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SPRING CLEANING.

Yes, clean yer house an' clean yer shel
An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head
An' sweep the snow banks from yer heart.
Jes' w'en spring cleans' comes aroun'
Bring forth the duster an' the broom,
But rake yer foggy notions down
An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.
Sweep ol' ideas out with the dust
An' dress yer soul in newer style,
Scrape from yer min' its worst-out crust
An' dump it in the rubbish pile.
Sweep out the hates that burn an' smart,
Bring in new loves serene an' pure,
Aroun' the hearth-stone of the heart
Place modern styles of furniture.
Clean out yer morril chabby-holes,
Sweep out the dirt, scraps off the scum;
Tie cleanin' tims for healthy souls—
Git up an' dust! The spring hex co'uld
Clean out the corners of the brain,
Bear down with scrubbin' brush an' soap
An' dump of Fear into the rain,
An' dust a cosy chair for Hops.
Clean out the brain's deep rubbish hole,
Soak ev'ry cranny great an' small,
An' in the front room of the soul
Hang pootler pictures on the wall.
Scrub up the windows of the mind,
Clean up, an' let the spring baggie;
Swing open wide the dusty blind
An' let the April sunshine in.
Plant flowers in the soul's front yard,
Set out new shade an' blossom trees,
An' let the soil once froza an' hard
Sprout crocuses of new ideas.
Yes, clean yer house an' clean yer shel,
An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head
An' sweep the snow banks from yer heart!
S. Walter Fox, in Yankee Blade.

REVENGED.

It was about half an hour after sunset, but an orange light still burned above the lonely southern valley. The trembling evening star was hanging over the green silence of the fragrant Tennessee woods. Vapor wreathed phantoms from the river course, and from the dense thickets that skirted the camp ground came ever and anon the mournful sound of whippoorwills, sounding faint and low, like the remembered echoes of a dream. Yet Wallace Keene would have given well nigh all he was worth to exchange its luxuriant verdure one moment only for the pine clad heights and salt winds of Maine, with russet winged robins chirping their familiar madrigals in the apple orchards below.
"Two years ago I left home," murmured Wallace Keene as he gazed thoughtfully out where the purple sky seemed to touch the waving woods. "Two years since young Harney told me he never would give Marion to a common mechanic, yet the wound rankles sharply still."
"Captain—"
"Is that you, Spicer? What now?"
Captain Keene turned his face toward the opening of the tent, where Private Spicer's head was just visible.
"Why, sir, our fellows have just brought in that lot o' men that was hurt in that scrimmage across the river this morning, and some on 'em is wounded bad."
"I will be there directly, Spicer."
There was a little crowd of men gathered on the river shore in the warm glow of the spring, but they silently parted right and left for Captain Keene's tall figure to pass through their midst.
Six or seven dusty, bleeding men were sitting and lying around in various postures, their ghastly brows made still paler by the faint, uncertain glimmer of the young moon. Keene glanced quickly around, taking in the whole scene in that one brief survey.
He stopped short as his eyes fell on a new face, half shadowed by the green sweep of drooping alders—a pale, blood streaked face with a gaping cut on the forehead.
"This is not one of our men!" he exclaimed sharply. "How came he here?"
"No, sir," exclaimed Spicer, stepping forward. "I think he belonged to the Eighth. I'm sure I don't know how he ever got mixed up with our fellows, but there he was, and I thought we'd better not wait for their ambulance, but bring him straight here."
"Right," briefly pronounced Keene, stooping over the insensible figure. "Let them carry him to my tent, Spicer."
"I beg your pardon, captain—to your tent?"
"Didn't you hear what I said sharply interrogated the superior officer. I thought the other comrade was

