this there is
room enough in North Carolina for
five times the present population and
then she would not be as densely
populated to the square mile as some
of the Middle and New England
States are.

What North Carolina wants, and
what every other Southern State
wants, is more people, the right kind
of people, and smaller farms. More
people to consume what the soil pro-
duces, to make a home market, and
more smaller farms to produce in
the desired variety and in the great-
est abundance. More people, not
people of muscle merely, laborers to
do the drudgery of the farm or town,
there are enough of that kind, but
people of brains and energy, who
farm not because they couldn't do
anything else, but because they can
do that and understand their busi-
ness. The-e, by adding to the pro-
ductive capacity of the soil, would
invite increased manufactures, and
these would draw skilled labor, and
cities and towns would grow, to be
fed by the farm.

The granary and the slaughter
house of the continent is the great
Northwest, but when the Northwest
became that it reached the limit of
its possibilities. It can produce the
staple food crops but there it must
be content to rest, for the climate
limits its productions to a compara-
tive few.

There is nothing grown in the
Northwest which cannot be as well
or better grown in North Carolina,
or any other Southern State, while
there are numerous products of these
States which can't be grown there.

There is not a grain grown there
which cannot be grown here in per-
fection and abundance.

There is not a vegetable grown
there which cannot be grown here in
quantity marvellous and of mach-
less excellence.

There is not a fruit grown there
which cannot be grown here with
scarcely an effort.

There is not a grass grown there
which would not clothe our fields
with a luxuriant growth, while there

are grains, and vegetables, and fruits,
and grasses that are common here,
but would be out of their latitude
and would perish there. If man had
done his part by the South as nature
has done hers, it would be the para-
dise of this earth.—Wil. Star.

POOR ROADS ARE A CURSE.

When the people can be made to
understand that it actually costs
more in time and money to travel
over a poor road than it does to
travel over a good one, they will be
less inclined to begrudge the expense
of good roads, and what is of more
importance still will be willing and
anxious to put the business of road-
making into the hands of intelligent
men who understand the business.

Poor roads are the expensive things
that curse a country district.
The subject has received more dis-
cussion and consideration during the
last few months than for years and
better results in some way are sure
to follow just so long as the people
are interested and keep striking for
this important and great need.

New Berne and Craven county
have suffered no little through some
of our miserable roads and they will
continue to be an abomination and
hindrance to travel and traffic as
long as the present system of work-
ing roads is continued.

At the Chicago Exposition it is
proposed to have a comprehensive
exhibit of improved roads and road
machinery. In fact all over the
United States the people are seeing
the necessity for good roads, and not
leave them practically to take care
of themselves, realizing that a few
dollars spent in patch work is only
money thrown away.

In Missouri this interest is most
marked, under the leadership of the
State Board of Agriculture. In
Pettis county the farmers have peti-
tioned that the county be bonded to
the amount of \$100,000 for the pur-
pose of building roads. In Scott
county a subscription has been set
apart to grade and gravel the county
road. In Jasper county half the sal-
oon license tax is to be expended
upon the main traveled roads of the
county. In Callaway the citizens of
one town, Fulton, have promised to
raise \$600 per mile to build twelve
miles of gravel road. In Ray county
thirteen farmers have subscribed
\$3,000 toward having a good road.

In Davies' county the farmers are
holding meetings and organizing at
their different school houses to de-
vises plans for improving their roads,
and so the list goes on throughout
the State.

Will North Carolina be outstripped
by any of her sister states? We
believe not. She is thoroughly ar-
ranged on manufacturing and the
time has about arrived when better
roads will be similarly viewed.—New
Berne Journal.

A GHOST STORY.

IT IS FULL OF HORRORS BUT ITS WINDUP
IS DECIDEDLY STUNNING.

"You don't believe in ghosts? Don't eh?
I once knew a man who didn't believe
in balloons. His reason was just as yours—
he had never seen one. It was Robert J.
Tambison, and his audience was a group of
incredulous grip-sack pilgrims assembled
in Lillard's corner. 'Didn't I ever see a
ghost? Well, kinder calculate I did, and
'want none of your made-to-order ghosts,
either, let me tell you. You remember the
Ashtabula railroad wreck? Well it was
the night after that affair that I held my
materialization seance. I was living in
Dayton, I had a cousin, a graceful, scamp,
named Doolittle, who has been punished
for his sins by being sent to the legislature
and getting caught in the matrimonial
across four times. It's hard to hold a grade
again a fellow-sinner as had to wrangle with
few mothers-in-law.

