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## BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Thought moves swiftly these days. How eager we are for news. Two papers a day and the people gather at the postoffice waiting for them. And when it comes it's all about war afar off and crime at home. Murder, suicides, divorces, outrages by negroes, lynchings and the Atlanta muddle and Kentucky murder thrown in as a side show. Some of the preachers are taking a hand in the general melee and are raising a racket in the name of the Lord. How different is all this from the good old times when we got the mail only twice a week and were content to worship God on Sunday and work on week days and had time to think and ponder and talk to our neighbors. When two doctors were enough for the community and they had but a little shop full of medicine and there were no drugstores and no patent medicines, and Jim Alexander and his brother, Tom, and Gib Wright and Adam Jones and his brother, Frank, and I, and some other boys, who are now dead, never were sick or took any medicine except salts or castor oil for green apple colic. What a glorious fellow was Bryant Strickland, whose hearty laugh could be heard across the town. He died not long ago and left his hearty laugh with his boys. And good old George Lester, who ran against Dr. Felton for congress. There never was a better boy, nor a better man, nor a better friend. I loved him and still remember how he and I searched over the potato patch to find some remains of the stars that fell in 1833. What a change has come over the world, some things for the better, some for the worse, and we must take life and progress as we find it. Pope said: "Whatever is, is right," but old men and old women can't help looking backward and regretting that some things have passed away. Of course, we rejoice in the many comforts that invention has brought to us, but take it all in all, the average of human happiness remains about the same as it was about sixty years ago. We had more content then, more love and fewer divorces and grass widows. Children were more obedient to their parents and there were no cigars or cigarettes or Bull Durham tobacco or Coca Cola or cocaine or hip pocket pistols. Every town had one or two saloons where a fiddle was played for the old sets, but young men did not go there. There was not a young man in our town who ever took a drink of whisky, but nowadays young men consider it manly to smoke and drink, and even some of the young women get drunk on the sly and vainly imagine that nobody knows it. Our negro slaves were contented and happy and not an outrage was committed from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. But now there are 24,000 of them in the chaingangs of the Southern States and 4,100 of them are in Georgia. Who is responsible for all this, and the lynchings that still go on? Mistaken philanthropy and un-mistaken malignity. If the South had been let alone we would have had gradual emancipation half a century ago when Henry Clay was its advocate and Henry Clay whigs were a power in the Southern States. Now we are taking the back track and are undoing what our enemies have done, and I hope Georgia will follow North Carolina's lead and that Mr. Hardwick will try his bill again at the next legislature. I would amend it a little, but in the main it is right. I would encourage the negroes to a better citizenship, both morally and intellectually. The county commissioners or the grand jury should be authorized to examine and make a selection of certain moral, industrious negroes and give them the right of suffrage. There are some in every community that I would trust. There are a dozen or more in Cartersville, and every community has a few. This would create a caste or a social condition in the race that would have a good influence. I would trust such men as Professor Council with any political privilege, and there are others.

Frank Carpenter is a great traveler. It is interesting to read from his pen the true condition of the negro captives are bought and sold, and he was offered four likely ones for \$50 by a woman who claimed to be a Mohammedan Christian. The boys average \$10 and a good looking girl brings from \$15 to \$20. This traffic has been going on for a hundred years, but for the last half century has been dull. New England slave ships had to quit the business about that time for the Brazil market was overstocked and English vessels were watching too closely. According to history the last cargo was captured on the coast of Madagascar in 1848. It was a yankee craft and was fitted out in Boston. That is why Chief Justice Story charged the grand jury that "Boston merchants were steeped to their eyebrows in this infamous business."

But this is all barred now by the statute of limitations. Prof. Council believes it was ordained of God for the good of the negro, even though it was baptized in blood and inhumanity. "Offenses must needs come, but we unto them by whom they come."

But in some respects the South is making good progress. Our manufacturers are increasing in every State, our agriculture is improving and our fruit growing is advancing all along the line. The diffusion of knowledge is spreading from the towns to the country hamlets and everybody takes and reads newspapers. Now if we can stop these negro tramps who waylay the highways and byways we will have a good quiet, peaceable country and can sit under our own vines and shade trees and worship God according to our own conscience. Mean niggers are our greatest curse and there are thousands of them, for, as my nigger, Bob, said when he had served his term in the chaingang, "dar is some as mean niggers in de chaingang as dar is outer dar." That is about the truth of it. If every nigger was put in who has been guilty of stealing there wouldn't be enough left to get up a baptizing or an excursion.

