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NO. 28.

ARM ON THE RAIRS.

This is the first bright genial sunny morning that we have had in three weeks—for twenty-one days it has rained every day save one. The crops are in a bad fix; the corn and cotton are hidden by grass and weeds, and labor is scarce, for the negroes are wanted in the mines. Most of the wheat has been cut, but how much of it will be saved cannot yet be told. Within my recollection of fifty years I do not recall so much rain in harvest time. According to scripture, it seems to be the same old story, for Solomon says, "As rain in harvest so is honor unseasonably in a fool." They had too much rain and too many fools then just as we do now. Maybe Providence sends the rain to try the farmers—to make them diligent and shift. I traveled on the East and West railroad last week for sixty miles and I noted some farms that were clean and nice—the corn and cotton cropped out and the wheat shocked in the field; one of these belonged to a widow, and she and her three girls and one boy were just finishing the cotton. Markham did not write anything about the woman with the hoe, nor the girls, but one of these girls was merry enough to wave her bonnet at somebody on the train besides me. Some farmers sit down and wait for tomorrow's sun to dry off the ground but tomorrow's sun does not shine, and so they wait till next day. Others slap in every chance and do something; I know one who began to cut his wheat Monday morning just as soon as Sunday was gone—for Sunday was the day it did not rain. He cut half that night and all day Monday and got through with his thirty acres, and he says he will make 700 bushels. Another diligent farmer made 400 bushels last year on twenty acres, and sowed it right away to cowpeas and sold his peavine hay for more per acre than he got for his wheat. That is business—and Solomon says, "See that a man diligent in his business; he shall stand before kings." I am no braggart, but let me say that if I had waited for the rain to quit I would be singing that old song, "A man of words but not of deeds is like a garden full of weeds." I worked between showers, and sometimes when Mrs. Arp called and called me to come in out of the rain I pretended I did not hear her, and struck a few more rows for Mr. Markham. I wish you could see my bean arbor—not butter beans, but the best and most prolific bean I have ever planted; I had them last year on my corn patch, but they do better on poles or over a cane arbor. Plant two rows of beans five feet apart, and when they are well up stick them with canes. Lap the small ends of the canes together on the ground and get your wife or daughters to tie them in three or four places—all of uniform length—then arch them over the beans, and nature will do the rest. I never saw half as many beans as hang from my vines. Of course, the rains have stimulated the growth of everything, and it's lucky that vegetables grow upward instead of outward. I planted my potatoes in a trench that was shoveled out and manured with ashes—wood and coal mixed—then covered with pine straw and some earth on that. They are the finest I ever grew, and come out of the straw almost clean enough to cook without washing. Pine straw is very valuable in a garden and is cheap, costing only 30 cents for a good load. It is a good mulch for strawberries, and I am experimenting with it under a few tomato plants; most of them I have trained up to stakes, but I saw a market garden near Memphis and all the tomato vines had tumbled over on wheat straw, and made more fruit, though not so large, and fine as when staked. A garden is a small experimental farm, and is of as much consequence and more pleasure, especially if you mix flowers with it. Don't throw away your coal ashes; mixed with wood ashes, they are a fine fertilizer. Mr. Berkman says that ashes produce fruit, while stable manure produces vine and foliage. Ashes will double the quantity of strawberries. Beets generally come up too thick. Thin them out and transplant; cut off part of the tops, and the transplants will make the best beets. Just so with celery. But I don't propose to teach old gardeners, for some of them can teach me—my neighbor, Mrs. Fields, is the best gardener I know of, and I am satisfied if I can keep up with her. I have some of my wonderful beans planted to poles. The poles are from eight to ten feet high, and it interests me to see the bean vines reached up to find something higher to cling to. The tendrils are now two or three feet higher than the poles, and still reaching up and feeling around in the air. I am going to give them some fishing poles fifteen feet long today—wish I had some twenty feet long. They remind me of Jack and his bean vine—my children and grandchildren never tire of that good old story. How a poor widow had a little boy named Jack who was good to his mother, and one day Jack saw an old giant coming. His head was as big as a small barrel, his eyes as big as saucers, his nose as big as my arm, his mouth like the end of a big stove pipe and his teeth like iron spoons. He came up the road snorting like a horse, and was singing, "I smell the blood of an Englishman; Alive or dead I must have some."

