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## THE BEACON.

From dusk to dawn a golden star,  
Hung steadfast between sky and sword,  
Sant forth across the moaning bar,  
The smiting of its two-edged sword,  
Seafaring men with babes at home  
Asleep and rosy in their cribs,  
Beat in ward through the curdling form  
That tosses to the shivering jil's.  
And wistful wives who cannot sleep  
Feed little hearth-fires warm and red,  
And comforted their vigil keep  
With that great star-flame overhead.  
Night wears apace; the blackest night  
Waxes when the web of morning breaks,  
With lance and spear from heavenly height  
Hoe conquering way the new day takes.  
And one by one the weary boats,  
All drenched and spent, are beached at last;  
The children hug the wet sea-coats;  
The good wives sing of pearls and bazar.  
—Margaret E. Saugster, in Harper's Bazar.

## In the Gold-Fields.

They had been friends all their lives, in their native village, where their cottages side by side had stood for many a summer on the hillside. The other of these two women had sat on the porch one afternoon on a summer's day, setting each a prayer and weaving with the needle more precious things than gold-stitch and feather-edge. They talked of their babies' future, of moving women will, and planned what things for the coming ones to accomplish.  
Then these mothers conferred together about the momentous question of "shortening," and, this decided, the baby boys had each become acquainted with the restless pink play-fellows at the edge of his petticoat at the identical moment. The women bore each other company during the trying period of the little ones' teething, their croup and measles, and, in due time, cut from one pattern their first short trousers, their little coats.  
When the boys were six, they were ready for the September term of school, and the two mothers led them up to begin the second chapter, as they had done the first, together.  
Red-mittened and tipped in winter, they played with their sleds on the long hill on whose top the schoolhouse stood, and one day a little girl watched them as they flew down, and began crying.  
The two boys trudged up to her together.  
"You can ride on my sled," said one.  
"I'll pull you up again on my sled," said the other.  
And so the story began.  
The years went by, and Charles Paxton and Sidney Harper fulfilled their promises. Nellie Ransom rode on both sleds; and the boys were her chivalric defenders and champions in every cause. If she failed in her arithmetic the teacher received black looks, and if she cried over her grammar each boy felt a personal encounter with Lindley Murray was all that could wipe out the stain. So far the old friendship was as strong as ever, and they fought, as one, the battles of the yellow-haired girl. There came the swift, strange transformation of the heart which makes a boy a man; these lads turned, on one day, shy, troubled eyes each to the other's face; and when their glances fell, something from within had risen to veil forever their frank and friendly glances.  
They were rivals; and the pretty, shallow little thing, pointing now, under her wide-brimmed hat, had known it all along.  
Nell Ransom was the beauty of the neighborhood; a little creature, soft-eyed and golden-haired, with youthful curves and dimples. She was the daughter of a farmer; one of a half dozen girls, but the only one among them with any pretensions to good looks. So the rough old man spoiled her.  
"When I'm plowin'," he said, in reply to some one who reproached him for treating Nell better than he treated her sisters, "I run right through the bouncin' betties an' smartweed, but I vanny of I can run over a wild rose. That little gal of mine wan't meant for common folks like us. I feel a good deal like 'polignin' to her fur bein' her father. But, seein' she's ours, I'm goin' to make life just as easy as I can fur her, an' kinder keep her on the warm side of the shack."  
So the little girl was sheltered and petted by the rude but tender hands, and it is not strange that she grew up with no care for any one but her own pleasure and comfort. When she was 16 there were many moths winged by the brightness of her hair; many hearts wounded by the darts from her blue eyes; but she didn't realize that there was any harm. Hers was not a bad or cruel heart—she simply didn't, and wouldn't, and couldn't know why.  
And did not understand.  
The two friends whose hearts had been pushed apart by her little, unfeeling hands had grown to love her just in proportion to the way they had come to hate one another. Charles Paxton tried first; was refused and

went away; no one knew whither, but a woman grew gray as she sat on the little, vine-covered veranda and turned her eyes, with their waiting and listening look, westward.  
Then Sidney Harper put his fate to the touch; he, too, left the village, and two women again sat together praying and fearing on one of the porches through a long summer.

