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LITTLE BROWN HANDS

They drive the cows home from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lanes,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-
fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry
grows,
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.
They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the
thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.
They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And but many castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea shells—
Fairy barns that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking treestops,
Where the oriole's banjo-neck-nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.
Those who toll bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.
—M. H. Krout.

A Sage-Brush Nightingale.

BY MAJOR ALFRED B. CALHOUN

Kitty Mims is not a common name, nor can it be truthfully affirmed that it is at all suggestive of romance. Yet Kitty Mims was a remarkable young woman; but this was due as much to her unusual surroundings as to her undoubted personal charms.
Simon Mims, Kitty's father, was the landlord of the Aurora hotel, the only tavern in the mining town of Experience, Nevada, that agreed to furnish accommodations for man and beast and kept its pledge to the letter.
Simon Mims was known far and near as "the Doctor," and he felt not a little proud of the title. "I ain't never graduated as ye mout say," he would explain to strangers who came for a prescription, "but that's two pains I set on relieving every time, and they're the pains that most troubles folks in these diggings—they're hunger and thirst. Are you troubled that way, friend?"
The population of Experience was largely transient and largely composed of rough miners, many of them foreigners, who seemed to have acquired the English language in a very profane atmosphere.
The gentler sex was not well represented. Four sets of cotillions exhausted the supply, and as they were not always available for the Saturday night dances, the younger men fastened handkerchiefs about their arms, and so were brevetted "ladies" for the time being.
But, had the ladies, been represented by the usual proportion, and had Experience been many times more populous, still Kitty Mims must have been the belle.
She was over the average in height, finely formed and with a certain piquant, self-reliant expression in her dark eyes and about her rich lips, that made her irresistibly attractive to the habitués of the Aurora hotel.
Her education was limited to a not very familiar acquaintance with the three R's. But the miners, one and all, were ready to wager their "bottom dollar" that as a singer "Kitty Mims would give odds to Neilson, Patti and the hull caboodle of 'em, and then come out many lengths ahead."
Judged by the effect of her efforts, no prima donna that ever trod the boards could surpass her when she sang. "The lone stary hours give me love," which was always followed by a storm of "ankgores."
But she came out strongest in "Way down upon de Swanee Ribber," and "Home, Sweet Home," songs that invariably produced a great deal of coughing on the part of her bearded auditors, and the use of handkerchiefs—just as if they were troubled with sudden colds or dust in their eyes.
Of course, Kitty Mims had suitors, and of course she was the cause of much heart-burning amongst her many admirers, for it must be confessed she was not ignorant of her charms with a fascinating tyranny, against which the strongest did not dare to revolt.
Rufus Ford, the superintendent of the mine, was a confident, fine-looking fellow, and he boarded at the Aurora hotel. Up to the time of his meeting Kitty he was in profound ignorance of poetry as an art. But his soul was touched so that he attempted to compose a song, in which he designed having "darling Kitty Mims" at the end of every stanza. He failed miserably in the effort, as a more practiced rhymist might have done.
"If the name had only been Ford," he said, "I'd had no trouble with it. There's 'adored' and 'floored' and 'gored' and—"
"And 'swored,'" said Tom Reed, coming to the foreman's aid.
Mr. Ford refused any assistance, in this connection, and it may be added he had no admiration for the young man who volunteered his help.
Tom Reed was a tall, well-built man of six-and-twenty, "bashful as a gal," his companions said. He was the only man in Experience that neither drank nor gambled, and though these were

