

ROANOKE BEACON.



Roanoke Publishing Co.

FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH

April 12 \$1.00 a year in advance.

VOL. VI.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1895.

NO. 36.

SMALL THINGS.

I shaped a marble statue, the image of a thought—
A thought so pure and perfect, it thrilled me
as I wrought;
And when I saw my task complete, and joyed
it was so fair,
Alas! alas! when next I looked an ugly rent
was there.

In strains of music, then, I told of sweetest
joy and love;
And, out and in, the harmony in rich, soft
chords I wove;
When, lo! a wild, weird discord that would
not die away:
I'll hear it evermore, through life, unto my
dying day.

A weary of my failures, I sought the haunts
of song;
Essayed to cull sweet flowers wherewith
to charm the listening throng.
A warning voice I heard that stayed my
eager hand;
"No soul but one by sorrow tried may join
the minstrel band."

I found a weary traveler, at noontide, by
the way;
His brow was deeply furrowed, his locks
were thin and gray.
"Can I do ought for you?" I asked. "I am
athirst," he said.
I gave a cup of water; he drank and raised
his head.
A strange and wondrous change I saw, trans-
figured was his face,
His form was full of majesty, his eyes of love
and grace.
"Well have ye done; well have ye spent that
gift of charity.
Albeit ye know it not," he said, "ye did it
unto Me."

Great works are for great souls; high
thoughts for those whose minds can
soar;
Sweet music for the ears that catch the notes
from Heaven's bright shore.
Strong words that move the multitude are
not, my child, for thee;
Thine are the hidden ways of love and quiet
charity.

—E. H. Kerr, in Good Words.

A MYSTERIOUS ILLNESS.

It happened to be at Iydene, visiting my friend Tom Deverill, when John Cantyll's mysterious illness began, and it was I who suggested that they should ask Dr. Macpherson to come down and give an opinion on the case.

Cantyll was a cousin of Deverill's. In fact, all the guests at Iydene, while I was there, with the exception of myself, were cousins to one another and to Tom. Dear old Mrs. Deverill, his mother, had insisted on gathering her sister's children together under her hospitable roof, although one at least of them Tom cordially hated. His cousin Lillith Andrews, to whom he became engaged during my visit, was as sweet a woman as you could meet, and I had not noticed anything objectionable about Cantyll when his mysterious malady attacked and took him out of my sight; but Gabriel Dyne was a decidedly unpleasant person.

Cantyll began by being found unconscious one morning when Tom entered his room to see why he had not appeared at breakfast, and from consciousness to unconsciousness and back he had been changing ever since. The Deverill's family doctor owned himself perfectly nonplused by the symptoms. One day he spoke of sunstroke and the next of new forms of hysteria. He seemed very relieved when I suggested that Macpherson might like to take such a puzzling case in hand. I thought that its inexplicable nature would tempt the physician into the country, and I was not disappointed. Five hours after the telegram which Mrs. Deverill begged me to send him reached Harley street the great mind doctor was standing by John Cantyll's bedside, bending over the young man's unconscious figure, with his fingers on his pulse.

Tom Deverill and I both attacked him eagerly as he left the sick room.

"Well, can you tell what it is?" we both inquired in one breath, and Macpherson answered in his sharp, decided, professional manner:

"It is a clear case of opium poisoning, the dose being repeated, I should say, from your account of the patient's symptoms, in quantities just too small to cause immediate death."

Tom and I stared at him.

"But who on earth can be doing it?" asked my friend, aghast.

"That is what we have to find out to begin with," said the physician, briskly. "Is there anybody in the

house who would profit in any way by the poor fellow's death?"

"Yes, I should for one," answered Deverill. "As far as money is concerned we all should—Miss Andrews, Dyne and myself. You see, we are all grandchildren of Sir Charles Wilmott, my mother's father, and by his will the money he left was to be divided equally among us. In case one of us dies unmarried it is provided in the will that the share belonging to him is to be divided up again among the rest. So, you see, Cantyll's death would leave each of us richer by £5000."

