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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Fret not thyself because of evil doers. Fret not thyself against him who deviseth iniquity.

Trust in the Lord and do good. Wait on the Lord.

Those are good sermons and there are others like them in David and Solomon. A man can shorten his life and wear himself out by borrowing trouble, and fretting and worrying about the iniquity of other people. There is a sight of devilment going on—more than ever before, I reckon—more war, famine, pestilence, unrest and discontent all over the world, and here in our own blessed land crime is on the increase in our cities, and what with the negro and the corruption of politics and the strikes as sideshows there is enough to run a worrying man crazy. Of course we should feel concerned about crime and do what we can to prevent it, but worrying does not accomplish anything. Let us preach and practice and be happy still. "Carpe diem," enjoy the day, saith the poet Horace. Why can't everybody in this country be as contented and law-abiding as our people here in north Georgia. There are no murders, no outrages, no lynchings, no fights here in Bartow county. There are no divorces nor burglaries, and no stealing of any consequence. A good old ante-bellum dandy did come to see me the other day to get me to sign his son's bond and get him out of jail. "Well, boss you see de man's corn was missin' and he find de basket at Jim's house, but he dident find no corn. But Jim s'nt 'cused of stealin' de basket." "The basket is to be the witness, I reckon," said I. "Jes so, boss—dat's all—and de basket can't talk and tell how it got dar."

I was ruminating how easy it is for any well man to make a fair living in this region. During harvest a good worker, white or black, gets one dollar a day, and at other times 75 cents a day, and there is a demand for labor. Uncle Sam is very old, but he gets 75 cents every day for working around in the gardens. His four girls cook and wash and each makes about two dollars a week. There is about \$12 a week earned by that family and they are always happy and don't give themselves any concern about politics or social equality or Bishop Turner or Booker Washington. It is the high-strung, lazy negroes who are making all the fuss. Now, just contrast the condition of laborers here and in other countries. In India they are starving by the million. In the Philippines and South Africa they are fighting and dying in battle or from disease and pestilence. In Germany a peasant is rich if he has two or three acres of land, and his wife and daughters carry heavy loads of vegetables on their backs to market, while the sons are serving in the army. In Italy the poor work in malarial swamps or beg in Naples. In Mexico the peons get 37½ cents a day in Mexican silver, which is worth about half as much as ours. In England the poor are kept alive by charity and in Ireland the peasant loses a crop about every third year and the little children go hungry and in rags. What is the matter with our people? Why don't they quit fussing—quit envying the rich? Why not lift up their voices and thank the Lord for His mercy and goodness unto us? A diligent man or woman can live for five or six months from a good garden—and besides the garden the country abounds in fruit. Peaches, apples, grapes, blackberries, dewberries and huckleberries, I never saw the like. From our own garden we can have eight different vegetables every day besides berries for a desert. It makes me proud to gather them and show them round to the family before breakfast, for it is my garden. I dressed it like old Father Adam did Eden. I'm still the boy. I am the man with the hoe and I don't esteem it any hardship, either. Mr. Markham needn't preach his foolishness to me, nor do I like the tone of that picture—a pitiful man leaning on his hoe and bemoaning his hard lot. Work, labor, toil, sweat, is the common lot and they are the happiest who do it. Solomon said the sleep of the laboring man is sweet. I love to work with the hoe. I love to get all over in a sweat of perspiration. It opens the pores and saves medicine. I love the smiles of approval when I find a new blown rose and bring it to Mrs. Arp and hear her say "Isn't it beautiful?" She reproached me gently yesterday for cutting down her poke stock down by the garden fence. She said she liked to look at it when the berries were ripe, for it reminded her of the home of her happy childhood, when she and her little brothers used to pick the berries and make red paint from them and paint dogs and cats and monkeys on the smokehouse and dairy. Well, there is another one coming and I will let that grow for her sake. I want to see her painting dogs on our smokehouse. They remind me of the time when Polk ran against Clay for president and every farmer Democrat who came to town brought a poke stock with berries on it sticking up in his wagon or dangling between his horse's ears. It used to make the Henry Clay whigs mighty mad. I remember that Dr. Jim Alexander and Gib Wright got so mad they liked to have used bad words. They turned red in the face and then their hair turned red and Dr. Jim's is red yet. An old line whig never recovered from Clay's defeat and to this day they

slorate every poke berry bush on their plantations.

