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TIMES AND SEASONS.

There's a time—the proverb tells us—
For all things under the sun;
Even so may be proper seasons
For good works to be done.
And for good words to be spoken,
In the four either I or you
May miss some happy occasions,
Let us here note down a few:

When the trees are in pride of blossom,
Or the leaves crisp underfoot,
When fruit on the board is grateful,
And while there is wind or root;
When the flood-rain pours from the heavens,
When the sunshine follows rain,
When the autumn fields are waving
With the weight of golden grain;

When the hills are purple with heather,
When the fells are black with cold,
When the larch is gay with its tassels red,
When nuts are shriveled and old;
Whenever there's growth in the springtime;
Or June close followeth May,
And so long as the First of January
Happens on New Year's Day;

When mushrooms spring in the meadows,
Or toadstools under the trees,
When the gnats gyrate in the sunbeams,
When the oak boughs strain in the breeze;
In the days of the cuckoo and swallow,
When the white gulls flee the foam,
When the nightjar croons in the gloamin',
Or the owl goes silently home,

When the rippleless lake is a mirror,
When the mountains melt in a mist,
When the depths of the lake are pillars of gold
On a floor of amethyst;

When a rainbow spans the morning,
When thunder rends the night,
When the snow on the mountain-side is red
With the blush of the dawn light;

When the soul is heavy with sadness,
And the tears fall drop by drop;
When the heart is glad as the heart of one
Who climbs to a mountain-top;
When youth unfolds like a broken frown
When age is grandly gray
As the face of a deep, deep-riven and scarred
By the storms of yesterday—

Be sure that in all of these seasons
Some good may be done or said,
And whenever a loving Thought and Will
Are loving enough to wed.
And well is it with the generous heart
That hath thoroughly understood
How the "time for all things under the sun"
Is always the time for good.
—W. J. Linton, in New York Independent.

A ROMANCE OF REDBUD.

BY W. E. LEWIS.



I was a bright, sunny afternoon, but the inhabitants of Little Dutch did not waste a thought on the weather. Sunny afternoons are too common a spring feature in Southern Kansas to excite even passing comment. Besides, the residents were assembled at the Rose of Kansas for a special and important purpose.

cal topic would have been so for the introduction of a meteorological sign as to be an impertinence, and in consequence loaded with danger.

"As I was a sayin' when interrupted by the gentleman a representin' of the double-O-bar brand, Little Dutch has got to pull itself together if it expects to retain its standing among the municipalities of the once bleedin' Kansas," said the speaker. "It's goin' to be a funny thing in current history if these spike bucks from Winfield, or Arkansas City, or any other town, is a-goin' to come down yere with a whoop an' a yell an' run off our horses an' we do nothin' but stick our noses in the mud an' let on we liked it. If we want to, gentlemen, we can raise stock for the whole southern tier of counties. Jest let the notion go abroad once that all us folks settled at Little Dutch for all to raise horses for other folks to steal an' you can string all your money on the proposition that they will be dead w'ilin' to let us do it."

"What for is all this war medicine bein' made?" inquired Bill Siddons, forman of the "double-O-bar" outfit, who had entered the gathering while Burt Francis, a prominent and public-spirited citizen of Little Dutch, was giving his views.

"It's like this, Bill," explained Colonel Tom North, who, from years of sitting behind the deal box, had acquired the repose of manner and gravity necessary to a presiding officer; "it's like this: Some unmitigated an' felonious cuss has run off two bronchos, the same then an' there bein' the property of John Stanhope Wells,

more familiar known as 'English Jack—'

"An' the mauraudin' hoss thief didn't even have the decency to pull the stakes," interjected Mr. Wells, who, notwithstanding his name, "English Jack," was a native of Oregon County, Missouri. "He cut the lariats, the hasty-minded villain, an' spiled two as good ropes as ever you saw."

"An' the boys got together to discuss ways an' means," pursued Colonel Tom North, having suspended his explanation to give Mr. Wells an opportunity to air his complaint, "the majority as law abidin' citizens, strivin' to promote the material interests of Little Dutch an' as a sort of a much-needed rebuke to hoss thieves appears to be in favor of hangin' the critter. Bill Hunt, the under sheriff of Cowley County, has the inhuman monster close herded at his house over at Red Bud, an' the general sense of this meetin' seems to be that we rides over this afternoon an' hangs the cuss for the benefit of his morals."