"And apart from money," asked Macpherson, "has anybody in the house an object in injuring the man? Is there any rivalry in love or anything of that sort?"

"If it were a question of love," I put in, "it would be my friend Tom here who would be poisoned. He has won the prize for which Mrs. Deverill tells me both the other cousins have been striving—the hand of Miss Andrews."

The doctor made a few more inquiries, and I have no doubt came to the conclusion at which both Tom and I had already arrived—that if anybody in the house was poisoning Cantyll it must be Gabriel Dyne. He was, in fact, the only person it was possible to suspect, and, although Macpherson refused to give an opinion on the subject, both Tom and I were perfectly satisfied in our own minds that it was upon Dyne alone that we need keep watch.

Imagine our surprise, therefore, which almost equaled our consternation, when, on the morning following the physician's arrival, Gabriel Dyne was found almost dead in his bed. Just as Cantyll had failed to come down to breakfast, and had been found by Tom unconscious in his room, so Dyne was found by him. He had been stabbed near the heart, as it was found directly Macpherson made an examination, but there was no sign or trace of the instrument with which the crime had been committed.

I am not a nervous man by any means, but I will admit that this unexpected tragedy, added to the fact that another man was being slowly poisoned to death in the house, terrified me, more especially when a close examination of the premises proved almost conclusively that nobody could have left the house during the night, unless they had an accomplice inside to close the doors after them. The entire failure on our part to think of anybody among us whom it was possible for a moment to suspect gave the two crimes a supernatural appearance, which added immeasurably to the terror of our position. The servants left in a body, preferring the loss of an excellent situation to the danger of remaining in a place where such inexplicable things could occur. I should have liked to follow their example, but felt, of course, that I must stand by Tom. His sweetheart proved her heroism and devotion by forming a similar resolve, and Macpherson took it as a matter of course that he should remain to watch John Cantyll's illness and do what he could for Dyne, who had recovered consciousness, but could tell us nothing. He had evidently been stabbed in his sleep. Macpherson seemed pleased by the exodus of the servants. "If my patient does not recover now we shall find the circle of those whom we may suspect considerably narrowed down," he said, cheerfully, as the cook and housemaid, who were the last to go, drove away in one cab.

If Lillith Andrews had not remained we should have had to do our own cooking, for Deverill had very properly insisted on his mother accepting the invitation of a hospitable neighbor until the mystery of Dyne's attempted murder and Cantyll's illness was cleared up.

The day of the discovery and the next night passed without incident. I do not expect that any of us slept much. I know that I did not close my eyes, although I shared Tom's room, and had the door locked and bolted and the windows screwed up.

But when in the morning Dr. Macpherson announced that Cantyll did not appear to have been dosed since the departure of the servants, I, for one, began to feel a little of my courage returning. The holding of a formal police inquiry in the dining room in the morning helped to make

us feel more matter-of-fact, and we grew quite cheerful in the evening over Lillith's first attempt at dinner, which was very successful. Tom constituted himself as butler, and brought in the dishes and the wine. He had decanted a fresh bottle of port, he told us, in honor of his new position, and I walked round the table to fill Dr. Macpherson's glass and mine as well as his own—his fiancée only took water.

"Let us drink to the restoration of Cantyll and Dyne and the speedy clearing up of the mystery," said Tom, when he seated himself, and we were just raising our glasses to our lips when the doctor startled us by calling out with more excitement than I have ever seen him show before or since: "Put your glasses down! For heaven's sake, do not drink!"

"What is the matter?" asked Tom; and I, for one, was quite prepared for the answer. The doctor had quite regained his usual calm, now that we had put our wine down.

"My glass contains plenty of opium to kill the lot of us," he said, quietly. "I fortunately smelt it just as I was about to drink. I suppose your glasses are both poisoned."

Tom Deverill's face turned as white as a sheet.

"That means that the fiend is still in the house," he said. "I decanted that wine this morning, just before the police came."

