

ROANOKE BEACON.

W. Fletcher Ausbon, Editor and Manager.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

\$1.00 a year in advance.

VOL. VI.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1895.

NO. 26.

Self-murder is decidedly on the increase in Christian countries.

Every able-bodied male in Norway has to serve in the army.

Austria now proposes to tax cats in order to avoid a deficit in her treasury.

The chief obstacle to commercial progress in Persia is in the unsatisfactory state of the roads.

The United States Navy Department has been obliged to put old ships out of commission to find crews for new ones.

"Scrub stock and scrub farming are always found in connection with a scrub education," avers the New York World.

New South Wales is making strenuous efforts to expand her export trade. The latest experiment is a consignment of frozen rabbits for the English market.

The New York Advertiser observes that England's prejudices do not interfere with enormous purchases of our apples and the well beloved Yankee oyster.

The tumult on the top of Parliament Hill fields, London, is to be opened. It is popularly supposed to be the burial place of Boadicea, the British warrior queen. A group of statuary to her memory is to be erected on the spot.

The shrinkage of value of horses in 1893 is estimated to be over \$25,000,000, and the total loss in falling off of prices will, the New York World estimates, aggregate \$60,000,000, since the commencement of the present depression of values.

Horses are now being shipped from this country to Europe, and our exports of horses exceed in value those imported. Formerly we bought a great many horses from Europe for purpose of improvement, but Europe is now drawing on us for horses for the same purpose.

Desiccated milk began to attract attention more than twenty years ago. It was then called lactoline, and, according to accounts of the period, an addition of nine parts of water would reduce it to fresh milk. The New York Sun maintains that the modern condensed milk is an improvement upon this earlier product.

The black ladybird of Australia, which was introduced into California two years ago to exterminate the black scale and like orchard parasites, has not belied its reputation, announces the New York Post. To these pests it has proved so relentless an enemy that in some parts of the State, notably Santa Barbara County, scarcely any insect life remains for the sustenance of the ladybird. Trees which, two years ago, were covered with the secretions of the scale, which, in fact, seemed irremediably ruined, are now clean, bright and vigorous. "It is difficult," says an expert, "to place a pecuniary estimate on the value of the enemy of the black scale. In one respect, however, the saving in spraying and fumigating will probably represent \$100,000 a year to the horticulturists of California. One fruit-grower alone has of late years been compelled to expend from \$3000 to \$5000 per annum for this purpose, while there are four or five growers in Los Angeles County alone who each pay out an average of \$10,000 annually in battling against the black scale. All this will be saved, for the little beetle costs nothing. Then, in addition to the economy, the trees will be more healthful and consequently will bear more plentifully and a better quality of fruit. The officers of the Board of Horticulture are satisfied that the black scale is doomed, as was the cotton cushion, and are now turning their attention to the discovery of a parasite that will war on the red scale, which is causing so much annoyance and loss to the orange-growers of the South."

WHILE BABY'S SLEEPING.

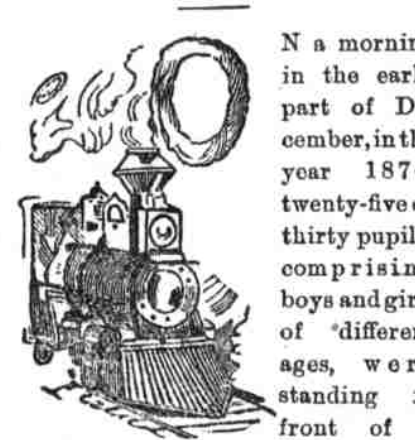
The restless hands, so keen for play,
Lie clenched and do not stir;
Her breath so light it scarce would sway
A web of gossamer.
Her baby voice that oozes and craws,
In sweetest cadence keeping,
Is hushed; the house no music knows
While Baby's sleeping.

Her sunny eyes that, when they rise,
Dawn daytimes of delight,
Behind their fringing canopies
Have set, and it is night.
Five little toes the cover shows
Beyond its edge just peeping,
Fair as a pink five-petaled rose—
While Baby's sleeping.

