

ROANOKE BEACON.



Roanoke Publishing Co.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

\$1.00 a year in advance.

VOL. VI.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1895.

NO. 35.

No day in the week is so prolific in fires as Saturday.

One hundred years ago yellow fever was more common in Northern cities than it is now in tropical towns.

It costs \$40,000,000 a year to govern New York City. The total expenditures of the National Government in 1850 were no larger.

Athletics, the New York Independent is told, are only incidental at Cornell. They are too apt to be accidental where they are not incidental.

Deputy Sheriff Hall, of North Carolina, stood in that State and killed an escaping prisoner who was across the line in Tennessee. According to a recent decision of the Supreme Court of North Carolina he seems likely to escape punishment, as he was not in Tennessee when he committed the crime, and the crime was not committed in North Carolina.

Some time ago the mongoose was introduced into the island of Jamaica to destroy the rats which were doing much damage to the sugar cane. But the Kingston papers say its activity did not stop there. It destroyed snakes, toads, insectivorous birds and other enemies of the insect race, and as a result there has been a great increase in the number of ticks, grass lice, beetles, flies and other small pests. Horses suffer severely, and sometimes die, from the attacks of the ticks, which get into their ears, nostrils and throat. As the mongoose finds the rats, snakes, toads and crabs disappearing, it attacks setting fowls and carries off their eggs, and kills young pigs, kids, lambs, calves, pups, kittens, poultry and game birds, destroys fruit and vegetables and is suspected of sucking sugar cane, eats meat and salt provisions and catches fish.

Within the recollection of the oldest mariner there has not been as disastrous a year to shipping and sailors as the one just ended, declares the New York Mail and Express. Thousands of lives have been lost, hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property destroyed, and hundreds of hopeful families are still waiting for tidings of loved ones who went to sea in craft that were not strong enough to combat the wild Atlantic storms and never came back. More than a hundred strong vessels, well found and manned, are on the missing list for the year, and there is no question about the fate of their crews. The Wilson Line steamer Apollo was one of those of which not the slightest trace was found after she steamed away. What became of her, how she was lost, how her gallant crew perished, are questions that may never be answered. The Atlas Liner Alvo was another which went on the voyage that has no ending.

Rear-Admiral Belknap, of our navy, now in retirement, says: "There is not one incident of personal prowess or of individual valor in the annals of England that may not be matched by a similar deed of courage and heroism in the annals of Japan. The great sea fight of Dem-No-Ura was as significant and more hotly contested than the battle of Trafalgar. No British force has ever met on the field of battle an Oriental race at all the equal of the Japanese in martial character and intrepid spirit. Her army to-day is the equal of the British army in organization and equipment, superior to it in homogeneity, mobility and discipline. She has seen, this long while, the British squeeze upon the throat of China and the brutal means to accomplish it, and she does not mean that such fate shall overtake her, if stout hearts and strong arms can prevent it. No British minister will hereafter attempt to enact the meddling and menacing part of a Parkes at Tokio, nor will any British fleet bombard with impunity a second Teugoshima. The sun does not shine on a more determined or intrepid race than that of Japan. The martial spirit of Japan antedates that of Britain, and hereafter, whether on land or sea, the arch robber of the universe will find all she cares to meet if she comes into hostile contact with the foxes of Dai Nippon."

THE LITTLE VALENTINE.

Though 'tis faded now and yellow
With the dust of many years
And its verses float before me
In the mists of unshed tears,
Yet of all the tender treasures
That around my heart entwined,
There is none I love so fondly
As this little valentine.

For around it cling and cluster
Memories of the long ago;
Of the sunny days of childhood,
And the joys I used to know;
Cherished dreams and youthful fancies,
That in those old days were mine,
Hover, like the breath of roses,
Round this little valentine.

And like shadows flitting softly,
Loving faces come and go—
Faces that have long been sleeping
'Neath the blossoms and the snow;
And dear hands, that long have vanished,
Once again I clasp in mine,
As I gaze in love and reverence
On this little valentine.

Voices sweet that death has silenced,
Whisper to me words of love,
Like the sound of angel music
Floating downward from above;
Till at last, the echoes dying
In the depths of memory's shrine,
I am left in silence gazing
On my little valentine.

So, although 'tis dim and faded
With the dust of many years,
And its verses float before me
In the mists of unshed tears;
Yet of all the tender treasures,
That around my heart entwined,
There is none I love so fondly
As this little valentine.

—Julia T. Riorlan.

A VALENTINE ROMANCE.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.



