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It is said that \$2,000,000 has been made out of a single brand of chewing gum. It is not all used, by the way, by children and foolish women, remarks the Chicago Herald. Dentists often recommend chewing gum for the teeth, and physicians prescribe it sometimes as an aid to digestion, because it excites the activity of the salivary glands. Large drug houses keep gum in answer to this demand.

W. B. Muller, of Omaha, says the eight hour day "would bring about increased consumption, a vaster display of productive activity, a higher intellectual and moral development of the toiler and a wider demand for the more artistic products of our factories and workshops. It would stimulate inventive genius, develop better and grander civilization and bring about an almost fabulous increase of national property and wealth. The general struggle for a reduction of the hours of labor is a struggle for a better civilization, a struggle for work for willing hands who should be employed."

Observes the Boston Courier: It is the common boast that we are fast advancing in knowledge in all departments toward perfection. If that is true in statesmanship, why do our best speakers in that line quote Mr. Webster as the best authority? What lawyer have we living to-day more learned in jurisprudence than was Sir Edward Coke, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas of England almost 300 years ago? What philosopher wiser than Plato or Spinoza? What poet greater than Shakespeare? What writer surpassing Goethe? What skeptic excelling Montaigne? What mystic more spiritual than Beham or Swedenborg? What Israelite more learned than Hillel or what Christian preacher more eloquent than Paul? To come to our present century and country, where have we on any bench in our broad land the equal of Shaw as a Chief Justice or of Choate as an advocate?

The mining craze seems to have struck some portions of Georgia and Alabama pretty hard. A score or more of new gold mines have been opened in these States within the last three or four months, notes the St. Louis Republic, and a good many old ones are being worked as they were never before. George Huntington Clark predicts in the Manufacturers' Record that in the immediate future the gold fields of Georgia are going to surprise the old doubters as much as the development of Southern iron did. The richest gold mines of that State are as yet untouched, he says. Georgia's gold belt covers a strip of country from twenty to forty miles wide, and extending across the State from northeast to southwest, embracing about 7000 square miles. It runs into Alabama and spreads out over some 3500 square miles more in that State. Georgia's mines have so far produced over \$16,000,000 worth of gold and silver, or more than those of any other Southern State except North Carolina.

Harold Frederic, who is a close observer in English politics, is of opinion that the resignation of Mr. Gladstone is due not to the fact that his eyesight is failing or to the fact that he is growing feeble, but to the fact that he has been losing influence with his own administration. The theory is that his cabinet was out of sympathy with him in many things and went its own way regardless of his wishes. Rosebery was becoming more of a power than the Grand Old man, and so the latter dropped a hint of retirement after the manner of Bismarck, and, like Bismarck, was surprised to find that there was no clamor against his going. In other words, Gladstone is represented as being edged off the stage by his young men. The danger in his retirement does not lie so much in the loss of his personality, powerful as that is, as in the loss of that peculiar thing called leadership. Rosebery or any one else can be made the official head of the ministry and the leader of the liberal party; but no one can inherit the general confidence of the party and its sympathizers throughout the world in Gladstone. This is a great source of power which he cannot transmit. The new leader will have party discipline to support him, but he will have to create party sentiment and popular sentiment.

I WONDER WHY!
I wonder why hearts change so carelessly,
Forgetful of the fires they have set
Aglow in other hearts,
Forgetful of the trembling lips once wet
With dew of kisses.
I wonder why it comes—forgetfulness—
To steal away the loyalty and truth
That once were glorified,
Leaving, alone, a formless shadow—ruth
For those forgotten.
I wonder why we cannot, earnestly,
Command our loves as we command our
lives,
And prove it sweetly true,
That love remains to him who truly strives
To grow in constancy.
I wonder why we never know ourselves—
Can never look into ourselves and see
The hidden springs that wait
A magic touch to burst forth mightily,
And "whelm our startled souls."
I wonder why once earnest vows enshrined
Within the inner temples of our love,
Grow faint with lapsing time,
Like echoes from some whispering voice
above
The far off floating clouds—
I wonder why!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A FAIR PRISONER.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



AND was this where the old witch lived?" said Grace Olmer, eagerly.
Up on the shelving sides of Mount Buckle there was a cleared space among the pines and maples, where a spring bubbled out from the rock and a ruinous one-storied cabin stood perched like the eyrie of an eagle. All around the grass was purple with wild violets and the birds were whistling in the woods.

