

ROANOKE BEACON.



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SHUTTERS.

When you are ferkened, and your fate deplore,
Rise—seek to make the sum of sorrow less
And life's true meaning, unperceived before,
Will dawn from out the new unselfishness.
Shutters of self close the complainer's view
But some small action for another's weal
Will stir their hinges, and a ray break through
Which shall a glimpse of Duty's face reveal.
Each earnest service for humanity
Will set self's shutters more and more ajar
Flooded with God's own light the soul will be,
When thrust wide open with good deeds they are.
—Charlotte Flisk Dates, in Harper's Bazar.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

MR. VANDERVELD's wife and daughter had gone to the theatre, and the city man had been dining alone, having arrived home rather late, with a beaming countenance and a bulged pocket. He was lazily following with half-closed eyes the wreaths of cigar smoke which floated out through the open French window, when a rap fell upon the door of the room.

"Come in," said Mr. Vanderveldt, still following the dissolving smoke with his sleepy gaze.

A maid servant entered.

"If you please, sir, there's a person out in the passage who would like to speak to you in private; and, please, sir, he says it's very pertic'lar."

"Show him in here," said he.

"Never mind clearing away the cloth."

A moment later the man entered. He was a tall, seedy-looking individual, with hollow cheeks, ill-kempt hair, dressed in a rusty brown suit, holding a battered beaver hat in one hand and dangling a solitary glove between the finger and thumb of the other.

"You are the owner of this house, sir, I believe?" said the seedy-looking man, stuffing his one glove into his trousers pocket.

"What right have you to ask?"

"And the garden?"

"Ah! my garden! What do you want to know for?"

"You will very soon find out, sir," said the man, who was a very cool kind of a customer, producing a piece of paste-board as he spoke, and thrusting it into the city man's hand.

"That is my name, sir," and he bowed whilst Mr. Vanderveldt gazed at the card.

"Mr. Stephen Priddy," he muttered.

"This house and garden is your property now," cried Mr. Priddy, with a certain air of earnestness, "and, therefore, any treasure—" he paused a moment, then continued—"any treasure that might be hidden upon it must also be yours."

For the first time since the seedy man's entrance Mr. Vanderveldt regarded him with attention.

"What do you mean?"

Mr. Priddy rose and stepped to the window.

"That garden," said he, pointing; "you have little idea what is concealed beneath the surface of it, sir, in the particular spot upon which my eye is at this moment resting. Briefly, I will tell you the story.

"Twenty years ago a lady lived here. She was a very nervous old body, and there came the news one evening as I was sitting with her that the house next door had been robbed.

"That very day she had drawn a large sum of money out of the bank, and this report of burglars scared her horribly.

"You know what old ladies are, sir. She became so nervous that she declared that she could not go to bed with all that gold in the safe downstairs.

"I suggested burying the gold in the garden for the night. She jumped at the idea, and begged me to carry it out. Accordingly, I procured an empty box, placed the bag of money in it, dug a hole in the soil and hid it.

"The old lady then went calmly to bed, and when next morning came she was found dead, stone dead, sir. The doctors called it a pretty consideration, as you may suppose, of the collection of the buried

money clean out of my head for the time being.

"Well, sir," he continued, "it happened, owing to circumstances which I cannot very concisely recall now—it being, as you say, twenty years ago since the thing occurred—that I was obliged to leave this house on the day following the decease of my old lady relative. I went away, still forgetting all about the money that I had buried.

"My motive in calling this evening is just to inform you that the money still lies hidden where I buried it with my own hands twenty years ago. It is yours now, sir, as, alas! this old house is, too," and the dirty-faced man threw what was intended to be a pathetic glance around the room, his eyes lingering especially long upon the dinner table.

"But," said Mr. Vanderveldt, throwing the end of his cigar out through the open window, "why did you not return yourself years and years ago to dig up your buried treasure?"

"A month after I hid it I sailed for Australia, and I only returned to England a few weeks ago," promptly replied the seedy man.

"Then what makes you come to me now?" continued the city gentleman. "People are not usually so honest. Why did you not come in the night and dig up the money yourself, and quietly carry it off?"

"Because, sir," replied Mr. Priddy, with a proud smile, "I am a gentleman, despite my present humiliating condition. I would scorn to take that which no longer rightfully belongs to me. To put the matter on a business footing, what will you give me to show you exactly the whereabouts of the money?"

"Why," said Mr. Vanderveldt, an expression of perplexity coming into his stolid countenance, "I don't know what to say. How do I know you are not a swindler, for instance?" And Mr. Vanderveldt tried to force a very knowing scowl.

