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NO. 4.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

"Friend after friend departs,
Who has not lost a friend?"

I don't know what word the next mail will bring, but I expect that my old friend is dead. For more than fifty years George Adair and I have been friends—good friends. He was always glad to meet me and held my hand tight and long, and smiled a pleasant greeting. Of late years we have drawn closer together, for we knew that we were approaching the goal, and that but few of us were left. The memories of old men are sweet, but they are sad, and it was a comfort to George and me to get close together as oft as I visited Atlanta and commune about old times and the old people who have passed away. He was never gloomy nor did he ever bring a cloud to darken the sunshine of our meeting. Where shall I go now for comfort when I visit the Gate City? Where will Evan Howell go?

Yes, I was a college boy when George Adair was conducting the first train that ever ran into Atlanta. I traveled with him sometimes, and since then our warm friendship has been unbroken. His warm Scotch blood beat more kindly to his friends as the years rolled on. He was as frank as he was genial. He had opinions and convictions, and did not suppress them to carry favor with anybody. His life was an open book, and everybody who knew him at all knew him well. A stranger would diagnose him in half an hour's conversation. Sincerity was his most striking characteristic; Scotchmen are always sincere; they never dodge responsibility. I don't know whether George carried any Indian blood or not, but his uncles did. The Adairs of Cherokee were close akin to him, and they were half-breeds or quadroons, and all went west with the tribe in 1836. Their descendants are out there now, for I take an Indian paper and see their names among the leaders. It is singular how those Scotchmen mated with the Indian maidens early in this century, and every one of them wanted a chief's daughter, and generally got her. When the old chiefs died these Scotchmen just stepped into their places and groomed the tribes, and so did their sons after them. There was no English or Irish or French in it; the Scotch alone had secured the Indians' respect and confidence. There was Ross and Ridge and McIntosh and McGillivray and Barnard and Vann and many others who became chiefs or sub-chiefs and governed all or a division of the tribe. Osceola was the son of a Scotch trader. I suspect that George Adair had a strain of Cherokee blood in his veins, and it made a good cross—my wife thinks it does, and is proud to trace her Indian blood back to Pocahontas through the Holts and Bolings and Randolphs; wherever you find it is dominant; I can prove that by myself and my son-in-law—"Woman rules here" is what the rooster says when he crows in this family, but she rules well. I told Uncle Sam yesterday to clean out the pit when he got through cutting wood. When I got back from town it was almost night, and he was raking all around the back yard and burning up the accumulated litter and trash. "Uncle Sam," said I, "I told you to clean out the pit, for I must put some of the flowers in there. I'm afraid it will frost tonight." The old man raked on and said: "She tole me to do dis," and he never got to the pit at all. But my wife came out and explained, and said the back yard looked so dreadful bad and she knew that the pit could wait a day or two and it would go to frost no how, and so she did, and of course I surrendered—I always do, but I've got to clean out the pit myself.

I remember when George Adair and Henly Smith started a newspaper in Atlanta, called the Southern Confederacy. I wrote for it sometimes to give our boys some comfort and to enliven some sassa. When the invader ran my numerous wife and offspring out of Rome I wrote of it on the wing, or the fly and told how I passed "Big John" on the way, and driving a steer with the steer's horns through a hole in the dashboard and the end tied up in a knot. I wrote a small poem to his memory, and the mournful elegy to my dear friend, and he published it; and got all fired up before this and General Forrest's cavalry. I had to be a great favorite with him, and as the admiration was named his next boy after him, and it sticks to him yet. I remember some time ago that in Appleton's biography of Forrest, which was to be written by Colonel Jordan, his adjutant general; it was reported that he was very illiterate, and his dispatch announcing the fall of Fort Pillow was still preserved at Washington and read as follows:

"We busted the fort at ninerlock and skatered the niggers. My men is still a collanem in the woods. Them as was etched with spoons and brostpins and sich we kilt. The rest was payrold and told to git."

George was indignant when I showed him a copy of it and declared that it was some devilish lie that was made up on him. "I know," said he, "that Forrest was no scholar, but he never spelled that bad. I have letters from

him that I know he wrote, and while he misspelled some words, they were fairly well written. I don't believe that Colonel Jordan wrote any such thing about Forrest. Some of the biographers are just like some newspaper reporters. If they can't hear a lie they scratch their heads and make one just for a sensation."

