Washington, Martin, Tyrrell and Beaufort.

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The Boanoke Beacon.

NO. 8.

THE ONE WHO WON'T BE THERE.

I don't think I'll go in to town to see the And now they're coming home agen! The boys come back; record that they won

My bein' there would do no good in all that Was sich as shows we still have men when jam and pack; men's work's to be done!

There'll be enough to welcome them—to There wasn't one of 'em that flinched—each

cheer them when they come feller stood the test—

A-marching bravely to the time that's beat Wherever they were sent they safled right in upon the drum; and done their best!

They'll never miss me in the crowd—not one They didn't go away to play; they knowed of 'em will care what was in store;

If, when the cheers are ringin' loud, I'm not But there's a grave somewhere, today, down

among them there.

there and cry.

I went to see them march away-I hollered I guess that I'll not go to town to see the with the rest, boys come in And didn't they look fine that day a-marchin' I don't jist feel like mixin' up in all that four abreast, crush and din!
With my boy James up near the front, as There'll be enough to welcome them—to

handsome as could be, cheer them when they come
And wavin' back a fond farewell to mother A-marchin' bravely to the time that's beat and to me! upon the drum

I wow my old knees trimbled so when they And the boys il never notice—not one of 'em

on the Cuban shore!

had all got by, will care,
I had to jist set down upon the curbstone For the soldier that would miss me ain't a-goin' to be there! -Cleveland Leader.

PRIVATE JIM'S RETURN.

Her hair was drawn back in little a coffin, she read again the telegram: waves from her brow. Now and then "Jim is sick, and I have sent two she would raise her gentle eyes and members of the company along with glance out through the pantry window | him." toward the patch of tall, waving hollyhocks that Jim had planted four summers before. She was kneading haircloth sofa. She sat there in the dough, and two or three times she semi-darkness for nearly an hour, and stopped to scrape the clinging batter from her fingers with the back of a of her checked apron to her eyes and case-knife.

She hummed a little old-fashioned tune, emphasizing the "tum te tum" with savage jabs at the rapidly hardening dough on the shelf-board before curved her trembling lips, and as she her.

"Jane!" No reply. "Jane!"

in gingham, her hair escaping in strands the loosely tied knot at the back of her head, appeared in the pantry doorway. "What d'ye want?"

"I want ye t' git them biscuit tins out o' th' kitchen cubboard an' bring 'em in here t' me."

The girl slowly turned and shambled across the kitchen floor, the runing on the white scrubbed boards as she walked.

an' gits t' teown ez soon ez they're the back of a cane-seated chair, and at th' right age t' be good fer anything. Only them as is too lazy t' live is lef' fer us out here."

From the great lump of dough on the board Mrs. Springer pulled little globes, which she placed in regular

She had patted the last little lump the open doorway of the kitchen floated to her, on the cool September air, the call, "Missus Springer! Oh, Missus Springer!"

"Neow I'd like t' know who that is," she exclaimed as she crossed the peered inside. From the pegs she floor and pushed open the screen

"Fer the lan's sake, Zeke Evans, what be you a-wantin'?"

She had stepped out on the back porch, all green and blue with clinging vines and open morning glories. The little man in the light "rig" wiped the perspiration from his brow

He advanced toward Mrs. Springer and extended a yellow envelope. "This kum las' night," he said, "jes I thought I'd bring it right over, not hung from a frame over one pillow. thinkin' but what it might be from Jim. Then I sez t' myself, sez I, wait till mornin', ' so I fetched it over on my way deown."

At the name "Jim" Mrs. Springer Intched the bit of yellow paper and, ith fingers that wavered a little, tore pen the envelope.