Macpherson rose from the table.

"Then I cannot afford to leave Cantyll alone for a moment. We ought to take turns at sitting in his room. We ought to have done so from the first."

He left the table as he spoke, and we three sat and stared blankly at each other. This new discovery was terrible. For five minutes we did not speak a word, and then poor Lillith began to cry hysterically. I was surprised that she had not broken down before.

Her lover sprang up at once to try and comfort her, and, thinking that he would be more likely to succeed if they were left alone together, I went off to look for Macpherson.

I walked warily, feeling that at any moment I might be attacked by the mysterious miscreant who had chosen to make this peaceful country residence the scene of his diabolical crimes. As I reached the foot of the stairs, however, leading from the hall, I changed my step, and hurried up three stairs at a time, for on the floor above I could hear Macpherson calling my name urgently, as if he were in need of my help. I ran straight up to Cantyll's room, from which the cry seemed to come; my steps hastened, if possible, by the unmistakable sounds of a struggle going on in the sick man's room.

What I expected to see when I reached it I do not know, but certainly it was not the sight that actually met my eyes when I rushed into the sick chamber—the sight of Dr. Macpherson and John Cantyll grappling together in a life-and-death struggle on the bed, the patient with a formidable knife in his hand, which the physician was preventing him from using by holding his wrist in a vice-like grip.

The fight had been a pretty even one, I believe, till I came on the scene, for though Cantyll was still half stupid with the drugs he had taken he was a man of much more powerful physique than his opponent. My arrival decided the battle; in a moment I had secured the knife, and Cantyll had given up the hopeless struggle. He lay back on the bed, glaring at us, his face transformed into that of a fiend.

Dr. Macpherson drew a long breath after his exertions, and wiped a drop of blood from his wrist where the point of the knife had cut him slightly.

"Well! we may congratulate ourselves, I believe, on having cleared up the mystery that has been bothering us," he said, quietly, to me. "If you do not mind calling Deverill from the top of the stairs, we will get him to bring some rope and help us tie up this patient of mine until we have decided how to dispose of him."

It was not until we had left John Cantyll bound hand and foot on the bed that Macpherson explained to us, down in the dining room, exactly what had happened.

"It occurred to me during the inquiry this morning," he said, "that

Cantyll might be dosing himself with opium to remove himself from reach of suspicion, while he killed the two men who stood between him and the enjoyment of the whole of his grandfather's fortune and marriage with Miss Andrews, with whom I will do him the credit of supposing him to be in love. When I left the dinner table I crept up silently to his room and caught him in the act of preparing himself another dose of the narcotic. He must have considerable acquaintance with opium to use it so daringly on himself. He seems to have a stock of bottles hidden between the mattresses of his bed, together with the knife with which he tried to kill Dyne, and which he drew on me when he found that I had discovered his secret."

Lillith sprang up impulsively, threw her arms round the great physician's neck, and kissed him.

"You have saved all our lives!" she cried, gratefully; and Macpherson smiled, well pleased.

"Well! I think I have done what I scame down for," he said, briskly. "I have cured Cantyll of his mysterious illness."—*Pall Mall Budget.*

Excavating With Water Jets.

Within the past ten or twelve years the uses of hydraulic "monitors" and "little giants," of California mining fame, as means of earth excavation have become pretty well appreciated among engineers, says Cassier's Magazine, and water jets have been successfully applied to a variety of engineering purposes, for which only a short time previously they would never have been thought of. Pile driving with water jets, now so common, is only one modification of the general method, while the removal of heavy earth banks by these aqueous battering rams is another which is deservedly working its way into favor. What has led to these reflections is a revised version, recently published, of an account of the removal several years ago of some river bluffs overhanging the tracks of one of the railroad lines in the Western part of the United States. This was accomplished almost wholly by the employment of jets of water under high pressure, bringing the cost of excavation down to the low figure of one and a half cents per cubic yard. It recalls also a neat job carried out a few years ago in the way of filling in a large area of land just under water and bringing it up to a level of several feet above the water line. Large sand hills ranged along the shore closed by these hollows. The work got into the hands of two old California miners, who applied a modified hydraulic mining outfit to its execution. They bought a couple of large pumps, which delivered water from the bay on the tops of the sand hills through an iron pipe, and then, by means of a series of boxes and sluices, they carried the dirt and sand which the water washed down from the hills out to the spot to be filled. In this way several acres of land were made at an expense which was merely nominal. The pumps and boiler were practically worth as much after the work was done as when they were first purchased; handling of material with additional cost there was none; and the whole operation was completed in a remarkably short space of time.