"Oh, as to that," replied Mr. Priddy, with a superior smile, "give me a shov-el and I will reassure you at once."

"Good," replied the city gentleman, rising. "There is still light to see by. Lend the way, sir."

"Hold! the bargain!" said the seedy man, picking up his hat and halting upon the threshold. "If the money is there I take half. Is that fair?"

"It will be quite fair if the money is there," said Mr. Vanderveldt.

Mr. Priddy took the shovel and, carrying it in his hand, walked straight to the large oval plot in the middle of the green, pausing to gaze about him when he arrived on the edge of it, as though to get his correct bearings.

Mr. Priddy then fell to digging. The earth was moist, and the large, brown sods were easily turned.

Mr. Vanderveldt, regardless of the flying mould, drew to the edge of the plot and stood staring with expectant gaze down into the slowly deepening hole.

Suddenly the blade of the shovel smote something hard, and there was a slight sound of the splintering of wood. Mr. Priddy redoubled his efforts without a word. Mr. Vanderveldt gave vent to a deep "ah!"

In another moment a small square box was disclosed to view, the wood of it discolored almost to the hue of the clay soil, which still adhered in lumps to it.

"For heaven's sake!" cried Mr. Vanderveldt, fairly overcome with excitement, "let us go in the house and divide the money, man—the money!"

The city man, with trembling hand, lighted the gas. Mr. Priddy took up the door mat and very carefully deposited the beforesaid box upon it. The shovel had scattered the fragile lid, and with the aid of a carving knife he speedily pried open the splintered fragments. Then, putting in his hand, he drew forth a small red canvas bag, nearly round in shape, and tightly bound with a cord at the mouth.

"Cut it!" cried the portly city gentleman, thrusting a knife into Mr. Priddy's hand, when that worthy had been calmly trying to undo the knot for about three minutes.

"I trust you are no longer inclined to question the motive of my visit?" said the seedy man, passing the keen blade through the string.

"Oh, hang it, no! There, open, do!"

A large heap of glittering gold rolled out upon the snowy tablecloth as Mr. Priddy turned the canvas bag upside down.

Both men stood regarding it for a moment in silence; then Mr. Vanderveldt's fat hand wandered mechanically towards the little pile, and he fell to counting.

"Ah, that's right!" said Mr. Priddy. "See how much we have here."

"Five hundred dollars," announced the city man, after a short interval of silence.

"Good. I thought as much. Two-fifty each. A good night's work, Mr. Vanderveldt."

"My friend, you have behaved like a gentleman. The money was all within your grasp, yet you chose to say: 'No, it belongs to the owner of the house!' Give me your hand, Mr. Priddy!"

"And now let us divide!" continued the city man.

"Stay!" One little favor, Mr. Vanderveldt. Two hundred and fifty dollars in gold is no light weight. Would you give me paper for the amount, your check or notes?"

"With pleasure," replied Mr. Vanderveldt, and going to a desk he unlocked it, drew forth a check-book, and filling in a check for the amount handed it to the seedy man, who, with the greatest sang froid imaginable, placed it in the breast-pocket of his shabby jacket.

The two men sat awhile smoking and chatting, and then Mr. Priddy took his leave and departed.

Again Mr. Vanderveldt sat after dinner complacently surveying his garden, this time in the company of his wife and daughter. Again there came a tap at the door, again the servant maid announced a visitor, and again she was directed to show him in.

A tall man in a frock coat entered, bowing very politely to nobody in particular, in a manner peculiar to shop walkers.

Mrs. Vanderveldt instantly recognized him as Mr. Mercer, the silk merchant, to whom she was under various pecuniary obligations.

"Very sorry to trouble you, sir, at this unseasonable hour," said Mr. Mercer, with an apologetic glance at the tablecloth. "Do you remember settling a little account of mine this morning, sir?"

"I gave you eight eagles," said Mrs. Mercer.

The shopman put his hand into his pocket and produced the eight pieces of money which he laid upon the table.

"You are a gentleman, sir," said he, bowing toward the fat city man, "whose character stands too high to leave room to doubt that what has occurred is more than a trifling and unintentional mistake. But, sir, are you aware that those eight eagles now before you—the identical ones you paid me, sir—are all of them counterfeit coins?"

Mr. Vanderveldt turned pale. He had taken the coins from the heap of gold which the seedy man had dug up the previous night.

For a couple of minutes he sat in silence, staring vacantly at the shopman before him. Suddenly there was another rap on the door, and almost before he could reply, a stout little man bounced into the room.