"I'm agin' hangin' him as bein' too drastic," said Mr. Wells. "As the owner of them two cayuses which was stoled, I'm willin' to say that the crime carried its own punishment. Though," he added as an after-thought, "he shouldn't ort to have cut them lariats. This feller that run off the critters is not what you all might call a red-handed desperado, neither. I see him projectin' around yere the day before he run off the bronchos, an' he's a slim, spindlin' critter, with a complexion like a drug store clerk. I 'lowed mebbe he's been readin' books an' started out to be a bad man jist for the fun they is in it. He didn't p'int out like no hoss thief, neither. Bill Hunt finds him as late as six o'clock this mornin' a sleepin'. He goes into camp an' builds a fire all as comfortable an' the same as if he was in a first-class hotel, instead of ridin' for the Nation, the way professional hoss thieves does."

"That ain't the pint, none what-eva," said Burt Francis. "I'm unachally a humane man myself. I don't take stock much in hangin' a man. It's a poor use to make of even a hoss thief. But it's the principle of the thing, an' the howlin' necessity of elevatin' Little Dutch to the position among border towns she is entitled to hold. This corporation received a distinct setback an' has carried a bad black eye ev'ry sence Jim Marshall gits away with the jack pot on a two-ace flash. It was not so much the hand—that would surprise anyone, but it was the lettin' of him go around alive a tellin' folks what marks we all is. Little Dutch has got to win back her reputation if we hangs ev'ry hoss thief 'twixt here an' the Canadian."

This seemed to accord with the general notion. Civic pride is often a vast moving power. Mr. Thurston, who presided over the bar, sat out the bottle, and the sixteen men who comprehended the greater part of Little Dutch's able male population accepted Mr. Siddons' invitation to irrigate before starting out on their eight-mile ride to Redbud.

As Tom Thurston locked up the Rose of Kansas and prepared to mount his horse he inquired:

"Suppose Billy don't give up the hoss thief. He's jist been made under sheriff an' he may not think it's law."

"He'll give him up all right," replied the optimistic Francis. "I never yit hear of a law agin' hangin' a hoss thief."

"But you don't know Bill Hunt," said Thurston, swinging into his saddle.

"I'd be more than glad to help you out, gents," said Under Sheriff Hunt, "but you see the boy surrenders to me, an' I'm some sort responsible to the State of Kansas for his well bein'. Wait until I lands him in Winfield. No doubt Scott, which is my superior in office, will turn the boy over to you all. He's jist the man to let a band of Little Dutch folks come an' tend to his business for him. He's got a reputation for that, and you'll find him dead easy."

"The hoss thief isn't at Winfield, Billy," said Francis; "he's yere, an' they ain't no need of you all gittin' gay an' sarcastic neither. We is a band of plain, law-abidin' citizens a doin' our duty to our corporation. So be decent, Billy, and turn out the boy. We don't want to proceed to any extreme measures, Bill, or take any steps which

you might subsequently regret, but we've come for the hoss thief sure."

A restive horse pitched against another and two Winchesters rattled. It was a nerve straining minute or two.

"If you-all git him it'll be through smoke," replied Under Sheriff Hunt, "an' I'm figurin' there won't be many folks left to attend the fun'rals which is likely to prevail as a fashion around yere for the next few days."

"Let 'em come in, Bill, why don't you?" broke in a silvery voice on the war talk. Let 'em come in. I didn't 'low to hold a reception, gentlemen," continued the bright faced, vivacious young woman looking out from the doorway over Hunt's shoulder. "I didn't 'low when I came over from Japan way to visit Cousin Billy that I'd hold a reception the very first day."

If Hunt was surprised he never betrayed his astonishment, nor did he wink an eye when his joyous young relative proceeded. "I turned that pore little boy loose a half hour ago, Cousin Bill, when I fust see these visitors a comin'. The boy said some of 'em might feel constrained in his presence, as they was a matter of a couple of hosses outandin' between him an' them, an' they might feel as if they orter settle with him."