and dropped Jack down in the cellar and put the plank back, and moved her chair and table on it, and sat down and went to knitting. Here came the old giant, puffing and blowing like a steamboat. He did not eat anything but little boys, and he peeped in at the door and said, "I'm hungry, and I'm hunting for a boy." Jack's mother told him she did not have any boy for him, and to go off, or she would set her big dog on him. Then he walked all round the house and looked down the chimney, for he was as high as a tree, but he could not find Jack. When he went away and was out of sight, Jack's mother took up the plank, and reaching her hand down, she pulled Jack out of the cellar. Soon after this a poor old woman came along and begged for something to eat, and Jack and his mother fixed her up a good dinner and some coffee, and the poor woman was so thankful that she gave Jack a bean and told him to plant it and it would grow as high as the sky and have bushels and bushels of beans, and the vine would grow as high as a tree in one night. So Jack planted it right away, and next morning he went out to see it, and the top of it was away up yonder and he could see it growing higher and higher. So he thought it would be fun to climb it, and the stems of the leaves were strong enough to hold him up like a ladder, and he kept on climbing and the bean vine kept on growing so fast that Jack could not catch up with it, and by and he got so high he could see the ground and before long he got up to the clouds and stepped off on the blue floor of the sky, and looking around at the beautiful country he saw a great fine house that was built of stone. So he walked over to it and did not see anybody—not a soul—not a dog nor a cat nor horse nor cow, but he heard a great snoring inside and saw bones all around the yard. Then he peeped in and saw that same old giant asleep on the floor of the wide hall. His tongue was hanging out of his mouth and his face was greasy and bloody, for he had been eating somebody and laid down to sleep, and his snoring shook the house. Jack was awfully scared, and started to run, but he saw an ax near the door, and he wondered if he could kill that old giant while he was asleep. So he slipped in on tiptoe and raising up the ax as high as he could, he brought it down on the old giant's neck, and with one blow cut his head off. The blood spouted all over the room and Jack ran away as hard as he could. By and by he slipped back to see, and sure enough the old giant was dead and had stopped kicking and the blood had stopped running. Jack caught his big head by its long hair and dragged it away off to the bean vine and took it down to his mother, and the folks came to see it from all over the country, and were so proud of little Jack that they gave him clothes and pocket knives and marbles and balls, and ever afterwards called him Jack the Giant Killer. And there has never been another giant in the world since, for he was the last one. Many a time have I got the children to sleep on that story, for of course I vary it and embellish it and tell many things to point a moral and adorn the tale. I have not forgotten how eagerly I listened to the little stories my mother used to tell me when I went to bed, nor how I devoured the Arabian Nights when I grew older. Stories that reward the good and bring grief to the bad children are great helps to raising them; they are kindergartens to the ear and a comfort to their little minds. I had rather please them with a little story like this than to fret myself abusing Mark Hanna and his crowd, for little children are nearer heaven than Mark is, according to my opinion.

AYCOCK AT CONCORD.

A Few Extracts from His Great Vote Winning Speech.

Concord Times.

Last week we did not have time to report Mr. Aycock's speech here, owing to the fact that we went to press only a few minutes after he delivered it. We simply in the following present a few of Mr. Aycock's arguments, and do not attempt to report his speech in full. It was a great speech, one of the greatest ever heard on the North Carolina hustings. Only one man, Zebulon B. Vance, has ever equaled him.

Mr. Aycock began by saying that he came not to talk in passion nor in bitterness, nor to stir up strife. He would say nothing to unnecessarily offend any one, and he would tell only the truth.

If the Republicans want us to quit crying negro, let them help us to settle the question. Let them vote for the constitutional amendment and the question will be settled.

I hear it said that there are white men and Democrats who are opposed to the amendment. I want this to be so. It shows that Democrats think for themselves, and that they do not march blindly under orders from headquarters. This is the strength of the Democratic party. The amendment needs no defence, it needs only explanation. White men will vote for it when it is once explained to them. North Carolina people are not to be hurried. They are conservative and want to see that they are right before they go ahead.

