

ROANOKE BEACON.



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The London Statist claims that the withdrawal of British capital from the United States is due to distrust of the country's financial future.

There are more valuable lace than any European potentate. The laces of the Astor family are valued at \$300,000, those of the Vanderbilts at \$500,000. More lace, it is said, is bought in New York than any other city in the world. The Pope's lace treasures are said to be worth \$875,000, those of the Queen of England \$375,000 and those of the Princess of Wales \$250,000. The Queen's wedding dress was trimmed with a piece of Honiton costing \$5000.

Maine has produced men of astonishing vigor and longevity, but none more notable in this way than Dr. Westbrook Farrer, of Biddeford, if the stories told of him are true. He is said to be a physician in active practice, though ninety-eight years old, and, still more remarkable, to be in the habit of visiting his patients regularly on a bicycle. He attributes his exceptional vigor at this advanced age to the use of wintergreen tea, of which he is said to be an ardent advocate.

The New York Times observes: There was taken to the county poor-house in Camden, N. J., a few days ago, the old man who, for years, has been the foremost American "claimant" and "heir" of the mythical Jennings estate in England, the value of which has been variously estimated at from \$100,000,000 to \$500,000,000. In pursuit of this estate Isaac Jennings expended all the profits of his business until that business ceased to be profitable. Then his savings went in the same way, and at last the poor-house became his home. He was the first President of the Jennings Heirs Association, and we are told that he never lost his faith in the justice of his claim and the existence of the property. Even now "his belief is unshaken that the millions held by the English Court of Chancery will eventually be brought to this country and distributed among the heirs." But there is abundant proof that the English Court of Chancery holds no millions of "the Jennings estate" for distribution at any time, and if this claimant and those associated with him had taken the trouble to become familiar with the many warnings of Ministers and Consuls of the United States in England, which have been published in the Times during the last ten years, they would have been induced, we think, to save their money and energy for the pursuits of sane and sensible men.

Henry Charles Lea discusses in Forum the causes of the universal increase of crime. As might naturally be expected he assigns the first cause to the marked increase in the consumption of intoxicating liquors. Not only is this the first and direct cause of crime, but he shows that forty-one per cent. of a certain number of convicts were the offspring of drunken or intemperate parents. This will be more readily accepted as a reason for the increase of crime, thinks the Chicago Record, than will his second cause, which he designates as the increase of wealth. It has been the theory upon which much has been written, that poverty and its attendant miseries drive many men to crime, and the view that a general increase of wealth is a stimulant to crime is contrary to the popular idea. Mr. Lea quotes from an authority who asserts that "every rise in the rate of wages is followed by an increase of offenders, and that the prisons are never so full as in a period of general prosperity and abundant work." This state of facts may exist and yet not prove that prosperity is a cause of crime—it may be a mere coincidence, which does not prove cause and effect. The man with a home and good wages is far removed from the incentives to crime, and prosperous times always increase the number of home-owners among the laboring classes. While general wealth may not be productive of rapid moral development, it is a restraint to that form of immorality that appears in police courts and on criminal dockets. Refinement, that almost invariably negatives the criminal impulse, is the attendant of prosperity.

DEAR MOTHER EARTH.

Dear Mother Earth, full of I long
To sing thy praises in a song,
I ache to lay me down to rest
Somewhere upon thy yielding breast
To turn my pavement-worn feet
Beyond the seeming endless street,
And seek some dimpled country place,
Half cool, half warm, for thy embrace;
Then kiss thee, prone upon my face,
Dear Mother Earth!

Like old Anteus long ago,
Whose strength surged up from earth below,
I feel there is a peace in thee,
Which thou dost whisper unto me,
When thus I press thee, cheek to cheek,
Thou art so strong and I so weak;
And some time there shall come a day
When tender, trembling hands shall lay
Me deep, to mingle with thy clay,
Dear Mother Earth.