Tomorrow is my birthday and I know from the signs that my wife and the girls are fixing up a surprise for me—some little thing. I suspect it is a table for me to write upon, for the old one is rickety, but I'm attached to it. It is the second one that I have worn out with my ruminations of forty years. These birthdays keep on coming, especially in this leafy month of June—for my mother, my wife, myself, my daughter, my grandson and granddaughter were all born in June. Not long ago I gave a problem to the young people about my wife's age and scores of answers have come back from them—most of them from schoolgirls about twelve years of age. Their solutions are in algebra and are neatly and accurately done. When my wife was two weeks old I was six years. You see I took her so young so as to train her up to my notion, but you can't always tell. First thing I knew she was training me. I have long observed that girls are smarter in figures than boys of their age. I know that it always strained my mind to keep up with my girl classmates. After all of the modern methods and improved conditions I do not see any difference in the intelligence or quickness of school children now and those of sixty years ago. I believe that young people were happier intellectually then than now, for they had less trash to read and no harrowing things in newspapers. Then we read Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, Cowper, Scott, Byron, Goldsmith, Cooper, etc. Now it is some foolishness by some sensational writer whose works are read and then forgotten. I noted the other day a moralizing writer's recipe for keeping the spirits up without pouring the spirits down. He says: "Read a fine poem every day. Look every day upon a fine painting. Hear every day some fine music. Forget every day your enemies and remember every day your friends and the man or woman who follows this rule is bound to be a Christian." That's good—and Dr. Johnson said that "to look upon and love a fair and virtuous woman is a liberal education." That's better. BILL ARP.

Remarkable Letter Signed by 150 Men Who Accept Work in St. Louis.

St. Louis, June 20.—A meeting to consider the advisability of dismissing the posse comitatus was held to-day, Governor Stephens, members of the police board and Chief of Police Campbell being present. A letter signed by 150 men now in the employ of the Transit Company has been sent to the strikers whose places they now fill. The letter sets forth that the men lost their places by reason of strikes in other cities inaugurated by the labor leaders, Mahon, Harry Bryan, Sam Lee and others, and says in part:

"The organization of every union by them has been followed by strikes, lawlessness and disorder. New men were employed and a great number of union men who became strikers under their guidance had to seek other employment because the companies had filled their places with other men. We were of the union men in former strikes conducted by Mahon and Bryan and were left stranded. Hunger and want came to us. We waited long and patiently for work. This strike in St. Louis was planned and inaugurated by the same men.

"It was our first chance for work at our chosen pursuit and we accepted it. As union men in the former strikes, we gave the same treatment to those who came to supply our places which you have given us. Again and again limited numbers were invited back, again and again under the advice of our leaders we refused, until it was too late for us to be reinstated.

"The union man of the strike becomes the 'scab' of the next succeeding strike."

Democrats Are Determined Not to Be Outwitted.

RALEIGH, N. C., June 15.—Speaker Connor was interviewed today regarding the work done by the special legislative session, which ended last night. It met the objections of the franchise amendments to the constitution, so far as its standing or falling as a whole, very completely indeed. Many bills were introduced, but very few passed. Total of bills and resolutions ratified was only twenty-eight. The amendment and election law are well protected. The legislature meets again July 24th to keep an eye on the Republican judges of the supreme and superior courts up to the last moment before the August election on the question of the franchise amendment. Republicans say they intend to appeal the amendment matter to the United States district court; that the latter has original jurisdiction in such cases under the revised statutes.

Chairman Pruitt has called the Mississippi Populist State convention to meet in Jackson on August 15th to nominate a Populist electoral ticket. He announces a complete divorce from the Butler-Weaver-Allen fusion ticket.

Mrs. Gladstone, widow of Wm. E. Gladstone, the English statesman, died at London on the 14th. Mrs. Gladstone, who had been unconscious for about 72 hours, died without recovering consciousness.

TWO OPPOSING VIEWS OF MARRIAGE.

Ellen Thornycroft Fowler, who has written several novels of English manners, has just published through the Appletons a story called "The Farringdons." The author is clever at making epigrams, and her society people are much quicker at saying bright things than the society people one usually meets.

The present story concerns itself with the history and development of Elizabeth Farringdon, an attractive young woman, enthusiastic, artistic and egotistic. The narrative of Elizabeth's development, her flirtation and her love is relieved by the gossip of two women who lived in Elizabeth's native town, and who loved her family. Elizabeth sometimes went to take tea with Mrs. Bateson, the cherry wife of one of the foremen in the Farringdon iron works. Mrs. Bateson usually called in her neighbor, Mrs. Hankey. These two women were excellent foils to each other. Mrs. Bateson chery and optimistic, Mrs. Hankey sour and a decided pessimist. Their characters are clearly drawn, and are worth spending a little time with. Here is a bit from a tea party conversation, with Elizabeth and Christopher as audience:

"How is your sister herself?" inquired Mrs. Bateson. "I expect she's a bit upset now that the fuss is all over, and she hasn't a daughter left to bless herself with."