When the Republican party came into power in our State, in the hour of our poverty, they first thing they did was to disfranchise twenty or thirty thousand white men. The Democratic party never did disfranchise a white man and never will. The Republicans enfranchised the negro and they took complete charge of affairs in our State. They had all power in their hands. They ran up the State debt from \$6,000,000 to \$42,000,000. There was no safety anywhere until the Democratic party again came into power. Then peace was everywhere. Why? Because when the Democratic party is in power the white manhood of the State is behind it.

The fusionists had every department. What was the result? Why, the government was so powerless that the people of Wilmington and other places took things into their own hands—they were compelled to do so to protect their homes and families. We do not want any more force—we've had enough of that. We want the ballot—that will safeguard our women and children. Two years ago one-third of the delegates at the Republican State convention were negroes. This year there were only 24. Why? The Republican leaders are keeping the negro in the background this year. Don't let them deceive you—the negro is sure to be on hand election day.

No government is wiser or better than the average of the virtue and intelligence of the party that governs.

What is the amendment? The Democratic party cannot disfranchise white men because it is composed of white men. The educational qualification does not apply to any one who could vote on January 1, 1867, or at any time prior thereto, or any one descended from any such person. That takes in all the white men and leaves out 75,000 negroes. A white man is more capable of governing than a negro, and that is just what the amendment says. White men can vote by inheritance. If the negro votes he must do so by education.

The Constitution says that no man over 50 years of age shall pay poll tax. Thus all Confederate soldiers can vote under the amendment. This knocks Senator Pritchard's argument into a cocked hat.

Children under 18 must learn to read and write. I stand here to say and declare under my administration every boy shall have a chance to learn to read and write. I stand for opening the word of God in every home.

Here is the picture of what will be in 1902, after the amendment has become a law: The registrar will be at his books and a white man will come up to register. The following questions will be asked and answered: "Are you 21 years old?" "Yes." "Have you been in the State two years?" "Yes." "Have you been in the county six months?" "Yes." "Have you been in the precinct four months?" "Yes." "Can you read and write a section of the State Constitution?" "Yes." "Well, then, you have all the qualifications and can vote."

A negro comes up. "Are you 21 years old?" "Yes." "Have you been in the State two years, in the county six months and in the precinct four months?" "I have." "Can you read and write a section of the State Constitution?" "I cannot." "Could your father vote?"

AYCOCK AT CONCORD.

before 1867?" "He could." "That qualifies you and you can vote."

Another negro offers himself for registration: "Are you 21 years old?" "I am." "Have you been in the State two years, in the county six months and in the precinct four months?" "I have." "Can you read and write a section of the State Constitution?" "I cannot." "Well, did your father or your grandfather vote before 1867?" "Yes, sir, my grandfather was a free negro and voted before 1835." "Then you can vote."

John, the third negro, goes up to the registrar and says: "Look here, boss, I thought you wasn't gwine to let no more niggers vote. I done seed two vote already. I lacks to vote myself and I believe I will register." "Are you 21 years old, John?" "Yes, sir, and as for bein' here, I's never been anywhere else. Was born here and stayed here ever since." "Can you read and write a section of the State Constitution, John?" "No, sir, I can't do dat." "Well, did your father vote before 1867, John?" "No, sir, he did not." "Well, did your grandfather vote, John?" "No, sir, he did not, boss." "Well, did any of your ancestors vote?" "No, sir, not as I knows of, did dey, sir." "Well, John, you cannot vote, and there are 75,000 just like you in the State?" "That is the amendment in the nut shell."

STRONG SPEECH TO WHITE MEN.

The Democratic Nominee for Congress in the Second District Tells of the Intolerable Conditions in His Section and How and Why They Must Be Removed.

Charlotte Observer, 28th.

The Democratic speaking at the courthouse last night was attended by a very enthusiastic lot of Democrats.

Claude Kitchen, Esq., was introduced by Chairman J. D. McCall as the man who sought the seat now occupied by the negro Congressman Geo. H. White, of the second district.