Suddenly Grace drew back and clutched instinctively at Halcyone Marden's arm as something lean and stealthily glided out from the half-closed door and darted into the thickets beyond.

"What was that?" she gasped. "A cat?"
"No," Halcyone laughed, with a scornful shrug of the shoulders. "Any one could tell that you were from the city, Gracie Olmer. Whoever saw a cat of that color—that shape? It's a fox. And there are panthers in these woods, and one winter a bear came out into the clearing, and Hurst Dockrill shot him."

"Does no one live here now?"
Halcyone shook her head.
"It's too wild and desolate. Who would live three miles up Buckle Mountain? Aunt Betsy used to gather herbs and sell them. She lived on nuts and berries, and one day they found her sitting dead by her fire. Oh, yes, I know the place is in good repair—these old-fashioned log cabins will last forever if nobody pulls them down!"

She pushed open the door.
"Let's go inside," said she, "and sit down to rest."
The floor had rotted away, and tall weeds and bushes were rioting in the fireplace; an old wooden bench stood against the crumbling wall.

"Now, Gracie," said Halcyone, giving her fair hair a little toss as they seated themselves, "do you know why I have brought you here?"
"To look at the old witch's hut, I suppose, and to get some violets. Oh, it is so beautiful here—if only the bear doesn't put in an appearance!"
"The bear was shot long ago. And we could have got violets down in the meadow, almost anywhere. No, Gracie, I wanted to ask you if—if you really cared for Aleck Dale?"

Grace Olmer's face became scarlet, her lashes drooped.
"Halcyone," said she, "you have no right to ask me such a question as that!"
Halcyone Marden sprang to her feet and stood indignantly before her friend.

"But I have a right!" said she. "Look here, Gracie! Before you came to Buckleton, Aleck was my lover. He went everywhere with me—he was going to ask me to be his wife."
"Did he ever say so in words?"
"No. But a man's heart speaks out in other things than words!" excitedly uttered Halcyone. "I was as sure of it as I am that the sun is shining now. And then you came—and everything is so different!"
Grace lifted her blue, dark-fringed

eyes, and even in this moment of frantic jealousy, her rival could not but confess to herself how beautiful they were, and looked Halcyone full in the face.

"Am I to blame because things are different?" said she.
"Captain Dalzell likes you, Grace," coaxed Halcyone, putting her hand caressingly on the other girl's shoulder. "He is rich—he owns the handsomest house in Buckleton."
Grace sprang up, shaking off Halcyone's touch.

"And you would have me marry a man whom I could never love, simply because he is rich?" said she.
"Other girls do it. And you are very poor—you can hardly support that old bed-ridden father of yours in the home in New York. You see, I know all about your affairs, Grace Olmer!"

"I am not what you are pleased to call 'other girls.' As for my father, there is no disgrace in his being in a home, as long as I pay his way."

"Grace, listen." Halcyone's voice grew flexible and coaxing. "You and I both had offers to-day to go to the new shirt factory in Whitesdown. I must remain here, because my father and mother want me to remain near them. But—you will go, won't you?"
"I have no intention of going," said Grace, calmly.

"But at least promise me, Gracie—dear Gracie—that you will not dance with Aleck Dale at the party to-night!" pleaded Halcyone.

"Halcyone, you are a very strange girl," said Grace Olmer. "If you really care for this man—who has not as yet expressed a preference of any kind—the lists are as open to you as to me. No, I will pledge myself to nothing!"

Halcyone Marden was a tall girl, with an abundance of yellow hair, a rose-bright complexion, and hazel eyes, shot through and through by topaz gleams.

