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"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

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In Switzerland very stringent laws are set for the protection of fruit trees from insects and other pests.

The London Spectator is "perfectly satisfied to see the United States take the Hawaiian Islands, as England would be able to capture them without any trouble in the event of war, and in times of peace it would be just as convenient a port as it was under a native dynasty."

Says the New York Press: The Nicaragua Canal will cut off an average of about one-half the distance between this port and 500,000,000 of people with whom we trade little and Great Britain trades much.

The death of General Beauregard leaves but one of the seven full Generals of the Southern Army living and none of the five men on whom the rank was conferred at the beginning of the war.

The fact that about 400 applications for patents were made last year by women is an indication to the New York Press of how thoroughly the gentler sex is entering into the practical activities of modern life.

Poverty must indeed be bitter, muses the Chicago Herald, when its victims pledge their bodies for the dissection room in order to obtain a few shillings for food.

Over Cleveland evidently thinks that type-written letters are not good form. This, at least, the New Orleans Picayune thinks, is the fair inference to be drawn from the following incident.

A St. Louis man says that "it is a question just how far a silk hat and a supreme nerve will carry a man, but our people appear to yield readily to such influences. The best instance of this is Colonel Hale, of nowhere in particular, but who has a habit of blowing in with the spring breezes and promoting things generally, much to his own interest."

THE HELP THAT COMES TOO LATE

'Tis a wearisome world, this world of ours With its tangles small and great, Its weeds that smother the spring flowers, And its hapless strikes with fate, But the darkest day of its desolate days Sees the help that comes too late.

Who fain would help in this world of ours, Where sorrowful steps must fall, Bring help in time to the waning powers Ere the pier is spread with the pall; Nor send reserves when the flags are furled, And the dead beyond your call.

A Drummer's Adventure.

It is many years since I first went "on the road," and I believe my fellow commercial men now reckon me as 'cute as they make them. But I am not ashamed to confess that I was not ready made. Experience does it," and, like many others, I had to pay for my experience, not in money, as it eventually turned out, but in personal liberty.

It was my first circuit in the employment of Hinde and Cooper, wholesale jewelers and silversmiths, of Birmingham. My round was an extensive one—from Stirling, on the edge of the Scottish Highlands, to Inverness, in the north. I made the round twice a year, in April and October, traveling with samples and collecting accounts.

I was on my way from Perth to Edinburgh on my southward journey. My calls were over with the exception of one or two in Stirling and one in Linlithgow before reaching Edinburgh, my headquarters.

"Can I see Mr. Macgregor?" I asked a shopman, as I drew up at the door of an obviously flourishing establishment in the High Street of Stirling.

"Mr. Macgregor's not in himself. Who is it that's asking for him?" "Turner, from Hinde and Cooper, Birmingham."

I entered the shop. A man, half gentleman farmer, half jockey, was standing at the counter making some purchase. An elderly man came forward to address me.

"What's came of Mr. Naismith?" he asked. Naismith was my predecessor on the round, but advancing years had rendered his removal to a less laborious one expedient. I explained as much to my interrogator.

"They'll all miss Mr. Naismith on the road," he said. "I have known him myself for nearly thirty years. You've never been this way before, I think?"

"No, this is my first experience in Scotland, even." "You'll like it, no doubt. Mr. Naismith was very fond of it." I assented. "Mr. Macgregor was anxious to see you yourself, I know; but he has had to go to Edinburgh. He said I was to go for young Mr. Macgregor if you called before his return!"

scured by a number of silver and plated goods arranged on shelves.

Our business was soon transacted. Mr. Macgregor handed me a roll of notes of the British Linen Company's Bank, some eight hundred pounds in all, which I counted and found correct. The foreman, who had been attending to the horsey individual I have already referred to, handed me a fresh order in his master's handwriting. I was pleased to see it was a large one, and, highly satisfied with the business of the day, proceeded to my hotel.

It was the eve of Tryst at Falkirk, not far from Stirling, the great cattle market of Scotland, frequented by buyers and sellers from all parts of the kingdom. Stirling was crowded with visitors, as usual on such an occasion; and, after a brief rest, and baiting my horse, I determined to drive on as far as Linlithgow, and pass the night there.

I had a good dinner, and was just on the point of retiring to my room when the noise of wheels rapidly passing the window attracted my attention.