"I beg pardon for intruding," cried he, in a coarse, excited voice, "but are you aware, Mr. Vanderveldt, sir, that that there money you paid me in discharge of my account this afternoon was all bad?" And he threw down five eagles close to the silk merchant's little heap.

The two tradesmen exchanged looks. The confusion of Mr. Vanderveldt's mind rendered his stolid countenance more miserable than ever.

A vague suspicion was slowly taking form in his mind. He rose and went to his desk, from which he laboriously drew forth the red canvas bag containing the residue of the previous night's windfall.

This he emptied upon the table, and taking coins from the heap at random, he sounded them upon the table. They all fell dead as lead.

"Ha!" whispered the stout little man to the urbane silk merchant, "looks rummy, don't it?"

Mrs. Vanderveldt came to the rescue

magnificently. She took in with the full grasp of her woman's mind the significance of the mistake which had occurred, and which, unless dextrously explained, would ruin her husband's reputation.

"My goodness, Corney!" said she to her stupefied husband, as she examined the coins under the gaslight. "Do you know what you have done? You have been paying accounts with the card counters?"

And she forced a spasmodic little laugh. Then, turning to the two trades people, she said calmly:

"My husband has been subject to fits of absent-mindedness of late. He has been working too hard. I must ask you to excuse this stupid blunder, and if you will send in your bills afresh they shall be paid without delay."

The people accepted the explanation without a word, bowed one after another, and quitted the room. Mr. Cornelius Vanderveldt, with a little groan, sank back into his armchair.

Suddenly, however, he struck his massive brow a prodigious slap, and sprang erect.

"That scoundrel!" he roared, "he has got my check for \$250.—London Tid-Bits.

An Extraordinary Swimmer.

They have just found a swimmer in Australia who has aroused the interest of all sportsmen who make swimming something more than a pastime in this country. Nobody seems to know exactly how the new man, Gormly, swims, though the Australian papers devote columns of description to his style, having got to the point of illustrating his method. Even the experts in this country are unable to fathom the peculiarities of his stroke, which has reduced all the notable swimmers in Australia and New Zealand to despair. It should be said, by the way, that the swimmers of that part of the world are men of extraordinary swiftness, endurance and power. Gormly does not pretend to train for his races, but makes it a point to spend six or eight hours every day in the water. His stroke is now being copied by a number of professional and amateur swimmers of the antipodes. He swims, according to the description, with his right arm perfectly straight—that is, it makes a long, slow sweep from the shoulders downward and backward as he lies on his right side. But the real stroke which sends him through the water at a rate which amazes his competitors is what is described as "the corkscrew motion of the left leg, which is drawn up and out of the water, so as to be almost completely in view, and is then pushed under the water and thrust backward with a corkscrew motion, which sends the body along at a remarkable rate of speed." This is the most succinct explanation which has yet been given of Gormly's method of swimming. He is coming over here this summer, so when the camera fiends get at him the public will know all about the "corkscrew motion" which he uses. Incidentally his style of swimming casts a bitter reflection upon the frog, which has heretofore sustained an unquestioned eminence as the model for champion swimmers.—New York Sun.

Makes All Men Cowards.

"In reading of the terrible havoc wrought by the late storm on our Atlantic coast," said Captain L. M. Keene, of the United States Navy, at the Ebbait, "I couldn't help a thrill of horror at the fate of the poor wretches that were drowned in sight of the help that was powerless to save. It will make any man feel thus who has ever gone through a shipwreck. It is facing death in its most dreaded form. The forces of nature, exerted violently, make cowards of the bravest. I have seen South Americans cower and collapse in times of earthquake. They would lose every spark of courage and act like frightened children. The same men would stand up and, with smiles on their faces, stab each other to death with their keen, long-bladed knives.

"During the earthquake at Charleston, S. C., old soldiers that had demonstrated their nerve on many a bloody field, were victims of abject fear. Bullets could not make them dy, but the unseen forces that move on them so mysteriously were too much for human endurance."—Washington Post.

TRICKS IN TEAS.

WAYS THAT ARE DARK OF THE HEATHEN CHINESE.

Very Slick Is He, But Not Always Successful, in Adulterating Teas Sent to America—60,000 Packages Condemned in One Lot.

IF at the bottom of your teacup, after you have sipped the more or less fragrant and cheering beverage, you find a dark paste-like sediment, charge it up to the ways that are dark of "the heathen Chinese." The sediment is mud—plain, everyday, Chinese blue mud, and it was put there by your Celestial with intent to defraud the purchaser of the crop.