Although of New England birth, she possessed many of the characteristics of a tropical clime. Her grandfather had been a Portuguese ship captain, exiled from his native land through some political disturbance.

She made a quick step forward.
"And you dare take him away from me!" she exclaimed, the topaz eyes glittering strangely.

"He must take his own choice!"
"But, Grace, you are as calm as moonlight and as cold as snow. To you there are plenty of others besides this man, while to me he is all the world. You will give him up?"

"He must choose for himself," was the low reply.

Halcyone flashed one wrathful glance at her rival, and rushed out of the cabin, letting the nail-studded door bang behind her, and the next moment Grace could hear her flying footsteps crash down the tall briars and thick-growing hazle bushes on the path below.

She sprang to her feet.
"Halcyone! Halcyone!" she cried, waving her handkerchief through the narrow, slit-like window, which was nearly on a level with her eyes.
"Where are you going? Wait for me, Halcyone."

For one second the other girl paused. She saw that the door had settled heavily down into the logs of the threshold, and that Grace Olmer was a captive in the old witch's cabin.

A sudden exultation throbbed through her heart—a half-formed piece of strategy.

"Why not?" she asked herself. "Does it not serve her right, the cold, passionless, flinty-hearted thing? Let her stay there until she comes to her senses! One night on Mount Buckle won't hurt her, and the coast will be free for me!"

It was not for some time that Grace Olmer realized that she was a prisoner in this wild spot—that her individual strength would not suffice to stir the heavy door that had settled so solidly down into the moldering logs of the threshold, and that the one window was far too small to afford any egress.

In the west the sun was setting in a crimson blaze over Buckle Lake; a low wind rustled the rose briars outside; and a faint sweetness rose up from the crushed violets in her lap.

She drew a quick, shuddering breath; then she tried to laugh.
"I must be patient," she thought. "Some one will surely come along, if

I only wait long enough. There must be some woodcutter on the mountain—or perhaps a boy, digging sassafras roots!"

But she waited and waited, and the deep red sunset faded into purple and then into gray, and still no one came.
She thought of old Betsy Bloom, "the witch," sitting stark and dead; she remembered the stealthy rush of the red fox; and still she kept assuring herself that this was only a joke. Halcyone would surely return, or some one else would come to her aid.

And then she remembered the rustic dance on the sawmill floor that was planned for that evening, and wondered, with a rush of blinding tears to her eyes, if Alexander Dale would miss her.

Halcyone Marden looked unusually beautiful that evening, in a white gown of some soft, crinkly material, with a bunch of blue iris at her belt and a carcanet of blue beads around her white throat.

The band—two fiddles and a horn, played by three energetic colored men—was wrestling with "Climbing Up De Golden Stairs," and about twenty couples were romping up and down the floor in the famous "Highland Schottische" when she came in.

"Where is Miss Olmer?" asked the master of ceremonies, a stalwart young lumberman.

Halcyone made him a low courtesy.
"Am I Miss Olmer's keeper?" said she, satirically.

"No. But she boards at the same place, doesn't she?"

"For all that, I'm not answerable for her movements!" Halcyone retorted.

"Will you dance with me, Halcyone?" called out Ross Duncan.

And with a quick glance around the room to satisfy herself that Mr. Dale was not there, Halcyone accepted the challenge.

"I may as well amuse myself until he comes," she thought.

Her tawny eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed a rich carmine, and her pulses bounded joyously to the time of the music. Opportunity was all that she had needed, and surely she should triumph now!

"And of course," she added, within herself, "Grace Olmer will know that it was all a mistake. How was I to know that the door swung shut?"

Slowly the evening passed by. Dance after dance succeeded each other; the music clashed loudly; people came and went, and Halcyone reigned the undoubted queen of the rustic merry-makers, yet still the "man of men" did not dawn upon her horizon.

And to the universal query, "What has become of Aleck Dale?" nobody was ready with a rejoinder.