See! on the pillow here I've found
Golconda's treasure now—
The golden curls that cluster round
My darling's cheek and brow.
Her lips just parted in a smile,
Some pretty secret keeping;
An angel whispers to her, while
My Baby's sleeping.

—New York Recorder.

WON BY DIPLOMACY.



On a morning in the early part of December, in the year 1876, twenty-five or thirty pupils, comprising boys and girls of different ages, were standing in front of a

country school house in Central Illinois. They were awaiting their new teacher, who was on his day to open the winter term of school.

The young people were all engaged in conversation. There were many speculations as to the appearance of the person who had been entrusted with the tutorship of the rising generation in District No. 6. Numerous opinion were expressed as to the success or failure of the forthcoming term.

A short distance from the main body of pupils five big boys were congregated. These talked in earnest tones. The oldest, as well as largest, of the group was Sam Gaines, a coarse-boned, robust-looking fellow of twenty years. He was the centre of attraction and did most of the speaking. It was evident that his comrades looked upon him as a sort of leader.

"The directors of this district can't hev much of an eye for bizness," said Sam. "Last winter we cleaned out three strappin' schoolmasters. The year before we licked one man and sent him away with scars and bruises, while three women left a-bawlin'. Now they hev hired a city belle and I s'pose she is badly stuck up, but I reckon we'll soon show her the ways of Deestric No. 6."

"You just bet your life," said John Sanders, who in size ranked next to Sam. "If the purty girl doesn't know the history of No. 6 she will be treated to a fine surprise party."

"We'll only hev to hang together to be as successful this term as in days gone by," said Sam. "You boys stick to me and I'll see that vict'ry perches on our banner. Can I count on your aid?"

The four others responded in a chorus that they would be as loyal as heretofore.

Suddenly a girl made her appearance in the yard and walked briskly toward the school house. She was perhaps not more than eighteen years of age, slight of stature and handsome. One could perceive at a glance that she was endowed with a keen intellect.

The pupils craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the new comer, who was Miss Laura Thomas, the teacher. The young lady bowed graciously to all and smiled sweetly. Then she hastened into the school house.

"Just as I expected," said Sam, after the teacher disappeared. "She's one of them daisies who's always smilin' and don't know what they're smilin' at. Oh, we'll show her how to be pleasant. It won't be many days before she'll hev a longer and more sorrowful-lookin' face. I don't see what that little girl ever thought for comin' to this deestric. Her early trainin' must hev been neglected."

Having arrived at the school room, Miss Thomas seated herself in the arm-chair behind the teacher's desk and looked around with the greatest

composure. She knew full well the unsavory reputation of the school which she was about to manage. She had learned ere she had signed her contract with the directors how her predecessors had fled from their duties in confusion. Indeed, she had been warned by the very men who employed her to consider cheerfully the step she was taking. But this caused her little concern. She apprehended no difficulty. Her heart was filled with confidence.

The pupils came into the house and eyed the instructress. The big boys especially regarded the new school-ma'am with expressions of mingled curiosity and disdain.

Miss Thomas studiously inspected the latter as if attempting to single out a particular one in the group. Finally she arose and approached Sam.

"Mr. Gaines, will you be so kind as to bring a bucket of water?" she asked, with a smile.

The manner and wording of this speech completely amazed the big boy. He nodded assent, and grasping the bucket hurried away, followed closely by his four companions, who snickered loudly when they were on the outside.

"What's the matter with you fellows?" demanded Sam, whose face had become as red as a beat.

"Oh, it was too good to hear her 'mister' you," replied John Sanders, with a laugh. "You are no longer plain Sam, but Mr. Gaines. Ha, ha, ha!"

"You stop your laughin'," said Sam, displaying considerable embarrassment. "This girl understands etequette. There's nothin' funny about that, as I can see."

When Sam returned to the room the teacher heartily thanked him. At the same time she seized the opportunity to inform the young man that she desired to converse with him alone for a moment. Waving all the other pupils away she spoke to Sam in a low voice.