"Mrs. Hankey sighed cheerfully. 'Well, she did seem rather low-spirited when all the mess was cleared up, and Susan had gone off to her own home; but I say to her, 'Never mind, Sarah, and don't you worry yourself; now that the weddings are over the funerals will soon begin.' You see, you must cheer folks up a bit, Mrs. Bateson, when they're feelin' out of sorts."

"You must, indeed, agreed the lady of the house, feeling that her guest had hit upon a happy vein of consolation. 'It is dull without daughters when you've once got accustomed to 'em; daughters being a sight more comfortable and convenient than sons, to my mind.'"

"Well, you see, daughters you can teach to know themselves and sons you can't. Though ever daughters can never rest till they've got married, more's the pity. If they knowed as much about men as I do, they'd be thanking the Lord that he'd created them single instead of fidgeting to change the state to which they were born."

"Well, I holds with folks getting married," argued Mrs. Bateson; "it gives 'em something to think about between Sunday's sermons and Thursday's baking, and if folks have nothing to think about, they think about mischief."

"That's true, especially if they happen to be men. * * * They've no sense, men haven't; that's what is the matter with them."

"You never spoke a truer word. Mrs. Hankey, agreed her hostess; 'the very best of them don't properly know the difference between their souls and their stomachs; and they fancy that they are wrestling with them. Now, take Bateson himself, and a kinder husband never lived, yet so sure as he touches a bit of pork he begins to worry himself about the doctrine of election till there's no living with him.'"

"That's a man all over, to the very life," said Mrs. Hankey sympathetically; "and he never has the sense to see what's wrong with him, I'll be bound." "Not he—he wouldn't be a man if he had. And then he'll sit in the front parlor and engage in prayer for hours at a time, till I says to him, 'Bateson,' says I, 'I'd be ashamed to go troubling the Lord with a prayer when a pinch of carbonate of soda would set things straight again.'"

"And quite right, Mrs. Bateson; it's often a wonder to me that the Lord has patience with men, seeing that their own wives haven't."

Years later the two women were discussing Elizabeth's chances of marriage. Mrs. Bateson hoped she would marry Christopher, the nephew of the manager of the works, and the companion of Elizabeth's childhood.

"Maybe the manager's nephew ain't altogether the sort of husband you'd expect for Farringdon," said Mrs. Bateson, thoughtfully; "I don't deny that. But he's wonderfully fond of her. Mr. Christ Christopher is, and there's nothing like love for smoothing things over when the oven ain't properly heated, and the meat is done to a cinder on one side and all raw on the other. You find that out when you are married."

"I'd never have adopted a child myself," said Mrs. Bateson. "I should always have been expecting see its parents' faults coming out in it—so different from the peace you have with your own flesh and blood."

"Mrs. Hankey groaned. 'Your own flesh and blood may take after their father; you never can tell.'"

"So they may, Mrs. Hankey—so they may, but, as the scripture says, it is our duty to whip the old man out of them."

"It's dull work for the women who have nobody to order 'em about and find fault with 'em. Why, where's the good of taking the trouble to do a thing

well, if there's no man to blame you for it afterwards?" said Mrs. Bateson in defense of the married state.

Mrs. Hankey remarked with an ominous shake of the head: "Mr. Tremaine is one that has religious doubts." "Ah! that liver," said Mrs. Bateson, her voice softening with pity, that comes from eating French kickshaws, and having no mother to see that he takes a dose of soda and nitre now and then to keep his system cool. Poor young man!

"I hear the young man goes so far as to deny the existence of a God," continued Mrs. Hankey.

"All liver!" repeated Mrs. Bateson; "it often takes men like that; when they begin to doubt the inspiration of the scriptures you know they will be all the better for a dose of dandelion-tea; but when they go on to deny the existence of a God, there's nothing for it but chamomile. And I don't believe as the Lord takes their doubts any more seriously than their wives take 'em. He knows as well as we do that the poor things need pity more than blame, and dosing more than converting; for he gave 'em their livers, and we only have to bear with them and return thanks to Him for having made ours of a different pattern."

"And what do the women as have doubts need, I should like to know?"

"A husband and children is the best cure for them. Why, when a woman has a husband and children to look after, and washes at home, she has no time, bless you, to be teaching the Lord his business; she has enough to do minding her own."

CARELESSNESS WITH MONEY.