If George dies from this stroke, and I reckon he will, where will I go to while away an hour with a friend. His office in the Kimball was so convenient and his chairs so comfortable and his welcome so cordial that I will feel lost when I visit Atlanta. The boys wont have time or inclination to talk to me. It was the rendezvous of other valued friends like Dr. Alexander and Evan Howell and J. Henly Smith and Cousin John Thresher and the confederate veterans generally. But George was the chief attraction, the center of space. He was a friend in need and a friend in deed. He granted his favors with cheerfulness and a willing heart. Sometimes I wanted an indorser on a bank note for a few dollars and he always said: "Yes, yes, my friend, of course I will." If I shall ever need one again I will not know where to go, I have a thousand good friends in Atlanta, but they are not of that kind.

I was ruminating about the difference between his domestic surroundings and my own. He dies at home with wife and all his children at his bedside. His eyes can look upon them all, and perhaps his ears can hear their loving voices.

But my wife and I are living out our days in sad apprehension of the coming stroke, for four of our dear boys are far away—too far to reach us even at the call by telegraph—one in New York, one in Texas, one in Florida and the baby boy, as his fond mother calls him, is 3,000 miles away in Mexico. This is the hardest part of life—these scattered children. Suppose that one of the unmarried ones should approach the door of death and his earnest telegram should be for his mother to come to his bedside and soothe his last moments, what could she do but stay at home and weep? Oh, for another life in another world where all is love without affliction or grief or separation.

Farewell, good friend. I would that you might be spared to us yet awhile—spared to read your own epitaphs and to realize what a noble life is worth to a man. Would that the rising generations might learn a lesson from your example. The approach of our dissolution is very stealthy. When last I saw my friend he was as bright and genial as a boy and showed no sign of failing health. I thought that he would outlive me, for nowadays I get tired and when the night comes I am the first to seek my bed. Yesterday I was busy planting out strawberry plants, and it was bending work and ever and anon I had to straighten up slowly and carefully for fear something would break or hitch or give way, and then I would try it again. I can't hold out like I used to. What's the matter with me, anyhow? Why should I wear out? Why shouldn't a healthy man live on and on? If he has got to die, why don't he die all over at once and turn to dust like the one-horse shay? Why should the heart get sick when all the rest is well? I reckon we will all know by waiting.

This morning I went out early to peruse my new strawberry patch and sure enough there had been a dozen dawns in there last night, and they held a carnival and a circus and played base and tag and maddog all over my pretty beds, and tore up a lot of my plants, and now I am not calm and serene, and my wife wont let me put out strychnine, for she says it isn't fair nor neighborly and so I have got to stretch more wire along the fence. There are about forty dogs' within easy reach of my house and they are no account—

For in this town more dogs are found,
Than ever you did see,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And dogs of low degree.
Confound 'em—doggon 'em.

BILL ARP.

A Dream of John Wesley's.

John Wesley once, in a crisis of the night found himself, as he thought, at the gates of hell. He knocked and asked who were within. "Are there any Protestants here?" he asked. "Yes," was the answer; "a great many." "Any Roman Catholics?" "Yes, a great many." "Any Church of England men?" "Yes, a great many." "Any Presbyterians?" "Yes, a great many." "Any Wesleyans?" "Yes, a great many."

Dismayed and discouraged, especially at the last reply, he traced his steps upwards, and found himself at the gates of Paradise, and he repeated, the same questions. "Any Wesleyans here?" "No." "Any Presbyterians?" "No." "Any Church of England men?" "No." "Any Roman Catholics?" "No." "Any Wesleyans here?" "No." "Whom have you, then here?" he asked in astonishment. "We know nothing here," was the reply, "of any of the names of which you have mentioned. The only name of which we know anything here is 'Christians.' We are all Christians here, and of those we have great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues."

If some folks spent as much time in knowing men as they do in finding out things about them, they would make a better business of life.

THE BLIND TO SEE.

Dr. Peter Steins Claims to Have Made a Wonderful Invention.

London last week of an invention by which Dr. Peter Steins, a Russian scientist, claims to be able to make the blind see. According to several of the English papers to hand yesterday, Dr. Steins has applied his invention to a number of blind persons, who have thereby been able to see light and the shape of objects around them.