hindrances to his social status, it was generally thought that he would get over the defects when he was older.
It was Rufus Ford's privilege to sit at the table on which Kitty Mims waited. He was always Kitty's first partner at the dances; and the very first time a buggy drove down the one street of Experience, Kitty sat in it beside the young superintendent.
The older men joked with Simon Mims, and thought the landlord was non-committal; he gave the impression that he would not object to Rufus Ford for a son-in-law.
"But," he would say, "the gal's young, and as she ain't got no mother to advise with her, I calk'late she'd better not think of marryin' for some years to come."
The younger men gradually dropped off one at a time, reluctantly leaving the field to Rufus Ford; the only exception was Tom Reed.
It might be said, however, that Tom Reed was really never in the field. He did not board at the Aurora hotel. Kitty had never sweetened his coffee by looking into it—a plan that was thought to save her father much sugar. He had never danced with her, though once when he did muster up courage to ask her hand for the next set, she was engaged.
Tom Reed spent many of his spare hours at the hotel, watching for Kitty Mims, and pretending not to see her when she came in sight.
On her nineteenth birthday Tom sent her a bouquet of wild flowers he had gathered in the hills that morning—in honor of the occasion the whole camp took a holiday—and in the centre of the blossoms he hid a golden heart which he had himself rudely fashioned from a nugget he had long kept by him.
It was rumored that Rufus Ford had sent to Frisco for a "dime-ant ring," and that Kitty would wear it at the dance that evening.
As often before, the dining-room of the Aurora hotel did service this night as a ballroom, and from the crowded doorway Tom Reed looked at the dancers, and he caught the flash of a jewel on Kitty's hand.
After the dancing had progressed some time the men about the walls began shouting:
"A song! a song from the sage brush nightingale!" Having no cold to urge as an excuse, and being as willing to oblige them as they were anxious to have her, Kitty Mims mounted a chair amid great applause and sang the favorite songs. But the "Swanee River" and "Home, Sweet Home" were not given tonight, there being no wish to divert thought from the present festivities to other scenes.
During the evening Kitty managed to get near to where Tom Reed was standing, and she whispered:
"Thank you, Tom."
His eyes did not deceive him. Some of his flowers were in her dark hair, and the golden heart hung from a chain that encircled her smooth, white throat.
Tom Reed did not wait any longer, but went to his cabin up the mountain side and lay down, but it was not to sleep. He could not define his feelings, could give, if questioned, no adequate cause for the tumultuous joy at his heart. He was too happy for reason, too much excited for rest.
It was near daylight when he fell into a doze, but in his dreams he still saw the blossoms in her hair and the heart of gold upon her breast.
She was calling his name—louder—louder. She was beating on the door.
"Tom Reed! Tom Reed! For God's sake, come out! The mine is on fire!"
He sprang up and threw open the door.
There stood Kitty, white-faced and excited.
"See, Tom! see! There are eight men in the shaft and eight of them married!"
Tom Reed did not wait to hear more. He saw the pillar of smoke shooting up from the mouth of the mine, about which the people crowded, the bravest not daring to descend the fatal opening. Even Rufus Ford had lost his head and seemed paralyzed.
"What are you about, Tom Reed! Don't go down, man! Don't!" shouted the people.
"Stand by! the fire has not touched the shaft. Pull up—usual signal!"
That was all Tom Reed said. The next instant he was lost to sight. He had gone down the chain, "hand over hand."
Encouraged by this daring example, the men got their senses and the women hushed their wailing.
After long minutes, a signal came up from the smoking depths. The stationary engine was started, and the bucket rose holding four blackened, half-suffocated men.
Again the signal was given and again the bucket rose, with four other men, and one of them gasped out: "For heaven's sake, lower away, quick! Tom Reed is roasting!"
The bucket flew down the shaft from which lurid heat gusts now came with the smoke.
An awful lapse of agonizing seconds, then came a signal to "Haul up!"
The bucket flew to the surface enveloped in flame.
A cry of horror burst from the throats of strong men, and Kitty Mims fell, fainting, beside the

