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## THE NEW BRYAN.

Louisville Courier Journal.

In 1896 there was precipitated upon the people a signal and a real crisis. It greatly simplified and curtailed the freedom of action and choice among thoughtful, patriotic citizens. Owing to circumstances very plain to see, but not necessary to recall, the conservative elements of the Democratic party went to the rear, and the radical elements came to the front. The currency was in imminent peril. The public order was menaced. The country did not want McKinley, but was afraid of Bryan. It finally took McKinley as a choice of evils.

Four years have come and gone. They have carried the usual charges with them. They have brought new questions upon the scene, and along with these have raised up new duties. They have considerably modified the older issues. There need be no more fear of a Mexicanization of the currency than there is of the re-establishment of African slavery. He who thinks so is either the dupe of his own fancies, or else a credulous listener to partisan harangues.

The two actual and present dangers that beset the country arise out of the proposed disposition of the foreign territories under our control as a consequence of the war with Spain and the domestic circumstances of so strengthening the hands of the party in power, and of fostering the organized forces existing through its favor, as will lift it out of reach of the people and make its ultimate dispossession difficult, if not impossible, as the result of the pressure of public opinion and by the agency of a free and peaceful ballot. On these accounts the Courier-Journal, seeing no cause for alarm upon the vanishing lines of 1896, accepts Mr. Bryan in spite of many differences of opinion, in preference to Mr. McKinley, and the considerations which have moved us have prevailed with the great body of the more conservative Democrats led by men like Olney and Cockran and Wilson. If Mr. Bryan were the same man he was in 1896, we would prefer him to Mr. McKinley, because he would be powerless to carry out any of the vagaries by which he then seemed to be bound. But he is not the same man.

He has had four years of experience—a great matter at his time of life. The conditions back of him and about him are wholly changed. Both his added years and the increased sense of responsibility arising out of them and out of his larger perspective—especially the elevating and broadening force of his larger following—give to his candidacy a character it lacked before.

He is admitted an honest man, a clean man, and a man of ability and courage. His election will call a halt upon that rampant partyism which, if it be not checked, will presently so trench itself in power as to defy ejection. Mr. McKinley may be all that Mr. Bryan is, and more, but Mr. McKinley may be all that Mr. Bryan is, and more, but Mr. McKinley is the creature of his environment. He is the representative of a ring of officeholders, who rely upon the organized money interests of the preferred classes—the aggregations of vast wealth—to keep them in power, and who, intrusted with four years more of power, expect to construct out of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, such a political and money-making machine as will for at least another generation make them masters of the situation, at home and abroad. This is even a greater peril to the country than was Free-Silver at Sixteen to One four years ago, and, as a consequence, conservative men of all classes, who are not hide-bound to party are breaking away from the Republicans and acting with the Democrats.

## The Cost of the Standing Army.

Estimates prepared by the War Department on the basis of an army of 100,000 men and by the Navy Department, put the total cost of the military and naval system of the United States at \$200,000,000 during the next fiscal year. According to existing law, the present army strength will lapse on July 1 next, the army reverting to its former strength of 25,000. Hence, unless there is affirmative legislation by Congress at its session beginning in December to maintain the increase in the army in whole or in part, the expenses will, on the first day of July next, be reduced very largely. There was appropriated for the army for the present fiscal year \$114,000,000. When the army consisted of 25,000 men it required only about \$25,000,000 a year to support it. If Mr. McKinley is re-elected Congress will rightly construe this fact into a demand by the American people for a large standing army, and the increase to 100,000 men will be authorized and made permanent. If Mr. Bryan is elected Congress will conclude that the people are opposed to a large army, and no legislation increasing it will be passed, and on July 1, 1901, the regular army will resume its former proportions and the expenses of maintaining it will drop to the old estimates, a saving of at least \$88,000,000 a year being effected.

"Call no man happy," says Solon, "till he is dead." "Call no man unhappy," Socrates added, "till he is married."

## TWO VERDICTS.

She was a woman, worn and thin,  
Whom the world condemned for a single sin;  
They cast her out on the King's highway  
And passed her by as they went to pray.

He was a man, and more to blame,  
But the world spared him a breath of shame.  
Behold his feet he saw her lie,  
But raised his head and passed her by.

They were the people who went to pray  
At the temple of God on holy day,  
They scorned the woman, forgave the man;  
It was over this since the world began.

Time passed on and the woman died,  
On the Cross of Shame she was crucified;  
But the world was stern and would not yield;  
And they buried her in the Potter's Field.

The man died, too, and they buried him,  
In a casket of cloth, with a silver rim,  
Add said, as they turned from his grave  
away,  
"We have buried an honest man to-day."