It was midsummer in the Klondike, but the air was as chill as it is when redchecked Canadians start journeying on snow-shoes over crisp fields of sparkling snow. On left and right were stretches timbered with the sturdy pines that straggled like an army over plain and hill, and sent a vanguard up the mountain from whose farther timber line it seemed to signal to the troops below. In front lay the river coiling like a twist of silver braid, and farther on the everlasting hills rose, height on height, to pierce the perfect azure of the sky.  
Two men stood in this amphitheatre of the north, their rough and bearded faces turned toward each other as they had been turned in the cradle swaying on a cottage veranda so many years ago. Their eyes flashed like steel to steel in the morning light, and their lips were set in lines never seen by those two waiting mothers.  
"It's the only way out of it," said one, at last, doggedly; as if to bring to a close a long and useless argument. "We didn't come here to meet each other, and the place isn't big enough to hold us both. We've both struck it rich, and Nell Ransom owns us and our mines. One can go back to her—with all the gold of both."  
The other finished the sentence: "The pistol shall decide which one it shall be."  
Calmly the men paced the distance and took their places, the revolvers catching each added gleam that faltered through the pines against the eastern sky.  
"One!" and the line of light rose to the level of those strong, bared bosoms.  
"Wait a minute, boys! Wait a minute."  
An old miner stepped out of the thicket and walked leisurely between the duelists. He was known to both men as a quaint character of their own village, a man who had been among the defeated gold-seekers of '49 and '50. He had struck camp but the day previous to this meeting.  
"I've ben watchin' ye a leetle, boys," he said. "I ain't said much, but I've kep' a-thinkin'. I know young blood, an' I calculated it was just about time fur it to bile over; but I've got a powder to cool it."  
He lighted his pipe and puffed meditatively.  
The young men turned angrily.  
"Oh, ye needn't get riled, now," he continued, pulling a fine grass and cleaning his pipe-stem with it, "but I reckon there ain't either one of ye mean enough to fight over another man's wife!"  
He stopped and looked at the rivals sidewise; the words had gone home.  
"I calculate ye don't git the papers reg'lar here; trains is sometimes late, ye know; bein' there ain't no tracks fur 'em to run on, an' like as not yer mail ain't real prompt, an' ye don't use yer dust fur telegraphin' when ye ain't got no lightnin' chained. So p'raps ye don't know that that gal of Ransom's—there, stand still an' go with yer shootin'—is married."  
Two lines of light sank suddenly downward as the pistols fell with the nerveless hands. The old man saw it with a twinkle of his faded eyes.  
"That's right, boys; now come here, and I'll tell you about it."  
Slowly and with shamed faces Sidney Harper and Charles Paxton drew near and heard the old miner's story.  
"Yes," he said, after the whole had been recited, "she married a no-account feller, an' has taken him home to the old folks. She wasn't never with dyin' fur lads; but when I came away I seen two other wimmin' with livin' fur. They're a-waitin' on their cottage porches now as I've seen 'em sit for 30 years. Only them babies, them little shavers they uster hold an' cuddle in their arms ain't there; they—"  
"Stop! God bless you, you old maddler!"  
One man spoke, but the other's eyes made answer.  
"Those are the women we'll live for and care for and go home to see!"  
And, single file, with strange new looks the men went back to camp.—Grace D. Boylan, in the Brooklyn Standard-Union.

## A Hard Life.

Benevolent Lady (to tramp)—Here, my poor man, is all we have left this morning. I suppose you have a hard time of it?  
Tramp—Yes, mum. It's awful hard, mum, to leave a nice soft big mow so early in the mornin' or else git around too late for breakfas'. —New York Weekly.

## Different.

"You shouldn't go back on Hagby now; you always knew he couldn't tell the truth."  
"I know it; but lately he has taken to lying about me." —Detroit Free Press.

## The Soldiers Exchanged Shoes.

In one of the wards of Bellevue hospital, New York City, lie Corporal Ritchie, 28 years old, of the first cavalry, U. S. regulars, who was shot three times at the battle of San Juan, and Private Manning, 22 years old, of the Thirty-third Michigan infantry, wounded at the battle of El Caney. Their wounds were such that each brave fellow had to have a foot amputated at the ankle. Ritchie lost the right foot and Manning the left.  
"Say, Manning, old boy," cried Ritchie raising himself on his cot and looking at his stump. "Let's see—I lost the right pedal and you the left, eh?"  
"I guess that's what, Corporal," said Manning.  
"What size shoe do you wear?"  
"Seven."  
"Good boy. Now, you give me your left shoe and I'll give you my right, and when we get out of this ranch we'll each have a change of shoes."  
"Done!"  
And the exchange was made then and there, all the other sufferers joining in the laugh. —New York Press.