Thy gift to me shall come to thee,
And as thou art, so shall I be.
I owe thee all, and so must try
To make thee better ere I die;
And as we twain are one, I see
Bettering myself may better thee.
And so I rise from thy embrace
Revived, and with a hopeful grace,
Thus having met thee face to face,
Dear Mother Earth.

—J. Edmund V. Cooke, in New York Sun.

A DOUBLE-DYED VILLAIN

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"ENGAGED to Dalsell Kenwood, is she?" said Carl Knighton, carelessly.

"Well, I wish her joy of her bargain!" He was a dark-faced, handsome young man of the Spanish type, with large, lustrous eyes and a silken black moustache, and he spoke the words after a debonair fashion; but Rosalind, his sister, detected the false ring in them, and exchanged a laughing glance with Nina Ford, her dearest friend.

"How coolly he takes it," said she, "when all the world knows that he was madly in love with Zoe Atwater!"

Nina laughed, but her subtle gray eye never abated its vigilant watch on Knighton's face, and a deep rose burned on either cheek.

"Mr. Kenwood has won the belle of the season," said she, in a soft, low voice. "Not that I ever fancied Miss Atwater. Her style is too statuesque for me. I like some animation in a woman. You never really cared for her, Mr. Knighton, did you?"

"If I really had," retorted Knighton, with some animus, "do you believe Kenwood could have won her?"

"It seems that he has," drily observed Rosalind.

"You think so?" he sneered.

"Appearances would certainly confirm that fact!" laughed Rosalind. Knighton flung his cigarette out of the window.

"Well, time will show," said he, tugging at his moustache, after a Mephistophelian fashion. "In the meanwhile, I'll undertake to give each of you girls a diamond collar-button on the day that Zoe Atwater is married to Dalsell Kenwood!"

Rosalind danced lightly up and down.

"Oh, what fun!" she cried, her merry black eyes dancing in unison with the sway of her supple figure. "I've always longed for a diamond collar-button to wear with my boy collars and delicious little satin stocks. Zoe's a darling, but she can get lots of other lovers, and I never can have but one chance for a diamond collar-button!"

some young naval officer, the flash of a diamond gem on her engagement finger seemed to strike across Knighton's eyeball like a comet of fire.

"Yes," murmured Dalsell Kenwood, with a smile, "and a precious scapegrace he was. Schoolmates, yes; friends, no! I'm not one of the sort that likes to play with edged tools. Nevertheless, in consideration of all that he has lost and I have gained, I'll try to forget those old times. People always hinted that his father was a Spanish pirate and his mother a fortune-teller."

Zoe laughed.

"Oh, Dall, said she, "I never knew before that men could be gossips as well as women!"

"They're capital at the business," said Kenwood, with gravity.

Zoe Atwater's engagement was scarcely a week old when one day her maid came tiptoeing softly upstairs.

"There's a very respectable old woman down stairs, miss, asking to see you," said she, lowering her voice to a mysterious cadence.

Zoe's fair face clouded over slightly. Dalsell had just departed on a brief business tour to the South, and this was her first delicious love letter to him.

She laid down her tiny pearl-handled pen with its diamond tip.

"I'm particularly engaged to day, Marie," said she. "I can see no one."

"Yes, miss, I know," said Marie, crimping the ruffle of her apron with her fingers, "but she is so very persistent—quite a respectable body, too—and I think—I'm not sure, miss, but I think it has something to do with Mr. Kenwood."

A charming glow suffused Zoe's face.

"Oh, why didn't you say so at first!" cried she. "Tell her to come up immediately. Perhaps it's some message that he omitted to leave—or maybe—But go, Marie, go at once!"

Marie obeyed, and presently returned, ushering into her mistress' blue-and-silver boudoir a stout, respectable female in a stiffly-starched print dress, a white apron and a black bonnet, with the edge bent a little askew under its weight of scarlet cotton roses and crumpled leaves.

On her hands she wore cotton gloves, and she carried a flat market basket and a gingham umbrella, faded in streaks by its last encounter with the rain.