will be plenty of room for them there."
"Well, I'm beat!" ejaculated Spicer five or ten minutes afterward as he came out of the captain's tent scratching his shoo of coarse red curls.
Meanwhile the dim light of a lamp swinging from the center of the little tent shone full on the singular group within its circling folds—the wounded private lying like a corpse, still and pale, on the narrow iron bedstead, the young officer leaning over him and supporting his head—and the brisk, gray eyed little surgeon keenly surveying both as he unfolded his case of phials and powders.
"He is not dead, doctor?"
"No; but he would have been in an other half hour. Your prompt remedies have saved his life, Captain Keene."
"Thank God! oh, thank God!"
The surgeon looked at Keene in amazement.
"He doesn't belong to your regiment. Why are you so interested in the case?"
"Because, doctor," said Keene, with a strange, bright smile, "when I saw him lying under the alders, dead, as I thought, I rejoiced in my secret heart. At first—only at first. The next moment I remembered that I was a man and a Christian. For years I have carried the spirit of Cain in my breast toward that man; now it is washed out in his blood."
It was high noon of the next day before the wounded man started from a fevered doze into the faint dawn of consciousness.
"Where am I?" he faltered, looking wildly around him, with an ineffectual effort to raise his dizzy head from the pillow.
"Now, be easy," said Private Spicer, who was cleaning his gun by the bedside. "You're all right, my boy. Where are you?" Why in the captain's tent, to be sure, and that's pretty good quarters for the rask and file, I should think."
"The captain's tent? How came I here?"
"That's just what I can't tell you—you'll have to ask himself, I guess. You ain't no relation to Captain Keene, be you?"
"Keene—Keene!" repeated the man.
"Because," pursued Spicer, "if you'd been his own brother born, he couldn't have taken better care of you. His cousin, maybe!"
"Not God forgive me, no!" faltered the wounded man with a slow, bitter groan.
"Here he is now," said Spicer, to the familiar accents of his voice falling to a more respectfully modulated tone as he rose and saluted his officer. "He's all right, captain—as clear headed as a bell!"
"Very well, Spicer; you can go."
The private obeyed with alacrity. When they were alone together in the tent, Wallace Keene came to the low bedside.
"So you're all right, Mr. Harney?" he asked kindly.
"Captain Keene," murmured Harney, shrinking from the soothing tone as if it had been a dagger's point, "I have no right to expect this treatment at your hands."
"Oh, never mind," said the young man lightly. "What can I do to make you more comfortable?"
Harney was silent, but his eyes were full of the tears he vainly would drive back—tears of remorseful shame—and he turned his flushed face away lest the man he had once so grossly insulted should see them fall.
The next day he again alluded to the home subject.
"Captain Keene, you asked me yesterday what you could do for me!"
"Yes."
"I want you to obtain leave for May to come and nurse me when I am transferred to the hospital."
Captain Keene turned toward the sick man a face white and hard as marble, and said in a strangely altered voice:
"Do you mean your sister?"
"My sister—yes."
"Of course, if you wish it, I can obtain permission, Harney. But—"
"Well!"
Keene's cheek colored, and he bit his lip.
"I should not suppose she would be willing to leave her husband for the very uncertain comforts of hospital life."
Harney smiled, looking into his companion's face with keen, searching eyes.
"May is not married, Captain Keene. She has no such appendage as a husband!"

"I know what you thought. She was engaged and almost married. We had nearly induced her to become Lisie Spencer's wife, but she refused on the very eve of the wedding day."
Keene had risen and was pacing up and down the narrow limits of the tent with feverish haste.
"Because," went on Harney, "she loved a certain young volunteer who left S— about two years ago too well ever to become any other man's wife."
"Harney—you do not mean to say—"
"I do, though, old fellow, and, what is more, I mean to say that since I've been lying in this tent my eyes have been pretty thoroughly opened to my own absurd folly and impertinence."
Captain Keene wrung his companion's hand and hurried away, to mistake the bootjack for the inkstand and to commit several other no less inexcusable absurdities.
"I see you'll get nothing written today," sighed Harney as he lay watching Wallace Keene tear up sheet after sheet of condemned note paper.
"I shall, though," smiled Wallace. "Only I can't tell exactly which end of my letter to begin at."
Captain Keene did write—and if he inserted a little foreign matter into the epistle it didn't matter, for Harney, considerate fellow, never asked to see it.
Marion came, and when her brother was promoted into the convalescent ward, and she went home again, it was only to lose herself in bowers of orange blossoms, forests of white satin ribbon and acres of pearly, shimmering silk, shot with frosty gleams of silvery brocade, for the course of true love, after all its turn and intricacies, had at length found its way into the sunshine and was running smoothly over sands of gold.—New York News.

Twenty Thousand People in a Crater.

Thirty miles from the city of Kumamoto, Japan, is the volcano Asa San. This volcano has the largest crater in the world. It is more than thirty miles in circumference, and peopled by 20,000 inhabitants. Think of walking for miles among fertile farms and prosperous villages, peering into schoolhouse windows and sacred shrines well within the shell of an old-time crater, whose walls rise 300 feet all about you. It gives one a queer feeling. Hot springs abound everywhere. In one place I saw the brick-red hot water utilized to turn a rice mill. The inner crater is nearly half a mile in diameter, and a steady column of roaring steam pours out of it.
The last serious eruption was in 1884, when immense quantities of black ashes and dust were ejected and carried by the wind as far as Kumamoto, where for three days it was so dark that artificial light had to be used. But what interested me most was to learn that out of that old-time crater had come not only a stream of pure water and many kinds of farm products, but young men who, seeking a wider school and home than the mouth of a vigorous volcano, had found their way to Kumamoto, Kyoto and America, and were now foremost among the Christian educators and preachers of Japan. The pulpit orator of Osaka, the principal of an English school at Kumamoto, who is a graduate of Andover, and one of the Doshisha professors at Kyoto, a New Haven graduate, all came from that valley of death.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Not so Attractive.