## HOLIDAYS IN MANILA.

At One Time There Were Over Forty in Every Year.  
"Life in Manila," is the subject of an article by Wallace Cumming in the Century. Mr. Cumming says:  
Manila loves holidays. At one time there were over forty in each year. The number has been sadly diminished, though there are still thirteen left, I understand. Each pueblo has its saint, and on that saint's day the inhabitants give themselves over, as they do on the great holidays of the church, to music, fireworks, cock-fighting, processions, etc.  
Almost all these processions took place at night, and the effect was most picturesque. There would be a line of marchers, men, women and children, walking in single file on each side of the street, everyone with a lighted candle in his hand. At intervals, in the middle of the road, would come images of the Saviour, the Virgin and the saints, borne on the shoulders of from ten to thirty men, surrounded by priests, and preceded by a band of music. Some of the images were covered with diamonds and other precious stones, said to be enormously valuable. In these cases there was always a band of soldiers with fixed bayonets about the image. Often there would be thousands of people walking in these processions, and all the while it was moving tens of thousands of rockets and bombs would be fired. These rockets and bombs are home-made. The rockets consist only of a joint of bamboo filled with powder, exploding with great noise, but with little light. The bombs are simply a handful of powder tightly wrapped with hemp. They cost a mere trifle, but make a great noise, and no festa is complete without plenty of them.  
The most curious procession is participated in only by natives and the poorer mestizos. It takes place, if I remember rightly, during holy week, and is a high solemnity. Every one walking in the procession is robed in his grave clothes. The garment is a long, loose, gray robe with a hood, and it comes to the ground. The effect is very strange. It may seem strange that grave clothes are provided before they are needed, but in Manila they are considered a prime necessity, and every native owns those clothes, even if he is bare of all other. The ordinary dress of the native man is trousers and shirt of "piece-goods" (calico), the shirt being worn outside the trousers. On holidays they wear a shirt made of pina, which is an expensive material. Native servants wear the same articles, but they must be of spotless white and very suitable and nice looking it is. A curious freak of custom was that native servants were required to serve barefooted, while it was an insult if a Chinese servant appeared before his superior without his slippers.

## An Historic Carriage.

An historic carriage owned by the late Dr. Evans has been offered for sale at the Paris Tattersall establishment, but it was decided at the last moment to retain the vehicle as an item of the estate. In the doctor left Paris with the Empress Eugenie on Sept. 4, 1870, when he was assisting her to reach England. It is intended by the heirs of the noted dentist to transfer the carriage to the Evans Museum, which is to be founded in America under the clauses of the doctor's will.  
The vehicle will be temporarily handed over to the care of the old coachman who drove the empress, her attendants and the doctor to the coast in 1870, when she was about to embark for England in Sir John Burgoyne's yacht. The vehicle is a landau with accommodations for four persons, and was built in 1867 for the Exhibition. About ten years since Dr. Evans had it recleaned and reem-bellished, in order to make a journey to Greenville over the same ground as that traversed by him with the Empress in 1870. During that long drive he stopped at the same places en route as those selected on the memorable journey. —London Daily Telegraph.

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## THE HERO OF EL CANEY.

Henry W. Lawton, Who Was in the Thickest of the Fight.  
The papers have crowded their columns with biographies and anecdotes of Miles, Shafter, Wheeler, Roosevelt and others more or less prominent who played a spectacular part in the siege of Santiago. The name of Henry W. Lawton, major-general of volunteers, has seldom appeared, save in the official dispatches from the front, in all of which he was mentioned for conspicuous gallantry. The public knows little of Lawton, except that he led the desperate assault on El Caney and was in the thickest of the fights around Santiago. The public also knows, or ought to know, that he was promoted by President McKinley from brigadier to major-general in recognition of his superb charge at El Caney. In the far west, where Lawton has served most of his life, they say there is not his equal in the army. His record is the pride of every regular, from major-general down to private.  
General Lawton is the ideal soldier, stern, grim, unbending. He is Scott's Norman baron, Front de Boef in the flesh, though, of course, with better morals. He is a primal man, of gigantic size, phenomenal strength, abnormal endurance and utter fearlessness count for anything. Like all such men who have lived a strong life he has a well-developed sense of justice. He is not gentle, but he can be kind. He requires of his subordinates the utmost endeavor; but he asks none of them to perform what he is not able and willing to do himself. The epitaph of a famous confederate cavalry leader will do for Lawton: "He never told his men to go on."  
What more could a soldier desire?  
Lawton is an Indian fighter, the best this country has ever produced. General Sherman said that twenty years of almost constant fighting with the Indians after the civil war was the "war of civilization." In this stirring drama Lawton played an important part. He hunted Indians as a ferret hunts rabbits. He himself has the aboriginal instinct, which, combined with the fearlessness, sagacity and common sense of the Anglo-Saxon, made him the master of the red man. He drove the wily Naches under the yoke and he tamed the spirit of the great Geronimo. General Miles got the credit, but it was Lawton who captured Geronimo's band and instilled the fear of the white man in the whole Apache nation. It was Lawton, at the head of a company of cavalry, who followed the Indians for months over a country that was made in wrath. They toiled through mountains with volcanic crests, and the flint of lava tore the leather from their feet. They stumbled across limitless deserts of alkali that sizzled beneath their feet, and they breathed air that was like a furnace blast. They struggled through canyons, while from the mountain tops above the swarthy renegades hurled great rocks and poured down a withering fire. When the last horse had fallen this Lawton only set his teeth and said: "We'll walk them down." And he did walk them down. When he found Geronimo and his band they were living skeletons, almost unable to stand, and it was many days before they were able to follow the white men back to the San Carlos reservation. The pride of the Apaches was broken, their spirit subdued forever, and since that time the settlers of Arizona and New Mexico have lived free from the ban of dread and fear.  
Such is Major-General Henry W. Lawton, the man who made men wonder at El Caney, as fine a type of fighter as this nation of fighters can boast. He will be heard from again.