Perhaps there is no sediment, but that does not argue that you have escaped John's wiles. If the tea is bitter and rank to the taste, it is because that with the leaves of the tea plant there have been mixed all the way from twenty to sixty per cent. of the leaves of a willow, or of a plant that is known as the aloe, both of which grow wherever tea is grown, just as chest or tares grow alongside of wheat.

Again, if your tea is neither muddy nor rank, but is weak and without either flavor or fragrance, it is because the leaves have already done full duty in some far-away tea-house, have been gathered up from the kitchens, re-dried and then colored with Prussian blue and soapstone and shipped to dear, gullible America.

The adulteration of tea and the substitution of spurious and exhausted leaves is a mammoth and monstrous evil. To such proportions had it grown that in November, 1883, Congress passed an act for the protection of importers and created the office of Tea Inspector in connection with the Custom Houses in New York, Chicago and San Francisco. Tea is admitted free of duty, but not one chest of it can be landed until the inspector certifies that it is free of adulteration or spurious substitutes.

When a New York World reporter called at the United States Appraisers' great work-house, on Laight and Hudson streets, recently, Isaac McGay, the inspector for the Port of New York, sat before a circular table, upon which were placed in neat array a dozen dainty china cups and saucers, each of which was filled nearly to the brim with the infusions which he had but recently made. A bright copper kettle steamed cheerily at his elbow. Mr. McGay had just completed a task, and he leaned back in his tilted armchair with an amused smile upon his cheery and ruddy countenance.

"You have come in good time," he said to the reporter, who asked for some information about Government tea inspection. "These cups represent samples from a cargo of 60,000 packages of tea, every pound of which has got to go back."

"To China?"

"I can't answer that question. Maybe to Canada or England, but it cannot come through the Port of New York. That is a great deal of tea to condemn, but that is what I am here for. I do not believe that within the twelve years I have been in this department, during the last four of which I have been the inspector, I have ever examined a shipment in which all the elements of fraud were so unblushingly combined. In the first place, forty per cent. of the weight of this tea is dirt. I mean common earth that costs only the price of the labor involved to dig it.

"This earth, ground to an impalpable powder, is mixed with a paste made of rice water and known as congee. This is adroitly done, the paste uniting the particles of dirt into the perfect semblance of small, curled tea leaves. As the tea proper is packed into the chests, it stands by with the congee, and with a sweeping motion of the hand in thin layers.

"In a cargo of 60,000 packages of tea, each weighing 50 pounds, there goes 440,000 pounds of dirt. This is a pretty considerable quantity, as you may suppose, of the collection of the buried

before to refuse any of their tea admission to this port.

"But I have not told all. In addition to the adulteration with clay, I find this cargo contains a large percentage of willow and aloe leaves and an easily traced proportion of sawdust."

"What is sawdust?"

"That is the name in the trade for tea leaves that have been exhausted and redried. In Hong Kong the principal tea gardens are located on Marlowe street. A regular wagon, familiar to all foreigners, makes a daily collection of the leaves from which the tea of the previous twenty-four hours has been drawn. This system of collection is in operation all over the Empire, I imagine, from the amount of the stuff that was formerly foisted upon this market. It certainly obtains in all the large cities."

Mr. McGay here called attention to the cups before him. With a spoon he dug up the muddy sediment from the bottom. He then flattened out a number of the infused leaves. The difference between the willow, aloe and tea leaves is apparent to the eye. He explained the system of inspection. The ship containing the invoice is visited. From each line of sixty to one hundred boxes a sample is taken at random. These are mixed together. Then they are examined under powerful magnifying glasses for ocular evidence of fraud.

Then Mr. McGay has a little tea party. Cups are set for from ten to twenty, but he is the only guest. He never gives 5 o'clock tea, but sits from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. He is found "basting" and "spitting" his beverage he brews or down close to the table, holding their fingers to this part of the sional vertigo is accompanied by When this constrike work for the open air.

Measuring a Mile.

Professor Langley's instrument, which is a state of simple, is a fine wire current of electricity. The resistance of the wire to the temperature ascertained. As the professor Langley has visible regions of with this device them, as well as in tions, fine absorption taken and in other taken a piece as one-able of existing ins latest and most de wire is 1-500 inch inch thick, and a dperature amounting degree centigrade on Detroit Free Press.

Tides of 64.

Professor Call, the of Ireland, calls attention fact in connection present the moon is 2 but there was a time past when it was only part of this, or say a If the moon at a distance gives us tides feet the world over been 216 times higher feet, at the time 40,000 miles away above would drain Valley from the mouth of the Bay up water 300