

The Roanoke Beacon.

1.00 a Year, in Advance.

"FOR COUNTRY, FOR GOD, AND FOR TRUTH."

Single Copy, 5 Cents

VOL. XI.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1900.

NO 41.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

I have not found more entertaining reading in a long time than the "Lights and Shadows of Itinerant Life," being the autobiography of Dr. Simon Peter Richardson. For fifty years he was on the go from the Blue Ridge to Key West, from Dalton to Brunswick and all the intermediate country. He knew more people and was known by more than any man of his day. He was original, unique, fearless, honest in his convictions and steady at all times to maintain them. He never complained, never shirked a duty, traveled thousands of miles on horseback and sometimes on foot, crossed swamps and forded streams at his peril, was fed and sheltered by the poor. What faith, what zeal, what diligence, and all for what—a sense of duty and his love for the Master and the Master's work. No earthly reward was gained or expected for he and his family often suffered the pinchings of poverty and even the calamity of having his house burned and all its furniture and his wife and children had to sleep in the barn upon the cotton seed.

But he never faltered and was always aggressive. He fought a good fight and kept the faith. He would have succeeded in any of the learned professions and acquired both fame and fortune, for he had great mental force, quick perceptions, personal magnetism and was a holy terror to evil doers.

Mr. Lucien Knight has reviewed the little book with charming and truthful words. As he says, there is not a page but shows the genius, the faith and the humility of the man. He was not bound through prejudice or early training to any creed, but made his own and even dared to impugn the inconsistencies of John Wesley. His antipathy to Calvinism was intense. The idea of mankind being responsible for Adam's sin shocked him and he would have stricken the words "original sin" and "total depravity" from every creed and prayer book. The doctrine of lost infants provoked his bitterest sarcasm.

But these things are not in the book to any invidious extent and it contains but one sermon, and that is in the appendix. The charm of the book is the recital of his experience as an itinerant—the lights and shadows of a busy life and his mingling with the great men and ministers of the olden time, for he was side by side with such men as Judge Longstreet, Bishops Pierce, Paine, Andrew, Capers, Soule and Kavanaugh, with Drs. Boring, Means, Parks, Evans, Anthony and Glenn, with Lovick Pierce and Allan Turner and in natural mental power and pulpit force he was their peer. The book will make you weep and laugh by turns. Relating his first experience in 1840, when he left Dublin for his circuit, he says: "That night I was sad as the grave, for I had just waked up to the realities of my situation and felt conscious of my inability to meet the expectation of the church. After supper I went out in the dark to pray, kneeling in the corner of the fence. The dogs found me and I was forced to get on top of the fence. From there they chased me to the shed that was built over the potato banks. The barking of the dogs aroused the boys and they came running with a torch, shouting 'We've got him.' We've got him!" supposing that I was the same negro who had been stealing their potatoes. They soon escorted me to the house amid convulsions of laughter, and the young lady thought I was intensely green."

He refused to administer the sacrament to any one who sold or drank whisky. At a revival once a church member, who was well off but very stingy, began to shout with great vehemence, and Simon Peter stopped his exhortation and peremptorily ordered him to stop or leave the church for no man had any right to shout who had not paid his quarterage. During reconstruction days a federal captain forbade him to preach unless he would pray for the president. "And so I prayed that the Lord would take out of him and his allies the hearts of beasts and put in them the hearts of men or remove them from office. The captain never asked me again to pray for the president. I have never been convinced that we did any wrong in seceding or fighting, and I can see no good reason now why we should not do it again." Speaking of original sin, he says: "Mr. Wesley declares that all the children are born under the displeasure of God and are subject to spiritual, natural and eternal death. This to me is a horrible doctrine." Speaking of revivals, he says: "A revival is a solemn farce that does not produce a radical reformation. Faith without works is a low form of Calvinism that has quietly stolen into Methodism and paralyzed her power."