"It is quite an undertaking to teach this school," she said. "There is much hard work before me, and I would like to do it well. I have taught school for two years and my efforts have always been crowned with success. This will be my last term, and I should greatly regret making a failure. It would be a terrible humiliation. There is one way by which I can succeed; it is by your aid. With your help it will be an easy task to teach this school. I take you to be a gentleman, Mr. Gaines. May I not hope to have your unqualified co-operation?"

Sam Gaines looked admiringly into the beautiful face before him, and his eyes met the girl's, which implovingly rested upon him. He was deeply moved by the eloquent plea. He began to feel a genuine pity for the teacher, and when he gazed at the frail form his compassion was emphasized. The marked consideration which Miss Thomas had shown him also took effect in another direction. It produced in Sam a sentiment of profound respect for the young lady.

"I hev always been unruly in school," he said, "and many is the teachers as hev feared me. But you appear like a lady, and as far as I am concerned you shall hev no trouble. And mebbe I can even assist you in keeping others quiet. At any rate, you need not be afraid that you will be rudely treated while I am around."

The teacher warmly expressed her obligations to Sam, and went to her desk. The bell was rung and the school called to order.

Scarcely had the pupils been seated when the big boys glanced at Sam for a signal to begin creating a disturbance. But Sam did not notice them. He gave constant attention to his books. During the whole day there was perfect order in the school-room.

In the evening, Sam, who, to reach his home, was obliged to pass the house in which the teacher boarded, walked by the side of the latter and carried her books and dinner-pail. Never before had he paid such polite attentions to a tutress.

The next morning he went to school in a costume which differed wonderfully from the one which he wore on the previous day. He wore his best clothes, his face was smoothly shaved and a bright polish was visible on his boots.

"Hello! Here comes our dude!" cried John Sanders, when Sam arrived in the yard. "Just look at him, boys. Say, Sam, what's the matter with you, anyhow? What do you mean by layin' us poor fellows in the shade like this?"

"Oh, I just want to look respectable, that's all," said Sam. "You see, we've got a teacher who knows something now, for once, and I consider, under these circumstances, that I should appear decent in the school-room."

Sam's four big schoolmates laughed heartily at these words. They accepted of them as having been uttered in the spirit of a jest.

"But, leavin' all jokes aside, when do we begin operations?" queried John.

"I don't understand you," said Sam, feigning ignorance.

"Why, when are we to take charge of this school and run it to suit ourselves?" explained John.

"Boys, I'm not with you this term," replied Sam.

"What? You're not goin' back on us, are you?" anxiously inquired John. "You certainly don't propose to forsake us in this way. Sam, this is a capital joke you're tryin' to play on us."

"But I am serious, boys," said Sam. "I'm old enough to know how valuable is an education. Miss Thomas is a good teacher and I 'spect to learn something this term."

"Pooh, pooh, you are smitten with the teacher," roared John. "I guess though that four of us can master affairs."

Sam turned from the group and went his way. As he entered the school house he heard the derisive sneers and laughter of his former associates and his blood boiled within him. He was sorely tempted to retrace his steps and rebuke the offenders, but the reluctance of precipitating a quarrel in which Miss Thomas's name would figure made him control his temper.

It was apparent, as soon as school was called, that the four big boys were bent on mischief. Three of them riveted their eyes on John Sanders, who had evidently superseded Sam Gaines as leader of the unruly element.

The school had been in session less than fifteen minutes when John sent a paper wall flying through the room. An outbreak of laughter followed in which nearly all the pupils participated.

Emboldened by this applause, John threw several other balls. The teacher detected him.

"Have you been throwing these paper balls?" she asked, looking straight at the perpetrator of the mischief.

"Yep," coolly replied John. "You may come forward with your book and stand on the floor," firmly demanded the teacher.

"I reckon not," said John. "You must obey my command or I will be compelled to send you home," said Miss Thomas.