blackened, blistered form that was snatched from the mouth of the pit.
"Any other man but brave Tom Reed would have died," was the general comment weeks afterwards, when it was found Tom would live—live, but never again to look up at the hills that he loved.
"Why—why did you go down?" asked Kitty, as she sat beside his bed, wondering why he was feeling her fingers—they had no jeweled ring now.
"I thought of the wives of the married men, Kitty. I was single. What mattered it so that I saved them."
"Hush! Tom!"
He left a tear on his hand and he knew her lips were near his sightless face.
"You will want a wife now, Tom. Let my eyes do for both. Father is willing."
It is the privilege of queens to propose, but when Kitty was a queen, and she is none the less one now that she is Mrs. Reed and the landlady of the Aurora hotel.
If Tom Reed ever bemoaned his calamity no one knew it—not even the wife, from whom he could have no secrets.
"INTELLECTUAL CONTACT."
Mrs. Skiggins Felt Denied a Great Benefit Her Spouse Enjoyed.
His wife had been home all day and was anxious for a little news.
"You are down town every day and have a chance to see people and engage in conversations," she said reproachfully, "while I am right here in the house with no chance to meet anybody."
"But I go down to work," he protested.
"Yes, but you can't help seeing somebody you know and exchanging views and getting the benefit of intellectual contact. The benefit may be imperceptible at the moment, but it exists. Now, I dare say, you haven't got into your office before you meet somebody."
"That's a fact. I met Miss Binks. She must have read about some bargain that she apparently wanted. I don't see what else could have gotten her out so early."
"And, of course," she went on triumphantly, "you paused and exchanged a few words."
"That's a fact. We did. She said, 'Howdy do, Mr. Skiggins,' and I said, 'Howdy do, Miss Binks.'"
"Was that all?"
"Every word. I met Breefer, the firm's lawyer, just as I was going into the elevator."
"And what did he say?"
"He said, 'How are you?' and I said, 'How are you?' to him."
"Are you quite sure that was all?"
"Quite sure. He was in a hurry to get to the street and I was in a hurry to catch the elevator. During the day a few book agents tried to get at me, but I had given orders that I was not to be disturbed. A man can't work and be sociable at the same time. As I was coming home I met my brother."
"Of course, you stopped to chat."
"No. We didn't chat. He said, 'Hello, Frank,' and I said, 'Hello, Jim,' and that's all there was to it. Honestly, Sarah, I must say I think you overestimate the importance of this 'intellectual contact' idea."—Detroit Free Press.

The Birds of Alaska.
The following from Outing describes some of the birds which breed so plentifully in the land of the Klondike:
"No sooner had the twilight settled over the island than new bird voices called from the hills about us. The birds of the day were at rest and their place was filled with the night denizens of the island. They came from the dark recesses of the forests, first single stragglers, increased by midnight to a stream of eager birds, passing to and from the sea. Many, attracted by the glow of the burning logs, altered their course and circled about the fire a few times and then sped on. From their notes we identified the principal night prowlers as the Cassin's auklet, rhinoceros auk, murrelet and varieties of petrel.
"All through the night our slumbers were frequently disturbed by birds alighting on the sides of the tent, slipping down with great scratching into the grass below, where our excited dog took a hand in the matter, daylight often finding our tent strewn with the birds he had captured during the night. When he found time to sleep I do not know. He was after birds the entire twenty-four hours.
"In climbing over the hills of the island we discovered the retreats of these night birds, the soil everywhere through the deep woods being fairly honeycombed with their nesting burrows. The larger tunnels of the rhinoceros auks were, as a rule, on the slopes of the hill, while the little burrows of the Cassin's auklet were on top in the flat places. We opened many of their queer abodes that ran back with many turns to a distance of ten feet or more. One or both birds were invariably found at the end, covering their single egg, for this species, like many other sea birds, divide the duties of incubation, both sexes doing an equal share, relieving each other at night."
There are 400,000,000 people in the British empire.

PORTO RICO'S MINES.

"SOMEWHERE" IN ISLAND ARE VERY RICH GOLD DEPOSITS.