Two mortals, knocking at Heaven's gate,  
Stood face to face to inquire their fate.  
He carried a passport with earthly sign,  
But she a pardon from Love Divine.

Oh, ye who judge 'twixt virtue and vice,  
Which, think you, entered to Paradise?  
Not he who the world had said would win,  
For the woman alone was ushered in.

## HILL AHP'S LETTER.

Old Laddie is dead. Our good old dog. We ne'er shall see him more. He died last Sunday at 10 o'clock; we buried him at 4.

Laddie was seventeen years old. We raised him from puppyhood to doghood and all those years he seemed like one of the family. He loved us all and we loved him, for he was affectionate, good natured, dignified, courageous and very handsome. He never sought a fight with another dog, but never declined one and always came off the victor. His face and neck and feet and part of his tail were white; his hair long and glossy and his eyes were amber or rather a brilliant yellow sapphire. In truth, he was a very handsome dog and came from well-bred stock, his grandsire having been sold for \$500 in Montgomery. He was known as a shepherd dog—a Scotch collie—and knew his duties and qualities by instinct and inheritance. We did not have to train him to go after the sheep or the cattle and bring them home. When I left the farm and moved to town he seemed lost and unhappy for awhile, but soon adapted himself to the little grandchildren and followed them around, and during his last illness, when he could not walk, it would please him for me to lift him up to the sand-bed, where the children were playing.

The smaller the children the stronger his love for them. They were the sheep and he was the good shepherd. We did not send his carcass to the potter's field. I dug a shapely grave down in the corner of the garden, then lifted his dead body gently into the wheelbarrow and rolled it to the place. The wheelbarrow was the hearse. I was the horse and five of the grandchildren were the escort. When all was ready my wife and daughters came down to the funeral and we buried Laddie and mounded up his grave and placed a board with his name and age upon it at the head and another at the foot. The little children plucked some green asparagus nearby and some Texas pink and roses and slowly and sadly we went away as mourners. Dogs have a curious and interesting history. In ancient times they were under the ban of Jewish contempt and were pronounced and denounced as unclean by the Mosaic law. Not a good word is said of them in all scripture. "The price of a dog is an abomination to the Lord," saith Moses. Job saith: "I disdained to set their fathers with the dogs of my flock." "Am I a dog?" "Be ware of dogs." "For without are dogs and scorpions and idolaters and murderers and whose ever loveth and maketh a lie." But surely they must have had some good reputable dogs, or they would have killed off the breed. It was the mean, thievish trilling dogs that gave a bad name to all the race, just as they do now.

Cuvier says that dogs in general are the most contemptible of all domestic animals, but that the improved species are the most useful and complete conquest ever made by man. All their faculties are adapted to profit and pleasure and protection. Barbarous nations owe much of their better nature to the possession of the dog. Cuvier says that the principal and best species are indigenous to certain countries. Such as the shepherd to Arabia, the Esquimaux and Newfoundland to Siberia, St. Bernard to the Alps, etc. But dogs have got mixed and crossed into all sorts of forms and fashions, like the Cubans in Cuba. They now range from the little pug and rat terrier and benching fice, up to the war hound of Germany and the mastiff and drover's dog of southern Europe. Pointers and setters and spaniels and the long-eared hound have come in later by training and breeding, but most of the different kind of dogs are degraded mongrels. But a dog is a dog and every man and boy loves his own and will defend him. "Love me love my dog," is a proverb 350 years old. Alexander Stephens was asked what was the secret of his attachment to a dirty little snarling dog that followed him around. He replied, "Well, I hardly know, but I reckon I love the little dog because he loves me." That was reason enough. He had neither wife nor children to love him, and so he concentrated on the dog, but still his friends thought he might have chosen a more attractive one.

The poorer a man is and the more

friendless, the stronger in his attachment to his dog, and the dog seems to reciprocate and will not desert his master. A nigger's hound is as happy and contented as a fine lady's poodle. Pope says:

"Lo, the poor Indian whose untutored mind sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind,  
But thinks admitted to the heavenly sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him in company."