When the earthquake of 1886 came the doctor was preaching at a camp meeting and says: "The people became much alarmed and we had no trouble in getting mourners to flock to the altar."

A Campbellite preacher got into a

doctrinal controversy with Simon Peter, in Augusta, and Dr. Landrum took it up. Simon Peter says: "Brother Landrum is a very lovable man and a very popular preacher, but in his sermon he is like a pig in a china shop. He used invectives and personalities and took in Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Jews and stirred up the town. He sent me a note and two of his sermons. I replied that I was running fire down at St. James and had no time to look after his waterworks, but when my revival closed I would take him in out of the wet and hang him on the fence to dry, then set him afire and take him into the Methodist church."

But this is enough of the book. Those who expect to read it would not like for me to anticipate too much.

We had the good doctor stationed here for two years and it was always a pleasure to meet him and converse with him, for he was great of heart and great of mind. I never heard him say a foolish thing, and hardly ever made a common-place remark. He was a profound thinker and his terse, vigorous expressions reminded me of Boswells Johnson.

I see that Dr. Robins has edited the book and that it is published at Nashville by the Methodist house, but I do not know the price. It is good reading from the preface to the end.

Two Mississippi girls have challenged those Alabama girls to answer the following Bible enigma. It is a good one and kept me pondering for a day or two. I can't neglect the children and this enigma will perplex the preachers, too. I have lost or mislaid the verses sent to me, but the following is in substance the same:

God made Adam out of dust. But in His wisdom made me first: He made my body all complete, But give me neither hands nor feet. No living soul in me did dwell, Nor was I doomed to heaven or hell. But later on old Adam came And gave me what is still my name. And later still God chose to give A living soul in me to live. In course of time He did reclaim That soul and left me just the same As when first made—without a soul, And now I roam from pole to pole. A boon to man, though out of sight, For in my death I leave him light.

BILL ARP.

Giants, Love and Illness Turned Out of Modern Child Stories.

Philadelphia Press.

"I am glad from the bottom of my heart that I got over being a child before the modern theory of education set in," said a young man who writes.

"I was asked recently by a publishing firm to write a little book of tales for very small children. Remembering the stories I liked when I was a child, I set gaily to work, and in a short space of time submitted my first story. It had the inevitable Prince Charming in it. In less than a week my manuscript was returned.

"We like your story very much," the publishers wrote, and with a trifling alteration will be able to use it. We do not wish to publish any children's stories that have a love interest in them."

"Well, I killed off Prince Charming and put in a wicked stepmother. The publishers promptly told me that they could not use any stories that portrayed cruelty in any form. They especially object to cruel stepmothers as tending to give children who might have stepmothers one kind or another false and unjust ideas.

"I murdered the cruel stepmother and trimmed the story to fit a giant. The publishers politely objected. They could publish nothing that might awaken a spirit of murderousness in their little readers—I'd had the hero kill the giant—and they didn't like giants anyway, because they frighten children, and modern educators disapprove. Well, in my last resort I changed the tale so it hinged on the devotion of a boy to his sick mother. They sent me word by return post that advanced thinkers in the kindergarten line will not permit the use of books in which illness is mentioned in any shape or form. 'We want to present to our little readers only the beautiful and improving truths of life.'

I gave up then. I thank goodness I had a chance to read a few old-time children's stories before the reign of 'the beautiful and the improving' set in."

Knew of at Least One.

The cross-examiner was a smart man, whose object was to discredit the witness and discredit his testimony.

"What did you say your name was?"

Was the first question.

"Michael Doherty."

"Michael Doherty, eh? Now, Doherty, answer me this question carefully: Are you a married man?"

"O, I think so; O, I was married."

"So you think because you got married that you are a married man do you? Now, tell me whom you married?"

"Who O, married? O, married a woman."

"Now, don't you know better than to trifle with the court? Of course you married a woman; did you ever hear of any one marrying a man?"

"Yes, Me sister did."

Most men are generous to a fault when the fault happens to be their own

SAM JONES ON POLITICS AND RELIGION.