There was a knock at the outer door, and a few moments after the waiter looked in, saying: "A gentleman to see you, sir."

"Show the gentleman in." But he did not require showing in, for he had followed close on the waiter's heels. He came hastily forward and shook me warmly by the hand. He was an elderly gentleman, whose long white beard and white locks gave him a very venerable appearance. An elder of the Kirk of Scotland at least, I said to myself. He was travel-stained, and obviously very agitated.

"Mr. Turner, I am glad to have been able to meet you," he said. "Yes!" I replied interrogatively, for I had no idea who he was.

"My name's Macgregor—Macgregor of Stirling. Your principals know me well." "I assure you I am glad to see you," I replied, now shaking his hand in turn; "your name is a familiar one in our house; but," observing his emotion, "I hope there's nothing wrong?"

"I hope not, my young friend," he replied; "at least, nothing but what can be amended, I hope. May I ask you if you have sent off the notes you got from my son to-day?"

"No, I shall wait till I reach Edinburgh," I said. "Thank Heaven!" he fervently ejaculated, and then burst into a loud fit of sobbing, the tears running down his cheeks and over his venerable beard.

"Mr. Turner," he said in a broken voice, and at intervals between his sobs, "you see before you an old man who has lived for over seventy years a blameless life, respected by everybody, and yet my gray hairs are to be brought down in sorrow to the grave. My son, my soul! Thank God his mother's dead!"

I had some difficulty in prevailing upon the old gentleman to try to restrain his agitation, and at last managed to get from him his sad story. It seemed that for some months past a large number of forged notes, purporting to be genuine drafts on the British Linen Company's Bank, had been in circulation, and people were somewhat chary about receiving any without the most careful examination. When I heard this my hand moved instinctively to my breast pocket.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Turner," said the old gentleman. "My son, who was as steady and promising a young man as you'd find in all the Lothians and Stirlingshire too, has lately given way to drink and horse-racing and gambling. I have been suspecting for some time that his money matters were not in the best of order, and I don't like the look of his associates, especially at Tryst times."

Here I recalled the individual I had myself seen in the shop, but had not noticed any communication between him and young Macgregor. "To make a long story short," resumed the worthy old man, "my foreman apprised me as soon as I got home that my son had duly paid you, but not with the notes he knew I had left for that purpose. I left him Bank of England notes. If he has paid you in that money no harm is done, but—"

"No, he has not," I said, becoming almost as agitated as my old friend himself. "Oh, don't say there are British Linen!"

By this time I had my pocket-book out, and handed him one of the roll of notes his precious son had given me.

Dr. B. F. Halsey, Repor. May 21-93.

Macgregor examined it carefully.

"It seems all right, I am thankful to say," he remarked; then holding it between him and the light on the table: "It's a forgery; the watermark's wrong!" One by one we examined the roll. The watermark in all was identical, and consequently all were as bad as the first.

Again the old man broke down, and my own heart was in my mouth, I can tell you. At last, to my intense relief, pulling his pocket-book from his pocket, he said:

"Mr. Turner, only you and I know of the crime my wretched son has committed. His fate, and mine, too, I may say, are in your hands. Will you give me those notes for genuine ones? I have them here in my hand. I will send my son out of the country. He richly deserves prosecution; but let me be of you to have pity, not upon him, but upon me."

I was really thankful to be able to oblige old Macgregor, especially as by doing so I saved myself further trouble in the matter of the forged notes. A prosecution would mean a loss of time and money, and what would my employers have thought of my lack of caution?

The old gentleman took his leave with every protestation of gratitude, fervently assuring me that he would remember me that night and many a night to come at the throne of grace.

I drove into Edinburgh next morning. I left the horse and trap at the livery stable Naismith had been in the habit of using, and betook myself to a hotel in Princes street. Thence I wrote to my principals, inclosing the notes that now seemed doubly precious. I retained one of ten pounds, as I had still a day or two to spend in town before my return to Birmingham. I happened, however, to get through all my business that afternoon, and on the following morning prepared to leave. I had not left myself much time to catch the train, and was chafing in the dining room at the waiter's delay with the receipted bill and the change for my ten-pound note.

I was trying to solace myself with the view of the Waverly monument, just in front of the hotel, when I heard someone enter the room. I knew by the step it was not the waiter, so I did not turn my head. The party, whoever it was, however, came up to me, and touching me on the shoulder, said: "Will you be good enough to come this way?"