Well, when Jack and I were going
through the agony of raising our first
monstrous we formed a solemn compact
that the one that tickled the bucket first
should come back and tell the other all
about it, and how he liked it as far as he
had got. I received a telegram one day
that Jack had been killed in the Ashtabula
wreck. I had been worrying about him,
for he was traveling in that territory. Well,
sir, it broke me all up. We had chummed
for ten years, and one night shared the
same loaf in a water-melon patch. We
had been engaged to the same girls and had
lost our money on the same political can-
didate. I went to bed that night feeling
pretty blue and wondering if Jack would
show up according to contract. I was in
hopes he wouldn't like it him well enough
in life, but I had no inclination to associ-
ate with spirits that couldn't be blotted.

"At 2 o'clock I woke up, and hang me
if I didn't find Jack sitting on the edge
of the bed. The room was filled
with a blue flickering light, in which his
face showed more ghastly than the front
elevation of an Egyptian mummy. Scientists
say that it's all bosh about a man's hair
getting a hump on itself when he is scared.
That's all they know about it. My flesh
seemed to creep and crawl and every inch
of my hair on my head rose to order. My
heart came up and pounded against my
teeth and my tongue went on a strike. The
ghost sat there looking at me with a sooty
stare for full two minutes. I just couldn't
stand the pressure. I sprang out of bed
and went through the window in one time
and two motions.

"The air was chilly and I was attired
only in my night-gown. I stood it as long
as I could and then I sneaked back peered
into the room. All was dark. I climbed
and tumbled into bed. I found it occupied.
G rate Gawd! The ghost had actually
gone to bed and proposed to make the
night of it. I made another dive for the
window but the visitor caught hold of the
narrative of my 'robe de sham' and drag-
ged me back. I was, demoralized, terror
stricken. I began to whoop like a Puce
Indian on the war path over a picnic who
had discovered a garter snake. Then Jack
said: 'Come to bed, you blanked old fool!'
Dead? Not by a good deal. He sneaked
in, poured half pint of cognac into the bowl
set it afire, then set down to stare me into
convulsions. Let's get a lemonade. It
gives me the hysterics to think about that
night. Same to you."—St. Louis Globe-
Democrat.

for a mugwump, if Jack wasn't sitting on
the edge of the bed. The room was filled
with a blue flickering light, in which his
face showed more ghastly than the front
elevation of an Egyptian mummy. Scientists
say that it's all bosh about a man's hair
getting a hump on itself when he is scared.
That's all they know about it. My flesh
seemed to creep and crawl and every inch
of my hair on my head rose to order. My
heart came up and pounded against my
teeth and my tongue went on a strike. The
ghost sat there looking at me with a sooty
stare for full two minutes. I just couldn't
stand the pressure. I sprang out of bed
and went through the window in one time
and two motions.

"The air was chilly and I was attired
only in my night-gown. I stood it as long
as I could and then I sneaked back peered
into the room. All was dark. I climbed
and tumbled into bed. I found it occupied.
G rate Gawd! The ghost had actually
gone to bed and proposed to make the
night of it. I made another dive for the
window but the visitor caught hold of the
narrative of my 'robe de sham' and drag-
ged me back. I was, demoralized, terror
stricken. I began to whoop like a Puce
Indian on the war path over a picnic who
had discovered a garter snake. Then Jack
said: 'Come to bed, you blanked old fool!'
Dead? Not by a good deal. He sneaked
in, poured half pint of cognac into the bowl
set it afire, then set down to stare me into
convulsions. Let's get a lemonade. It
gives me the hysterics to think about that
night. Same to you."—St. Louis Globe-
Democrat.

SEPARATE CARS.

FOR THE RACES AFTER MAY THE 1ST.

The following is a full text of the
bill requiring railroads to furnish
separate cars with equal accomoda-
tions for the whites and blacks:

The General Assembly of North Carolina
do enact:

SEC. 1. That railroads doing business
in this State shall be required to furnish
equal accommodations in separate cars or
compartments of cars for white and colored
passengers; provided that this act shall not
apply to sleeping cars.

SEC. 2. That all conductors or other
employees of such railroads in charge of
their cars shall be required to assign all
passengers to their respective cars or com-
partments of cars provided by said com-
panies under the provisions of this act.

SEC. 3. That any passenger willfully
remaining in any car or compartment other
than that to which he may have been as-
signed shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and
shall be punished by fine or imprison-
ment or both in the discretion of the Court.
The conductor and any and all employees
on such cars are hereby clothed with power
to eject from the train or car any passenger
who refuses to remain in such car or com-
partment as may be assigned to him.

