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"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

W. Fletcher Ausbon, Editor

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The Congress of Colombia at its late session appropriated \$150,000 a year for the encouragement of foreign immigration.

There are now well equipped canning factories in almost every State in the Union whose products of land and sea are preserved in air tight cans.

In Canada they call this country "The States." Then why, asks the New York Independent, may not the riddle of a name for our people be solved by calling us "States-men?"

The Courier-Journal learns that Professor Wiggins lays the blame for the cold weather, the cholera and the rest of the ills with which the earth has recently been afflicted on the conjunction between Jupiter and Mars.

Says the Minneapolis Times: Defalcation is altogether too common. A long established good name and unblemished character, a lifetime of fair dealing, all the reputation which business men would once have spent years of self-denial to obtain, begins to lose its commercial value. We look askance at everybody. We go about asking whom we can trust.

The St. Louis Star-Sayings is convinced that a little learning is not so dangerous a thing after all. English insurance statistics show that fifty per cent. of the authors and statesmen, thirty per cent. of the clergymen, thirty per cent. of the lawyers, twenty-seven per cent. of the teachers and twenty-four per cent. of the doctors reach the age of seventy.

Flying foxes are distressing the agriculturists in some parts of Australia, and a local paper says that at the present rate of increase it is greatly feared they will soon become almost as great a menace as the rabbit pest. A camp of the foxes, about four miles from Erina, New South Wales, contains fully 100,000 of the pests, "and when disturbed they rise like a cloud obscuring the sun."

The Chicago Herald alleges that a French syndicate is buying up all the worn out ponies on the frontier for export to Paris, the intention being to convert them into food for the people of the gay metropolis. Hippophagy in France has evidently become a disease, for a healthy stomach would hardly crave the flesh of spavined horses in preference to the healthful beef from the Chicago abattoirs.

A mathematician, who evidently has abundant leisure, has been figuring, relates the New York News, on the size of the mortgage we should now be carrying if Columbus had pledged this country for the cost of his outfit. Starting with the assumption that the expenditure cost Isabelle \$40,000, he adds interest compounded every six months. At the present time the amount foots up nearly 271 quadrillion dollars. Taking the population of the United States at 65,000,000, the little obligation reaches nearly 417 million dollars for each inhabitant. It is consequently a great relief to know that Columbus never set foot on North America. It would be very embarrassing to have a musty mortgage for that dizzy figure presented, with the customary notice of foreclosure.

The New York Advertiser says: "Beginning with Grant's second inauguration in 1873, a period of twenty years, during which six Presidents have been inaugurated, the 4th of March fell on pleasant days only twice. The 4th of 1873, was a bitter cold and blustering day. There was neither snow nor rain, but the temperature was so low that death reaped a large harvest among those who participated in the parade. The 4th of March, 1877, when Hayes was inaugurated, was a miserably damp, pneumonia-breeding day. The 4th of March, 1881, when Garfield was inaugurated, and the 4th of March, 1895, when Cleveland was first inaugurated, were both pleasant days. Mr. Harrison's inaugural address was delivered in the midst of a pouring rain, and Mr. Cleveland's second oath of office was taken while the snow beat upon his bare head. There is no sort of justification for the retention of this date for this important ceremony. It will always be necessary to lay the people to celebrate the change in the administration of a Republican Government. Let

COMFORTING EASTER BELLS.

Sweet is the comfort that the chimes
Are throbbing down upon the ear,
In pulsing beat of wordless rhymes—
Life and death, Human breath,
Joy and pain, Naught is vain,
For Christ is risen! Heaven is near!

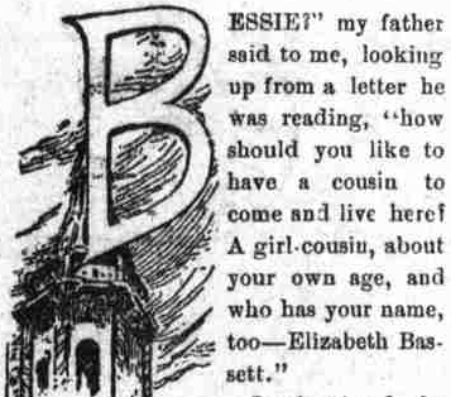
If sorrows come, they also go;
If joys must fly, they reappear,
Still glad some bells swing to and fro—
Life and death, Human breath,
Joy and pain, Naught is vain,
For Christ is risen! Heaven is near!