"I just like to know who in the land of the living ever sent me that thing! I just would like to know!"

Lucinda Dyke sat in her big wooden rocking-chair, with her bonnet and shawl still on, although she was one of the most methodical of spinners and made it a rule to put her gloves, bonnet and shawl away, neatly and carefully, the moment she entered her house. But on this occasion she had snuck hastily into the rocking-chair with even her gloves on.

She had been to the village post-office, and, to her unspeakable amazement, had received a valentine.

She had not even remembered that it was St. Valentine's Day until she had passed one of the village shop-windows, hanging full of valentines, and she had said to herself when she saw them:

"Dear me! I thought that silly and ridiculous custom of sending valentines had about died out. Such nonsense as it is! But I guess only children and fools do it."

Five minutes later, Mr. Moses Moss, the village postmaster, handed Miss Dyke a square, highly embossed white envelope through the little postoffice window.

"I guess somebody's sent you a valentine, Miss 'Cindy,'" he said.

"I don't think anybody's been so silly," she replied, a little tartly.

She was rarely given to joking, and she always resented jokes having even remote reference to affairs of the heart. She acknowledged herself to be "touchy" on this point, and she felt offended when she knew that it was really a valentine that she held in her hands.

She dropped it quickly into the black-cloth hand-bag she carried, her face flushing crimson with indignation. She was so disconcerted by receiving the valentine that she forgot to ask for the postage stamps and envelopes she had come to the office for, but marched out very primly and stiffly, giving the door of the post-office a sharp little bang behind her.

She felt quite sure that Moses Moss was watching her through the one little front window of the postoffice, and she held her head very high and swung her black alpaca skirts scornfully as she walked away.

"I wish to the land I'd torn the thing into a thousand pieces right before him!" she said, as she turned the corner. "He likely knows who sent it, as he's the postmaster and familiar with everybody's writin'." An' Moses is such an old gossip he'd be sure to tell the person who sent it if he'd seen me tear it up. Wish I had."

Her brown eyes were none the less beautiful because of the angry sparkle in them, and the flush of crimson on either cheek was very becoming to Miss Lucinda.

She found her scissors, the moment she entered her house, and cut off an end of the envelope with a snap. Then she drew out a dainty little creation in pink and blue and gold on a foundation of white, satiny paper, with an edge of paper lace. She held it out at arms' length, in her gloved hands. Her eyes fairly glittered now, and the crimson flush on her cheeks deepened.

"Whoever sent me that thing is a fool!" she said.

Then she held the valentine a little nearer, and said, scornfully:

"Humph! Hearts with arrers run through 'em, an' nasty little Cupids an' weddin'-bells—the idea of it! It's a perfect in-sult! When a woman gets to be forty-three years old, as I am, the less she thinks of Cupids an' weddin'-bells an' such nonsense, the better off she is. I've a good mind to put the thing into the fire, and—what's this? Poetry, as I'm a sinner!"

The valentine had suddenly opened in her hands, and, in gilt letters, with a gold head above and below it, was this verse:

"Oh, lonely, lonely is my heart,
So lonely, love, for thee,
I'm happiest when I'm where thou art,
Oh, wilt thou come to me?
Oh, wilt thou come to me for aye,
And be forever mine,
To gladden all the future years?
Say: 'Yes!' Say: 'Yes!' My valentine."

"Mercies!" cried Miss Dyke, as she let the valentine fall into her lap, while her arms fell limply to her sides and she almost gasped for breath. Presently she said slowly, nodding her bonneted head to and fro: "I—just—wonder—who—did—send—me—that—silly—thing? Some mischievous school-boy, likely. But, no; he'd sent me one of them nasty comics with a picture of an old maid on it with a nose a yard long and a sassy verse printed on it. I never saw that writing before, that I know of."

She took up the envelope and scrutinized the address carefully.

"No," she said, "I never saw that writing before. Now, if I knew who sent me that thing, I'd send it right back with a note, telling 'em just what I thought of 'em. I vow I would!"

She put the valentine back into the envelope and gave it a spiteful little toss over to a small stand near her.

Then she rose briskly, took off her bonnet and shawl, exchanged her black alpaca for a gray mohair house-dress and a crisp white apron with wide-crocheted lace on it, and sat down by the little stand with a piece of half-finished sewing in her hands.

The valentine fell to the floor at her feet, when she took up her sewing. She let it lay where it had fallen for several minutes, while she stitched away in silence, drawing the thread through the cloth with quick, short jerks. Suddenly she stooped and picked up the valentine.