Zeke waited. The envelope dropped to the floor of the porch. Mrs. Springer held the slipped into the oven, and his mother dispatch in her left hand and followed the scrawled writing with the fore-

finger of her right. One glance at the words, and she cried out: "It's Jim, He's comin' home. It's from his capting sayin' he has been sent home sick in th' care o' two other soldiors. He lef' th' camp yesterday afternoon an'll be here sirly

tomorrer mornin'." "Is they anything I kin do fer ye?" asked Zeke, a little tone of anxiety in

is voice. "No, they ain't nawthin'. An' 1 don't believe I even thanked ye fer bringin' me this telegram, Zeke.

"that was all right" and turned to dreamed awake. plamber over the wheel again into his

The half-curtained window, through free down by the spring lot, and they

Mrs. Springer laid the telegram on the table and went over to the old when she arose she lifted the corner wiped away the moisture that had gathered in them.

A little smile of happiness, too great even to give itself full expression, climbed the front stairs and went along the hall to the door on the right, at the end, she murmured to herself so softly that the words were The ungainly figure of a young girl lost in the noise of her footfalls: "Jim'll be here tomorrer. Heow I wish Ezry had a-lived till neow, to see his boy a-comin' home from th' war t' me like he come t' me more'n thirty year ago."

She hesitated an instant before opening that last door, and then, as though it were an effort, she turned the knob and stepped into the room. Everything was just as he had left it. over heels of her old slippers clatter- The pin cushion top on the dresser was a little dusty, and there were flecks also on the woodwork of the "I never see sich a girl," muttered old bed and on the commode top. Mrs. Springer to herself. "Seems His brush and comb lay on the bulike a impossibility t' git any decent reau, just where he had left them when help out here in th' kentry. All th' he went away with the Thompsonville girls that's good fer anything gits up company. A vest, even, hung over the head of the bed on the floor three pairs of shoes and one of rubber boots were ranged in a straight line.

The September sun entering the room through the east window fell lumps and rolled them into flabby upon the face of Mrs. Springer. It was not the old face that had hung lines on the bottom of the biscuit over the dough downstairs. It was a younger face now. The eyes were not so tired. Maybe the moisture into a ball and wedged it into a cor- made them look brighter. And she ner of one of the pans and stepped smiled sweetly through the gathering back to survey her work when through | tears as she looked around that room

Jim's room. She stood there by the head of the bed for a moment, silent and unmoved; then she laughed aloud and going to the closet door threw it open and took down a black cassimere suit, Jim's best suit. "He'll need it neow. Tain't nothin' but homesickness, I'll bet, an' he'll be all right in a day or

two. She laid the garments out on the bed and brushed them with the stubby whiskbroom that had hung on the wall, over the washstand. It was a and clambered out of the vehicle over labor of love. When dusted, the clothes were folded and laid on the

spread at the foot of the bed. Mrs. Springer covered them with a newspaper and going down stairs for fore th' ten twenty arrove. Th' op-grator asked me t' fetch it. At fust doorway to smooth the "sham" that

Returning, she swept the room thoroughly, then dusted it and opened the Missus Springer'll be t' bed an' better | window and pulled back the chintz

curtains. Then she went back downstairs, All the rest of that day there was no sharp word spoken to Jane, and as a consequence the girl walked even slower than was her asual custom. Budd came up from the spring lot before the biscuits were ready to be met him in the kitchen doorway.

"Jim's comin'," was all she said. "Who tol' ye?" "Zeke brought a telegram t' me beout an hour ago. It said Jim was sick an' two soldiers was comin' with him an' that he'd be here on that six

thirty-eight train in th' mornin'." The younger brother of the soldier thereupon relapsed into a dream of the stories that would be told him ere another week had passed. "Dew vew suppose he'll bring any Spanish bullets?" he asked, finally.

That night when the rest of the family and all the help were asleep Zeke blushed and stammered that Matilda Springer lay in her bed and

In her mind the years unrolled before her like a panorama. She thought Matilda Springer went back into the of the day Ezra Springer had asked witchen and through the little passage her to be his wife, of her acceptance. way into the front room. There by It was under the big shag hickory which the sun rays had filtered on had gone a-nutting fogether. And another September morning, long be- then the war and his return. fore, and lighted the face of a man in And then their marriage and their to his companion.

long, happy life thereafter. And Jim -the boy who twenty-two years ago had come to them.