She dropped a courtesy. Miss Atwater rose from her low writing-chair, with a soft frown of white cashmere and Valenciennes lace, while she secretly wondered whether this were a visitant from her Sunday-school district, or a representative of the tenement-houses she sometimes passed through in the cause of sweet charity.

Was she a washerwoman, or a hired nurse? Or perhaps the grandmother of one of those ideal "bad boys" who could not be made to take interest in church picnics or model gymnasiums, but obstinately preferred the gutters instead?

"Good-morning!" said she, with the soft graciousness that was part of her nature. "I don't seem quite to remember who you are."

"I've done it, Mr. Knighton—and it was the wust an' meanest job I ever done!"

"Carl Knighton was lounging at his office desk, his hat on the back of his head, his feet thrust deep into the white pile of an Angora rug.

He turned quickly at the sound of the stout old dame's voice.

"Well," said he, "what did she say?"

"Say? She didn't say much; but I'd sooner ha' thrust a knife into a lamb's throat. It was a cruel thing to do, Mr. Knighton, and if I didn't owe you money for what my poor lad stole out of your till, and if you didn't threaten to give him up to the law if I didn't do this for you, I'd ha' said no—that I would! For I've got feelings, sir, if I am a poor workin'woman."

"Both your feelings!" said Knighton, contemptuously. "You've done the job, and you've bought that precious son of yours off from ten years in State's Prison. We're square, so far. Now let me hear no more of your nonsense!"

And he smiled grimly as he thought of the effect this ruse would produce on Dalsell Kenwood's hopes.

"Zoe is absolutely Quixotic in her ideas as to honor and chivalry," thought he; "nor does any woman like to realize that she has been deceived. Dally's cake is all dough by this time, and who knows but that Mr. Carl Knighton's trump card may come uppermost one of these days?"

And his smile, as he stared up at the ceiling, with both hands clasped behind his black curly head, was more Mephistophelian than ever.

But Love, the gentle god, takes care of his own; and it so chanced that the next morning, while Zoe was still crying over the letter which was to blight all Kenwood's bright hopes, a missive arrived from the true knight himself—a missive brimming over with love and tenderness.

It was dated New Orleans, and bore within its folds a scented sprig of white jasmine.

I picked this little blossom, darling Zoe, beside my mother's grave, he wrote—"the dear young Southern mother who died when I was a child. If she could have known you, dearest! But let this white, star-like flower be the same to you as her blessing!"

"It's—very—strange!" said Zoe, her blue eyes brimming over with tears.

Just then Marie came in.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, miss," said she, "but it's that stout old woman again, and she won't take 'no' for an answer. I never saw any one so pushing in all my life."

Zoe caught up the spray of white jasmine with a jealous hand as the old woman in the crumpled bonnet came in, weeping and excited.

There had been an accident in the cartridge factory down town at which her son worked, and he had been suddenly killed.

"It's a judgment on me," she bewailed herself, wringing her hands, "because I told a wicked lie to shield him! And now the Lord has punished me. But it's Mr. Knighton as the judgment might have fell on, and I'll clear my soul by telling the truth at last. I never see Mr. Dalsell Kenwood in my life, and the story of my being his mother was all a put-up tale as Mr. Knighton bribed me to tell to make trouble. But I'm punished—yes, the Lord's hand is heavy on me at last!"

And she fell in a dead faint on the floor.

So Zoe's second letter to Dalsell was destroyed also.

When that young man returned from his Southern trip, he went to demand a reckoning at the hands of Carl Knighton, but in vain. That enterprising worthy had closed his law office and gone to some distant Western town, the name not specified.

And on the day of Zoe Atwater's wedding, Rosalind Knighton looked ruefully at Miss Ford.

"People don't always get their deserts in this world, Nina," said she. "Here's Zoe married to Mr. Kenwood, and we haven't received our diamond collar buttons."

"No," murmured Nina.

But her loss had been greater far than that of her volatile friend, for she had secretly loved the handsome scamp who had absconded.