Then ring for joy, ye Easter bells,
That Love Divine has conquered fear!
Immortal hope your rhythm tells—
Life and death, Human breath,
Joy and pain, Naught is vain,
For Christ is risen! Heaven is near!

—Helen Everson Smith, in Harper's Bazar.

MY EASTER-EGG.

BY ANNA SHEILDS.



"BESSIE!" my father said to me, looking up from a letter he was reading, "how should you like to have a cousin to come and live here? A girl-cousin, about your own age, and who has your name, too—Elizabeth Bassett."

I only stared, far too much amazed for speech. A cousin! Never had I heard of an uncle or an aunt, much less a cousin.

"But, papa," I said, at last, "I never knew I had a cousin."

"H'm! No! Your mother was an only child, but I had a brother. Poor Tom! He and I had a quarrel, long before we were either of us married; no matter about that now. Tom went off to the West, but he didn't find any of the wonderful good luck there that some men do. The fact is, Bess, Tom was always lazy! Lazy folks don't get along out West! But he is dead, my dear, been dead these ten years, and his wife died about a week ago, and left a letter for me, asking me to befriend their only child. She needs't come here, you see, if you don't want her."

"Oh, but I do want her!" I cried, "Have I not been longing for a sister all my life? I do want her, papa! Please send for her."

"Very well, my dear. I will write at once."

Then I rushed off to find Martha, who is our head servant, and I sometimes suspect, our real housekeeper, though she lets me have all the honors. Martha, who had lived with my grandmother, had known Mr. Tom, but had thought he died long ago. She was very willing, however, to help me in getting one of the prettiest rooms ready for "Miss Elizabeth," and promised dainties for the feast of welcome.

At the eleventh hour papa resolved to get himself and bring the orphan girl to her new home, and Martha and I had full scope for our hospitable plans. It was not that I had anything to do, for with our small family Martha declared she had hard work to keep the servants busy, in spite of the size of the house, but I liked to fuss about, and select pretty ornaments and trimmings for my cousin's room.

Perhaps I threw myself into these preparations with more energy because I had never quite recovered from the headache it gave me to part with Herbert Wilson. Two years before papa had sent him off to seek his fortune, and I lived meantime on the hope of his finding it. It was a romantic little love story, and being so much alone I had suffered more than papa knew, so I was glad to think of having a companion of my own age.

She came with papa, and rushed into my arms, apparently as pleased as I was. I had pulled down my face to express my sympathy with her recent loss, but it was wasted sentiment. She did not appear to have any feeling about it, and longer acquaintance convinced me that she had no depth of feeling about anything.

But she was charming, a little, fairy-like blonde, with fluffy yellow hair, soft blue eyes, and a complexion like strawberries and cream. I felt gigantic when I saw our reflections in a long mirror, for I was tall, decidedly brunette, and while I was just six months the younger, looked five years older than the childlike little butterfly.

It was pretty to see how she enjoyed the luxuries about her, the dainty food,

and she enjoyed comfort as much as a kitten.

"I mean to marry a rich man," she told me, "or not marry at all. Lots and lots of money! That is my idea of perfect bliss. And, by the way, Bess, why don't you marry Mr. Gordon?"

I laughed heartily. Ever since I could remember I had been asked why I didn't marry Mr. Gordon. He had wooed me with dolls and sugar plums when I was a mere baby, and his devotions were apparent to the most careless. Even Bert, my own Bert, had occasional spasms of jealousy, and in our last conversation had said, imploringly:

"You'll give me a fair chance, Bessie? You won't marry Gordon?"

And I solemnly promised never to marry Charles Gordon.

"Stop laughing!" Lizzie said. We had found she had always been called Lizzie, so there was no confusion from our both having our grandmother's name. "Stop laughing, and tell me why you don't marry Mr. Gordon. They say he is awfully rich."

"And they can say he is awfully silly and awfully dreadful!" I cried. "He is half a fool, Lizzie, and he is old enough to be my father. Marry Mr. Gordon, indeed!"

"Tell me," she said, nestling down in my arms, "is there not what the novelists call 'another'?"