P. S. Let me correct the printer of a former letter. I did not write that General Jackson was a vice-president nor that Grant ran with Colfax for his second term. He ran with Wilson.

B. A.

## An Axe to Grind.

Trojan in Charlotte Observer.

When Benjamin Franklin was a little boy by the name of Bennie Franklin he was accosted one cold winter morning by a man with an axe on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said Bennie. "You are a fine little fellow," said he, "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," he answered, it is down in the shop."

Putting the boy on the shoulder the man said: "And will you, my man, get me a little hot water?" He brought a kettle full. "I am sure," continued he, "You are one of the finest lads I have ever seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?" Pleased with the flattery the boy went to work and toiled and tugged until he was almost tired to death. The school bell rang but he could not get away; his hands were blistered and the axe not half ground.

At length, however, it was sharpened and the man turned to the boy saying: "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; be off to school, or you'll rue it."

"Alas! it is hard enough to turn a grindstone, but now to be called a little rascal is too much." And when Bennie became the wise Benjamin he observed as follows: "It sank deep into my mind and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers, methinks 'that man has an axe to grind.'"

"When I see a man who is in private life a tyrant, flattering the people, and making great attachment to liberty, methinks, 'Look out, good people, that fellow would set you turning grindstones.'"

But after all it is but one of Trojan's notions that few are the men without an axe to grind. And when I see a preacher who rubs his people down all the time; who never sees any faults in them especially the man with the money, methinks that preacher has an axe to grind. And so in every department of life, and not forgetting the politicians, it is not hard to spot the fellow who has an axe to grind.

The national Secretary of Agriculture, Hon. James Wilson, predicts that we will have dollar wheat before the end of the year. This will be a great thing for the Western farmer, who has wheat to sell, and will not be against the interest of the North Carolina farmer, who made a fine crop this year and therefore will not have buy flour.

## A GEORGIA BOY WRITES FROM THE PHILIPPINES OF THE HARD CONDITIONS THERE.

Atlanta Journal.

The following letter from a Georgia boy, who has been in our army in the Philippines for a year past, was received recently by a relative in Atlanta:

"The heat has been fearful here for the past two months. We have had no rain, with the exception of two light showers, since last January, hence you can imagine what a delightful climate this is. By the time this letter reaches you the season will have changed and we will be having rain, rain, nothing but rain, until long after Christmas. The heat is bad, but Oh, my! how I do hate to see the rainy season drawing near, for it is almost unbearable for one to stay in doors from day to day without anything to amuse oneself. The quarters we have now are far from being as comfortable as those we were in last rainy season. Then we were dwelling in a palace, but now we are shut up in old bamboo barracks, which I fear the first big rain and wind storm that comes along will carry out into the bay, but I would not care, if it would only float over the deep blue sea to far-away America. I look for a great deal of trouble here this rainy season with the 'niggers.' They are already becoming quite active in the interior. You see, so long as it is dry they hide away in the mountains, where it is impossible for us to get at them, and when the rain comes and the mud and water are so bad that our troops can do but little toward hunting and following them, they come out to give us battle, and after a few rounds run away so fast that it is impossible for our men to overtake them, and thus it is and thus it will ever be."

"The long-talked of and looked for civil commission arrived in the bay last Sunday morning on the transport Hancock, but I do not look for them to accomplish much. They say that they come as men of peace, and therefore they will only deal with the people in those regions where peace has been restored. The question arises, 'Where will they begin work?' Where is the region on these islands where peace reigns? Why! an American is not even safe right here in Manila without his side arms. We have been anticipating an outbreak even in this city every night for more than a month, hence you can judge for yourself the condition of affairs here. You people at home little know what is going on in these islands—of the men that each day and night, out in the malarial swamps and jungles, feel the sting of a Mosser or the keen cut of a Bolo—and all for what? Why, the whole group of islands are not worth one-half the American lives which have been sacrificed and of those we are losing every day. Not a day passes but what you can pick up a daily paper and read where some man or men have been killed or wounded, and lots of them are killed of which we never hear. There was a time when I was proud to say, 'I am an American.' But that day has passed. I have seen too much in the past 18 months. There is one thing sure. These people are fighting for their independence and they will continue to fight as long as they live, and when the old ones die or are killed the young ones will step into their places. There is not a native on these islands, man, woman or child, who does not hate the American people, and their hatred will never die out, but live on forever."