"Understand me clearly," said the inventor to a correspondent of the Daily News. "I do not claim and I do not attempt to 'restore' sight as restoration is usually understood. I give artificial sight, and it makes no difference whether the person was born without eyes, whether the eyes have wholly or partially been destroyed since birth, or how the sight has gone. My experiments are not completed. I have yet much to do, but the results are all that I have anticipated so far. Greater things will come, but the sight is already given."

Mr. Steins' principle is that he supplies a substitute for the lens of the eye by the aid of electricity immediately his apparatus is brought into contact with the body of the individual.

"My apparatus will," he said, "as in the camera, focus the rays of light from the object to the brain, and sight is given, the objects being clearly seen, not inverted, but in their proper form. My apparatus constitutes a substitute for the lens."

Mr. Steins asked the reporter whether he would like to test his apparatus. Naturally the answer was "Yes," and this is what followed: The reporter was taken by the inventor into a small room, and then blindfolded effectually.

"I could," he writes, "see absolutely nothing. Matches and candles were lighted before me, but I could not see them. Then I was connected with his apparatus. I felt a slight sensation of electrical current passing through my body. Then quickly the darkness passed away, a dull gray took its place and was succeeded by a light, clear and bright. I saw figures held up before me, and a disc that looked like a coin. And when I was disconnected from the apparatus I found I was standing just where I was when my eyes were bandaged.

Mr. Steins had been by my side all the time, and there was no one else present. Mr. Steins appeared to be as delighted as I was surprised at the result. "Let it be borne in mind that my eyesight is perfect. At any rate, I believe so. But my eyes had been completely blind-folded, and all was absolute blackness till the connection with the apparatus took place.

"The inventor would not permit me to examine the apparatus, patents for which have not yet been applied for. Neither would Mr. Steins explain the precise character of his invention or the means employed to achieve such results. "Here is my invention," said Mr. Steins. "It does not matter what I have done in the past, and I need not now describe the electrical inventions of mine which are now being used largely, especially in Germany, Russia and other Continental countries. I say, I can do what I assert. The thing is, can I do it or not? I make my claim, and it is for me to give the proof. You can judge from what you have seen to-day something of the nature of my assertions."

In reply to questions, Mr. Steins said the complete apparatus would be made in such form as to make it easy for a person to carry it about so as to place this artificially given sight at the individual's disposition for the ordinary practical purposes of life. Spectacles, he added, would be quite unnecessary. "So long as the receiving part—the brain—is there, my apparatus," he smiling added, "will do the rest. The rays of light strike my apparatus instead of the eyes, and pass thence to the brain, the real camera. And the apparatus will be effective carried anywhere, so long as it is connected with the body, the nearer the brain the better.

Give Him a Rest

Baltimore Sun.
One of our New York contemporaries very properly denounces the unseemly attempt to belittle Admiral Dewey by using him for political or advertising purposes. To put him up as the star attraction at festivals and fairs is what many of the cities of the United States are now aiming at. It is to be hoped that the Admiral will reject all such propositions. Senator Hanna is credited with a scheme to use the hero of Manila bay for political purposes in the Ohio campaign and to have him accompany President McKinley on a political tour of the States. This would be the worst of all. After the official reception at Washington is over Admiral Dewey would no doubt like a little time to rest on his laurels, and perhaps to breathe in peace and quiet the health-giving mountain air of his native State.

John Carson, a farmer living near Alliance, O., wishing to work among his bees burned sulphur near the hives as a safeguard against the attack. The sulphur, however, seemed to enrage the bees which viciously attacked him and stung him to death.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

There has been effort after effort by some of the fashionable tailors and by many leading society men to set the style of colored dress suits for men. On several occasions well-known men in New York society have appeared at swell functions in them, but all efforts in this direction have ignominiously failed. The regulation black dress suit has stood the test of time, for evening wear, notwithstanding the fact that it is used as a uniform by waiters, butlers, etc.