"Yes, my dear, there is."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know," I said, ruefully;

"he was sent away to seek his fortune. He is a poor man, and father thought I was too young to know my own mind! But he has sent me a Christmas card and an Easter egg every time the days come round, so that I know he is alive, and does not forget me."

"How jolly!" said Lizzie. "And is that his ring?"

"Yes; we each had one made to order, just alike—two clasped hands, and on the reverse side our initials entwined."

"How romantic!" said Lizzie.

"I don't believe you have any heart!" I cried, indignantly.

"Not the tiniest, tiniest bit," she said, with perfect good humor; "but, Bessie, if there is 'another,' can't I have Mr. Gordon?"

"You ridiculous baby," I said, "you need not ask my permission. I wouldn't marry him if I had never heard of 'another.'"

But, after all, it was rather mortifying to my vanity to see how readily she could make my life-long lover her slave. She was so pretty, and her mourning was the merest pretense—just enough black to set off her dazzling complexion, and she knew well the power of beauty. Then her childlike, innocent ways were attractive to the elderly adorer I had always kept at a distance. She sang for him, waltzed with him, devoured his bonbons by the box, flattered him, and when he threw his fortune and himself at her feet, she accepted him.

I think papa was secretly delighted. He was accustomed to my quiet ways, and this dancing, singing, fairy fitting about rather bewildered him. We were rather old-fashioned folks, papa and I, and my cousin had considerable "girl-of-the-period" about her.

It was just before Lent that Lizzie told us of her engagement, and as Mr. Gordon urged an early wedding day, it was decided that the week following Easter should make him "the happy man" of a gorgeous wedding.

Papa was liberal, and my Lenten duties were sadly upset by the preparations for a grand reception after the church wedding. It was a perfect delight to Lizzie to throw off her black dress and try on the pretty finery that papa gave me permission to provide. She was not exacting, accepting what I selected, but I had orders to be generous, and between us we had ready a trousseau of which Mrs. Gordon need not be ashamed.

But on Easter Day, when I could not quite detach my heart from earthly matters, I watched eagerly for Herbert's present. I had made no secret of this little ray of hope that came to me, and father only grunted when I displayed my trifling presents.

I was in my room alone when this one came—a little box, such as I had twice before opened. And on the pink cotton a dainty crystal egg. Two lay in my jewel box; one with a tiny locket, one with a golden cross, inside. I opened this one! My heart gave one sickening throb, and the whole room seemed to

pink cotton the ring I had given Herbert Wilson! There could be no mistake! There it lay, mocking me with its tiny clasped hands and entwined initials. He was false to me! Some fairer face had won his heart, and he had sent my ring back to me!

It had never been my habit to show my feelings on any occasion, so I closed up the pretty crystal egg, locked it away in my jewel box, and went down to dinner. Father noticed that I was very pale, but accepted a trifling headache as an excuse, and Lizzie made no comment. She was deep in the study of our visiting list, and adding a few cards to those already sent out.

The next week was all a whirl. Somehow I did manage to push back my personality and give myself to my cousin. The duties of hospitality were pressing, for we had bidden all our "dear five hundred friends" to the wedding, and to the reception afterward. I had escaped a bridesmaid's position by pleading that of hostess; but I was very busy, and only at night could I let my sorrow have its way. How much I had loved, how perfectly I had trusted Herbert, I learned in those days, when all my love and trust seemed thrust back upon my own heart. The last drop was added to my cup of misery the very day before Lizzie's wedding. Father came home earlier than usual, and came to my room.

"Bessie, my dear," he said, "I heard some news to-day that will come to you sooner or later, and I thought I could tell it more kindly than any one else."

"Bert is married," I thought, but I could not speak the cruel words.

"Herbert Wilson has come back, my dear, and taken a partnership in the firm for which he has been traveling agent for two years. He had a legacy, not very large, but sufficient, with his own value to the firm, to give him a place. He knows, my dear, that I only wanted him to prove that he could take care of a wife, and he should have come to me at once, after what he has said, both to you and to me. Bessie, it is a hard thing to say, but I am afraid he was counting upon marrying you for my helping hand in business. Now that he does not need that—There, there—for I broke down at last—'don't cry, dear; it is better for you to know him as he is.'"