## Senator Butler Tired.

Special to Charlotte Observer.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—If there is a more tired statesman in the United States than Senator Butler he has not reached Washington. The latter arrived here this morning and registered at the Ebbitt House. He had hardly put his name to paper before reporters were after him. He was not "in" fifteen minutes after he arrived. At 5 o'clock he sent down word that he was "tired" and when a number of reporters called at 7:30 he was still "tired," according to the reports that the bell boy of the Ebbitt brought down. Between the time he landed here and 7:30 no one could say at the hotel where he went. He could not be seen. He did not go to Democratic headquarters, for Chairman Richardson said he had not seen him. Of course he may have gone to Republican headquarters, but no one who supposes that Senator Butler is supporting Bryan would have inquired there. His mission here is unknown. Whether he is going to Chicago or not is unknown. No one about his hotel knows anything about him except that he is "tired" and what makes him "tired" is as much a mystery to the people about the hotel as it is to the newspaper people, The Washington Post, the Associated press and your correspondent, as it is to anybody else. He is not sick, that is certain.

Butler reached here about 11 o'clock and registered in a free, bold hand. He went out immediately, and he could not be found at the hotel. At 3 o'clock he was "asleep or tired," as the bell boy brought down the message after a faint knock at the door without arousing any response. Why Senator Butler was tired is a matter for speculation. He is healthy, robust and is not as far as known here, given to afternoon naps. Still he was tired in the morning and was still "tired" at 7:30 o'clock.

A fool at 20 may be wise at 40.

## SELF-DECEPTION.

Baltimore Sun.

The advice of Polonius, "To thine own self be true," may be interpreted in various ways, but it ought always to include a warning against self-deception. Those who do wrong begin usually by deceiving themselves. They may not work themselves into the belief that wrong is right, but they find excuses for the wrong. When their conscience warns them they plead that they are only following a custom; that other people have committed the same offence and yet have maintained their respectability; or they declare that necessity has driven them to some sharp practice which is not illegal and therefore not dishonest, or they indulge in other sophistries to excuse themselves, not to the world but to themselves. The normally honest and upright man cannot begin a course of wrong-doing without first deceiving himself. His conscience will not permit him to do anything that is not honorable and upright until he has stilled it in some way, and he begins by confusing the moral relations in his own mind.

The embezzler is usually a man of good reputation and presumably one of moral training. If he were not he would not occupy a position giving him the opportunities to embezzle. He does not begin by stealing outright; that would shock his conscience. But he deceives himself into the belief that there is no great wrong in using money entrusted to him for his own benefit temporarily, fully intending to return it all at the proper time, so that no one shall be the loser, though he may be the gainer. He argues to himself that there can be no great wrong in this, since his employer is not to suffer, and also because he knows that such misuse of trust funds has laid the foundation for the fortunes of much-respected men. Not until he has stilled his conscience by this false argument is he prepared to violate a trust, but having taken the plunge he becomes less and less scrupulous.

Once in a great while such an embezzler escapes detection, restores the money he wrongfully used and provides himself with capital for other ventures out of the profits of his use. More often he loses the money of others with which he has speculated, is driven by what he calls necessity to embezzle more, and when helplessly entangled is exposed, disgraced and perhaps punished. The downward career is very rapid after the first false step. Conscience grows callous when its warnings are unheeded. A crime which would appear revolting to an honest man becomes merely a daring venture to one who has already sacrificed his honor and is only striving to save a reputation that will be lost by exposure. Men marvel when they hear that "a good man has gone wrong," because they know nothing of the stages of his descent from a high place. They see only a man who one day is respected, the next denounced as a thief. If they could penetrate the mystery of his fall they would probably find that for months, of years, perhaps, he had sustained a false reputation, that his fall was not sudden, but gradual, and that he began by deceiving himself.

It is quite probable that no man succeeds altogether in self-deception. He knows, though others may not, that he is not honorable or honest, but he succeeds in stilling his conscience, and when he has done that he is ready for any kind of roguery. The aim of the young man who wants to live honorably should be to keep his conscience alive and extremely sensitive. He should avoid every form of self-deception and ask himself from time to time whether he has been true to his own sense of honor, if he has not he should resolutely retrace his steps, not continue in them with the blindness of a fatalist. "To thine own self be true" should be the guiding principle of every honorable youth.