Out in Buckleton the people did not keep late hours, and it was not very much past midnight when Halcyone Marden's escort left her at the picturesque little garden gate, and, sauntering up the box-bordered path, she saw in the level May moonlight two figures on the porch.

"Who is that?" she called out.

"Why, it is never Grace Olmer?"

"Yes, Grace Olmer!" responded a well-known voice, and Alexander Dale stepped out into the full pearly light.

"Grace Olmer and your humble servant as well. I happened to be coming down Buckle Mountain late this afternoon with some squirrels I had shot, and to my surprise I encountered a captive princess in an enchanted tower—Grace Olmer in the old witch's hut—and I had the happiness of releasing her and being her escort home."

"Halcyone," said Grace, looking the golden-haired girl full in the face, "did you know that when you swung that heavy door shut that it fastened me in?"

"Oh, Gracie!"

The color came and went on Halcyone's cheek; but the tawny eyes revealed their secret and Grace knew all, though her companion spoke no word.

"But," spoke Dale, joyfully, "however it may have happened, it gave me the opportunity for which I had long hoped. Congratulate me, Halcyone—Miss Olmer has promised to be my wife."

Halcyone's smile was cold and meaningless as the moonlight around her, and her heart was colder still as she

held out her hand to her successful rival and mechanically uttered the words:

"I—congratulate—you!"
For in all life's contests, where one wins another must fail.—Saturday Night.

FUN.

To destroy peace one has only to disturb it.—Dallas News.

Of course a bright girl ought to have a spark of humor.—Lowell Courier.

Another never quite forgives her son for marrying until he becomes the father of a baby that is named for her.—Acheson Globe.

Laundry machinery really seems to have reached the stage of perfection. It can destroy a collar in a single wash.—Boston Transcript.

Borus (struggling author)—"Naggus, I always thought you were a warm friend of mine!" Naggus (literary editor)—"Borus, I am. That's why I roasted your book."—Inter-Ocean.

Winks—"I notice that your barber always talks to you in French. I did not know that you understood that language." Jinks—"Well, I don't, but you needn't tell him so."—New York Weekly.

Tommy—"Maw, may I have Jimmy Briggs over to our house to play Saturday?" Mrs. Figg—"No, you make too much noise. You'd better go down to his house and play."—Indianapolis Journal.

Overheard at the table of a Spruce street boarding: Old Boarder—"This soup has many sins to answer for." New Boarder—"Yes; but I should say they are principally sins of omission."—Philadelphia Record.

He—"Which did you like best of my verses?" She—"Why, the one on the first page." He—"Let me see. Which one was that?"—She—"Don't you remember? The one in quotation marks."—Brooklyn Life.

"Barker is going to teach me book-keeping," said young Jarley. "Well, he's just the man to do it," said Dawson. "I lent him a copy of Watson's poems a year ago, and he's kept it ever since."—Boston Home Journal.

Miss Sentiment—"Were you ever disappointed in love?" Eligible Widower—"Two and a half times." Miss Sentiment—"Two and a half times?" Eligible Widower—"Yes, twice married and once rejected."—Tit-Bits.

"It is all very well for the minister to preach from the text 'Remember Lot's wife,'" said an overworked, discouraged matron, "but I wish he would now give us an encouraging sermon upon the wife's lot."—Lowell Courier.

Mr. Fussy—"Madam, you know that I always insist on having my eggs boiled soft, and these are as hard as stones!" Mrs. Landlady (timorously)—"Well, I wish you'd speak to the cook about it. I don't dare to."—Harper's Bazar.

They were passing a fruit store on Jefferson avenue. "Oh, my," she exclaimed, "look at those strawberries. Aren't they a lovely red?" "Of course they are," he replied; "that's the way they blush at the price asked for them."—Detroit Free Press.