The Secretary of the Treasury has a very large directory of careless people of people who have money to burn or otherwise destroy, and who appeal to him for reimbursement. Uncle Sam is kind enough to restore lost money when he is satisfied that it is actually out of existence, and the Treasury Department has to look after this branch of his financial affairs. Hardly a day passes that the Secretary is not appealed to make good money destroyed, and he often receives remnants of bills, more or less recognizable, with queer tales of how the work of destruction was wrought.

One of the latest applications was from a Vermont farmer, who sent a mass of remnants of bills that approached the condition of pulp, and asked for \$280 in return, which, after some delay, he received. He said he had very carefully hidden the money under the rafters of his barn, and somehow it had gotten into the hay and bran fed to one of his cows. The cow was chewing the green feed when its nature was discovered.

Another farmer, from Kansas, has sent a lot of chopped bills that he says represent \$40. According to his story they were in the pocket of a vest that was hung on a feed cutter, and when it was being operated the corner of the vest that held the money got between its knives, and, with the money, was torn in shreds. The claim is now in process of adjustment.

A Boston man took from his pocket what he says he thought was a piece of paper, and burned half of it in lighting the gas. The gas light revealed the fact that he had used a \$20 bill for a lighter.

A Washington man, a couple of weeks ago, went in person to the Secretary to get \$35 for some badly mutilated bills that his playful pup had been exercising with for an hour.

A Wisconsin woman sent a lot of tinder that she says was once \$90. Several months ago she hid it in a stove pipe hole, into which a pipe from a laundry fire was recently placed. As the pipe rested on the bills tinder was the result.

Another woman, this time in Indianapolis, got \$10 in greenbacks mixed with greens she was preparing for dinner, and boiled them into an almost unrecognizable mass.

A loving Philadelphia papa has asked \$20 for a few strips of greenish paper and a score of pellets of the same material. He says they once constituted a \$20 bill, which his pet boy had torn to pieces, rolled into balls and blown through a glass tube at the cat, canary bird and nursemaid.

An Ohio man wants to sell the Treasury Department a mouse nest for \$100. He says he had that amount in bills in a bureau drawer, and that the mice appropriated it in bits to build a home in which to rear their family.

This list is continually growing, and the communications giving the remarkable details are so frequent as to cause no smile or comment in the department. Each one is simply a new one that follows along a line of red tape until it is adjusted.

Bryan's Nomination

CHICAGO, June 14.—The Democratic State Convention of California, Missouri, Georgia and Vermont today nominated Bryan as the President on the Democratic ticket. The instructions given to those five States carry Mr. Bryan, and it is believed, considerably two-thirds necessary to nominate

The Democratic National Convention which meets in Kansas City on the anniversary of American freedom, two weeks distant.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

The political situation today is remarkably similar to that in 1872, when Grant was renominated for the second time. In the last year of his first administration, a succession of scandals burst upon the country, just as the Cuban scandals have done now. Nobody will have forgotten the great Credit Mobilier fraud, and the subsequent "Whiskey Ring" disclosures, which were directly traceable to General Grant's palpable inexperience in civil administration just as those of today are traceable to McKinley's weakness and yielding to personal favorites. After Grant had been nominated, a large segment of the Republican party bolted outright, as the German and anti-imperialist Republicans are bolting today. True, the bolt did not avail to defeat Grant because the Democrats had the south counted against them by the carpet bag governments, and because they did not believe in their candidate. Many thousands of Democrats in doubtful States sullenly declined to support Greeley, and other thousands voted directly for the Republican candidate and elected him. Here lies the difference this year. The Democrats do believe in their candidate; they are united; they are aided by a large section of men who once belonged to the Republican party and who either bolted four years ago on account of silver or will bolt on account of imperialism, and the south is solidly for them instead of being solidly against them as it was in 1872. In other words, the causes which would have defeated Grant exist today, while those that saved him do not exist, making Bryan's election almost certain.