"No, I can't; I shall be too late for my train as it is." "Your train will have to wait some time." "What do you mean, and who are you?" "Dinna crow so cruse"—he meant "Don't crow so loudly;" "it means that I'm a detective, and you must go with me to the police office."

It was useless to resist. "Anything you say may be used in evidence against you," he warned me. On our way to the station he told me that my ten-pound note was a forgery; that others of a similar kind had been in circulation, and that suspicion pointed to me as one of the gang uttering them.

My southern accent was, in his eyes, enough to justify any suspicions of me, as the notes were importations from the other side of the Border. I told my story to the chief police official, the Procurator-Fiscal, but I could see I was not believed. Inquiries would, however, be made at Birmingham and Stirling. The magistrate before whom I was brought in the course of the morning remanded me for a week. I did not apply for bail, as I knew no one in Edinburgh, except one or two customers of our house, and they had only my word for my identity.

On the fifth day of my incarceration I was told that some one had called to see me. In a waiting-room I found Mr. Hinde, young Mr. Macgregor, and an old gentleman whom I did not know. He turned out to be the young man's real father, not the venerable swindler of Linlithgow.

Mr. Hinde informed me that I had sent him nearly eight hundred pounds' worth of forged notes, and that he had narrowly escaped arrest himself on seeking to get change for one at Warwick, but fortunately the inquiries from Edinburgh had helped to explain matters.

He further told me that two men had been apprehended in Falkirk, one of whom had sought to pass one of the genuine notes of which I had been swindled, and payment of which had been stopped by young Macgregor. A solicitor was arranged to appear for

and I was allowed out on bail, the two Macgregors, who were well-known, becoming responsible for my appearance.

Two days after I again appeared in the dock, and to my great satisfaction there stood in it also the old gentleman whose acquaintance I had made at Linlithgow, and the horse man I had seen in Macgregor's shop. My venerable old friend had dispensed with his beard and wig. They had served their turn.

I was discharged from custody, and called upon to give evidence. The whole of the notes had been recovered, a fact which caused me no little gratification. I had been the victim of a gang who had come to the Tryst to get their notes placed; and the conversation overheard in Macgregor's shop by the old man's companion, and, no doubt, the sight of what took place in the back room, had suggested their scheme, which my departure for Linlithgow had admirably furthered.

Along with other two they were sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude each. Since then I do not allow sentiment to come in the way of business.

The Atlantic Sea Bed.

Proceeding westward from the Irish coast the ocean bed deepens very gradually; in fact for the first 230 miles the gradient is but six feet to the mile. In the next twenty miles, however, the fall is over 9000 feet, and so precipitous is the sudden descent that in many places depths of 1200 to 1600 fathoms are encountered in very close proximity to the 100 fathom line.

With the depth of 1800 to 2000 fathoms the sea bed in this part of the Atlantic becomes a slightly undulating plain, whose gradients are so light that they show but little alteration of depth for 1200 miles. The extraordinary flatness of these submarine prairies renders the familiar simile of the basin rather inappropriate. The hollow of the Atlantic is not strictly a basin, whose depth increases regularly toward the center; it is rather a saucer or dish-like one, so even is the contour of its bed.

The greatest depth in the Atlantic has been found some 100 miles to the northward of the island of St. Thomas, where soundings of 3375 fathoms were obtained. The sea round Great Britain can hardly be regarded as forming part of the Atlantic hollow. They are rather a part of the platform banks of the European continent which the ocean has overflowed. An elevation of the sea bed 100 fathoms would suffice to lay bare the greatest part of the North Sea and join England to Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and France. A deep channel of water would run down the west coast of Norway, and with this the majority of the floods would be connected. A great part of the Bay of Biscay would disappear; but Spain and Portugal are but little removed from the Atlantic depression. The 100 fathom line approaches very near the west coast, and soundings of 1000 fathoms can be made within twenty miles of Cape St. Vincent, and much greater depths have been sounded at distances but little greater than this from the western shores of the Iberian Peninsula.—Nautical Magazine.

A Wonderful Region of Giant Cedars.

W. E. Baines, who, with R. J. Graham and the Sprckels Brothers, is building the Coos Bay, Roseburg and Eastern Railroad, has arrived here from Marshfield, Oregon, the headquarters of the company.