They are unmixed and unmixable. Pure and undefiled religion is to visit the widow and orphan in their affliction and keep yourself unspotted from the world. Politics, with its whisky domination, makes widows and orphans and keeps its gang very spotted before the world. The more religion a man has got the less he can mix with politics and political parties of the day; the more politics a man has got the less he will mix with religion and righteousness. I will never go to the legislature or a congress to hunt a conscience, nor hunt among politicians for an illustration of what the 10 commandments can do in elevating mankind. Religion purifies, politics purifies; religion elevates, politics degenerates mankind. I have been in Georgia for 10 days or more reading the southern dailies. It looks like Bryan is going to get it. I do not blame the southern people and those who take Democratic papers for their faith in and enthusiasm for Bryan and his election, but when a fellow gets up north and reads only Republican papers, he thinks Bryan has no more chance for election than Georgia cotton has a chance of going at 5 cents this winter. I am not a Democrat nor am I a Republican. I keep saying it: I am a Prohibitionist. I care no more as to who is elected, Bryan or McKinley, than I care whether the liberal party carries the day in England at their next election, but I say it from a knowledge of this country which constant travel only can give a man, that we are today enjoying the most solid substantial prosperity that I have ever known. There is not a nook nor corner of this country that is not prospering. America as a nation never prospered and never came to the front as she has in the last four years, not only in all her manufacturing and commercial interests and with the balance of trade millions on millions in her favor, and for the first time in our history we are the money lenders to the imperial countries beyond the waters. Confidence is the basis of prosperity. This is true of an individual. Business is done on confidence and confidence is something that is manufactured to order like shoes or mowing machines, but it grows out as a condition of things. A man may have plenty of money, but if nobody has confidence in him he has got a hard job in this country. I care not what capital a man may have, however small, if he has the unbounded confidence of the community and the banks he has got something better than money. I have known some rich fellows to "bust" because of the lack of confidence in them; I have known some poor fellows to do a big business because they had the unbounded confidence of all classes. There are business houses in Atlanta whose capital stock may not be large, but they are doing a large business. Capital has confidence in the status of things as they are to-day. I don't know whether or not with a change of political parties this confidence will abate. If it does Bryan and his administration will be as good for the country as McKinley's. I believe Bryan is as good a man as McKinley. I don't believe he has got any more backbone than McKinley, and this isn't saying much for him. It does not take backbone to clamor for free silver or against imperialism, but it takes a thundering sight more backbone than Bryan or McKinley either has got for them to give us their dead square honest views on the whiskey question. McKinley broke his neck with lots of good men in this country on the army canteen question, and Bryan knows it but Bryan will shoot every exposed place in McKinley's administration, but he is not going to shoot in at that hole. He had rather risk the chances of saying nothing than to arouse the liquor devil and the vote it controls against him. It takes more courage in a politician to utter one sentence against the liquor traffic than it does to champion all the isms that Bryan champions and denounce all the isms that he denounces, and the same is true of McKinley. I am hunting for a genuine, first-class Christian who is whooping for either Bryan or McKinley. There are lots of Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians, no doubt, who are doing so, but I have more confidence in a plain, old-fashioned sinner getting to heaven, who is an uncompromising prohibitionist than I have for any member of the church in this country getting to heaven who is not a prohibitionist. I am sure this sounds like fanaticism, and reads like I was a fool, but if whiskey is God's worst enemy and the devil's best friend, and if there are a hundred thousand drunkards' husbands and fathers and sons toppling into drunkards' graves, and twelve hundred millions of hard-earned money expended in this debauchery, then I am a fool and a fanatic on the right side, and still believe that the man who votes one way and prays another is not a Christian, but that he is a fool or a rascal one, and frequently both. I have not studied up the phase and cast of our next Georgia legislature, but without looking over the roll of members or worrying myself about an analysis of the crowd, I just want to say here's one fellow not fool enough to go down there and ask for any temperance legislation. The preachers and the pious old deacons have been asleep and the Liquor Dealers' association have seen to it that they have a good, wholesome