Mr. Kitchen was greeted with cheers. He stated, in the outset, that George H. White occupied the seat from the second district, but that he would have it after the November election.

The question at issue is whether the white people shall control this State. No Republican is asked to change his opinion. He can still cling to all the tenets of his faith, the principles of his party, but it is asked that the Republicans vote in accordance with their color and breeding—as white men.

"The east knows what negroism means; you people do not," said the speaker. He described the departure from the Democratic ranks in Halifax county in 1892, 1894 and 1896—and then came negroism. What happened in Halifax county obtained in the other eastern counties. Mr. McKinley appointed 12 negro postmasters in his county, but Satan took two of these, said Mr. Kitchen. These appointments had been made in spite of the protests of the white people. Similar appointments in other counties were instanced. He spoke of the 29 negro magistrates in his county, and of how the white tax-payer was at the mercy of the negro. This was "taxation without representation," and he and his people knew that this was opposed to every principle of American liberty or government. But, with folded arms they waited for the time when the question could be settled in peace. He referred to the election of two negroes to the Legislature, and how crime began and increased 25 per cent.

The jeers, the taunts and the insults of the negroes, protected by negro policemen, in Wilmington, were degrading and intolerable. In Halifax a like attitude was manifested on the part of the negroes.

Mr. Kitchen gave the particulars of the disgraceful trial in Halifax county, in which a white man, upon no evidence, was humiliated by a charge of criminally assaulting a negro girl—a case which was summarily dismissed.

The speaker described how an appeal was made to the white vote of Halifax county to stand together and how this appeal had been successful, save for 61 votes. Let the white Republicans remember always that when they vote against the amendment that they vote as the negro rapists would vote—a character of men he described by illustrations, which showed the horrible work of the black fiends.

When the negro as a political factor is eliminated one never hears of an assault upon a white woman by a negro man. In South Carolina, for instance, there has not been such a case for five years.

As to the statement made by Linney and other Republicans that the negro vote should make the east Democratic the speaker asked that the condition of the east be remembered—when it was remembered that the white men of the east had determined to stand together and rule at no matter what cost. The white people of North Carolina are going to stand by Senator Vance's declaration that "the negro shall not dominate my State," said Mr. Kitchen. The negro must go from politics. Henry W. Grady's assertion as opposed to negro rule was put side by side with Vance's contention—these being worth the support and sanction of all white men.

"Go back in all history and you will find that the white man has gone down before no race. No harm is meant to the negro. He is not blamed half so much as the white man who makes him a political associate. The Democrats are stronger and the negro is weaker; he shall have his rights in all places. But a right to rule my county and State is not one of his rights, and God helping me, he shall never have it," said the speaker. (Cheers.) "We mean no harm, but we expect to put the negro in a position where he and his white man can do us no harm. There are two ways to settle this great question; one in peace and according to the constitution and the other—God forbid! The white people of this State are not only opposed to the 40,000 white people putting negroes into office, but we are also opposed to the 120,000 negroes putting bad white men into office. We are aiming at the bad white men who turn their backs on their race. But for the negro votes that we are going to strike out of our roll, we would have put in a better man." (Ayer or none of them will do.)

HELL IS BURNT OUT.

Baltimore Sun, 27th.

"Hell is Burnt Out," was the remarkable title of a sermon preached yesterday morning by Rev. Anthony Bilkovsky, pastor of the Universalist Church, Guilford avenue and Lanvale street. The sermon was a strong presentation of the Universalist argument against a material hell. He said in part: "The purpose of Christianity: Jesus divided all mankind into all classes—those that are saved or are being saved and the lost. With the former class we have nothing to do this morning. We will deal with the 'lost.' It was with this class in its representations of publicans and sinners that Jesus all but exclusively concerned Himself. They were the lost sheep to which He was sent. He came to seek them, for they were lost, that is, had gone astray from the paths of life, from truth, righteousness and love. How long would He continue His seeking? Till He found them and there would be one fold and one Shepherd. These facts are the plainest in Scripture, yet Christianity has been perverted into a scheme for soothing the vanity, pampering the ease and the coddling of the saved, while a hell, large, open, pitiless, was devised to hold the lost. Yet to save this latter class is the whole purpose of God in Christianity."