"There is the greatest forest of pine, cedar and other trees on our route up the Coquille River," said Mr. Baines. "That I know of on the Pacific Coast. The trees are prodigious and as thick as they can stand. Because of their being so thick it is not an easy task to build the road, but it will pay remarkably well when completed, because of the log and other freights."

"We are now as busy as we can be getting down timber for the five or six big mills along the river and bay. The lumber industry was never so thriving there. They have been at work on the timber immediately around Marshfield for thirty years, and the good timber has been cut out. For this reason there is plenty for the road to do in bringing down the superior timber."

Mr. Baines says the scenery along the route of the new road in the Coast Mountains is as wild as the famous Cow Creek canyon, but the country is not so rough.—San Francisco Examiner.

Ad. County, Florida, is without its borders, has not a single lawyer, nor is there a single barroom in the county.

Brands Used on a Cattle Range.

The cattle all over the West, says Fort Worth (Texas) correspondent, are identified by brands burnt into the sides, flanks or shoulders of the cattle and horses. These brands are recorded in county and State offices and with the various cattle associations. Inspectors are placed by public and private organizations at the principal stock yards and shipping points ready to seize any animal in any car load for which the shipper cannot show a clean bill of sale.

Every cattle company and each small farmer is obliged to have his recorded brand if he wishes to own a single head of stock.

"Look at this," said Mr. Barnes, producing an illustration of all the brands in common use on the Wyoming range. "This was furnished to all of us as a guide when we got on the range to assist us in the work of identifying stolen cattle. How many brands do you see there that could not be altered by a little ingenuity to resemble some other brand in the list? Of course the rustler, when he changes a brand, must make one which resembles some other registered brand, or he could not get rid of the cattle. When it is impossible for him to make such a change he resorts to the methods of obliterating the old brands altogether and then burning any new one he wants. They have invented the flat-iron brand, designed to cover over and burn out any small letters. A genius among them invented the spade brand, which consisted of heating a spade and slapping it against the animal's side. It did the work. The inventor had a sudden attack of diphtheria and died before he could get his boots off, but his works do survive him."

"Is there no brand incapable of imitation or obliteration?" "I never saw but one. You will find it in that printed list. It is on all the cattle of a big herder, named Baird. The letters are both wide and tall and cover one side of an animal from head to tail. They look like a circus poster. Mr. Baird has never lost any cattle. I told him he was spoiling his hides. 'I can afford to throw away the hides to keep the cattle,' said he."

Prevalence of Color Blindness. It is impossible to obtain the exact knowledge regarding the prevalence of color blindness. But the figures gathered by the investigation of the British Royal Society seem to show that there exists among mankind a pretty uniform rate of color blindness. Out of 50,000 men examined by three authorities of the highest eminence nearly four per cent. were found to be affected. Investigations among sailors in the navy and merchant marine, in many educational establishments, such as Eaton and Westminster, and in regiments such as the Coldstream Guards, showed that the same, if not a somewhat higher, percentage of disease prevailed. Two regiments of Japanese infantry belonging to the Tokio garrison were examined, with the result that sixty-eight out of 1200 men were found to have weak or incomplete vision. If these figures are correct there seems no reason to doubt that the same proportion of color blindness exists among sailors and employes of railroads, in whom the disease is, of course, in the highest degree dangerous, both to themselves and the lives of those who are in their charge.—New York Times.

A Wonderful Bridge. A frontier correspondent says that the most wonderful thing on the Gilgit road is the suspension bridge thrown by Captain Aymer over the Indus at the site of the permanent structure now building. The span is some 350 feet, and the materials used are nothing but telegraph wire, wood and a few crowbars let into the rock and used to fasten the stays. It is the most startling structure to come across in the gorge of the Indus. The gallant constructor used to ride over it, but less enterprising mortals walk and admire the really extraordinary ingenuity displayed in the construction. Seen from a slight distance it seems to hang suspended in the air like Mohammed's coffin, so delicate do the ropes of telegraph wires which support it seem; when one is close it looks, with its numerous stays of wire fastened to points up and down the banks, as if it were a giant spider's web.—Yokohama (Japan) Advertiser.

The coast line of California is about 1100 miles from north to south and almost 300 miles from the ocean to the eastern base.