And then the war-she thought longest of that. Four months before Jim had come to her, inflamed with enthusiasm. All the boys in the Thompsonville company had signified their willingness to go to the front at the call of the president. There were ten vacancies in the company, and could be go? It would be all over in a month, and then he could come back. Yes, he could if his country needed him. She remembered how she went down to Thompsonville one summer morning with Budd to see Jim off to camp with his company. He wrote her the night before the regiment left for Cuba. Letters came to her regularly for a while, and then, of a sudden, they ceased. She thought of those endless days of waiting for just a word from him, her boy, her Jim. And then at last, after centuries it seemed to her, came the letter saying he had been in the hospital with the fever. She remembered how nearly crazed she was after she read that letter. Then came others saying he was better, and then day after day without a word, save once, when a short note, scrawled on a bit of wrapping paper, came to her with the news that his regiment was again in the United States and encamped somewhere on the eastern coast. And at last the dispatch of that morning-"Coming home-" and sleep closed

her eves. At four o'clock Matilda Springer arose. She hurriedly dressed and called Budd. He went out and hitched up the two horses to the old democrat wagon and removed the back seat. He knew he would have to sit on the bottom of the vehicle coming back from the station, for Jim would be on the front seat with his mother, and there would have to be room behind for the baggage. Budd thought of all the implements of war that would be loaded into that wagon and wondered if Jim would give him his gun and

He led the horses up to the back porch and called to his mother. She came out dressed in a brown poplin, and on her wavy gray hair rested her best bonnet, a little affair of jet with violets on one side and strings to tie under the chin. Around her shoulders she had wrapped a shawl.

"I-I-can't hardly wait," she said, half to herself.

Budd helped her into the wagon and climbed in after her. He drove over the dusty country road and across the old wooden bridge with one hand holding the reins, for she clasped the other. She did not speak often during that drive. There are times when the heart is too full to allow of the forming of words. This was one of those times. The mother's heart was filled to overflowing with love for that boy whose face she had not seen for so many, many weary weeks, whose brown eyes had not looked down at her for oh, so long.

The wagon rolled down the last hill in the road and around the curve at the bottom. Budd drew up the horses at the depot platform. stay here an' hold 'em," said his mother, "I'll go over there an' sit

on that truck til' th' train comes." She got out of the conveyance and walked around the station house to the other side. Unobserved by Budd she wiped her eyes, and then she sat down on the truck.

By and by the young agent came and unlocked the door of the building and went inside. Out upon the cool morning air was wafted the "elick,

click" of the telegraph instrument. Mrs. Springer rose from her seat and entering the building walked over

to the ticket window. "Is th' train from th' north on

time?" she asked. "Three minutes late at Silver Lake," was the answer. "Heow long afore it's due?" There

was a little tremor in the voice. "It'll be here in eighteen miautes," the operator replied.

By and by from away up the track came the rumble of an approaching train. Nearer and nearer, and then around the curve above the station

the engine swerved. The bell clanged, and the train stopped. Mrs. Springer ran back to the passenger coaches. One or two sleepy heads were poked out of the windows, but no one got off. The woman's jaw fell. No, there was no one in the rear cars for Evans Crossing, the brakeman told her.

"Ain't they some soldiers?" she cried, her face all white. "Oh, soldiers," he said, "they's

some up in the baggage car." The woman turned and ran down the platform. As she reached the forward end of the first passenger coach two soldiers lifted a long pine box from the car ahead and laid it on the platform.

The woman cried out to them, Where's Jim, my boy Jim? He was comin' on this train! Where is he?" "Who?" asked one of the men in uniform, quietly.