We have had but five dogs in fifty years at our house and they were all good dogs, faithful dogs and loved the children. Of course, I don't include the yaller pup that we had not long ago and were raising to take Laddie's place. He was an ignominious friend. He stole everything that was in sight and in reach. One day the pantry door was left open and he carried off half of a boiled ham. He stole eggs and butter and carried off hats and books and bonnets and kept us continually alarmed. One day our old peach man, who lives sixteen miles away, came up with a load of fruit and I gently persuaded him that he needed a smart dog, so he tied him in his wagon and hauled him home. I asked him the other day how the pup was getting on. "Fust rate," he said. "When I got him home that night I turned him loose and fed him, and the next morning he beat me up and ran six chickens before breakfast and chased on 'em. I give him a decent licking and reformed him. That night he followed the boys to the woods and caught a 'possum and he's gettin' to be a fine dog." He didn't have room enough here in town to expand. As a general rule women are not fond of dogs. They prefer cats. The dogs are in the way and take up too much room, and are always scratching for fleas and when bad weather comes they track up the house and want to lie by the fire.

My old friend Foote told me that he and his old 'oman had lived together fifty-two years and there was never a cross word or a hard thought between them about anything excepting dogs. "I was fond of dogs," said he, "and my wife despised 'em and just as soon as they followed me into the house she would take the broom or something and maul 'em out, especially in muddy weather, for she was a powerful neat housekeeper and I wasn't."

"How many dogs did you keep, Mr. Foote?"  
"Well, you see in my younger days I was powerful fond of fox hunting and I kept four good fox dogs most of the time and then I had a squirrel dog and a rabbit dog and a 'possum dog and a pointer. That's reasonable, I thought, but my wife didn't and she used to let me know it sometimes."

But our good old dog is dead and we all miss him. Nobody ever struck him a lick, or had to say a cross word to him. He was a dog, but he was a gentleman in all his deportment. I wonder where I can get a good young dog to raise to take his place. The winter is coming on and as soon as the chicken thieves find out that Laddie is dead they will come prowling around. Higher education hasn't stopped the niggers from stealing chickens.

BILL ARP.

## Billville Literary Notes.

A hot Oyster Supper was given for the benefit of the Billville library Tuesday evening. There were present seven oysters, six ladies and five authors.

While one of our leading authors was peacefully sweating out a new novel in the autumn woods, he was savagely attacked by five wildcats. We don't know what his novel was called, as it is now in the wildcats.

Another author, well known in our midst, went to New York the other day and caught the appendicitis. While at home he never aspired to more than common chills and fever.

The History of Billville will soon be issued in book form. The town was originally named for Colonel Bill, and the bills have been coming in ever since, with painful regularity, on the first of each month.

While splitting rails the other lay our leading poet snagged his writing-hand so severely that he cannot lift a glass of Bourbon to his lips without assistance.

While our leading novelist was digging a well for the town council he was savagely attacked by five large snakes. It is not known who let the liquor down to him.

Seventeen historical novels are being written by prominent Billville authors. They have hired three men, at a dollar a day, to manufacture the history.

At the author's meeting, recently, two men were struck over the head with a literary club, and it is said that literature has been running in their heads ever since.

## John Sherman is Very Ill.

WASHINGTON, October 17.—Ex-Senator John Sherman is dangerously ill at his residence in this city. The attack has taken the form of general collapse, in part due to the general debility incident to old age, and to the effect of the serious which he suffered while on a trip to the West Indies two years ago. He never fully recovered from that illness.

W. V. Powell, who for seven years has been grand president of the Order of Railway Telegraphers, has been expelled from the organization on charges of unbecoming conduct.

## DIGGING FOR BURIED TREASURE ON NORTH CAROLINA PLANTATION.

An interesting story of buried treasure is told by the Fort Mill, S. C., Times. It says:

"About the middle of April, 1865, the Bank of Charlotte had in its vaults \$40,000 in gold and silver. It was apprehended that General Sherman would raid the city and capture the money, and the cashier and teller took it to the country in four boxes for safe keeping. They became nervous and returned to the city, where they told Col. J. Harvey Wilson, a director of the bank, that he must make some arrangements to take care of the specie. Colonel Wilson called to his assistance Captain S. E. White, of this place, who was feeble from sickness and recruiting at his father's home in Charlotte. These two procured a vehicle and brought the money to the old White mansion, just outside Fort Mill. There was difficulty in finding utensils with which to bury the treasure, and as they did not want to arouse anybody, Captain White took a fire shovel and went to a secluded spot on the plantation did the best he could to secrete the boxes in a branch. Next morning, fearing that he had not succeeded in his work on account of extreme darkness, the captain went to investigate and found that he had failed to cover the boxes entirely. Having a better tool to work with, he moved the boxes and hid them so he thought they could not be found; but the labor and want of sleep rendered him unfit to return to Charlotte with Colonel Wilson, who had started to return on horseback. After proceeding a short distance on his journey, some soldiers of Ferguson's command wanted to take the colonel's horse, and he returned to the White mansion, where Captain White and the soldiers had an altercation about the horse. Captain Robert Fullwood, a venerable neighbor, walked to the captain's side and raising his cane told the soldiers that they could not deprive him of many days and that they would only get the horse over his dead body. This feeble resistance would probably have been overcome by the soldiers; but just then Captain John Mills rode up at the head of his cavalry company, and seeing the situation, called to Captain White and asked if he was in trouble. On receiving a reply Captain Mills formed his men for action and dispersed the mob. But they had a mean revenge, for that night they burned the White ginhouse with over 100 bales of cotton.