The Democratic Congressional Committee

has given out a statement showing to what extent the various trusts have increased the prices of their products. The list is too long to print, but the following articles, all of which are made by trusts, give some idea of the burden laid upon the consumer by these institutions, which have been so fostered by four years of Republican tariff and Republican refusal to prosecute even in cases of the plainest violation of statute law. All the increases below are from January 7, 1899 to December 30, 1899: Lard oil, from 41 to 50 cents; petroleum, \$7.50 to \$9.90; sugar 4.94 to 5.12; ipecac, \$2.50 to \$3.65; camphor, 38½ cents to 51½ cents; quinine, 21 cents to 30 cents; sal soda, 62½ cents to 70 cents; leather 20 cents to 25½ cents; calico, 2½ cents to 3½ cents; jute hemp, 2½ cents to 3½ cents; pig lead \$3.95 to \$4.65; tin-plate, \$8. to \$5.25; Portland cement, \$1.95 to \$2.25; nails, \$1.10 to \$2.50; wire nails, \$1.35 to \$3.20; anthracite coal, \$3.75 to \$4.20; glass, \$2.57 to \$2.89; rubber 94 cents to \$1.45. The only prices that fall were those of farm products. The Year Book of the Department of Agriculture for 1899, recently issued, shows that the farm products and farm animals in 1899, although vastly increased in quantity since 1890, had fallen off in value to the extent of \$795,969,961. This only counts as farm products corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, potatoes, hay and cotton. If the farm products of 1899 had brought the same prices as did the same products in 1890, they would have brought more than they did by the sum of \$2,609,437,684. The farmers raised 1,013,000,000 more bushels of produce in 1899 than they did in 1890, and yet this produce was worth \$205,000,000 less than was the smaller crop of 1890. This only calculates the cereals.

Fifty Scholarships Offered at Trinity College.

On recommendation of President Kilgo the board of trustees of Trinity College decided at its late meeting to offer 50 scholarships to that institution. These scholarships vary in value from \$50 to \$75. Forty are for entering the freshman class and five are for members of the sophomore class. The latter two must be candidates for the degree, and the scholarships will be available to them by which to take the junior year.

All scholarships must be won by test of satisfactory examination in course of study and proof of character. The college reserves the right to withdraw the benefits at any time the student shall forfeit character.

The Struggles of a Texas Editor.

Farmers' Courier.

I will be in the field as census enumerator during the month of June. Our editor is teaching the

CHINA BEGINS WAR.

OPENS FIRE ON THE FLEET—AN 8-HOURS BOMBARDMENT ENSUES.

Two of the Forts Blown up and 400 Chinese Killed—One British, 3 Germans, 16 Russians and 1 Frenchman Killed.

LONDON, June 19.—China declared war against the world when the Taku fortifications opened fire upon the international fleet. The accounts of what took place are still unsatisfactory, the best semi-official information being the dispatch received at Berlin from Che Fu. The unofficial narratives, coming by way of Shanghai, vary widely and bear internal evidence of supplementing the main facts with guess work. One dispatch says that Yorktown participated in the bombardment. Another asserts that American marines formed part of the storming force of 2,000. An Associated Press dispatch from Che Fu, dated yesterday afternoon, says:

"The Forts on both sides of the Taku are now occupied. The Chinese opened fire unexpectedly. The casualties to the mixed forces were as follows: Killed, British 1; German 3; Russian 16, and French 1. Wounded, British 1; German 7; Russian 45; French 1. The Chinese torpedo boats were seized."

"Four hundred Chinese are reported to have been killed. The Chinese, when retreating, fell into the hands of the Russian force."

The Daily Mail has the following from Che Fu: "Two of the forts were blown up. The 32 warships at Taku aggregated 200,000 tons and carried more than 300 guns."

The powers are taking prompt action. Four thousand troops have been ordered to China; 10,000 French troops are waiting to embark at Saigon, capital of French Cochinchina, and 3,000 to 5,000 more Russians have been ordered from Port Arthur to Taku.

The Brussels correspondent of the Standard in a dispatch dated yesterday, says: "Russia has massed 40,000 men, with seven batteries at Kiachta, with orders to proceed to Maimaitchin, a Chinese town contiguous to Kiachta, and thence to advance along the telegraph route to the Mongol town of Urga, 200 miles south of Kiachta, and 750 miles northwest of Peking."

The morning papers consider that a state of war practically exists and that the issue is between Western and Eastern civilization. The Times says that the latest news infinitely increases a situation already sufficiently serious.

The Imperial Palace Burned—The Empress Committed Suicide.

LONDON, June 21.—The latest story sent out by the Shanghai gossips is that Prince Tuan, president of the Tsung Li Yamen, has burned the imperial palace at Peking and murdered the Emperor, and that the Empress Dowager has committed suicide.

The effect of the bombardment of the Taku forts, as described by the Shanghai correspondents, was gory in the extreme, nothing less than "rivers of blood" and "mutilated corpses piled up inside the forts."

The area of Cuba is about 42,000 square miles, exclusive of the Isle of Pines, due south of Havana province.

Negro census enumerators in the South did not find their jobs either pleasant or easy.

The shaft to the memory of the lamented Vance will be unveiled Wednesday, August 22nd.

The Time Comes

to every elderly woman when an important functional change takes place. This is called "The Change of Life." The entire system undergoes a change. Dreadful diseases such as cancer and consumption are often contracted at this time.