Every hat in the party came off when the young woman first appeared. Said Colonel Tom North, as he resettled his sombrero:

"I don't aim to be critical, Bill, but it looks like you all had better give your young wimen relatives a hint or two on your duties as to the safe keepin' of hoss thieves. Us Little Dutch people would never have let him git away, Billy," and the delegation rode home.

It was a few months later that Burt Francis remarked to Tom North: "I bear Bill Hunt has married that coss of his'n we met up with that time we rides over to lynch the boy that stole 'English Jack's' hosses."

"Yes," said North, "I hears of it I've seen the girl two or three times. Do you know, Burt, she favors that hoss thief mightily. I saw the kid a loafin' around yere the day before he runs off the bronchos, and he looks enough like that girl to be her twin. An' Burt, I rides 'round Billy Hunt's house that day an' they wa'n't nary moccasin nor hoo' track leadin' from it. An' that dress the young woman had on was Bill's sister's, which she was up in Winfield visitin' when we was thar. I recognized it at once. An' I'm keepin' up a lot of thinkin', Burt."

Adobe is unburnt brick.

Adobe is unburnt brick made from earth of a loamy character, containing about two-thirds fine sand, mixed thoroughly with clay. The loamy substance under the action of the sun becomes a hard, compact mass, without a crack, and is not washed or worn away by the action of rain. It is said that the houses built with these bricks are warmer in winter and cooler in summer than those constructed of the ordinary kind, and their durability is extraordinary, as evidenced by ancient ruins found in Arizona, New Mexico, In Santa Fe there are hundreds of houses built of this material.—New York Dispatch.

Tree Mines.

One of the most curious industries in the world is the business of mining for coffin planks which is carried on in Upper Tonquin, a portion of the French possessions in Southeastern Asia. In a certain district in this province there exists a great underground deposit of logs, which were probably the trunks of trees engulfed by an earthquake or some other convulsion of nature at a comparatively recent period. The trees are often a yard in diameter. They are buried in sandy earth at a depth of from two to eight yards and are dug up by native labor as demand is made for them.

Long Bridges of the World.

The longest bridge in the world is six miles in length, and has three hundred arches of stone. It crosses an arm of the China Sea at Logang. The famous iron bridge over the Firth of Tay, in Scotland, is eighteen thousand six hundred and twelve feet long. There is a trestle-work twenty-one miles in length over Lake Ponchartrain, near New Orleans.—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

LADIES' COLUMN.

HER HUSBAND'S ASSISTANT.

Rev. Lila Frost Sprague is probably the first woman who has ever been called to act as her ministerial husband's assistant, and she, in that capacity, recently preached her first sermon. The trustees of the Second Unitarian Church of San Francisco, of which Mr. Sprague is pastor, elected his wife as his official assistant about two weeks ago.

Mrs. Sprague is a regularly ordained minister and a graduate of the same theological school as her husband. Indeed, they were ordained at the same time shortly after their marriage.—Washington Star.

THE ART OF READING.

The reading clerk of the Colorado State Senate, Mrs. Hibbert, is probably the most popular employe of that body and the members are well satisfied with the innovation. For the first time in the history of legislative proceedings in this State, due attention has been paid to the work of the reading clerk. Instead of a senseless jumble of words delivered in monotone after the general manner of reading clerks, Mrs. Hibbert gives to the most dry and perfunctory State document an intonation pleasing to the ears of the distinguished members from the backwoods and the mining camps. Not once in this session has the reading of the journal been dispensed with. The Senators listen with as much attention to this morning duty of Mrs. Hibbert as a small boy would to the narration of a story of shipwreck and adventure in strange lands. If there appears an error in the journal, the Senator interested rises and in the most apologetic style begs to interrupt the reading to have a correction made.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE CORRECT HANKERCHIEF.