For sometime after its conquest the Spaniards maintained a Mint There—The Mines Sealed to Keep the English Out—Worked by Slaves and Indians.
Somewhere in the island of Porto Rico there are hidden gold mines of fabulous richness, unless all the old Elizabethan sailors were grossly deceived and the old chronicles all are wrong. "Porto Rico" means "rich port," and it was so named long ago, shortly after the first great voyage of Columbus into the unknown western sea. It was known as a port of call for the immense Spanish galleons on their way to and from the coasts of Central America and the islands of the Antilles, and, therefore, was watched with particular interest by the merchant mariners of merry England. Many a fine old galleon was picked up in the sea around San Juan. But not only the hope of picking up a galleon or two inspired the English sea rovers to steer for Porto Rico. Out of the mysterious Western World there came adventures with strange and exciting tales of ancient Indian mines in the island, and Porto Rico swam before the eyes of the knights of the sea in those days in a golden glory.
That gold was produced in the island in paying quantities is proven by the fact that the Spanish from the time of its conquest maintained a mint there, and the Indians carried on their barter with the white men with gold and silver. The city of San Juan de Porto Rico, one of the old towns of the new world, was always full of treasure, and many attacks were made on it by British soldiers, sailors, merchant mariners and plain pirates. The city was garrisoned strongly in consequence, and the fortifications were the strongest of any in the new world.
So powerful were the defenses that few ordinary rovers' expeditions dared to attack the place. Most of them contented themselves with cruising up and down outside and swooping on such Spanish vessels as happened to sail to or from the port. Even the English considered the port impregnable. Once they succeeded in taking it, but not by sea. The natural disadvantages of the country made it impossible for them to hold it, however. The first man to attack it, Drake, nearly paid for it with the loss of his whole fleet.
The successful attack on Porto Rico was made exactly three centuries ago, in June, 1598. Then the Earl of Cumberland took it after severe fighting, with the intention of holding it for his country as an outpost of British colonies. But fever and heat made it impossible to remain and the forces were withdrawn with no profit to show for the occupation, for the treasure houses had been emptied and the Indians would not, or could not, tell where the rich mines were.
Drake's unsuccessful attack had been made three years before and had been confined to an attack by sea. His men were beaten off with great loss. Drake had been after a galleon that was repairing in the harbor and after the treasure that was in the island treasure houses. But the Earl of Cumberland was after the island and its hidden mines. So rich was the island said to be that the English believed that gold had been found there in wedges and nuggets great enough to serve as plates and trays when beaten out.
The Earl of Cumberland's men, after they had taken the town, heard that Joachim de Luyando, once a mint master in the island, who had become prodigiously wealthy in a few years, had sent the king of Spain a mass of pure gold which was found to be worth 3500 ducats. That there was such a mint master on the island and that he was enormously rich, is established. But where the mines are from which the wealth came none knows today. All that is known is that old mines were worked by the Indians and slaves of the Spanish somewhere in the interior of the island and that the ore was transported to San Juan on the backs of the workers.
It was sometime in the reign of Philip of Spain that the gold mines of Porto Rico were sealed up and their secret lost, unless it exists somewhere in some ancient and forgotten state paper in the archives of Spain. The island was of the greatest importance to the Spanish government as a port of call and a harbor of refuge for the great treasure ships that sailed between Spain and the other more western ports of the Antilles and the rich Central American coast. For this reason alone the English were anxious to possess it, but it was hard to get an expedition out in these days unless the gentleman adventurers foresaw a good share of spoils. Therefore, it was said, the king of Spain, having many other sources of gold at his disposal, thought it prudent not to tempt the English to attack his necessary outpost, and for this reason the mines were shut down and sealed.
At any rate, the Porto Rico gold mines disappeared from common knowledge all at once. And never has there been any authentic account of them since then. Indeed, a plausible and incredible tradition might

be excused for classing them as myths were it not for that story of Joachim de Luyando and his golden plates. Under the medieval rule of the Spaniard in the last 300 years there has been little inducement or chance for seekers after lost mines. Now—who knows? The American conqueror following a quest much different from that of his predecessors of the same race, the Earl of Cumberland and the great Captain Drake, may stumble on the secrets for the possession of which so many Englishmen had died.