"How did that silly verse go?" she said, as she drew the valentine from its envelope. "Such stuff as it is anyhow!"

She read it again and again, heedless of the fact that the cat was snarling up dreadfully the contents of her workbasket.

"I know what I'm going to do," she said, suddenly. "I'm going back to the postoffice and make Moses Moss tell me whose handwritin' that is on the envelope. He'll know, and he'll tell me, too. Moses always was a good-natured fellow, and he'll tell me if he knows. I've just the faintest suspicion that old Jasper Hoyt may have sent me this. They say he's half cracked to marry again, and his first wife not six months in her grave. La! I want it flying back to him with as sassy a letter as ever he got, if I find Jasper Hoyt did send it."

"Or it may be that it came from Silas Lawson. Some think he wants to marry 'cause he's painted and fixed up his place so, and got himself some decent duds. He'll never marry me. It may have come from Judson Sparks, and there ain't no one I'd sooner send it flying back to than him. He worried his first wife into her grave, and he'd never get the chance to worry me there, not if he'd get down on his bended knees and begged me to have him. John Gleeson may have sent it for—but I'll just go and find out of the postmaster who did send it. I'm just curious to know."

But there was something more than mere curiosity in Miss Lucinda's lonely heart as she walked back to the postoffice. Not for the world would she have admitted it even to herself, but there was a feeling of pleasure as well as of curiosity in her breast now. She could not dismiss the doggerel lines of that verse from her mind!

"Say: 'Yes!' Say: 'Yes!' My valentine."

she repeated, reproaching and scolding herself for her weakness in doing so, and saying stoutly to herself:

"The man don't live that I'd say; 'Yes' to; no, he don't. What a big goose I am anyhow."

She reached the postoffice. The postmaster was alone in the neatly kept little room.

He was a short, stout, kindly-looking man of almost fifty years. He had child-like blue eyes and a round, honest face, a little inclined toward effeminacy in some of its outlines.

The softness and sweetness of his voice were surprising when one looked at his swelling chest and broad shoulders. Everybody knew and everybody liked Moses Moss.

Lucinda Dyke had known him all of her life, and she had never called him anything but "Moses" or "Mose." Now she said quickly, eager to do her errand before any one came in:

"See here, Moses, I want to ask a favor of you."

"All right, 'Cindy. Ask away."

"You know that some great goose had no more sense than to send me a valentine?"

Moses's smooth, round cheeks crimsoned.

"I knew you got one a while ago," he said.

"Think of it! The idea! Well, now Moses, I want you to tell me whose handwritin' that is."

She laid the envelope before him. He looked at it and then at her, the womanish blush deepening in his cheeks.

"You know, don't you?" asked Miss Lucinda. "I felt sure you would, you being postmaster and seeing everybody's handwritin' so much. You know that, don't you?"

"What you want to know for, 'Cindy?"

"Well, because I do," she said, quite sharply. "If it come from the person I s'pect it come from, he'll get it back in short order."

"Whom do you suspect, 'Cindy?"

"I ain't going to say."

"It may be ag'in the Gov'ment Postoffice laws for me to tell without a written order from the Postoffice General."

"Stuff, Moses! Moses, how's he going to know anything about it? And, do you s'pose the Postoffice General and the President and his Cabinet is going to hang you if you should happen to tell an old maid who sent her a silly valentine? You know better than that! Did Jas Hoyt send it?"

"No, he didn't."

"It ain't Silas Lawson's handwritin'?"

"No."

"Nor Judson Sparks's?"

"No, 'Cindy."

"Did John Gleeson send it?"

"It ain't his writin'."

"Well, who in creation did send it?"

"You'll get mad if I tell you."

"Well, I won't get mad at you, anyhow, Moses."

He was leaning over a little counter, now looking up into her face with an eager, pleading, searching look.

"You sure not, 'Cindy?" he asked again.

"No, of course not," she said.

"Why should I? I—I—why, Moses Moss!"

She stepped back with a wild, frightened look. Something in his face and manner startled her.

"'Cindy," he said.

"Why, I—well?"

"I sent it, 'Cindy."

"Good Lor! Mose Moss!"

"I did, 'Cindy. I—wait a moment, 'Cindy!"

She would have fled from the postoffice, but he reached across the counter and caught both her hands in his, saying eagerly:

"I did, 'Cindy! I did! I sent it."

"Let me go, Moses Moss!"

"You won't send it back, 'Cindy?"

"I—I—why, Moses Moss!"

"You won't—dear?"

"Oh, mercy!"

"Say you won't."

"Well, I—I—won't—there."