## THE HERO OF EL CANEY.

ing.—Captain Allyn K. Capron of the Rough Riders.  
"Don't swear, boys; shoot!"—Col. Wood to the Rough Riders.  
"Take that for the Maine."—Capt. Sigsbee, as he fired a shot through the Spanish torpedo boat Terror.  
"Shafter is fighting, not writing."—Adjutant-General Corbin to Secretary Alger, when the latter asked for news from the front.  
"War is not a picnic."—Sergeant Hamilton Fish of the Rough Riders, to his mother.  
"Who would not gamble for a new star in the flag?"—Captain Buckley O'Neill of the Rough Riders.  
"Afraid I'll strain my guns at long range; I'll close in."—Lieutenant Wainwright of the Gloucester, in the fight with Cervera's squadron.  
"Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are dying."—Captain Philip of the Texas.  
"I want to make public acknowledgment that I believe in God the Father Almighty."—Captain Philip of the Texas.  
"The Maine is avenged."—Lieutenant Wainwright, after the destruction of Cervera's fleet.

## Electricity in Modern Warfare.

The electric telegraph wires over the land, and the cables under the sea, in times of war become of untold value in the quick transmission of despatches to and from the forces in the field. Distance is annihilated, important movements are executed with less delay, and a war is itself shortened.  
In addition to this application, electricity is now put to many other important uses in the conduct of war. Moreover, new applications are constantly being found for its varied capabilities.  
A modern mine field for coast or harbor defence is an electric adaptation akin to electric blasting, in which suitable fuses are arranged to be fired by a battery current sent at will from some control station by the simple closing of the circuit.  
Heavy charges of high explosives, called mines, are so distributed and connected by cables to control stations that it is difficult to imagine a hostile ship or fleet traversing a well-organized mine field without destruction or most serious damage.  
Another terrible engine of destruction for use in defence of harbors is the electrically controlled dirigible torpedo. Moving and steering itself in response to electric currents sent through a small wire or cable, it carries a charge of explosive sufficient to destroy in an instant the most formidable warship.  
Its high speed and its almost complete submergence save it from damage by the guns of the enemy, even if its approach be discovered. The dirigible torpedo may be regarded as an explosive mine, moved, directed and fired by the agency of electricity.—Youth's Companion.

## EPICRAMS OF THE WAR.

Words That Will Form a Part of the History of the Conflict.  
Here are some of the epigrammatic sayings of the war that will go down in history:  
"Excuse me, sir; I have to report that the ship has been blown up and is sinking."—Bill Anthony of the Maine.  
"Suspend judgment."—Capt. Sigsbee's first message to Washington.  
"We will make Spanish the court language of hades."—Fighting Bob Evans, when war was declared.  
"Remember the Maine."—Commodore Schley's signal to the flying squadron.  
"Don't hamper me with instructions; I am not afraid of the entire Spanish fleet with my ship."—Captain Clark of the Oregon, to the board of strategy.  
"You can fire when you are ready, Gridley."—Commodore Dewey at Manila.  
"The battle of Manila killed me, but I would do it again."—Captain Gridley of the Olympia, on his death-bed.  
"Don't get between my guns and the enemy."—Commodore Dewey to Prince Henry of Germany.  
"I've got them now, and they will never get home."—Commodore Schley, on guard at Santiago harbor.  
"There must be no more recalls; iron will break at last."—Lieutenant Hobson to Admiral Sampson.  
"Don't mind me, boys; I'm on fight-

