The Roanoke Beacon:

The Official Paper of Washington County.

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W. FLETCHER AUSBON, Editor and Business Manager.

We appealt every reader of The Roanoke Bracon, to sid in making it an acceptable and stroutable medium of news to our citizens. Let Plymouth people and the public know what is going on in Pymouth. Report to us all items of news—the arrival and departure of friends, social events, deaths, sorious lliness, accidents, new buildings, new-enterprises and improvements of whatever character, changes in business—indeed anything and everything that would be of interest to our people.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1894.

Directory.

STATE GOVERNMENT.

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Superintendent of Public Instruction, J.
C. Scarborough, of Johnston. COUNTY GOVERNMENT

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Bryan, J. H. Smith, Sampson Tows and Jos. Mitchel.

CHURCH SERVICES. Methodist- Rev. J. L. Rumley, pastor Services every Sunday at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 8. Sunday school at 9 a. m., J. F. Norman, Superintendent.

Baptist—Rev. B. H. Mathews, pastor, servicus every Sundays at 11 s m., and 7.39 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night at 7:30. Sunday school every Sanday at 9.30 s. m., W. J. Jackson, superintendent.

Episcopal-Rev. Luther Eborn, rector. Services every 3d Sunday at 11 s. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sanday school at 10 a. m., L. I. Fagan, superintendent.

Disciple—Rev. M. T. Moye, pastor, the "madame," says Services Tuesday night after 2d Sunday in the Leeds Mercury. each month, at Public School building.

LODGES. K. of H. Plymouth Lodge No. 2508 meets ist and 3d Thursday nights in each month. W. H. Hampton Dictator,

N. B. Yeager Fin. Reporter. K. & L. of H. Roanoke Ledge-Meets had not a relative died and left her a "I suppose you learned a great deal and 4th Thursday nights in each month small inheritance. Notices were then while you were out West," remarked a J. F. Norman Protector, N. B. Yeager Secretary.

I O O F. Esperanza Lodga, No. 28 meets every Tuesday night at Bunch's Hall. C. J. Norman, N. G., L, T. Houston, Nect'y.

COLOBED,

CHURCH SERVICES

Disciple - Elder Isom Darden, paster. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p m. Sunday school at 9 a. m. E. G Mitchell Superintendent

Methodist - Rev. H. S. Hicks, pastor, Services every 1st and 3d Sundays at 1d a. m., and at 3 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m., T. F. Bembry, sup't; J. W McDonald, secretary

1st Baptist, new Chapel - Services every Sunday at 11 and 3, Rev S R Knight, paster Sunday school every Sunday

2d Baptist, Zion's Hill — Preaching every 3d Sunday. Sunday school every Sunday, Moses Wynn, Superintendent. LODGHS

Masons, Carthegian - Meets 1st Monday night in each month. S Towe, W M., A. Everett, secretary

6 U O of O F Meridian Sun Lodge 1624-Meets every 2d and 4th Monday night in each menth at 71 o'clock, W. H. Howcott, N. G., J. W McDonald P. S.

Christopher Atocks Lodge K of L No Meets every 1st Monday night in each

Burying Society meets every 3d Monday night in each menth at 8 o'clock, J M. Walker secretary

Roper Directory.

Justice of the Peace, Jas. A. Chesson. Constable, Warren Cahoon,

CHURCHES. Methodist, Rey. W. C. Metritt, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock (except the first), and every Sunday night at 7:30. Prayer meeting every Wed. needay night. Sunday school Sunday morn-ing at 9:30, Ir. G. Roper superintendent, E. R. Lewis secretary.

Episcopal, Rev. Luther Eborn, rector. Services every 2d & 5th Sunday 11 o'clock a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sonday morning at 10 o'clock, Thos. W. Blount superintendent, W. H. Daily secre.

Baptist, Rev. C. W. Matthews, pastor. Services every 1st Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 2 a.m., Z. Rutter, Superintendent.

LODGES. Roper Masonie Lodge, A. F & A. M. No. 443, meets in their Hall at Roper, N. C., at 7:30 p. m., 1st and 3d Tuesdays after 1st Sunday. T. W. Blount, W. M., J. L. Savage, Secretary.

I. O.O. F Roper Lodge No.... meets every Thursday night, G. B. Flerging, N. O., G. W. Freeman, Sect'y

Meoding a tonic, or children who want building up, should take
BROWN'S IBON BITTERS.
It is pleasant; cures Malaria, Indigestion,
Ellousness, Liver Complaints and Neuroigia

THEY DON'T USE FORKS.