For Cheap Housekeeping

A Chicago man thinks that the system of co-operative housekeeping, which has been tried and failed in several cities of the country, can be made to work in that city, and will solve the problem, which many young men are struggling with, "How to support a family on \$50 a month." He proposed a large apartment house, wherein 200 families may be accommodated with more or less room, as they need and are willing to pay for, and a restaurant, where all are boarded in common. The guests would have a barber, a laundry, a house physician, and would be able to get all their supplies, dry goods, etc., at wholesale rates; and on the whole could live very reasonably, indeed. The plan would work to admiration, provided all the inmates of the house were angels, or were thoroughly civilized, which is much the same thing. But with human nature, as it is, no one house is big enough to contain two families, especially if there are any children. This is the rock whereon this ship has always split.—New Orleans Picayune.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The United States have 1060 savings banks.

Egyptian children are never washed until they are one year old.

Geography as a science was introduced into Europe by the Moors in 1240.

The greatest bell in the world, that of Moscow, Russia, has never been used as a bell.

Prisoners when arrested in Morocco are required to pay the officer for his trouble in taking them to jail.

James Sladen is in jail at Puyallup, Wash., charged with stealing a hot stove. Evidence against him is that his hand are singed.

An enumeration of the population of Aggershuns, Norway, in 1763, showed that 170 couples had been over eighty years married.

Most people marry between the ages of thirteen and twenty. Aristotle advised men to marry at thirty-seven and women at eighteen.

In China the name Chang is pronounced "Jong," with the long sound on the "o." This may account for the nickname "John" as applied to Chinamen.

A family named Walker, living in Mitchell County, North Carolina, consists of seven brothers and five sisters, all of whom are over six feet in height. One of the brothers is said to be seven feet nine inches tall.

Quaint old customs still survive in many parts of England. In Ely Place, Holborn, a watchman cries the hours nightly with the same formula in use for centuries past: "Past 1 o'clock, and a cold, wet morning."

The greatest sum ever paid for telegraph tolls in one week by a newspaper was incurred by the London Times during the revolution in the Argentine Republic, and the sum paid was \$30,000, or at the rate of \$1.75 per word.

A child has been born in Morocco with three perfect eyes, the third being situated on the side of the head, near the temple. The parents are poor peasants and will probably accept any offer made by a scientific society to sell their offspring.

Dr. Augustus Berggren, of Newton County, Georgia, sold a mule the other day and received payment in paper money issued by a wild-cat bank at Brunswick during the war. The doctor was in such a hurry to close the trade that he did not look at the figures on the bills.

W. E. McElwee, of Rockwood, Tenn., describes a coin found in an Indian mound in that country as bearing on one side an urn burning incense and on the other a fig or olive branch, with the words in Hebrew: "Shekel of Israel." The coin is of brass and is in a fair state of preservation.

It is generally supposed that when a man's heart pulsations go down to forty a minute death will follow unless restoratives are administered. Yet the pulsations of Thomas Lyons, of Boston Harbor, Mich., have sunk as low as eighteen a minute, although to all appearances he is well and strong.

Here are fifteen varieties of the word mother, all bearing a distinct resemblance: Anglo-Saxon, modor; Persian, madr; Sanscrit, matr; Greek, meter; Italian, madra; French, mere; Swedish, moder; Danish, the same; Dutch, moeder; German, mutter; Russian, mater; Celtic, mathair; Hebrew, em; Arabic, am.

Starting a Pineapple Plantation.

The first operation in starting a pineapple plantation is to cut off the hammock growth and clear the area, though the stumps of the larger trees are left standing. The "slips," which are simply growths from the old plants, are usually put in with a pointed stick at the rate of twelve thousand to the acre. The first crop matures in about eighteen months, and when three crops are secured, in as many years, the fields are abandoned for this culture, the surface again cleared, and planted in tomatoes. Sweet potatoes also grow to perfection, and, as I was assured by a gentleman of experience, are frequently quarried from these fields of coral rock with a crowbar.

I was much interested in the pineapple industry, as the leaves of the pineapple contain a beautiful soft white fibre, which I have no doubt might be utilized.—Scribner's