"I knew he was a villain," she mused. "I know he would have broken my heart even had I become his wife; but—I loved him!"—Saturday Night.

The San Francisco Chronicle remarks: When Colonel Sellers in "The Gilded Age" spoke of the immense sums of money he proposed to make by dispensing his eye water to the orientals he threw out a hint which inventors have been slow to act upon. The conditions of life in the Orient are very peculiar, and the people have certain wants which we in the Western world are hardly more than aware of. Among these is some remedy against the encroachments of white ants. These destructive insects make life a burden to the Europeans living in China and other oriental countries. They eat everything made of timber, and as a consequence it is almost impossible to keep a house or its adjuncts in repair. A correspondent suggests that the known fact that these ants have an aversion to lime may put some ingenious American on to an idea which if properly worked out would be a benefaction to people living in the Orient, especially Europeans, who would pay liberally for some practical remedy for the nuisance.

Charcoal is said to be the best fuel for producing intense heat.

Seashells murmur because the vibrations of the air are brought to a focus in them.

A telephone has been invented through which a voice may be heard in any part of a room.

Boiled water tastes flat and insipid because the gases it contained have been driven off by heat.

A tree in a forest near the southern boundary of Japan attains a height of four feet in seven weeks.

Scientists are now able, by means of an ingenious machine, to count the particles of dust in the air.

Lieberkuhn estimates that the extent of respiratory surface in the human lungs is not less than 1400 square feet.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Of 67,000,000 rays of light and warmth radiated by the sun only 1,000,000 fall on the planets of the solar system.

Research shows that there is not a particle of vegetation in the eastern part of the North Sea. It is one great watery waste.

The earliest known attempt at an explanation of the rainbow was made by Aristotle. It was along the line of modern scientific investigation.

The most remarkable formations of frost known to the meteorologist are found on Mount Washington, where the crystals are often a foot long.

Charles McIlvaine, an American expert on fungi, claims to have eaten full meals of over 400 species of toadstools without ever having been poisoned.

Electrical weaving machines are in use in Germany. Seamless stockings, with double heels, are rattled out of each machine at the rate of eleven pairs an hour.

Muscles of the eyes, ears and nose show that several groups, which, in the lower animals are very highly developed, in man are in an almost rudimentary condition.

Professor Ball, the Astronomer Royal of Ireland, says that if the fixed star Sirius is inhabited its people cannot see our sun, which is 100,000,000,000 miles from them.

Animal magnetism is no new discovery, but was practiced by Father Hehl, at Vienna, about 1774, and had wonderful success for a while in France and England in 1788 and 1789.

In the interior of Australia is a series of great lakes which are occupied by water only at long intervals. The mud which remains when the water is absent is filled with the bones of geologic monsters.

An inventor has just discovered that there is enough latent energy in a cubic foot of air to kill a regiment, and that this power can be "liberated by vibration." This is the Keely motor principle. As air is composed of certain elements (gases), united in proper chemical proportions, it is simply necessary to produce a vibration of sufficient intensity to make a new chemical combination, and there you have the power. Easy enough!

An Argument.

Mamma—"Now, Andrew, you mustn't eat that candy, because it will destroy your appetite for dinner."

Andrew—"I don't think so, mamma."

Mamma—"Why don't you think so, dear?"

Andrew—"Because, mamma, I haven't got a bit of appetite just now."

—Harper's Young People.

A Modern George Washington.

Teacher—"Now, Willie Wilkins, I want you to tell me the truth—Did Harry Thomas draw that picture on the board?"

Willie Wilkins—"Teacher, I firmly refuse to answer that question."

Teacher—"You do?"

Willie Wilkins—"Because I gave Harry my word of honor I would not tell on him."—Philadelphia Record.

Just How to Take It.

Mr. Meeks (anxiously)—"Do you think my mother-in-law will pull through, doctor?"

Physician (encouragingly)—"We have hope for the best, sir."

Mr. Meeks (hopefully)—"So she's really going to die, is she?"—Truth.