Egyptians and Turks Claim Fingers Are

Much Cleaner. Some one has estimated that at least one-fourth of the world knows nothing of the use of forks, and fully one-quarter of the men, women and children in it eat with their fingers, says the Chi-

The Egyptians and Turks pride themselves on their cleanliness in the use of their fingers rather than forks, and give a very ingenious excuse for the prac-

Forks, they say, have been in some man's mouth, and you have to depend on your servants for their cleaning.

These people wash their hands before sitting down to table or squatting around the meal on the floor, and they take up the morsels of food with thin pieces of bread, rolling it around such food or sopping it in the soup.

They use their hands in aiding in the

carving and tear rather than cut their

An Observing Baker.

During a war between Austria and Turkey a baker in his collar kneading bread noticed a slight noise rising and falling at intervals, which seemed to come from a distant corner of his cellar.

says Youth's Companion.

He stopped his work, and tracing the sounds discovered that they were caused by a few marbles dancing up and down on the head of a little drum his child had left there.

The majority of persons would have been satisfied to attribute the motion of the marbles to the rumbling in the street, or to the occasional firing of guns, but this man was an observer.

Surprised at the perfect regularity with which the marbles jumped from the drum head, he put his ear to the ground and noticed a distant tapping. He recalled how as a boy bo had heard from one end of a long leg a companion scratching with a pin upon the other end, and he judged that the earth was just such a conductor of sounds as the log had been.

Suddenly it flashed upon him that what he heard was the sound of a pick, and that the Turks were doing what had so long been feared, undermining the city. The news was carried to the Austrian General, examination made, a counter mine prepared and exploded, and the Turks put to flight.

From Conl Bline to Harrin,

Here is a little romance in real life which I am inclined to think would be hard to best. There was a few years ago a very beautiful girl working in the coal mines of France. Some charitable person, struck no doubt by the girl's in a famous dressmaking establishment in Paris, where her superior intelligence soon made her a favorite with the "madame," says a correspondent of

She was at last sent to Constantinople with some dresses which had been | would break. At last-" ordered by the Sultan's mother, and from that time nothing was heard of couldn't stand it; it was too much her for many years. She might, per-haps, have faded out of their memory had him pulled in."

In answer to these a splendid equipage drew up in front of the Embassy, and the Sultan's favorite wife stepped Collin. She renounced the legacy in favor of her kindred, who were still poor, and, in reply to many inquiries, she explained that it was the old story of love at first sight between the Sultan and the beautiful modiste.

ACROSS LAKE BAIKAL'S ICE. Views of the Abyss Beneath Through

the Clear Crystal. In Eastern Sahara lies Lake Baikal, which is a mile deep and has an area one-third greater than Lake Erie. From November to April it is frozen, and as the lake is part of the great commercial highway between Russia and Jhina, it is crossed in winter upon the ice. For about a mile from shore the ice had a thin layer of snow over it, says J. M. Price in Arctic Ocean, but we gradually left this sort of dazzling white carpet, and at length reached the clear ice, when I saw around me the most wonderful and bewitching sight I ever beheld. Owing to the transparency of the water the ice presented everywhere the appearance of polished crystal, and although undoubtedly of great thickness was so colorless that it was like

passing over space. It gave me at first an uncanny feeling to look over the side of the sledge down into the black abyss beneath. This feeling, however, gradually changed to one of fascination, till at last I found it positively difficult to withdraw my gaze from the awful depth, with nothing but this sheet of crystal between me and eternity. I believe that most travellers on crossing the lake on the ice for the first time experience the same wierd and fascinating influence. About halfway across I stopped to make a sketch and take some photographs. It was no easy matter, as I found on getting out of my sledge, for the ice was so slippery that, in spite of my having felt snow-boots on, I could hardly stand. The death-like silence of the surroundings was occasionally broken, however, by curious sounds, as though big guns were being fired at some little distance.

They were caused by the cracking of the ice here and there. I was told that in some parts of the lake were huge fissures, through which the water could be seen. It is for this reason that it is always advisable to do the journey by daylight. We reached Moufshkaya, on the opposite coast, exactly four and a half hours after leaving Liestvenitz, the horses having done the whole distance of thirty miles with only two stoppages of a few minutes each, was evidently an easy bit of work for them, as they seemed as fresh when we

SHORT HUMOR.

"They say poor Briggs, the tectotaler, died of hard drink," said Dodson. "You astonish me! How did he acquire the habit ?" "It was very sudden.