"My boy, Jim Springer." The soldier did not answer. He stooped and glanced down at the little

white card tacked on the lid of the long pine box. "I can't tell ber, Bill," he whispered The engine bell rang. The train was moving. "Why-why-why don't you tell

me?" cried the woman. She rushed toward the two men. She glanced down at the box. The card caught her eye. She leaned over and read the words written there. Then she stood up straight, her face white, her mouth open, her eyes staring at nothing.

A cry cut the air-a keen, piercing, gashing cry-and the woman fell upon her knees beside that box and throwing her arms over the top sobbed and beat her head against the lid and scratched the rough boards with her

And just then the sun broke through the clouds, and the dew drops on the grass, the leaves, the trees and everywhere sparkled like diamonds. All nature seemed to mock a mother's agony. - Detroit Free Press.

BAY STATE'S SECOND CITY. Rivalry for the Honor Finalty Settled in Favor of Worcester.

Under the subdivision made by the United States census officials there are four classes of cities in the United States. The cities of the first class are those having more than 400,000 population, the cities of the second class those having between 100,000 and 400,000 people, the cities of the third class those having between 50, 000 and 100,000 innabitants, and the cities of the fourth class those having fewer than 50,000 inhabitants. Mas sachusetts is one of the few states which had under the last census no second-class cities. Its chief city, as well as its capital, port of entry and literary headquarters, is the city of Boston. Following Boston there is a break, a sort of urban vacuum, and then appear some cities of the third class, grouped so closely together as to be rivals for the distinction of second place. By the census of 1890 these cities were Worcester, with 84,-000 population; Lowell, with 77,000; Fall River with 74,000 and Cambridge with 70,000. Among the fourth class cities of Massachusetts by the same census were Lawrence, New Bedford, Springfield, Somerville, Holyoke, Salem, Chelsea, Haverhill, Brockton and Taunton.

Since the taking of the last Federal census the growth in population of Massachusetts cities has been very unequal. Into some there has been a large immigration; in others there has been a considerable reduction in population through the prostration of manufacturing interests in the bay state. The population of Massachu setts cities has, to a considerable extent, been shifting of late years through the migratory ways of the French Canadians, According to the last census there were more than 15 .-000 French Canadians in Fall River, nearly 16,000 in Lowell, 5500 in Worcester, 7200 in Cambridge, 7000 in Holyoke, 4500 in Lawrence, 4100 in Somerville, 4100 in New Bedford and 2700 in Springfield, Having few of the ties of association, which are strong among the native New Englanders, they move from place to place as material interests seem to dictate, and thus make difficult accurate computations of the city population in Massachusetts. The recent state census of Massachusetts has determined the honor of second place as between Worcester, Fall River and Lowell. It shows that Worcester is the second largest city in the state. Fall River comes next, and then Lowell and the other cities follow. The city of Worcester has come recently into more than usual prominence by reason of the fact that it is the Massachusetts city which has the largest proportion of native American inhabitants, and its growth is, therefore, a normal one, not affected by immigration. - New York Sun.

A Sad Disappointment,

They had surrounded him, had the patriotic women, this hero of the Fighting 13th. He had a most engag-

ing limp. "Was it done by one of those dreadful mauser bullets?" asked the tall blonde with the eyeglasses.

"Will you be crippled for life?" queried the plump brunette. "I suppose he was shot while carrying a wounded comrade off the

field?" gushed the romantic maiden. The crippled veteran, as modest as he was brave, was visibly embarrassed by these tributes from the fair. As soon as he could control his emotion, he remarked, simply:

"Ah, g'wan! 'Taint nawthin' but a boil on me knee."- Buffalo Express.

Pike and Eagle at One Catch.

Dr. Charles Woodward of New

-Florida Times-Union,

Egypt, N. J., went fishing for pike in a pond near that village the other day. The fish were not biting freely and the doctor had about concluded to go home when he felt a bite on his line. Just as he got the fish out of water an eagle flew over his head and the next instant had the pike in its grasp and started to fly away with it. By hard pulling Dr. Woodward drew his double catch to the boat. The eagle showed fight and Dr. Woodward attacked it with an oar, finally killing it. It measured seven feet from tip to tip of its wings. Dr. Woodward got the pike also. - New York Sun,

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The annual increase of the German nation during the last five years has been more than five times as much as that of the French.