When Lieutenant Peary was here his hotel was besieged by boys and young men who wanted to go with the explorer to the North Pole next summer. To one of them he said in effect:
"Have you ever been to the Arctic regions?" "No."
"Have you been a sailor?" "No."
"A mechanic?" "No."
"Are you grounded in any branch of scientific knowledge?" "No."
"You have no special qualifications?" "No, but I can work."
"You are the man for me," said the Lieutenant, and the applicant flushed with hope. "But, by the way," he continued, "there is a slight preliminary before we sign papers. You will pay \$5000 towards the expense of the expedition." "Five thousand dollars?"
"Certainly. You may remember that Mr. Verhoef paid \$3000 for the privilege of accompanying me on my last expedition, and he, you know, was a man of scientific attainments, and he lost his life in the expedition."
The applicant waited to hear no more.—Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

About the age of thirty-six the lean men generally become fatter and the fat men leaner.
The fecundity of fish is indicated by the fact that the flounder lays 7,000,000 eggs a year.
A microscopic examination of a diamond frequently discloses minute plants and vegetable fibres in its substance.
A Canadian has invented a contrivance to do away with holding a telephone receiver to the ear while talking over the wire.
Female fish of all species are considerably more numerous than males, with two single exceptions, the angler and the catfish.
The Carnegie Steel Company has ordered, in England, a press for its armor plate works at Homestead, Penn., which will cost \$1,000,000 and have a capacity of 1600 tons.
New Guinea is extremely rich in plants, the number of species discovered in the sixty-five years since Lesson brought home the first collection being 2000, or as many as are known from the whole of Germany.
The largest shaft ever forged in America has been sent from the Bethlehem (Penn.) Iron Works to the Chicago Fair. It weighs 89,320 pounds and will be the axle of the perpendicular hurdy gurdy, 264 feet high, invented by a Pittsburg engineer.
Recently some glacial scratches were found on the top of the Palisades, above Fort Lee, on the Hudson, showing the course of the ice that covered the continent down to this point. The general motion of the glacier was southward, but these cuttings point to the southeast. Many bowlders of trap, obviously from the Palisades, are found on the western end of Long Island.
A vivid sketch was given by Professor Gruber, of Roumania, in the International Congress of Experimental Psychology, of remarkable associations of color and sound which he had been observing for many years. To a small number of his best educated patients the sound of the vowel e was accompanied by a sensation of yellow color, of i by blue, of o by black, and so on through all the Rumanian vowels and diphthongs, and to some extent with numbers. The same color was not always induced by the same sound in different persons, but the observations had been carefully tested.
Physicians explain in an interesting fashion that the electric current when applied to the tongue seems to taste sour. The gustatory or testing nerves, according to the doctors, are industrious and well-meaning little things, and, although it is not their business to take cognizance of any impression made by touch, they do their best to look after anything that happens to come in their way. Thus, when subjected to the electric current, they telegraph the fact in their own language to the brain, and as their language is exclusively that of taste they inform the brain that an electric current is sour. The ordinary unscientific citizen, having confidence in the stories told by his gustatory nerves, really believes that the electric current has an acid taste.

Protection Against Lightning at Sea.

The small proportion of vessels struck by lightning at sea is excellent testimony to the effectiveness of the measures that have been adopted for the protection of ships against such disaster. The plan usually followed is to run copper lightning rods down the masts, connecting at the lower end with the copper sheathing of the vessel in case of a wooden ship. The upper ends of the rods extend a little above the tops of the masts and have platinum points. In iron vessels connection is made with the mass of metal, and in both cases lightning is almost invariably dissipated without damage. This system is of great value on board of men of war, where there are large quantities of powder, and were it not for the protection thus afforded it would be positively dangerous to be anywhere near a war vessel during a thunderstorm. Of the two ways of connecting the lightning rod with the sheathing, one is to run the rod through the decks, down the masts, and make the connection at the bottom of the vessel, and the other is to run it across the deck from the point where the mast enters over the side and down to the sheathing. The latter plan is considered the safer of the two.—Chicago News Record.

HAWAIIAN FACTS.

OFFICIAL INFORMATION ABOUT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The Treasury Department Gives Out Some Interesting Statistics—Commerce and Industries of the Islands.