majority either in the house or the senate, one or the other or both, to kill any temperance legislation in Georgia to further abridge the traffic. I am not much, either, on white primaries. I used to believe that if the negro was eliminated from the ballot in Georgia we would elect only good men to the legislature, but I have seen the bottom knocked out of that delusion already. I won't have to go a hundred miles in any direction to find that the courthouse rings are still at their work, and they pitch the tune by which the gang sings, and I am going to keep on talking this way and writing this way until my tongue is paralyzed, my right hand loses its cunning or until reformation comes.

P. S.—I closed meetings at Toccoa, Ga., last Sunday night. I preached three times Sunday, and I have been hung up at home on my way to Paris, Tenn., for three days. I can't stand the work I once did, but I go on to join Stuart in the work at Paris. Cartersville has had a wonderful meeting. The good I find now I hope shall last. While the men who run the town—our business men, bankers and merchants—have not moved forward in this meeting like they should, yet hundreds have been blessed and testified of God's wonderful blessings on them. Yours, S. P. J.

The Life of Big Guns.

Chicago Record.

There have been some interesting and mysterious stories in circulation about the short lives of the big guns that are used on our battleships and coast fortifications. One of the yarns most frequently told is that the 13-inch gun, which carries a ton of metal for 12 or 15 miles, can only be fired 100 times with safety, because the tremendous pressure destroys the cohesive power of the metal and thus weakens it and renders it liable to explode. These stories have got into books, and the "100 firing fallacy" is accepted by some of the ablest authorities on ordnance. The big Krupp gun at the World's Fair in Chicago was an object of even greater interest, when visitors were told that it had been fired 16 times and couldn't be fired again without danger of explosion because the metal of which it is made had become "nerveless."

Admiral O'Neill, Chief of Ordnance of the Navy Department, says this is all humbug. "The only damage suffered by the big guns from frequent firing is the wearing out of the rifle grooves," he says, "and that is easily repaired. The gun can either be rifled over again or it can be tubed"—that is, a rifled tube can be fitted into the bore, as is frequently done in England, and the gun is as good as new."

"There is no such thing as a gun getting 'nerveless,'" continued the Admiral. "The metal of which it is made is not injured by firing. Some of our guns have been fired 100 times without showing any injury or wear. We do not know how long they will last, except that the rifling has to be renewed when it is worn out; but we have never had a gun wear out in our navy, and, therefore cannot speak from experience, and many of our guns have been fired several hundred times."

The ordnance experts of the army estimate that the 12-inch guns on the coast fortifications can be fired 200 times without being relined, but this is only speculation. They never had any experience in that line. None of the big guns belonging to the United States has ever worn out.

Yellow Jack's Outbreak Serious.

WASHINGTON, September 24.—The Surgeon general's office of the War Department has no information regarding the epidemic of yellow fever in Havana, although it is known to exist there to a considerable extent. Private advices from Havana indicate that the outbreak is serious. The fever exists in the best parts of the city and among Americans who have gone there. No fears of a serious outbreak among the troops are entertained, as they are outside of the city and not in infected districts.

The outbreak is not unexpected, as fever usually develops about this time of year, and is even worse during the months of October and November than in the spring. Surgeon General Sternberg does not think there need be any apprehension concerning the spread of the disease.

Will Galveston be Rebuilt.

Julian Hawthorne, the celebrated author and newspaper writer, who has been in Galveston the past week writing for an eastern paper, passed through New Orleans the 21st on his way back east. He gives it as his opinion that Galveston will never be rebuilt. He says the inhabitants are leaving at the rate of 400 on each train.

Hawthorne says a well grounded plan is on foot to remove the entire city to Brazos river, some 50 miles away, where there is a safe landlocked harbor. The only property interests there in favor of rebuilding the city, according to Mr. Hawthorne, are the wharf and Huntington properties.