No deep-sea sounding is now considered trustworthy unless a sample of the bottom is brought up by the sounding apparatus, as evidence that the lead has reached the solid ground.

Entomologists of the department of agriculture have discovered that the destroyers of silver maples are being themselves destroyed by the coccophagus lecanii, a small internal parasite.

Kohlmann Rosental, an Englishman, and Dr. Von Komocki, a Berlin chemist, assert that they have invented a match that will strike anywhere, and no phosphorus is used in it. This invention, they say, will do away with the horrors of necrosis, to which emploves in match factories are subject,

An invention, now in practical use, that is destined to revolutionize the present system of aerating milk and water consists of a specially constructed bottle and a portable steel capsule charged with carbonic acid gas. The capsule is fitted into the neck of the bottle and the screwing on of the stopper liberates the gas, which is forced into the liquid contents of the bottle.

AMERICAN LANTERNS.

Carried Wherever Lanterns Are Used All Over the World.

American lanterns are exported to all the countries of the world where lanterns are used. Many are sent to South Africa and to South America, to Australia and New Zealand, and some are sold in Asia. Few, proportionately, are sent to Europe.

Kerosene oil is now commonly burned in lanterns all over the world. There are no lanterns made nowadays for candles only, but there are exported to South Africa some lanterns made so that either candles or oil may be burned in them. They are provided with a candle socket which may be set down into the oil reservoir, the wick-holder having been removed. By removing the candle socket and screwing in the wick holder the lautern is made ready to burn oil. Excepting railroad and other lanterns made nowadays are of the kind known as tubular, first introduced about thirty years ago, and now made in various modifications as to detail, the tubular part of the lantern being designed with a view to producing better combustion and a

for ordinary uses are produced in about forty styles. The American lanterns are the lightest, the slightest in appearance and the best adapted to their use, and they are sold cheaper than lanterns of equal quality produced elsewhere. There are large establishments in this country making lanterns only. It is probable that more lanterns are now exported from this country than from either England or Germany, and the exports of American lanterns are increasing .- New York Sun.

brighter light. The lanterns made

A New Kind of Fuel.

Those concerned in the coal industry will be interested to know that a new form of fuel is being suggested from one of the colonies. It is officially reported from Barbados that the island is commencing to export "manjak" or "glance pitch," which is a product of the nature of petroleum in a bituminous form, and when mixed with infusorial earth can, be used for fuel. It is found in veins, like coal seams, and has very great heating powers when ground into fine dust. Its principal drawback is its extremely low melting point; and scientists are endeavoring to find a substance with which it can be properly combined for purposes of steam fuel.

One or two shafts have been sunk in various places on the northern end of the island, and a considerable quantity has been extracted. Some has been used on railway locomotives, more or less successfully, and on some of the sugar estates to economize their expenditure in coal. Eight hundred and seventy-eight tons were exported last year, of which 571 went to the United States and 250 to the United Kingdom. Its value is given at \$10

There is the indication of the presence of a large quantity of this material in the island, and it remains to be seen whether it can be successfully developed; but Barbados has the great advantage of cheap labor, and of the presence on the same ground of the infusorial earth with which it is mixed to become marketable. It is further to be noted that there are indications also in Barbados of oil-bearing rock, with a large percentage of petroleum.

Mineral Wealth About Santiago.

The mountains about Santiago, Cuba, are rich in iron and manganese, and valuable mines of both these ores are owned by American companies. The annual exportation of iron to the blastfurnaces of Pennsylvania and Maryland has been nearly 400,000 tons. The ores of manganese are almost as valuable as those of Russia. Cubacontains also considerable deposits of copper and was once famous for gold, gaiety of feeling,

A REST.