SARDINE FISHING AND CANNING.

No One Ever Saw a Live Sardine Out of the Water.
The peddlers in the streets of Paris are now crying out, "Sardines de Nantes!" and the grocers display the little varnished boxes labelled "Sardines a l'huile, fabrication 1898." But where do the sardines come from? Certainly not from Nantes. They come from Quiberon, Douarenez, Coganear, Croisic, and especially from Belle Isle.
The sardine fishing season commences at the beginning of June. As soon as the fishermen of the coast of Brittany notice shoals of porpoises or flocks of seagulls off shore in great numbers they immediately make sail, for the sardine is there. The birds and porpoises locate him. The building and repairing of the sardine fishing boats during what is called the dead season give employment to a great many workmen. As a rule, they are ten-tonners, with a crew of from six to ten men. The captain and the mate are the only professional fishermen on board; the others are men of all trades. The outfit consists exclusively of nets with very small meshes, and their length is from 100 to 500 metres. The upper parts of the nets are kept upon the surface of the water by corks and the entire machine is held rigid by pieces of lead at the bottom. The nets are all stained a sort of sea green color, to render them less visible.
When the first school of sardines is noticed the boats all run to the fishing grounds. The exact presence of the fish is determined by an oily substance on the surface of the water and also by a considerable quantity of little scales, which give the water a metallic appearance. In calm weather, as soon as the captain has his boat immediately over the shoal he lowers his nets, and two men of the crew, with great oars, work steadily to keep the boat stationary, while the others lower the nets. Standing at the stern of the boat the captain throws the chum overboard. This chum is a bait made of the eggs of the codfish, and it keeps the fish in the desired place. A spot that is well baited in this way is called larden in French, and the casting of the chum is called bailler.
In a few moments, if the fish are plentiful, new quantities of scales float upon the surface and the net itself is agitated by the struggles of the immense number of fish. Then it is lifted, and while the sails are again hoisted and the boat pointed for shore the men of the crew shake the nets and toss the fish upon the deck.
A curious thing about this kind of fishing is that one rarely sees a living sardine out of the water. The fish make a little squeak when taken from the water and die instantly. Of the 250 or 300 fishing boats fitted out at Belle Isle 200 belong to Palais and the others to Saunon. It is in these two ports that the fishermen sell their fish. An ordinary catch of sardines gives to each boat from 8000 to 10,000 fish, and the price is regulated by the quantity brought in by the first comers.
Keeps the Gun That Saved His Life.
Don Stark, Ann Arbor's hero in the battle at Santiago, arrived home on a 20-day furlough, although he will, without doubt, be discharged from service on account of his disability. The news of his arrival spread and friends and neighbors invaded his home, anxious to hear first-hand an account of the memorable fight with the Spaniards.
Stark brought back with him the Springfield rifle he carried and which saved his life. A Spanish shell struck the gun about 18 inches from the muzzle and bent it nearly at right angles. Glancing from this shell struck his wrist and severed his hand from his arm as if by a knife. Had it not been for his gun, the shell undoubtedly would have killed him. At the time Stark was wounded he was on a railroad track and the Spaniards from a fort a mile and a half away rained shot and shell among the soldiers. He crawled to the shelter of the woods, and in five minutes was being attended to by the surgeons.—Detroit (Mich.) Tribune.
Preserving Wood From Decay.
A new method of preserving wood from decay, known as the Haskin process, is being tried on a large scale in England. Instead of withdrawing the sap and injecting creosote or some other antiseptic substance as is usually done, Mr. Haskin submits the wood to superheated air, under a pressure of 11 atmospheres. Under this process, it is averred, the sap is chemically changed into a powerful antiseptic mixture, which, by consolidating with the fibre, steepens it as well as preserves the wood.