THE Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department has issued a carefully prepared history of the Hawaiian Islands and their commerce with the United States which is interesting at the present moment. It states that there is no reliable information showing the discovery of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, prior to Captain Cook's visit there in 1778, when he gave the islands the name of "Sandwich" in honor of Earl Sandwich, the First Lord of the Admiralty. The next year Captain Cook was killed in one of the harbors of Hawaii. At that time each of the islands had an independent Government with its own ruler, but Kamehameha I. brought all of these islands under his sway between 1784 and 1819, and being a man of unusual intelligence and great strength of character, he established a commerce with a fleet of twenty vessels of from twenty-five to fifty tons each, which he caused to be built after the model of European vessels. His son, his successor, Kamehameha II., abolished idolatry in 1819, and in 1820 missionaries went to the islands. From that time the social and commercial conditions have steadily improved, various lines of industries being established and the islands and their commerce greatly developed.
The islands in this group number thirteen, eight of which are inhabited. Their total area is about six thousand square miles, or about the size of the States of Connecticut and Rhode Island put together, Hawaii, the largest of the islands in the group, having an area of about four thousand square miles, and of itself nearly the size of Connecticut. The five uninhabited islands are very small, having less than sixty square miles each.
The islands, as is well understood, are of volcanic origin, high, steep, and mountainous, with many lofty peaks, rising in some instances to the height of from 10,000 to 13,950 feet, their slopes covered with verdure and forests. The climate, although the islands are situated within the tropics, is temperate, extremely equable and salubrious, having neither extreme heat nor extreme cold, the temperature ranging from fifty-three to ninety degrees. The principal productions are coffee, sugar, cotton, rice, coconuts, oranges, bananas and sweet potatoes. On the uplands wheat and other cereals are produced; on the mountain slopes is abundant pasture for large flocks which flourish in this mild climate.
The population is estimated at one hundred thousand, which is considerably more than that of Idaho or Wyoming or Nevada, all of which are now States in the Union. Of this number one-half are native Hawaiians, fifteen thousand are Chinese and nearly as many Japanese, over eight thousand Portuguese, two thousand Americans, fourteen hundred British, and seven hundred Germans. In other words one-half the population are native, one-fourth Chinese and Japanese, and the other fourth are representatives of the Caucasian race. Curiously, the native population has decreased rapidly since the foreign element entered the islands. In 1823 the native population was nearly one hundred and fifty thousand and is now but fifty thousand.

Curious Ideas About Whales.

Olaus Magnus, one of the old-time writers on natural history subjects, gives the following description of the various kinds of Whales: "Some whales are hairy and of four Acres in bigness. The Acre is 240 feet long and 120 feet broad. Some are smooth-skinned, those being the smaller, chiefly taken in the Western and Northern Seas. Some have their Jaws long and full of teeth, the teeth from six, eight to twelve feet long. But their two dogteeth are longer than the rest, the upper ones coming out through loops in the lower jaw and hanging down through the openings like the two Tusks of an Elephant. This Kind of Whale hath a fit mouth to eat [one would naturally suppose he had], and his eyes are so large that fifteen men can sit in the socket of each of them, and sometimes twenty or more, according to the bigness or quantity of the beast. His horns are six or eight feet long and he hath 250 around each eye. These he can move forward or backward as pleases him best. These grow together to defend the eye in tempestuous weather, or when any other beast that is his enemy sets upon him. Nor is it a wonder that he hath so many horns, though they be very troublesome to him, when between his eyes the space of his forehead is twenty feet. Having spoken that the bodies of Whales are very large, I will mention that the inhabitants of the Far North make Mansion Houses of their carcasses, the which are provided with doors, windows, seats and tables, for the ribs of these creatures are twenty, thirty and even forty feet long sometimes. When, therefore, the flesh of this Huge Beast is eat or dissolved, and the Bones purged by Rain, they are raised up by a force of men into the manner of an house. The vast head is chiseled out, and with Saw and Files, these people proceed to join the Forked and the Whirl bones together with bands and rivets of iron, just as a Wood Carpenter would join Wood, the Whale-head room being much more compact than a room built of Wood. Men who sleep in houses built of whale bones and covered with whale skin dream no other dreams than that they are at sea toiling with the waves, or are in danger of Tempests and about to suffer shipwreck."—St. Louis Republic.

Jasperized Wood.

The jasperized wood of Arizona has become well known by reason of the many cabinet specimens, paper weights and decorative slabs of it that are sent to the eastern cities, but this is by no means the only petrified forest in this country. In the Hoodoo district of the Yellowstone many stumps of trees are found converted to stone, some of them showing knots, grain of the wood and bark as plainly as the living trees, and the pebbly benches of the Yellowstone River are strewn with tons of fragments of fossil wood. In the dreary deserts of the South Dakota bad lands leaf impressions are frequently found in the hardened clay, and at Little Missouri, at the point known as the Burning Mountain, where a coal seam has been on fire since nobody knows when, there are half a dozen tree trunks about thirty feet long. This is remarkable on account of the almost total lack of tree life in this region at present.—Chicago Herald.