A resting spell approaches now; We see the end at last. They've put the laurel on the brow Of each brave man who passed. We've watched the grim events that stalked

And feared what came behind. And each has paid, or cheered or talked, According to his kind. Through pages, marching day and night, We've traced the army's ways, And faitered, sometimes, in the fight

These ills, with heavier woes are gone, And now each thankful chap May lay aside his lexicon

and put away the map.

Washington Star.

HUMOROUS.

Patient-Oh, doctor, if I could only die. Doctor-I'm doing my best for

"Who is best man at the wedding?" "The clergyman, of course; he gets

"What made the audience hiss "He said that vegetarian lecturer?" he would deliver a meaty discourse."

"Blykins has his own way in his house." "Yes. But his wife always tells him what is going to be before hand.

"How your baby's legs did grow down in the country." "Yes; he down in the country." "Yes; he chased roosters from morning till night." "How often do you want me to tell you not to make that noise, Johnnie?"

said the father. "I would rather you wouldn't tell me at all," replied Jack. Irascible Lieutenant (down engine room tube)-Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube? Voice from the Engine Room-Not at this end,

"My dog is almost as intelligent as I am," remarked Squildig. "Are you going to have him shot, or will you try to give him away?" asked Mc-Swilligen.

"Do you know what will happen to you if you don't hand that apple over right away?" said the big boy to the little boy. And the little boy gave it up.

Pupil-What, in your opinion, professor, is the most difficult mathematical problem? Poor Professor (grimly)-Trying to make both ends meet, my dear sir.

After a quarrel with his wife, who violently expressed a wish that he were dead, an Irishman said: "Bedad, I'll take good care you're no widow as long as I live !' "They say that Mrs. Bondly throws

on a great deal of agony since they became suddenly rich." Well, rather. That woman used to walk in her sleep. Now she gets up and rides a chainless bicycle or orders a carriage." Wallace -I see that the aeronauts

have discovered that a woman's voice ascends to twice the height attained by man's. Ferry-I wonder if that is the reason so many men let their wives do all the praying? A shrewd old lady cautioned her

married daughter against worrying her husband too much, and concluded by saying: "My child, a man is like an egg. Kept in hot water a little while, he may boil soft; but keep him there too long and he hardens. A lawyer noted for his laconic style

of expression sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client, who paid no attention to reiterated demands for the payment of his bill: "Sir-If you pay the enclosed bill, you will oblige me. If you don't, I shall oblige you."

Mrs. Prentice-How do you always manage to have such delicious beef? Mrs. Bywell-I select a good, honest butcher, and then stand by him. Mrs. Prentice-You mean that you give him all your trade? Mrs. Bywell-No; I mean that I stand by him while he is cutting the meat.

Exercising on a Man-o'-War, Walter Russell, an aftist with the

fleet, contributes to the Century an illustrated article entitled "Incidents of the Cuban Blockade." Mr Russell says: During quarters the various exercises and emergency drills are gone through with, including sword practice, bayonet drill, physical exercises for straightening the figure and expanding the chest, boarding drill, fire drill, collision drill and many others. A huge mat, weighing perhaps 500 pounds, is brought up on deck, heaved over the side and held there within 60 seconds after the order is given. Should a Spanish ship ram one of ours, this mat would be thrown over the aperture made in the side and held there by the pressure of the water. Again, lines of hose are run out and connected, a wheel is turned and a strong stream of water floods the deck immediately. In a very few seconds 20 streams of water can be directed upon any part of the

Suddenly the band plays a lively march, and the order for the runaround is given. Jackie likes this. It is his exercise. It is to him what wheeling is to a landsman. It is his opportunity of moving a little faster than usual. In double quick time each section runs in an ellipse for five minates, the line of sailors being usually barefooted at this time of the day. They dooge in out of the sunlight and shadow, laughing and showing their