Then he took me in his arms, my dear father, and gave me such caressing tenderness as my mother might have done. I had my cry out on his breast, and then I faced the truth, and knew I could never be utterly miserable while my father lived.

We agreed to say nothing to Lizzie, and I dressed her myself to go to church, thinking no faire: bride had ever been seen, nor one that was more carelessly entering upon the new, solemn duties before her. She chattered with the pretty cluster of girls who were to be her bridesmaids, and was the brightest of them all. When we drove up to the church door, we found Mr. Gordon awaiting us, and after some fluttering of lace and flowers in the vestry room, the bridal procession sailed up the broad aisle, Lizzie on papa's arm and Mr. Gordon escorting his married sister.

I slipped into my pew, and when my eyes wandered, I saw—Bert Wilson, looking at Lizzie with a dazed expression, as if she was a part of a nightmare.

Then I understood. When the organ pealed forth the wedding march, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon walked slowly down the aisle, I caught Herbert's eyes and smiled. Two minutes later he was beside me.

"You will come to my cousin's reception," I said, shaking hands, "I should have sent you cards if I had known your address."

"I saw the card," he said, in a low, choked voice—Charles Gordon and Elizabeth Bassett."

"And you sent back my poor, little ring?"

"But you will forgive me, Bessie, and let me have my ring again? You never told me you had a cousin whose name was the same as your own."

Just then papa joined us. He asked no questions, and we drove home together. Explanations were made, and My Crystal Easter Egg was opened to give back Herbert's ring, which my husband tells me shall never again leave his finger.—The Ledger.

According to an authority on pedagogy, "the most hopelessly dull children are scatter-brained ones who catch and toss facts from tongue tips without

THE MIRROR.

FOR AGES IT HAS INFLUENCED THE HUMAN RACE.

The Two Mirrors in the Vice-President's Room in the White House—Metal and Other Mirrors of the Ancients.

In the Vice-President's room in the White House hang two mirrors, one historic, the other philosophical, if you happen to look at it that way. The historic mirror is an old-fashioned, gilt-framed glass, about two feet by fourteen inches, bought in Van Buren's time. This mirror cost the sum of \$25, and a storm of protest against such extravagance was raised when the purchase was made. One Congressman even went so far as to declare on the floor of the House that he had combed his hair for fifty years before a 5x3-inch glass, and had lived to have a voice in the ruling of Nations, and that neither he nor his constituents would submit to be taxed to support \$25 worth of vanity in a Vice-President.

The philosophic mirror hangs opposite. It was bought recently and cost twenty times as much as the first one and not a protest was made when the bill was paid. This is what makes the mirror philosophic. It reflects the higher estimate put on personal vanity as men and women grow wiser. The philosophy can also be extended to cover some consideration of the part that mirrors have played in the history of the human race. Those people who lived before the days of amalgam-backed glasses must have had considerable intellectual exercise thinking out substitutes. No doubt this was what Pharaoh's daughter was about when she went down to the Nile and picked up a floating Moses. If poor Narcissus had lived in those days a ten-cent mirror would have taken the place of the pool into which he fell and a sad calamity would have been averted.

It was probably because of such inconvenient occurrences as these that people began to employ metallic surfaces instead of glassy pools of water for purposes of reflection. At any rate, they soon got to using shields and other highly burnished surfaces, and one of the principal toilet articles among Egyptians came to be mirrors of mixed metal, chiefly copper, and attached to richly ornamented handles representing beautiful or grotesque figures.

A historian has it that as early as four centuries before Christ these metal mirrors were in such common use among the Romans that any maid servant could have as many as she could hang at her girdle, which probably accounts for the fact that they gradually fell into disuse among ladies of the higher classes and led to the introduction of substitutes. It is hardly to be supposed, however, that it was this fact which induced some ingenious person so to cut and burnish the inside of drinking cups as to reflect the face of the drinker many times in a highly warning manner.

In addition to the small hand mirrors which it used to be the particular duty of some unfortunate young slave to hold before her mistress, there were panels of stone set in the walls and so highly polished as to serve as mirrors. It was this use of dark stone that first suggested the use of glass for reflecting purposes, which, according to Pliny, was first manufactured at the glass works of a gentleman named Sidon. Black glass was first used, afterwards clear glass with black foil on the back replaced it.