Mr. Lee Overman, of Salisbury, a leading lawyer of that section and a Democrat, thinks the great majority of 1898 will be greatly increased in 1900. He says his district, the Seventh, is really strong for the constitutional amendment, as it should be, and every other district. Jeter Prichard boasts that the very little fellow, Bill McKinley, who is to be renominated for an office he dispraises, will carry North Carolina. If he does it will be by the money of the plutocrats under the management of that political Pariah and leper, Mark Hanna. We are not endowed with prophetic vision, but if Bryan does not carry North Carolina by 20,000 it will be because the people have made up their minds to be bought and to wear the collar of the money gods.—Wilmington Messenger.

The news that a Northern syndicate is preparing to buy up and operate a lot of Southern cotton mills, as set forth elsewhere in this paper, smacks of a cotton mill trust. We have private information that Northern capitalists have options on a majority of the stock of a number of Southern mills. We shall be pleased to see Northern capital invested in Southern mills. We have no prejudice against corporations, as corporations. But in these days of great combines, when the strong crush out the weak, destroy competition and hold both the producer and consumer at their mercy, such movements as that referred to are certain to be looked upon with suspicion.—Statesville Landmark.

Whitney Puts Dewey Out for President of United States.

"You regard him as the natural selection for the presidency—chosen by the order of events?" the reporter asked. "I am convinced," replied Mr. Whitney, "that his selection would be something very much larger and better at this particular time than a party victory. It would be a patriotic reunion around the one man who typifies the new era, and who is best fitted, by his character and experience, to preside over its development. Dewey gave us the Philippines. He understands the situation out there as no other man does. The people would trust him to deal with it more completely than they would any other man. They would rather see him at the helm directing the policy of the government in its new possessions than any other man. They know that he always has done the right thing and they would feel sure that he always would do the right thing. "This trust of the people in Dewey is the great fact that dominates the situation. They trust him implicitly. With him in the white house they would have absolute confidence that the wise, the right, the patriotic course would be taken and firmly kept. It is a great opportunity which this fact offers the nation. It is only at long intervals and special occasions that Providence presents a man in whom the whole people have this unquestioned and perfect trust. It gave us such a man in Washington. It gave us another in Jackson. It gave us another in Grant. Now it has given us Dewey.

Butler Will Join With the Negro Party to Fight the Amendment.

Senator Marion Butler, of North Carolina, who is stopping at the Shoreham with Mrs. Butler, chatted briefly with a Post reporter last evening touching political matters in his State. "I have but little faith," said he, "in the efficacy of the proposed constitutional amendment now agitating the people of North Carolina as a solution of the race question. If the amendment should be adopted and held by the courts, with the exception of section 5, which is clearly unconstitutional, about as many illiterate white men would be disfranchised as colored. The per cent of qualified colored voters in the towns, under an educational qualification would be as great as the illiterate white element in the rural districts. The men who engineered this amendment idea have been foremost always in raising the 'nigger' cry in the State, knowing that such an appeal stopped argument and obscured reason: They still want to make use of that cry, and hence their setting up of rights to get up a law that was certain of being declared unconstitutional if it ever came to be passed by the courts."

This Editor Don't Know

When He
Greensboro Cor. Ch.
I am informed
\$20,000 has
North Carolina
was by
last
one

BREATHES THERE THE MAN.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath never within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.
—Sir Walter Scott.

HUMOROUS.

The negro sexton of St. Peter's church has a very stylish mulatto wife. Asking for a bigger salary, he gave as a reason: "It's mighty hard to keep a sealskin wife on a muskrat salary."

A busy minister bethought himself of a device to remind visitors at his study not to trench unduly upon his time. He had this Scripture text, in large plain letters, framed and suspended in a conspicuous place: "The Lord shall preserve thy going out."

A clergyman preached a rather long sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon and said: "That is right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed pass out!" He continued his sermon sometime after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

A Scotch minister was christening a baby and took occasion to speak on the possible future of the infant.

"This child," he said, "may grow to be the Archbishop of Canterbury. It may become a great politician and shine in the house of commons, or even be prime minister of the realm. It may become a great soldier like the Duke of Wellington, or a sailor like Lord Nelson. This child"—then turning to the mother—"what did you say the child's name was?" "Mary Jane," replied the mother.

A Baptist minister was asked how it was that he consented to the marriage of his daughter to a Presbyterian.

"Well, my dear friend," he replied, "as far as I have been able to discover, Cupid never studied theology."