"Oh, 'Cindy, I've wanted for months and months to say what that poetry verse said, but I ain't dared to say it myself. I am lonely, and you is be, too, 'Cindy. You'll say 'yes' to that verse, won't you, 'Cindy?"

"I—I—let me think. Oh, there comes old Mrs. Duke into the office. Let go my hands. She'll tell it all over town before sunset, if she saw you holding my hands. I must go. I must go."

She jerked her hands away; and Moses called out after her:

"If it's 'yes,' 'Cindy, when I go by to supper, you be settin' by your front window, with that red ribbon bow in your hair, that you had on to the church social last night. Please, 'Cindy."

She made no reply, but hurried out with crimson cheeks and shining eyes.

At five o'clock that evening Miss Dyke's nearest neighbor, Mrs. Price, came home from a walk to the village store and said to her daughter, Martha:

"'Cindy Dyke seems mighty happy to-night. She was screechin' out a silly love song when I came by her house a minute ago, and she came to the door as I passed, and she had on her brown silk dress and best white apron and a red ribbon bow in her hair."

"Maybe somebody sent her a valentine," said Martha, with a little tittering laugh, never dreaming that she had guessed aright.—New York Ledger.

To See Your Own Eye.

"Did you ever see your own eye?" asked an unscientific person. "It is a very simple matter. The most satisfactory view is obtained by shutting, say, the left eye, and pressing gently upon the right side of the right eye. You will then see, apparently at the right side of the nose, a round dark object about the size of the apple of the eye. That is what I take it to be, and I suppose the retina is made in some way to reflect the outer portion of the eye, though the phenomena may be only an optical illusion."—New York Sun.

Russian papers still appear with mourning borders on their front pages. They will continue to do so for twelve months from the date of the late Czar's death.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

London has "lady guides."

Texas has a female contractor.

Women are flocking to chemistry.

There are many female hotel clerks in Chile.

Women make excellent commercial travelers.

Women are going into the advertising business.

Lexington, Ky., has two feminine bank officials.

Honeymoons are decidedly going out of fashion with the European aristocracy.

Mississippi is the home of a little seven-year-old girl who has hair that trails the ground.

The Empress of Japan is described by a recent visitor as having "a soft naive complexion."

A Japanese peasant woman goes everywhere with bare head. In the cities European millinery is worn.

Women are never tired singing the praises of the fancy bodice. It shows the rare combination of beauty and economy.

Lady Florence Dixie, who is somewhat noted in England for eccentricities, has become President of the Ladies' Football Club of London.

It transpires that many of the women who tried to vote in Chicago last November were struck and insulted by the thugs around the polling places.

Mme. Demont-Breton, daughter of Jules Breton, the French painter, has been decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor for her artistic attainments.

At a recent artistic carnival held at Vienna the toilets of the 120 ladies who formed the cortege represented a value of \$250,000, the value of the diamonds worn being from \$500,000 to \$2,500,000.

Some of the winter round hats are very elegant and extremely picturesque in effect. One model, the "Rob-sart," is a large shape, auburn-brown velvet, the brim sweeping to the front in a graceful curve.

You may not know it, but oekology means domestic science. If you can cook, wash, mend, scrub, etc., up to date, you are an oekologist. This is much grander than being an old-fashioned housekeeper.

Miss Tompkins, of Kentucky, who was once Secretary of the Southern Exposition, held at Louisville, has been appointed Assistant Marshal of the United States Supreme Court, a position never before held by a woman.

Miss E. N. Askew, of Tampa, Fla., is a stenographer and typewriter with a record to be proud of. In a document of 100 pages of legal cap sent up to the Supreme Court of the State there was not one erasure, omission, or mistake in punctuation.

The German Empress is not above giving personal attention to the comforts of her servants, and says she thinks the best solution of the servant problem is for mistresses to devise means for giving them proper leisure and making it agreeable.

Mrs. A. J. Peavey, the new Colorado State Superintendent of Public Instruction, can trace her family line back to William the Conqueror. Her husband volunteered from Wisconsin, and was killed in the Civil War. She has been a teacher and a journalist.

Miss Winnie Davis is an aspirant for literary honors. She has just finished a novel under the name of "The Veiled Doctor," and it will be published shortly. It is said to depict the trials of a supersensitive man, who is married to a not very sensitive woman.

Mrs. Esther Morris, who was chiefly instrumental in securing to Wyoming women the right to vote, is known in that State as Mother Morris. She is eighty years old, a native of New York, and has lived in Wyoming for twenty-seven years. She still presides over her son's household.