Pliny tells us all about this, and from this time no mention is made of glass mirrors until the Thirteenth Century, when a Franciscan monk, Johannes Peckham, speaks of mirrors, not only of polished marble and steel, but also of glass covered with lead on the back.

By this time the amalgam used in making glass mirrors was much like that of to-day, the difference being in the method of the application. The process was to spread tincture on a plain surface, to pour mercury over that and rub the two together with the hand or with a hare's foot. The amalgam thus formed was then covered with paper, over which glass was laid. The paper was then withdrawn and weights pressed on the glass, pressing out the excess of mercury.

The Venetian mirrors of the Sixteenth Century are the most celebrated ones. These were of the finest glass, with settings of silver and gold richly chased and

It would be interesting to consider some of the effects upon the world at large if mirrors had never been invented. It is certain that the mortality by drowning would have been increased, such is the vanity of the human breast. There is no doubt that the present fastidiousness in matters of dress is largely the result of the faithful reflection of the looking-glass. How could a woman bother herself about the set of her gown in the back if she had no looking-glass to tell her she had a back—a thing which, being herself in front, as the little girl in Punch used to say, she would not otherwise suspect.

Colds and Their Cure.

An old nurse whose remedies are looked upon as infallible, was asked the other day how to cure a cold, and here is what she said:

When a cold once gets a good start, you can't cure it. It's bound to run its course for three weeks, like a fever. The time to take a cold in hand is when the first symptoms are felt. The best means of treatment depends on the sort of cold it is. For a cold in the head, the best thing to do is to steam the head. That is what the doctors do. They use all sorts of appliances, but a common tea-kettle will do. When the water boils move the kettle to the back of the stove, remove the cover and hold the face over the steam. Put a towel around your neck so as not to wet your garments, and keep your mouth open. Keep this up as long as you can stand it. Do it at night when you are going to bed. If you do it and then go out, it will be more apt to aggravate than to cure the cold. If one could stay in the house and keep the rooms at about the same even temperature for two or three days, nothing more might be required.

In addition to steaming the face, a hot bath should be taken and a dose of quinine. This is one of the few medicines that it is safe to take without a doctor's prescription. How much should constitute a dose depends altogether upon whether the patient has ever taken it before or not. Almost any one, though, can take two two-grain pills night and morning. It must be discontinued, though, just as soon as you begin to experience a ringing sensation in the ears. A laxative is also necessary.

A cold on the lungs is even more serious than a cold in the head. If it begins with soreness and tightness of the chest, the best thing to do is to rub in, with the tips of your fingers, a mixture of vaseline and turpentine. A hot foot-bath, in which two table-spoonfuls of mustard to the gallon have been dissolved, and a hot drink should be taken. If there is much pain, apply a ginger plaster to the chest. If there is a dry, hard cough, steaming the face will relieve it. As the cough becomes looser, a cough mixture, made of molasses, butter and an onion, all boiled together, should be taken.—New York Recorder.

Seven-Headed Egyptian Wheat.

The so-called seven-headed Egyptian or mummy wheat is a very ancient variety, and while a few grains of it may have been picked up in Egypt, still there is no proof that it was known at the time the ancient Egyptians practiced embalming their dead. No one has ever been able to make any grain or other seed found in mummy cases germinate, no matter how many persons have claimed otherwise. Scientific men have tested these seeds many times, but never succeeded in making them show the least signs of vegetating. Fresh modern seeds are often palmed off upon travelers in the East for very ancient ones found in some old cave or tomb, and they pass as genuine among those who are not well informed in regard to such matters.—New York Sun.

Ancient City of Lubeck.

The city of Lubeck, Germany, which will shortly celebrate its seven hundred and fifty-third anniversary, has rather an interesting history. The city was founded in 1140, was ceded to the Dukes of Saxony eighteen years later, and in 1201 was taken by the Danes. It was made a free imperial city in 1226, when the Danish garrison was expelled, and in 1241 it became the head of the Hanseatic League. Blücher took refuge in Lubeck to avoid the French army, when it was carried by assault and suffered a three days' pillage, in November, 1806. November 12, 1810, the city was annexed to the French Empire, and regained its freedom in 1813, after the battle of Leipsic.—Chicago Times.