"I refuse to do either," was the answer. "I'll not stand on the floor, nor will I leave school. I'll stay right here and do as I please."

The teacher became alarmed. Her face grew as pale as death, and her frame trembled. She bent her head, looked to the floor and reflected on what course to pursue.

Sam Gaines sat silent in his seat during this brief dialogue. When the sound of John's last words had died away he arose, took off his coat, and advanced towards the disobedient pupil. His eyes flashed and his brawny arm was uplifted.

"Go and stand on the floor or take your books and be off," he shouted, in a commanding voice. "Do you hear what I say?"

The teacher was aroused from her meditations, and looked up. Then she saw that John Sanders quailed beneath the stern and angry gaze of the one-time disturber of the peace. Without saying a word, the offender quietly walked forward and took his position on the floor.

From that day Laura Thomas encountered no further difficulties. The big boys respected the will of Sam, and instead of racking their brains to invent schemes with which to harass the teacher, they applied themselves vigorously to their studies. The chil-

dren made remarkable progress, and at the close of the term folks declared that Miss Thomas was the best teacher who ever taught in District No. 6.

After adjournment on the last day of school Sam lingered at the door. He was waiting for the school-ma'am in order that he might walk home with her. Soon a fashionably dressed gentleman, wearing a silk hat, drove into the yard in a buggy drawn by a span of handsome black horses. The teacher seemed to expect him, for she immediately gathered together her books, and, after thanking Sam for his many acts of kindness, left the room and got into the buggy.

Sam watched the vehicle with a look of dejection until it had entirely disappeared from view.

"Who is the young man who took the teacher away?" he inquired of one of the older girls.

"Why, that is her beau, Charley Layton," was the response. "They are to be married in two weeks."

Sam ground his teeth and a shadow passed over his face.

"Ef I had knowed that," he said, bitterly, "Miss Laura Thomas's last term of school would had been broke up long 'fore this."

Among the Moslems.

The Moslem customs of eating are entirely different from those of Western life. A white cloth is spread upon the floor, whereon the dishes are placed. Before beginning the meal the guests are invited to wash their hands, mouth and nose. The host then raises his hand and supplicates the blessing of the Almighty by saying: "Bismillah"—"in the name of God." The guests then dip their fingers into the same dish with the host, but they must not eat with more than three fingers, nor open their mouths wide, nor take large mouthfuls, nor swallow hastily. If the guest has occasion to drink in the course of the meal he must do it softly. When the repast is over the host again raises his hands and exclaims "Praise be to God."

The staple dish of all Mohammedan dinners is a plain meat cooked in a large quantity of rice. This dish is usually placed in the centre, and curries, preserved fruits and other toothsome flavors are added at discretion. In the economy of the household it is very necessary that the Moslem wife should be able to cook, for she is held responsible for the entertainment of the guests. Where there is more than one wife the cooking is taken by turn, a week at a time.

Although among the poorer classes the women are not veiled, it is usual for those of good family to go forth covered with what is called in Asia a Bourka, or in Egypt a Habarah. The concealment of the face of a woman was strictly ordered by the prophet, and Mahomet must be held responsible for the exceedingly ugly covering which is used by the Moslem women when traveling abroad.

In a Moslem household the mother, and not the wife, is the head of the harem, and she is looked up to with respect by the wives. In the event of her death the mother of the eldest son claims the rule of the household. It is not Mahomet we must blame for the degradation of women in the East, for it would not be difficult to show that his ideas about women were somewhat in advance of his contemporaries. He used to say, "Woman was made from a crooked rib, and if you try to bend it straight it will break; therefore, treat your wives kindly."—Home and Country.

Future of the Mule.

It is very probable that the time is not far distant when a greater amount of attention will be bestowed on breeding mules. Those breeders who take an interest in pedigrees, and a pride in keeping breeds and strains of blood pure, will not, of course, take kindly to the sterile hybrid; but there is a good deal to be said for the mule as a beast of burden and draught. A mule of nearly sixteen hands will grow fat on a diet that a horse would do very badly on. They are hardy and last much longer than a horse. Thirty years is no very uncommon period for a mule's life, and a mule can do good work up to a great age. Mules are sometimes said to have a tendency to vice, but that is not a necessary characteristic of the animal.—New York World.