After quoting the recent article by Rev. G. W. Shinn, in the North American Review, entitled "What Has Become of Hell?" which was reprinted in The Sun, Rev. Mr. Bilkovsky said: "The mostrosty of inflicting unending torture as a penalty for a finite sin would be infamy in a devil. Who will dare to impute such conduct to God? The Universalist Church has done its utmost to remove this blot from the face of God. The personal devil is dead and the material fire of a material hell is burnt out.

"If, then, there is no material and endless hell, shall vice and villainy run riot? Far, far from that; the law of consequences—that each act, deed, character, brings forth fruit after his kind—abides. It is the unshakable spiritual reality. It will ever abide.

"As a man sows thus shall he reap. But best of all in his birthright is his power to begin at any place in his career to sow good seed."

no Confederate soldier has been allowed to vote, or was allowed to vote up to 1893—if since.

With derision the speaker referred to the Republicans' scare-cry of the injudicious amendment would do to the poor white man. The Washington Post and The Asheville Register, national and State Republican papers, both declared, in effect, that the negro was better than the poor white man. In numbers of eastern counties the Republicans, to show their love for the "poor white men," kicked them out of offices, which were refilled by negroes. At Wilmington 14 white policemen were discharged for 14 negro policemen. Wilmington brought to mind the remembrance of the negro editor Manley's insult and he described the scene that ensued—how the white men—but no white Republicans—had found revenge for the malice of the publication.

The Republican party was characterized as the Fred Douglas party—the party whose legislature adjourned in memory of that negro, who advocated marriages between the whites and blacks, and refused to adjourn in honor of Robert E. Lee. It was this party that turned down a Confederate soldier and appointed Abe Middleton, a kinky-headed negro as door keeper in the Legislature. In this connection Mr. Kitchen paid a beautiful tribute to the character of the Confederate soldier—who does not, and never did have, a friend in the Republican party.

Coming to a consideration of the amendment, he stated that he felt it unnecessary to discuss the measure, as he knew the position of his audience. As to the poll tax clause in the amendment he said that it would disqualify no old soldier, no infirm or crippled people; it would disfranchise only those big, hulking men who sought to evade the payment of the tax.

In conclusion Mr. Kitchen said that God had given the white man for his protection, as a last resort, his manhood. He could only hope, however, that the coming political struggle might be settled in mercy and peace and not by power and might.

This was the first speech ever made by Mr. Kitchen in this county. He made a remarkably favorable impression and was frequently interrupted by prolonged applause. His reasoning was clear and logical and his speech was unusually strong and impressive.

Three Men Suffer Fearful Injuries by an Explosion in Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., June 25.—By the bursting of a cylinder head of an ammonia pump this morning three white workmen are lying at St. Peter's Hospital in a very serious condition.

The pump was sent here from Salisbury to the Mecklenburg Iron Works for repairs, and it seems that some ammonia got into the cylinder through a leak in the casing. When the cylinder was heated gas generated, resulting in a terrific explosion. It was heard all over the western portion of the city. Fragments of iron varying from the smallest size to pieces of 30 pounds in weight, flew with terrible force in every direction.

Strange to say all the injured received their fearful wounds in the legs. Mortimer Ball, a young boy had his right leg badly shattered and is not expected to live. W. W. Levers, black-smith, had his left leg broken and right leg cut.

Arthur Brazier's right leg was broken and there was a compound fracture of his head. His wrists were injured also. Crawford, colored was burned about the head and arms. Had the cylinder not been lying on the ground several workmen would have been killed outright. There were twenty men in the shop at the time of the accident.

Mrs. Rosa Baumgarten-Ducker, who married in Charlotte on a few days ago, died Monday afternoon. She was taken violently ill the evening of her marriage, June 11th, from which she never rallied.

Admiral Dewey says emphatically that he would not accept the Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination.

Bill Arp.

Jack ran in the house to his mother and she pulled up a plank in the floor

What is this?

A. N. C.
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