## Shirt Waists in Ballroom.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. 15.—The shirt waist man has been officially and socially welcomed to Charleston, the most conservative city, perhaps, in the country.

At a fashionable seaside hotel a german was given last night complimentary to visitors from Macon, Ga., and it was announced that the affair would be very "swell" in its way. There was a large attendance, and the dancing hall was beautifully decorated and lighted. The hotel is on the front beach of Sullivan's Island, and usually there is a stiff sea breeze, which makes the place delightfully cool. The breeze last night was dead, and it was oppressively warm. There was talk at the german about the shirtwaist man, and it was decided to put the new scheme into effect. Accordingly the young men departed and returned in negliges, looking cool and comfortable, even if they did appear in costume weird for a ballroom. One visitor wore duck trousers, white shoes, a white stiff shirt and high standing collar and was not adorned with a cravat. He was at home with the others, however, and with their coats discarded the young men danced away the better part of the night. Now there is a move on foot here to make the shirtwaist man a regular institution.

One hour in the future is worth a dozen in the past.

## SAM JONES IN PHILADELPHIA.

New York, August 13.—A special

To The World from Philadelphia says: Sam Jones, the evangelist, concluded his series of meetings at National Park Saturday. The Park Association pays him \$800 for the work. He says that he makes \$30,000 a year and doesn't save a cent.

Here are some of his quaint sayings culled from sermons which he has delivered at the park:

Infidelity breaks down because it has never tested the thing it denies. Infidelity is just a great, big old mouth 'goin' around talkin'; if I wanted to kill an infidel I'd just smash his mouth.

I can understand Ingersoll because he got \$1,000 a night; but I never could understand the poor little fool that ran after him for nothin' and boarded himself.

An infidel came to me once and said, "You've got somethin' I haven't, and I want it." "All right," I said, "you just keep your mouth shut, and I guess I can pull you through. You've pretty near talked yourself into hell as it stands now."

So he said he would, and I went at him, and every time he wanted to speak I told him to keep his mouth shut. And by keeping his mouth shut he began to think, and as he began to think he was a Christian.

A man isn't a sinner because he's an infidel; he's an infidel because he's a sinner.

If you'll get the devil out of you, neighbor, you won't be long gettin' Christ in; but you'll have a government job gettin' both in together.

God don't care about your head. He wants your heart.

Faith is like hunger—you don't get it up; it gets itself up.

If you will God will, and if you won't the devil will.

I despise one of those little "I-didn't-go-to-do-it's." I prefer the man who did it even when he didn't want to do it.

Old adages are lies. They say all comes to him who waits. Well, I only know of one thing that comes to the waiter, and that's gray hairs. When you wanted to get married did you wait for the woman to come along and ask you? Maybe you wish now you had. Like the man who said he loved his wife at first, so he wanted to eat her up; but now he'd lost his appetite.

If a man'll do what Christ tells him to do and doesn't get what Christ said he'd get, then he's got the drop on the universe.

Jesus Christ has put the platform of his promise over the pool of life. The infidel looks over the platform and says there ain't no water there. But the old sinner believes, and walks on the platform, and his weight forces the water up to him.

You've been sittin' on the station steps with a ticket for heaven ever since you were born, with God Almighty's grand excursion train goin' by every day, and God sayin' "All aboard!" You heard him, but you just set still.

If some of you fellows didn't tend to your farms any better'n you tend to your souls the weeds would get your crops, the buzzards would get your mules and the sheriff would get you."

Some men would like to come here and get the grace of God and then go to Washington Park and get drunk.

Other men don't want to be told to keep decent. I told a man that once, and he wanted to lick me. "Well," I said, "I'm opposed to fightin', but if you start in to lick me I'll fix it so I'll keep the flies off of you. And then, if you do lick me, what do you think your wife'll say when you tell her you did it because I wanted you to keep decent and be good to your family?"

The best religion in the world is the kind you do, not the kind you talk or sing about.

There were two nigger parsons, and one said he just laid down on God's promises, but the other said he did the best he could, first. Just then a mad bull came along and they both took to the woods. When they were safe Parson Green said: "Why, Parson Johnson, why didn't you trust to the Lord's promises?" "Because," said Parson Johnson, "I don't believe those promises includes mad bulls."

## Reflections of a Bachelor.

New York Press.

It takes genius to be an old maid. If women were really angels no man would ever want to go to heaven.