Mrs. Cleveland's gown of pink silk, with embroidery of flowers in natural colors, worn on the occasion of the first State dinner at the White House, lately created a furore among the ladies present, who are inwardly consumed with curiosity to know the name of the modiste.

Hair dressing is a puzzle as well as a fine art. The lump that has so long protruded from the knot of hair at the back of the head has fallen into oblivion. In its place we have soft loops and coils, the figure 8, a modified Psyche knot and a butterfly arrangement just over the crown of the head.

There are several small and exclusive schools for girls dotted over fashionable New York. The effort at these schools is not especially to prepare young women for college, but rather for life. French is commonly the language of the schoolday, and there are forms of punishment for speaking English.

A work never before undertaken is being accomplished by a young English artist, Miss E. M. Merriek—the painting of the women of the Zonana. She reports that she has difficulty in inducing them to be painted in their beautiful native costumes, as they usually prefer a wretched travesty of European fashions.

The touches of black which are seen in almost every fashionable toilet of the moment need a skilled hand for their introduction. A brown gown, for example, with black garniture sounds odd, but is really effective with a blending of cherry pink to keep the two sombre shades from too close juxtaposition. In the same way a bright leaf green well sustained its black additions by a judicious use of silver gray.

Mrs. E. S. Tead is the only woman in the country who selects subjects for illustrating in the Sunday-school periodicals. As many as 20,000 sets of these illustrations go to Australia, Africa and other foreign countries each year. When the subjects are selected a well-known New York artist paints an oil painting, portraying as well as possible the writer's idea of the story, and from this come the many thousand pictures which delight the Sunday school scholars all over the world.

Garbage is cremated in fifty-five English towns.

Chicago's death rate for the year 1894 was only 15.1 per 1000.

Soap bubbles are round because every part of their surface is equally pressed by the atmosphere.

A colony of medusae has been compared to a collection of muslim sun-bonnets floating right side up in the water.

Over one-half of the sand of every shore is composed of minute shells, each of which was once the home of a living creature.

Timbers have been removed from immense swamps, where horses could not penetrate, by building an elevated trolley through the tree tops.

The Pasteur Institute will hereafter obtain its serum for the treatment of diphtheria from horses condemned as no longer fit for the French cavalry service.

The action of coffee on the body is mainly due to a certain acid and oily properties contained in the berries, and greatly developed in the roasting process.

The Japanese University has the most delicate series of instruments in the world for measuring earthquake shocks—and plenty of material to use them on.

The giant of all the telescopes of the world, the great Yerkes instrument for the University of Chicago, will soon be scanning the heavens with its immense cyclopean eye.

The scintillation of stars, according to a new theory suggested by S. E. Christian, is largely due to the constant passage between the earth and the stars of small meteoric bodies, which are now believed to be drifting in space in the immense numbers necessary to produce this effect.

"Cancer is contagious," declared Dr. Guelliot, of Rheims, to the congress of French surgeons held recently at Lyons, France. "The transmission may be direct from the body, but it is effected more frequently through wearing apparel or table utensils; in two cases it was through a tobacco pipe."

The ling has been found in the Columbia River, which Professor Eigenmann finds to present no specific differences from those of Lake Michigan. The fish is found in all three of the great water basins of the Atlantic Slope—the Saskatchewan, St. Lawrence and Mississippi—and its distribution is now extended to the Pacific Slope.

It is estimated by Professor Dolbear that a lump of coal weighing a pound has in it energy enough to lift its weight 1000 miles high. He says that this energy is inherent in matter—that every particle of matter is constantly exerting its force on every other particle, and that if not prevented they will come together no matter how far apart they may be.

Some curious balls of hair, rolled up by the action of the waves, have been collected by M. Forel on the beach of the Gulf of Morzes, near some great tanneries. In some places they were numerous enough to form a continuous stratum under the ground, and it is suggested that in time they might form very puzzling fossils for future geologists.

A Famous Town Fair.

Lancaster, Penn., is one of the few American towns with the tradition of an annual local fair. It is a long time since the fair was held, but it flourished once so that it was the event of the year. The principal street of the little city was almost hidden in booths and tables, and every sort of merchandise was sold, from gingerbread to rich silks. Country lads saved their pennies the whole year to have money for the fair, and on fair day every lad bought something pretty for his lass. Lancaster was then in many essentials a German village.—New York Sun.

Julian Ralph says Charleston, S. C., is the cleanest city he has seen in the United States.

The English money order system has been extended to Zululand, South Africa.