THE MULE'S HARD LOT.

I'm a mule, an army donkey,
Never kicking, never ailing,
To the troops where'er they go.
Silently I bear my burden,
Not a word of credit get,
Never grumbling,
Ever stumbling
Through the dry and through the wet.
I'm a factor in the army,
Ought to see me in a fight,
Always ready,
Ever steady,
Be it day or be it night.
I am good for any labor,
Tote the beans or drag a gun,
Never minding
All the blinding
Rain of lead, though others run.
When I'm old and totter legged—
Up in steaks the boys in blue
Rip and gash me—
Cut and slash me—
And my work at last is through.
—Detroit Free Press.

HUMOROUS.

An Illinois boy was recently asked to define the word "goblin," and solemnly responded, "A goblin is the ghost of a turkey."
"Kirby tells me he walks in his sleep." "How remarkable! He doesn't do anything but sit around while he is awake."
The Christian Scientist—Your dyspepsia exists only in your mind. The sufferer—Now, I know I am not so low minded as that.
Young Wife—But aren't you the man I gave some cake to on Monday? Tramp—Yes, mum; but thank the fates! I've got over it.
"That policeman on our beat is a wonderful man." "How's that?" "He's on duty all night and never sleeps a wink in day time."
"McSnob is certainly the laziest man on earth." "Lazy? Suppose you try his occupation of getting a dinner invitation every day."
"That dog seems almost human at times," said old Mr. Fussy. "Yes," replied Mrs. Fussy. "He growls over his food quite as much as you do."
That editor of magazines
Prove fallible's to be expected—
What wonder if they sometimes print
Things good enough to be rejected?
She (in business for herself)—Do you think you can learn to love me? He (a deputy sheriff)—Oh, some day I may have an attachment for you.
"Has Hagby any talents worth mentioning?" "Talents? I've known him to borrow one girl's horse and phaeton to take another girl out for a drive."
Spanish Grandee—The people will demand an account some day, I fear, Second Grandee—What shall we do? All the world knows we are no book-keepers.
Minnie—What a monotonous time those poor heathen women who wear almost no clothes must have. Mania—Yes. I wonder what they find to worry over?
The New Girl—What was that peculiar noise I heard in the hall outside my door this morning. Mistress (timidly)—It must have been my husband calling you.
A little girl, attending a party, was asked by her mother how she enjoyed herself. "Oh," said she, "I am full of happiness. I couldn't be any happier unless I could grow."
"Love me little, love me long."
Quoth I, somewhat in sport,
"To have to love a man a lot."
Said she, "to love him when he's short."
"I notice, Miranda," remarked Mrs. Neggschoice, "that your first husband's clothes do not fit me." "No, Cyrus," coincided Mrs. Neggschoice, with a little sigh. "You don't fit them."
"Oh, mamma, don't read any more about cannibals being wicked for cooking the missionaries. Why, my own dad's as bad as any of them; I heard him tell you himself that at dinner last night he toasted all his friend."
That was a triumphant appeal of an Irishman, who was a lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said, "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"
First Theosophist—This settles it; I resign from the society. Second Theosophist—What's the matter? First Theosophist—Why, one of my tenants has gone off without paying his rent and left me a note saying he would try to square with me in some future existence.
Vitality of Men and Women.
It seems to be an established fact that English women possess stronger vitality than the men and are destined to be in the majority. During the year 1897 the male births exceeded the female by nearly 17,000, but the male deaths exceeded the female by over 19,000, so the excess on the side of the women bids fair to continue.
Indian Wars Since the Civil War.
Since the civil war the chief Indian wars with their date and cost have been: Apache, 1873, \$637,000; Modoc, 1873, \$389,857; Northern Cheyennes and Sioux, 1876-77, \$1,834,311; Nez Perces, 1877, \$961,329; Banquo, 1878, \$556,696; Northern Cheyenne, 1878-79, \$34,209; and Sioux, 1881, \$2,000,000.