A cake of ice fell on him." "Did you hurt yourself, my love?" asked Mrs Larkin, tenderly, as the hammer came down on her husband's thumb nail. "No!" howled Larkin. "It was the man in the moon I hurt."

Irate father -- I'll teach you to lie and steal, you rascal, you. Wayward Son (from the midst of the scrimmage)-Oh. don't trouble-ouch !- yourself, father. I know how already!

Clerk-The hotel is so-crowded, sir, that the best we can do is to put you in the room with the proprietor. Guest -That will be satisfactory. Will you kindly put my valuables in the safe?

Bloobumper-What a pretty child Mrs. Jaysmith's baby is! Mrs. Bloo-bumper—Yes; and it didn't get its beauty from its papa, either. "I don't know about that. Jaysmith hasn't any

Energetic Man—Tom, you're the laziest man I ever met. You are always leaning on a gate. 'I don't think I'm lazy. I left my brother at home; he said he was too tired to lean ou a

Vinley-Doctor, I believe I need a pair of eyeglasses. I see everything double. Last night I looked at my tried the gold cure?

Miss Fitzgore—Well, good-by, Per-cival, and be a good boy. Percival (who has been warned not to make personal remarks about people in their presence)—I'll not tell nurse what I think of your nose till you're gone !"

"These jokes about grocers putting and in sugar make me weary," observed Mr. Peck, as he weighed out ten pounds. "The truth hurts, does it?" "There's no truth in it. Sand's too expensive to waste in that kind of style.

Servant—I'm sorry, sir, but my master is out of town. Caller (who sees the master's head peeping out of a window above)-Oh, indeed, he must have tost his head, then ! Tell him the next time he goes away to take his head with

"Why. Edwin," exclaimed the tearful bride, "you certainly told me before we were married that you would gladly give me all the pin money I wanted." "Yes," said Edwin, gloomily, "I know I did, but I didn't suppose you meant dismond pins."

Brown-You are pretty severe on the President in some of your criticisms, but aren't you yourself guilty of the wonderful beauty, found her asituation very things of which you find tault in him? Fogg-Oh, but you should bear in mind that I don't judge myself upon the standard of a president.

"I wish I hadn't such a soft heart. Yesterday a fellah came in and begged for some money till I thought my hears " Gave him a dollar, I suppose ?" " 1

published asking for her whereabouts. Boston man to a Boston youth who had just arrived home after a trip of six weeks. "No, sir, I only learned one new thing." "Indeed? Why not?" out to declare herself the one-time Flora "Because, after I learned how a mine was salted I hadn't any money left for further tuition."

"Mercy! Don't leave that bottle of landanum where the children can get it, Mr. Patmore." "It's all right, Mary. Don't you see the word 'poison' printed on it in big letters?" "Yes, but the children can't read." "True for you : I'd forgotten that. There, I've written on it 'This says poison.' Now they'll know what the label says."

Impecunious Stranger-I understand that you purchase rare coins? Collector-Yes, and I am willing to pay good prices where the coin is a rare specimen. "How much, then, for this? (producing a nickel). It is exceedingly rare with me, the only one I've had for a fortnight. Come, what do you say?" "I'll say, if you don't get out in two seconds I'll unloose the

"Of course, Mr. Textual," said the chronic grumbler, "everybody admits that your sermons are interesting, but don't you think you should interject a few broad ideas into your discourses?" "Yes, it might be a proper thing to do," returned the person, "but then, you know, sermons must be adapted to the capacity of the hearer. It is not so easy to put broad ideas into narrow

Little Arthur was visiting his grandmother, who owned a large rooster that was possessed of fighting qualities. Arthur went out to feed the chickens, when the rooster flew at him, pecking him severely. Arthur beat him off as well as he could, and finally got away and ran to the house. Sometime later he was playing on the porch, when all at once the rooster flew upon an adjoining fence and crowed lustily. Arthur looked up and exclaimed, "You he, you lie, you didn't hak me, I

Irish Wit Matched.

"Come here, Pet, you truent, and tell me why you came to school so late this morning," said an Irish schoolmaster to a ragged and shoeless archin, whose "young idea" he had undertaken for a penny a week to teach "how to

"Please your honor," replied the ready-witted scholar, "the frost made the way so slippery, that for every step forward I took two steps backward."

"Don't you see, Pat," was the rejoinder of the pedagogue, "that at that rate ye never would have reached school

"Just what I thought to myself, your honor," replied the boy, "so I turned drew up in the post-yard as when they myself at school." to go home and after a time I found DIPLOMATIC TOMMY.