A Worldly Discussion.

Near Whitesett, this State, some of the colored brethren had a discussion in the meeting house, as to whether or not "de worl' tu'n roun'." There was considerable "contendin'" for and against, but the testimony of an old colored deacon was conclusive. He said: "Dey's no sich 'ting ez de worl' tu'n'n' over—no sich 'ting, I tell you! Ef dat wuz de case, wouldn't all de water in de sea git upside down? Answer me dat now! En, fud-dermo—could you hol' yo' balance ez hit tu'ned over?"

Here a somewhat learned brother interrupted with:

"Fer de Lawd's sake, deacon, don't you know nuttin' 'bout de contraction er graduation?"

"No, suh, I don't!" thundered the deacon. "Will you please 'splain ter de meetin' what in de contraction er graduation?"

"Well," replied the brother who had interrupted him, "I did know once 'pon a time, but—ef I ain't 'fergit!"

Revised Slang.

The world "rubber-necking" has expressed so much of a descended into such general use, it promises to be grafted in English language as a provincialism, to express inquiry that has been pronounced by some; so comes a Louisville woman with its place. She says "rubber-necking" must be used "ber-necking."

"And why peninsula the favored young man suggested the substitute."

Without a word she library and brought f. Opening it, she pointed nition:

"Peninsula—n. A stretching out to sea."

Another Kansas Cor.

Denver Post.

The latest corn story from to the effect that shelled corn up all around the stalks, the cring long enough to hold the Lord were not now more than He was in the dearest of

From Tree to Printed Page.

People whose business takes them to the stock yards delight in telling how rapidly a live hog is converted into bacon, sausage and tooth brush, but the most improbable stories they tell do not equal the exploit of the employees of a paper mill not far from Chicago. Quite recently three trees standing near the mill were felled at 7.35 a. m. and hurried to the manufactory, where they were sawn into pieces about one foot long, which were further decorticated and split. They were then conveyed by the elevator to five defibrators to do their worst with, and the wood pulp which resulted from the contact of the chips with the defibrators was run into a vat, mixed with the not altogether harmless but necessary chemicals and the process finished. The liquid pulp was sent to the paper machine, which at 9:34 turned out the first complete sheet of paper, one hour and fifty-nine minutes after the first tree was felled. The manufacturers, accompanied by a notary public, who timed and watched the work throughout, then took the paper to a printing establishment two miles away, and by 10 o'clock, or in two hours and twenty-five minutes, the trees had been converted into newspapers ready for delivery.

A Tale of Shipwreck and Suffering.

Montreal Dispatch.

Two hundred and fifty scantily clad, baggage bereft men, women and children were on board of an Inter-Colonial special, which steamed into Bonaventure depot to night. They comprised the greater number of those who sailed from Liverpool on September 14th on board the steamship Scotsman, bound for Montreal, which was wrecked on the shores of the Straits of Belle Isle, at 2:30 on the morning of the 21st. It was not only a tale of shipwreck that they had to tell, but one of death, of suffering and pillage, for fifteen, at least, of the Scotsman's passengers perished. All suffered cruelty from cold and privation, and almost worst horror of all, the men who were supposed to succor and assist those committed to their care, in the hour of need, turned on the helpless passengers, and with loaded guns and revolvers compelled them to part with the few valuables saved. Captain Skirmshire and his officers were exceptions.

Child Labor in North Carolina.

A highly gratifying report on child labor in North Carolina has been made public by Labor Commissioner Lacy. In 1996, 6,822 men, 10,567 women and 6,046 children were employed in cotton mills in the North state, whereas this year the figures are respectively 18,950, 15,887 and 3,440. The decrease in the number of children in three years is, therefore nearly fifty per cent. The report also shows that the men of North Carolina are more and more going into the cotton mills, and that the proportion of women employes to men is not so large as it used to be. One striking feature of the decrease in the number of children employed is brought out by the fact that in 1896 there were but two-thirds as many spindles as there are today. At present the number of spindles is 1,200,000, and the increase to this total, while fewer and fewer children are employed, is creditable to the Southern people. Apparently it is hardly fair to urge against them, at least so far as North Carolina is concerned, that their cotton mills are successful only because they employ

When a man begins to m

he generally called a "c