The really and only refined handkerchief is the colorless one. "Bordered" handkerchiefs, with the exception of those lightly embroidered in black for mourning use, are no longer looked upon with favor. As for silk handkerchiefs, these, likewise, are declared out of date, both for men and women. To be quite correct, the former should carry good-sized squares of the best linen, hemstitched to the depth of an inch. Women are permitted greater variety, and the dainty squares of sheer linen or batiste offered for them may be embroidered in wreath designs, edged with narrow, real Valenciennes, or, hemstitched and embroidered in one corner, the owner's initials or monogram. It is a "fad," and an expensive one at that, to have your handkerchiefs made to order—first, choosing the linen, then having your exclusive design drawn and finally engaging an expert needlewoman to do the work. Initials—the fac-simile of one's handwriting—embroidered in the handkerchief corner is a unique idea.—Philadelphia Times.

FASHION NOTES.

Pipings of fur and heads of small animals, like the seal, the mink and sable, obtain on spring wraps.

The clear bright blue called mistral and royal is becoming to the woman with red hair and a clear skin.

Fancy strips on taffeta grounds either plain or changeable are one of the favorite combinations in silk.

Arrayed for the eye of the shopper are umbrella-shaped cambric skirts trimmed with embroidery or lace.

Perforated taffeta ribbons are one of the novelties. They are pretty and come in all the attractive new colors.

Silk and wool moire is a fashious fabric for walking dresses. It is woven in changeable effects and is very stylish.

Hats will no longer be worn on the very back of the head, but will go to the other extreme and be worn well over the face.

The ornamenting of the front seams of the skirt for evening wear is a pleasing relief from the monotony of the godelt style.

Chambray is once more in favor. For trimming frocks of this pretty stuff are flouncings of batiste with stillettoed embroidery.

Box-plaited, kilted, gathered and godelt skirt backs are all popular, and

the fashion of trimming each of the gored seams is still popular.

The new moire sash ribbon come in all colors, daintily figured in Dresden patterns, or with vines of delicate flowers through the centre.

Among the novelties in dress trimmings is a jet band shaped to edge a yoke, and from this in front falls a chenille fringe, tipped two or three inches with jet, which reaches the bottom of the waist.

If you are making flower rosettes (which you must do) to go on your little cape, don't forget that the buds must be bunched very closely and wholly devoid of foliage.

For elegant dress garnitures are shown expensive passementeries, buckles and buttons to match, the buttons, in varying sizes, to be used on different portions of the costume.

Silk ruches are worn inside the skirts instead of ruffles, as they serve better to make the skirt stand out. Fine wire or light cane is sometimes run in at the bottom of the skirt to give the desired effect.

The very large loose reddish-purple violets are in as great favor as ever, and the liking for these blossoms will probably continue for two seasons, as they are in highest favor just now in Paris, and are likewise finding special favor in the eyes of English women of rank, including the Princess of Wales, her daughter and the Duchess of York.

Electricity's New Starting Point.

It must not be supposed that the new electricity represented by Nikola Tesla is iconoclastic. In the minds of a great many people of culture the idea prevails that invention is largely a process of pulling down as of building up; and electricity, in spreading from one branch of industry to another, encounters the prejudice that always rebuffs the innovator. The assumption is false. It may be true that in the gladiatorial arena where the principles of science contend, one party or the other always succumbs and drags out its dead; but in the arts long survival is the law for all the appliances that have been found of any notable utility. It simply becomes a question of the contracting sphere within which the old apparatus is hedged by the advent of the new; and that relation once established by processes complex and long continued, capable even of mathematical determination, the two go on together, complementary in their adjustment to specific human needs. In its latest outgrowths, electrical application exemplifies this. After many years' use of dynamo-electric machinery giving what is known as the "continuous current," the art has reached the conclusion that only with the "alternating current" can it fulfill the later duties laid upon it, and accomplish the earlier tasks that remain untouched. With the continuous current we have learned the rudiments of lighting and power distribution. With the alternating current, manipulated and coaxed to yield its highest efficiency, we may solve the problems of aerial and marine navigation by electricity, operate large railway systems, transmit the energy of Niagara hundreds of miles, and, in Mr. Tesla's own phrase, "hook our machinery directly to that of nature."—Century.

Englishwomen at the Forge.