A Big Calculation in Water.

The ocean sea and lake surface of our planet is estimated at something like 145,000,000 square miles, with an average depth of 12,000 feet, and is calculated to contain not less than 3,270,600 billion tons of water. The rivers of the earth are estimated to have a flow sufficient to cover thirty-six cubic miles of the above area each day. Now, if all the oceans were suddenly dried and the rivers could keep up their present rate of flow (which, of course, they could not without ocean evaporation), it would take 35,000 years to refill the basin.—*Detroit Free Press.*

What Constitutes a "Young Man."

In a college student, 20 years of age.
In a man recently married, 25 years.
In a city politician, 30 years.
In a successful business man, 40 years.
In a congressman, 45 years.
In a senator, 60 years.
In a bachelor, any age.—*Chicago Record.*

LADIES' COLUMN

THREE SUCCESSFUL SISTERS.

The Misses Swann are three Louisville girls who have made a success as designers and carvers of choice furniture. In 1880 Miss Laura Swann made a cedar chest and sold it for \$35. Miss Joie tried her hand on a wardrobe which was sold for \$40. The third sister designed and executed a six-piece suite which was quickly sold for \$215. The father then fitted up a shop for the girls. They prepare work only on orders, and seek only the best trade. No duplications are permitted. The designs, the construction, the carving are all done by the three sisters. Wealthy families in nearly all the Eastern cities have their work. Secretary Carlisle and Senator Blackburn, Starin, the New York boat magnate, and many others have specimens in the shape of tables, chairs, sideboards, bric-a-brac stands, hat racks and bed and parlor suites.—*Atlanta Journal.*

MRS. CLEVELAND'S APPEARANCE.

I saw Mrs. Cleveland in Washington the other day, and I have not seen her looking so well for years. The President himself may be troubled with gout and rheumatism, but his wife is the picture of health. Her color is brighter and her step lighter than it has been for some time. She attributes all this to the fact that she lives in the White House but very little of the time. The Executive Mansion has too many chinks in its venerable boards through which the wind enters and gambols to make it in any sense a sanitarium, and it is distinctly unhealthy. It was Mrs. Cleveland's idea for the Presidential family to do most of their living in the suburbs of the city, and it was at her request that Woodley was purchased and devoted to this purpose. She is very proud of the success of her plan, and smilingly says that she will next try to do away with the White House altogether.—*New York Press.*

ELECTRICAL COSMETIC.

Electricity is greater than any cosmetic as a beautifier. It also puts more and firmer flesh on the face in a shorter space of time than any known tonic. This has been found true lately by New York women, with the result that those of the sex who go in for fine, rosy skins are taking electricity along with athletic aids to physical culture.

The machinery required is a small, portable electric battery, with a faradic current. Be sure that it is a faradic, for its opposite, the galvanic, burns and blisters, while the other is only, to quote an old dandy, "pow'ful stimulative." One of small size is the right sort to get. Women who are adopting them apply the current to the muscles of the face, rubbing the sponges firmly over cheeks and forehead. The same treatment is applied to the throat and shoulders. The muscles begin to enlarge and harden, the face fills out, lines disappear and a fine, natural bloom shows under the skin.

This is what the advocates claim for it. I know one woman who was very slender and she has gained twenty pounds in three months, since using her battery. Women who have thin necks and shoulders are trying electricity to develop the latter into a condition that will permit of an 1830 gown this winter at social affairs.