Red Rust in Cotton.

A farmer in Eastern North Carolina sent us last summer some cotton leaves affected, as he said, by the red rust. A brief examination showed that there was no rust at all, that is, none of the usual fungous growths commonly called rusts. The leaves were badly infested with the so-called "red spider" (*Tetranychus telarius*), one of the mites. The brilliant red color and almost microscopic size of the insects, together with their multitude, gave the leaves, particularly on the under side, a red color. The unhealthy condition of the leaves was due to the attacks of the insects. When they become numerous under the influence of hot and dry weather, they destroy the vitality of the foliage completely, and as a healthy foliage is essential to growth and productiveness in any plant, it is evident that they must give a serious check to the plants they infect. Close observers of plant life have often noticed that plants with weakened vitality soon become the prey of insects. While we cannot control the weather or the temperature, we can put our plants from the start in such a vigorous condition by fertilization and by good culture as to enable them to resist better the attacks of insects and fungous diseases. This has caused some to assert that red rust is caused by a deficiency of potash in the soil. While this in one sense is true, it is not the whole truth. Had there been an abundance of potash and other elements of plant food in the soil the vigorous vitality of the plants would have enabled them to resist the influence of the insects until a change in the weather conditions would have checked their operations. Cotton well supplied with kaint and acid phosphate will undoubtedly suffer less from this red rust, not because potash drives the mites, but because a fully nourished plant can better overcome untoward circumstances than a weak one can. Therefore the best we can do is to so encourage the growth of the plants as to make them resistant to their attacks. In nearly all of the cotton lands of the South Atlantic Coast the soil is naturally deficient in potash. Hence the wisdom of using kaint and other forms of potash fertilizers, with a good addition of phosphoric acid in the readily accessible form of acid phosphate, to give that vigorous growth which the unaided soil in most places cannot supply. Some of our best growers are of the opinion that red clover on a sandy soil causes rust in cotton. This will account for the fact that on our red clay soils, which are well adapted to clover, and where in most seasons it resists the red spider, no such influence has been observed on the cotton. The weakened condition of the clover on these sandy lands renders it an easy prey to the attacks of the mites, and from their profusion on the clover they may well be charged with infecting the cotton. The remedy is evident as in the case of the cotton itself—inactivate the clover on these lands in the same way. Clover is a greedy consumer of potash and lime, and if these sandy lands are limed, and well supplied with potassic fertilizers, clover would find better conditions, grow more vigorously and be less infested with insects and hence not liable to damage the cotton any more than on the clay lands.—W. F. Massey, of N. C. Experiment Station.

Origin of the Term "Simon Pure."

Simon Pure, a young Quaker of Pennsylvania, was about to visit Obadiah Prim, a British Quaker, and one of the guardians of Anne Lovely, an heiress. Colonel Feignwell, knowing of the intended visit, personated Simon Pure and obtained Obadiah's consent to marry his ward. When the real Simon Pure presented himself the colonel denounced him as an impostor, but after he had obtained the guardian's signature he confessed the trick, and showed how he had obtained the consent of the other three guardians. The name has since become a household word for "the real man."—Detroit Free Press.

Costly and Deadly Torpedoes.

Whitehead torpedoes cost \$2500 each when fully loaded. An "unloaded" one used for practicing purposes by the British navy got beyond control in the English channel recently. It dashed against the rocks, shot up into the air and burst as it struck the ground. Some of the fragments were blown to a distance of 500 yards, and the noise was heard for miles. People are wondering what would have happened if the deadly instrument had been loaded.—Chicago Herald.

Standard for Butter.

As the result of the dispute in England regarding the proper amount of water for butter to contain, an act of Parliament has been passed fixing the legal standard of butter at twenty per cent. water and thirty per cent. of pure butter fat. The standard is a reasonable one.—New York World.