This was a long shed, with eight or ten forges in it; a worker and a blower to each forge. Toil was being carried on with feverish energy under the eyes of the master, who promenade up and down. There were as many women as men. The heat was great and the smell bad, and suggestive of its extreme badness in mid-summer.

At one forge, one woman—age about twenty-two—used the hammer with her hands and worked the oliver with her feet. I tried to do as she did. She settled a nail in two or three blows. It cost me seven. The force necessary to make the oliver do its duty is very great. The whole power of the body must be concentrated upon the muscles. At one forge a man and wife were at work; both just over twenty. I wondered what their home must be after such a day's work. A more jaded couple one could hardly imagine.—All the Year Round.

A Springfield (Mass.) woman wants \$20,000 damages for catching cold in a street car.

Labrador Society.

In winter Labrador is simply frozen out from the rest of the world. One "komitick," or dog-sled, mail reaches some of the more southerly settlements late in the spring. The Moravian missionaries at the Eskimo villages further north endeavor at least once a winter to visit by komitick the few scattered white settlers within a hundred miles or so of the missions. Sometimes the komitick is overtaken by a severe snowstorm before shelter can be obtained. Then the missionary and his Eskimo driver dig a deep ditch down in the snow, and camp in the bottom. The gases from the camp-fire prevent the snow from floating in, and the travelers are sheltered from the icy blasts. At Battle Harbor, Labrador, where there is a church (there are only two churches, I think, on the Labrador coast south of the Moravian missions), they have a public sewing machine, and one long winter, when the kerosene oil supply became very low, the women gathered at the parsonage and did their sewing by the parsonage lamp. As the Battle Harbor mission is too poor to furnish the wee church with a bell, the rector signals the call to service with a flag. High among the rocks at Little Bay, Newfoundland, I saw two little churches. One of these had a small belfry perched on a still higher rock. The other's bell swung from a tall spar; and to ring it one was obliged to climb a ladder much like the shrouds of a vessel. The dog-sled is also the regular method of winter traveling over the frozen bays of Newfoundland; only it is drawn by Newfoundland dogs instead of by the half-wolfish Eskimo canines upon which the men of Labrador have to rely. The Eskimo dogs, with the equally savage mosquitoes, make life ashore a burden during summer in Labrador. A stick to beat off the dogs and a veil as a protection against the mosquitoes are absolutely necessary. It is a curious fact that the further north you go the more pestiferous the mosquitoes become. They are worse in Labrador than in New Jersey, and are still worse in Greenland than even in Labrador. Gustav Kobbe, in St. Nicholas.

Beans in Big Demand.

I notice an advance in white beans, and this is certainly an item of some importance these hard times. How strange it seems that with so vast an area of available land our country does not raise enough beans to supply its own market, and hence a constant importation is required. During last year three-quarters of a million bushels of foreign beans were used in New York City, and now that the supply has diminished the price advances just at the time when consumers feel it so keenly—for beans are the best dish in which a poor man can indulge. Hence one naturally suggests the inquiry, Why do not American farmers raise more beans?—Rochester Democrat-Chronicle.

A Famous Strong Man.

Juan Diaz Faes died recently in the province of Asturias, Spain. He was a man of Herculean build and strength; a giant who with his bare fists was able to fight and subdue bears in the mountains. With one blow he once almost killed a famous English boxer, and his hunting adventures formed the basis of novels and melodramas. Queen Christine, the Duke of Montpensier, young Carnot and other great people were the friends and admirers of Faes. He was one of the simplest and most good natured fellows in personal intercourse and a great favorite with all.—Chicago Times-Herald.

"Oom Pau" is Not a Musician.

President Kruger, of the Boers, evidently has no music in his soul—if a story going the rounds in South Africa be true. At a social gathering given in his honor some time ago, one of Bloemfontein's sweetest lady singers gave an artistic rendering of a popular song. The lady of the house, turning to "Oom Pau," who was probably pining for a pipe, asked: "How did your Honor like that?" The President bluntly replied, "I go into the veld when I want to hear the she-wolf scream!"—Westminster Gazette.

The real and personal property in this country is assessed at \$17,139,000,496.