## THE MAN WHO COOKS THE GRUB.

We have read in song and story  
Of "the man behind the gun,"  
He is given all the glory  
Of the battles that are won;  
They are filling up the papers  
With his apotheosis,  
And they tell about his capers  
While the shells above him hiss,  
But behind the grimy gunner,  
Steadfast through the wild hubbub,  
Stands a greater god of battles—  
'Tis the man who cooks the grub.  
When the sky is rent with thunder  
And the shell screams through the air,  
When some fort is rent asunder  
And Destruction revels there,  
When the men in line go rushing  
On to glory or to woe  
With the maddened charges crashing  
Heroes who are lying low,  
There is one but for whose labors  
There could be no wild hubbub,  
And the greatest god of battles  
Is the man who cooks the grub.  
What of ships with armor plating?  
What of castles on the heights?  
What of anxious captains waiting  
While the careful gunner signs?  
What of all the long-range rifles?  
What of men with valiant hearts?  
These were but impotent trifles.  
But inconsequential parts  
Of the whole, without the fellow  
Who must scour, scrape and scrub—  
For the greatest god of battles  
Is the man who cooks the grub.  
—Cleveland Leader.

## HUMOROUS.

"Does she dress with taste?" "Yes, indeed! She always looks good enough to eat."  
"How can you tell whether a man has wheels in his head?" "By the spokes that come from his mouth, my boy."  
"You are my life," he murmured passionately. "Then don't take me," she answered. "It would be suicide."  
Teacher—Mary, make a sentence with "dogma" as subject. Mary (after careful thought)—The dogma has three puppies.  
Physician—You have only a few minutes to live. Have you any last wish? Patient—I wish I had engaged another doctor.  
Maud—Did I ever tell you how George came to lose his heart to me? Ethel—No; I understood it was because he lost his head.  
"Mr. Johnson, does you know what de sailors got dat name of 'tars' applied to dem?" "Sure; in some pitched battle of course, suh."  
"Who was that fellow that wanted to trade his kingdom for a horse?" "That's a wheel I never heard of."  
"What is?" "The Kingdom."  
"Hey, there!" cried the policeman, "your light's out!" "I know it!" yelled the fleeing bicyclist. "Oil's all gone, and I'm trying to light out, too."  
"Tell your mistress that I've torn the curtain," said a lodger to a female domestic. "Very well, sir; mistress will put it down in the bill as extra rent."  
He—That fellow called me a lobster, said I was no good, and that I never thought of paying my debts! Sue—Why, I didn't know that he knew you at all!  
Robbie's description of a baggage. Four-year-old Robbie ran breathlessly into the house. "Oh, mamma," he said, "there's a man out here with a dead pig that sings; come quick."  
Teacher—Now can any of you give any proofs of your own that the world is not flat? Little Tommy—Please, sir, if it was you could see the North Pole with a telephone.  
Mr. Joyner (member of six secret societies, who has just been received into the church)—I'm a full member now, am I? The Minister—You are, my brother. Mr. Joyner—Do I get any button?  
Mike—How old are you, Pat? Pat—Thirty-seven next month. Mike—Yes must be older than that. When were yez born? Pat—In 1861. Mike—I have yez now. Sure, yez told me the same date tin years ago!  
Little Nellie, the five-year-old daughter of a clergyman, had been listening attentively to a Bible story. "Now, Nellie," asked her mamma, "can you tell me what we must do before we can expect them to be forgiven?" "Course I can," she replied; "we've got to sin first."  
Shape of the Tongue Tells.  
Yet another science has been discovered. It is called "glossomaney," and consists in telling people's characters from the shape of their tongues. I am told that the principles are very simple, and that in a few lessons any reasonably intelligent person can master them. The inventor of the new art is a lady, and she asserts that it will render appreciable services to persons engaged in various pursuits, such as politicians, diplomats and—pork butchers! As she does not explain more fully, I am rather at a loss to understand how they are to benefit; but no doubt, if called upon, she will enlighten the world on this subject. However, let us pray that glossomaney may not become the rage, as chiromaney and cartomaney, did in past years.—London Black and White.  
It is believed by oil experts that West Virginia is underlain by a sea of petroleum. The output of white sand oil for 1897 amounted to 5,000,000 barrels.

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