Richard Croker has not bet \$60,000 on the election of Bryan with the expectation of losing it. That is one of the numerous things worrying the Republicans.

TART, TERSE AND TIMELY.

The Chinese government, for which Mr. McKinley has abandoned the Alliance, says in an imperial edict that all Boxers look alike to it, and that it cannot pick out the bad ones, which is only another way of saying that the men who murdered foreigners will not be punished. How this must have made Mr. McKinley's new partner, Li Hung Chang, chuckle.

Hanna's trust dividends serve to remind him that he holds the belt for the most bare-faced misstatement—that there are no trusts in this country.

Col. Bryan's conference with Chairman Jones and other democratic leaders brought out much cheering information, some of it from unexpected quarters. The Bryan wave is growing every day.

Indiana republicans are begging Mr. McKinley to keep Hanna off the stump in that State.

Gov. Pingree said the other day: "It would be a mighty good thing if Michigan were to elect a democratic legislature." Right you are, old man. And it would be still better to elect Bryan and Stevenson electors.

Good taste was rather stretched when Congressman Hitt, of Ill., declared the American flag to be a land fertilizer. We never noticed that sort of a scent about the Stars and Stripes.

Tom Reed was in Washington at the same time Mr. McKinley was but he did not go to the White House.

What would be thought of a man who would take a sheet of the paper on which United States currency is printed and print on one side of it: "Market value 0 cents; currency value \$1,000, if properly printed by the United States government," and try to use it as a campaign document? Yet, wouldn't it be just as sensible as stamping a disk of silver, "Market value 48 cents; coinage value 100 cents," as some oversmart McKinleyites are doing? Everybody knows that it is the government stamp that makes the value of currency, and not what it is stamped upon.

One of the significant features of the campaign is the pleading of New York democrats for more speeches from Col. Bryan than he had calculated upon making in the state.

If Mr. McKinley succeeds in muzzling Hanna it will be a case of the tail wagging the dog.

From various sources comes the information that England is rooting for McKinley. Nothing strange about that. It is human nature to root for your own.

Animals With Broken Hearts.

There have been many cases on record of animals dying of "broken hearts," usually dogs and horses, and sometimes birds. Not long ago a young lady living in London who owned a Gordon setter that was very fond of her, was married, and moved to the country, says Golden Penny. The dog was left behind, and at once became inconsolable. He would eat nothing and stood looking out of the window for hours at a time, whining and moaning pitifully. The dog was wasting away from exhaustion.

Those who knew him said he was dying from a broken heart. When it was seen that he would die if he could not see his mistress he was taken to her. His joy at seeing her was extravagant, and he at once got better. His mistress soon after came to town for a two weeks visit, and left the dog with servants in the country. When she returned she found him dead, lying on one of her garments. The poor brute, thinking himself again deserted, lay down to die, and could not be driven or coaxed from his place, neither would he eat nor drink.

A horse belonging to a brewery had been driven for years by a man to whom he had become much attached. One day the driver failed to appear at the stable and another man was put on the wagon. The horse, however, refused to be driven by any one except his old friend, and after many trials he was put back in the stable and another horse took his place. The horse continually watched the stable door for his master to enter. He refused to eat the hay and oats placed before him. Day by day he grew thinner and weaker. At last he fell down and could not rise, and died before his friend and driver returned to duty. The veterinary surgeon who attended him said he died of a "broken heart."

Railroad Charity.

Charlotte Observer.

The relief trains bearing the supplies for the Galveston sufferers, have been operated by the Southern Railway free of charge. There have been four trains to pass over the Southern's line, including The North American trains. The North American is one of the papers in Philadelphia that has been instrumental in securing a large fund, and by the aid of the Southern Railway the fund was spent to the best advantage for supplies in Philadelphia and transported free of charge to Galveston. The railroads are not so selfish after all, and especially has the Southern been good to the destitute in time of great suffering. The railroads are to be commended for their excellent work.