Now He Avoided Punishment by Skillful Diversion.

"Tommy," said Mr. Fosdick, severely, "your mamma says you have been naughty, and I must punish you. Come with me."

"What are you going to punish me with, paps?" asked Tommy, as he accompanied his papa to an upper room.
"With this strap," replied Mr. Fos-

dick, producing a gad which Tommy remembered very distinctly, having seen and felt it on former occasions. "The strap is made of leather, isn't it papa ?" "Yes."

"They make leather out of the skins of cows, don't they, papa?" "Yes, and the process is called tanning, which makes the tanning I am about to give you with this strap particularly appropriate.'

"I saw a cow to-day, papa."
"That's strange," Mr. Fosdick answered, sarcastically.

"It had it's skin on yet, end when it came down the street a woman was afraid and came inside our gate till the cow went by. I don't know what makes women afraid of cows, do you?"

"You sin't afraid of cows, are you, papa ?"

"You are a brave man, and ain't straid of anything, are you, papa? . I wife's dog and he seemed to have two told Rats Robinson yesterday you tails. Doctor Lens—Yes? Have you could thrash any man on the street, and Rats said his papa could wallop daylight out of you. He couldn't, could he, papa?"

"Well, I should think not." "Of course not, that's what I told

" lt was quite right of you to stand up for your father." "Oh, I always do. Do you know what Rats Robinson's real name is ?"

"No. What is it?" "It's Nicodemus. I don't think much of a papa who would name his boy Nicodemus, do you?" "No, I don't."

"Where do names come from, papa?" "Oh, from different places. Some are ound in the Bible." "Thomas is a Bible name, isn't it?"

"Did you hunt it in the Bible to give to me when I was born?"

"I knew it was there." "Is it in that big Bible in the par-

"Do you ever read the Bible, papa?" · Why do you ask me that? "Because my Sunday School teacher ays that everybody ought to read some

in the Bible every day, and—"
There, that will do. Go and see if our mamma doesn't want you. And Fordick hung up the strap and out on his hat and went down town -Dutroit Free Press.

THE WAS FIRM.

Por Prudential Considerations She Proferred to Watt. Miss Mabel McQuinney had said

Softly and in a whisper she had uttered the word, but Victor Spoonsmore had heard it.

And Victor was wildly, madly, de hiriously happy. The moon went behind a friendly

cloud for a moment. During which moment the bold, ardent youth embraced an opportunity and—but the moon has come out again. Let us proceed with the narration of the plain, unadorned facts.

Up and down the bread South Side boulevard they strolled, says the Chicago Tribune, heedless of the flight of time. Her little hand rested in the hollow of his arm. Being a young man possessed of more than a thimbleful of brains, he knew better than to grab her elbow, after the fashion prevalent in Bridgeport and Kalamakosh, and yank her along the sidewalk like a frugal husband on a small salary endeavoring to steer a reluctant wife past an auction room.

"It only remains now, Mabel," he bleaded, "for you to name the day.

Make it early, please."
Miss Mabel proceeded to temporize. "What will your family say when they hear of this?" she asked.

"The family will be delighted. fancy nobody will be greatly astonished, but if your people can stand it mine can. It's our own affair, anyhow. It wouldn't make any difference what the family thinks."

"It's an old family, isn't it?" "We can trace our ancestry back hundreds of years," said the young men, proudly. "There was a Spoennemower in Shakespeare's time. A Spoonlemure was an officer at the court of King George III. The Spoonamores came to this country in 1817, and many of them have filled positions of honor and trust in Virginia and New England for the last seventy-five years. It was a Spoona-more that officiated at the laying of the corner-stone of the Boston State House. There were Spoonamores in the diplomatic service in President Madison's time. There were plenty of them in both armies during the war of the rebellion. One was a Brigadier General A New Jersey Spoonamore designed the house you and I will live in, Mabel -a large, stately building on Prairie avenue, with seventeen rooms and all

the modern conveniences." "You have reason to be proud of your people, Victor. Don't you hold family reunions sometimes?"

"Once in awhila" "There must be a great many of

"Hundreds, Mabel—hundreds. "Are there any other representatives of the family in Chicago besides you?" she asked after a moment's silence.

"None that I know of," he answered. "That settles it, Victor," exclaimed the young woman sadly but with iron firmness. "We shall not be married antil the World's Fair is over !"

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