Its effect is healthier than any oil, cold cream or the manufacturers' evils that are in continuous use by slender women, desirous of the abolishing of prominent bones and wrinkles. Then it is less expensive, the batteries costing only \$7 and \$14. More expensive ones can be bought, of course, but those at this price are adequately beneficial. The amount of current to be turned on can be learned from any physician, and there are not sufficient volts to cause death.—*Boston Sunday Post.*

FASHION NOTES.

Old Roman coins are mounted as medallions.

White veils have entirely been done away with and black ones are now worn so thickly dotted with chenille as to almost form a mask.

Among conspicuous novelties are the long silver chains. Many of them are punctured here and there with turquoise and pearl ornaments.

Copper buttons and those of oxidized silver, set with rhinestones, and buttons of inlaid ivory and carved agate are among the season's fads.

Veil pins are something new. A very dainty one is a silver butterfly caught by the wings of filigree or enamel and poised lightly on the veil.

A pretty evening dress is made of white embroidered chiffon over white satin, trimmed on the skirt with three rows of lime-green velvet ribbon, and on the simple full waist with pink roses and green leaves.

Long mousquetaire gloves of Angora, to be worn over the evening gloves instead of using a muff, are among the most useful novelties this season.

Evening dresses still have ruchings at the hem, but it is the sleeves which cannot fail to attract attention. They are gigantic, with puff; which are shaped to the elbow in a manner that is altogether inexplicable.

Black lace over white moire or satin, white lace over black, black lace over black, or white over white, are favorite trimmings for black gowns, but rarely it is that there is even lace trimmings upon a white costume.

The newest colors are a blue shade of steel called "Valkyrie," various shades of red of the American beauty rose order or color, a pinkish yellow, Gismonda purple, the "bluet" shades of blue, and shades of emerald green.

First Police Signal on Record.

Thirty-five years ago Captain Mangan, chief of the police at Yonkers, N. Y., for his own convenience rigged up an electric contrivance, out of which grew the elaborate and comprehensive system of police signals and communication between station houses at present in use. Although the perfection of the veteran captain's suggestion has yielded a great manufacturing firm a fortune, not a dollar of it ever came into the hands of the real inventor, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

In the early days of the war a rough gang of men and boys frequently took possession of the Hudson River Railroad depot and committed lawless acts. The police station was located in the town, quite a distance from the depot, and before a messenger could summon assistance the law breakers would have disappeared. Captain Mangan thought the matter over and induced the depot agent and telegraph operator to run a wire from the station to the police office. At the police end a bell and a dial were arranged. The latter had painted on its face two or three short messages, such as "send an officer," "trouble here; send a full force," etc. The indicator on the dial was made to move by a series of short jerks, caused by key taps, to the desired point on the dial. A practical electrician saw this crude apparatus at work one day. Six months later patents were taken out on the apparatus now in use all over the country, which consists of a box with a dial face upon which are indicated a number of routine questions and answers and the letters of the alphabet, by which any message may be spelled out, a crank being used at one end and the indicator showing at the other.

What Causes the Most Deaths.

The sudden death from heart disease of a lady while attending the Berkeley Lyceum recently led a prominent physician to make this comment. Said he: "If I were asked to tell you what caused the most deaths in this country and in these times I would reply 'Hurry and worry.'" Referring to the death at the Berkeley Lyceum he added: "Here is a lady who had been subject to heart disease, who was over sixty years old and who must have known perfectly well that overexertion was extremely hazardous, and yet in order not to lose any part of a performance she hurried from the depot only to fall unconscious when she reached the hall. As a rule people gain nothing by being in a hurry, and they lose everything when they worry, for they make themselves and all about them uncomfortable, undermine their health and lay the foundation for some of the most serious diseases. That is why the physicians bundle our hypochondriac patients off to Europe to drive them from business and set their minds on other things than those which have worried them. The rest cure is a great thing, but it amounts to nothing if a patient worries."—*New York Mail and Express.*