There are now about 440 students at the University, about a dozen of them young ladies.

Sacrilegious Words on a Bible.

Louisville Dispatch.

An irreverent and sacrilegious workman caused no end of trouble for the congregation of and the contractor who built the New Trinity Methodist church at Third and Guthrie streets. In the southwest corner of the handsome new edifice back of the pulpit is the pipe organ. Over the organ is an arch and a dome. In this dome is frescoed an open Bible. This work was done some weeks ago with great care and trouble. Scaffolding had to be built, and the task, though difficult, was excellently done. Across the face of the Bible were frescoed, according to directions, the words "Fax Vobiscum." But when the congregation inspected the new church, or surveyed from their pew the organ and the dome above, they noticed under "Fax Vobiscum" another inscription. One member provided himself with a pair of glasses and turned them on the inscription. To his horror he read: "This was done in a hell of a rush." This inscription was right across the face of the Bible. The contractor went to the trouble of erecting new scaffolding and had the offensive inscription erased. Every effort has been made to discover the offending workman, but to no avail.

Clever Story of a Man, a Maid and an Iron Kettle.

Here is an ingenious Circassian story: A man was walking along one road, and a woman along another. The road finally united and the man and the woman, reaching the junction at the same time, went on from there together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back; in one hand he held by the leg a live chicken, in other a cane; and he was leading a goat. Just as they were coming to a deep dark ravine the woman said to the man: "I am afraid to go through that dark ravine with you; it is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force."

"If you are afraid of that," said the man, "you shouldn't have walked with me at all. How can I possibly overcome you and kiss you by force, when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand and a live chicken in the other and am leading a goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot." "Yes," replied the woman, "but if you should kick your cane in the ground and tie the goat to it, and turn the kettle bottom side up and put the chicken under it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance."

"Success to thy ingenuity, O woman!" said the man to himself. "I should never have thought of this expedient." And when they came to the ravine he stuck his cane into the ground and tied the goat to it, gave the chicken to the woman, saying, "Hold it while I cut some grass for the goat," and then lowering the kettle from his shoulders he wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.

Women's Clubs vs. Mosquitoes.

Baltimore Sun.

As the mosquito has no greater enemy than the fair sex, the fact that the women of certain towns are forming clubs to fight it is news of direful import for anopheles quadrimaculatus. At Richmond Hill, a suburban town near New York in Long Island, they got a scientist to explain the value of crude petroleum or kerosene oil, as an exterminator of the young of the mosquitoes. They explored the country around their town with boys provided with oil cans, and wherever there was a puddle or ditch or pond, or marsh—any standing water—there they poured oil generously on the surface. A committee of the mosquito club took the job in hand and saw it well done. The result has been, we are told, that the residents of Richmond Hill enjoy sitting out on their porches this summer, having almost complete immunity from mosquitoes. The oil gets into the breathing apparatus of the mosquito larva and kills them.

India's Galveston.

After suffering many months from want of rain India is now getting too much of it, and Calcutta is in consequence having a calamity not unlike that of Galveston. In three days 35 inches of rain fell, with the result that the city is inundated to a depth of three feet. Houses collapse, people are drowned and thousands are made homeless. For miles and miles outside the city the country is similarly flooded, the areas of devastation embracing the habitat of many millions. With all this the rain still continues. India has its ills. To drought, famine and flood are added cholera and the bubonic plague. But its 290,000,000 people are spread over a wide territory, and while one part suffers the larger part prospers. The number of people in receipt of famine relief has recently fallen from over 6,000,000 to under 4,000,000.

It is a queer notion that has entered the heads of many Populists and white Republicans that they are eligible to vote in the senatorial primaries in November. They think it is a white primary, open to all white men, and undoubtedly many of them will present themselves at the senatorial box. Democratic senatorial primaries were held, it will be recalled, in connection with the general election of 1896, and many Populists offered to vote and did actually vote in them.—Charlotte Observer.