SEC. 4. That when a railroad car is
divided into compartments the space set
apart or provided for white and colored
passengers respectively may be proportioned
according to the proportion of usual
and ordinary travel by each on the road or
line on which said cars are used.

SEC. 5. That it shall be unlawful for the
officers or employees having charge of such
cars to allow white and colored passengers
to occupy the same cars or compartments
and the violation of this section shall con-
stitute a misdemeanor to be punished as
stated in section 3.

SEC. 6. That the provisions of this act
shall not apply to nurses or servants in at-
tendance on their employes.

SEC. 7. That the provisions of this act
shall apply to street cars but only so far
as to require conductors and employees
in charge of the same to assign passengers
to seats as to separate the white and
colored races as much as practicable.

SEC. 8. That all companies operating
railroads in this State shall furnish to pas-
sengers comfortable seats and shall have
the cars well and sufficiently lighted and
ventilated.

SEC. 10. That this act shall be in force
from and after the first day of May 1893.

AN IMPORTANT MATTER.

There has come no more important
matter before the farmers than the question
as to whether or not they will make their
home supplies. It is important to those
who have not yet done so, and no less im-
portant to those who have done so. Will
they continue it?

Let every farmer reflect a moment on
the probable condition of affairs, and we
might say the certain condition of affairs,
that would now confront us had not the
farmers generally raised their corn and
meat last year. Suppose there were no
more meat in this country now than there
was a few years ago when meat could be
bought for half what it costs now? What
could a farmer do this year selling his pea-
nuts at 50 cents a bushel and paying from

13 to 18 cents a pound for meat?
It was one of the happiest hits the farm-
ers of this section have made in a long time
when they determined more than a year
ago to raise their home supplies. The
farmer who had to buy meat and bread at
the present prices and pay for it with
money made from peanuts at even 75 cents
a bushel or cotton at 8 cents a pound will
find himself a bankrupt if it continues
long.

The truth about farming is this: It is
always better for the farmer to make his
home supplies—no matter what the price
of money crops—than to have to buy them.
The records at the court houses show that
the farmers who make their own sup-
plies at home give fewer mortgages than
any other class of men who do as much
business as they do. It is the only course
for independence, and whoever is caught
without his supplies at a time like this will
find that he cannot bear the pressure long.
Now, let every farmer plan for making his
corn and oats and meat at home; for he
who farms on any other plan will sooner
or later find that he has made a mistake.
The present condition of affairs demon-
strate this fact with peculiar force.—Scot-
land Neck Democrat.

FORGET.

If you would increase your happiness
and prolong your life, forget your neigh-
bor's faults. Forget the slanders you have
heard. Forget the fault-finding and give
a little thought to the cause which provoked
it.

Forget the peculiarities of your friends
and only remember the good points that
makes you fond of them. Forget all his-
tories of personal quarrels that you have
heard by accident, and which if repeated
would seem a thousand times worse than
they are. But out as far as possible all the
disagreeables of life—they will come,
but they will only grow larger when you
remember them, and the constant thought
of the acts of meanness, or worse still, mal-
ice, will only tend to make you more
familiar with them.

Obviate everything disagreeable from
yesterday; start out with a clean sheet
for to-day, and write upon it for sweet
memory's sake only those that are lovely
and lovable.—Lutheran Observer.

GRAINS OF WISDOM.

Patience is the final victor.
Life is a flower of the morning.
Noblest minds are easiest bent.
A good example is the best sermon.
He who is penitent is almost innocent.
Love is the highest multiple of the heart.
The smallest crust may save a human
life.

The smallest spark may fire a field of
grain.
The smallest act may lead to human
strife.

A happy heart is better than a heavy
purse.
The simplest deed may tell the truly
brave.

Thanksgiving is good, but thanksgiving
is better.
Truth is not cherished where sin is
soured.

The breath of prayer comes from the
life of faith.

"Love is blind," but jealousy sees more
than really exists.

Happy the man whose ears can catch
the music of the world.

Every man defines cowardice in his own
case as discretion.

No paradise is safe from which the devil
cannot be kept out.

There has never been a mean man and
at the same time virtuous.

Pedantry and taste are as inconsistent as
gypsy and melancholy.

Give the past to God and determine to
make good use of the future.

One of the easiest things to believe is a
pleasing lie about ourselves.

The best things any mortal hath are
those that every mortal shares.

Defend me from my friends, I can de-
fend myself from my enemies.

The prayer that does not bring us nearer
to God puts us farther away.

We probably should never want to see
ourselves as others see us the second time.

The man who behaves himself keeps a
good many other people out of mischief.

The biggest coward you can find any-
where is the man who is afraid to do right.

Nature has something made