Love is probably called "the tender passion" because it takes legal tender. If many poets could afford to fall in love there would not be so much fool poetry written about it.

To love a good woman is enough recompense for all the ills that have been; to be loved by her is enough reward for all the ills that will be.

## THE SITUATION IN CHINA.

Baltimore Sun, 13th.

Hope of peace in China is dawning at last. Minister Wu Ting-fang presented to the State Department in Washington yesterday an edict from Emperor Kuang Hsu appointing Li Hung Chang Envoy Plenipotentiary to propose "an immediate cessation of hostile demonstrations." There had been reports of this from Shanghai, but Minister Wu's presentation of the edict puts it in official form.

The edict says that Li is authorized to conduct negotiations in behalf of the Emperor for the settlement of whatever questions may have to be dealt with. The result of the negotiations is to be reported to the Emperor for his sanction. It is believed in Washington that this indicates a decided willingness by China to make concessions, and that the allied armies may not enter Peking. When they reach the east gate of Peking, it is hoped, the Chinese Government will be willing to deliver the Ministers and other foreigners to them, and Li can then negotiate a basis of peace.

Acting Secretary of State Adee replied to the edict promptly. He reiterates the demands previously made by the United States for co-operation between the Chinese Government and the allied forces, and intimates that negotiations cannot be entered into until the Chinese Government complies with those demands. As China is expected to comply soon, this obstacle is in a fair way of being removed.

One or more breaks may occur in this program. The Russian Government, it is announced from St. Petersburg, has authorized M. De Giers, its Minister, to leave Peking under Chinese escort, as proposed by the Chinese Government. It is considered likely that he has already left Peking. Then, too, there is the German punitive expedition, which Emperor William has announced will exact reparation for the murder of Baron von Ketteler. Field Marshal Count von Waldersee, when he arrives in China, may find nothing but this expedition to command.

A cablegram from Minister Conger, dated August 4, and addressed to General Chaffee, was received in Washington yesterday. He says "We will hold on until your arrival; hope it will be soon."

Baltimore Sun, 14th.

The allies have made a distinct advance in their march to Peking. Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, commander of the United States forces in China, sent a dispatch which was received by the War department in Washington late yesterday afternoon stating that he arrived at Ho-Si-Wu last Thursday. Ho-Si-Wu is only 33 miles from Peking. At the same rate of progress the troops should reach Peking today or tomorrow.

The last previous definite news from the allies put them at Yangtsun, 18 miles southeast of Ho-Si-Wu on Monday of last week. Thus they covered the 18 miles in three days. They have evidently left the railroad and are proceeding along the main highway to Peking. Ho-Si-Wu is a city of considerable size. Ching Chia Wan and Tung Chow are the only other two cities which the allies must pass before reaching Peking.

General Linevitch, commander of the Russian troops with the allies, sends an official report to St. Petersburg estimating that the Chinese had 25,000 men engaged in the battle of Peitsang and 20,000 in that of Yangtsun.

The text of the American reply to the Chinese imperial edict appointing Li Hung Chang to negotiate with the powers for peace is made public in Washington. It insists that China shall aid in the delivery of the foreign Ministers at Peking from their present position. The reply says: "We are ready to enter into an agreement between the powers and the Chinese Government for a cessation of hostile demonstrations on condition that a sufficient body of the forces composing the relief expedition shall be permitted to enter Peking unopposed and escort the foreign Ministers and residents back to Tientsin." In this attitude, it is believed, the United States has the support of all the other interested powers. Some well-informed diplomats consider the situation at Shanghai more potent in grave possibilities than that at Peking. Russia, Germany and France are believed to be firmly united in seeking to prevent Great Britain from asserting claim to exclusive rights there and a general landing of troops is in imminent prospect.

## Crops are Being Parched.

Salisbury Truth-Index, 10th.

Rowan county is now suffering from one of the most severe droughts that that has visited it in recent years. The upper section of Rowan is a particularly heavy sufferer and from every portion of that section comes word that the crops are already a failure.

Mr. Jacob Lipe, one of the best farmers in the Atwell neighborhood, stated to the Truth-Index representative yesterday that everything was burned beyond hope and that even a rain would not save the crops in that vicinity now. It has been several months since rain to any extent has fallen in this section. The county below Salisbury is also beginning to suffer considerably and unless a rain soon falls the crops in that section will also be ruined.