"During the past two years Captain White has received three letters purporting to come from some one in Charlotte, telling him treasure was hidden on his place, and offering to find it for a certain consideration; but no reply was vouchsafed, for the captain knew that in July, 1865, Colonel Wilson and other directors took the money back to Charlotte. However, on White's return from western North Carolina, it was found that during his absence someone had dug around one or two pillars in the cellar at the mansion, which has been for some time occupied. It is supposed that his correspondent took advantage of his absence and searched on his own account for the treasure. It is needless to say that the fellow had his work for nothing. It is not known whether the writer of the three letters is a white man or a negro."

## Half Meet For the Gallows.

Charlotte Observer.

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, is quoted as having said in a recent speech at Canton, Ill., that "if the people knew the villainy that was perpetrated in Congress by the corporations and trusts they would march to Washington and hang half the members." A stream can rise no higher than its fountain, and the members of Congress cannot fairly be assumed to be any better than the average of those who elect them. That they are worse is hardly supposable, for, to do them justice, in selecting those who are to represent them at Washington the people generally fall upon men who are fair types of the average of themselves. This will not be disputed. If, therefore, it is true, as we are left to infer from the above quotation, that half the members of Congress ought to be hanged, then it follows that those who elect them ought also to be hanged, and if this is true it follows that self-government is a failure. But if the soundness of this reasoning is denied, and we are told that the representatives are worse than those they represent, and that the electors should be spared the gallows or the lamp-post, we would ask what then, becomes of the fundamental proposition that the voice of the people is the voice of God? It is inconceivable that He, speaking through them, should send to the seat of government to represent them a lot of men, half of whom deserved to be gibbeted. Yet Senator Tillman says so, and the Senator is an honorable man. It is all too deep for us. We sometimes haven't a very high opinion ourselves of the Congress of the United States, but it had never occurred to us that it was as bad as the senior Senator from South Carolina says.

Certainly no Republican will charge that Harvard University is an anarchistic institution. Yet the announcement is made that nearly all of the members of the Harvard faculty will vote for Bryan.

## FOUR ENEMIES OF MAN.

Aristocracy, Militarism, Slavery and Imperialism.

David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University.

There are four enemies that have stood in the path of man. These are aristocracy, militarism, slavery and imperialism. There are various other enemies, but those are the four arch enemies in the political sense. They all spring out of the idea that man belongs not to himself, but that he belongs, body and soul, to somebody or something else which owns him. These four enemies, in a dangerous garb, confront the United States today.

Schiller says that the tyrants reach hands to each other—that they reach to each other the hands. They stand together now. These four stand together now. Wherever there is one, the other is. Aristocracy, slavery, militarism and imperialism. They reach each other's hands.

They all have their fair, attractive side. They are defended sometimes at the fireside. Slavery was discussed and defended from many a pulpit in New England.

Aristocracy has its fair side. The foundation of a quality is aristocracy, the foundation of our liberty is rebellion against it—the very thing we came here for.

There is a fair side of slavery and a fair side of militarism. How clean the streets can be kept under military discipline and how free from noise! How easily people can be sent to bed at dark if he is desired!

There is a fair side of imperialism. You will find in many places that ninetenths of the people believe it is a good thing for the world. Maybe it is, but when we come to read history from the one side to the other we will find that the British people have been debauched by their course in India and that Hindoos have been cursed. You will find that the English people have been cursed. You will find that the English people have been turned from being a strong, freedom-loving people. You will find also that the heart's blood has gone out of Great Britain as it has gone out of all countries which have engaged in constant wars.

We know how Napoleon depopulated France by his wars. We know of the murders of the nobility, the murders of the peasantry, and the result in France today. In 1630, when the Philippine question was a burning one in Spain, La Puente, an Augustinian friar, expressed his opinion of the whole thing when he said:

"Against the gain of redeemed souls I place the cost in loss of armadas and of soldiers and friars sent to the Philippines, and these I count the chief loss—that while mines give silver and forests give lumber only, Spain gives Spaniards, and she shall give so many of them that some day she shall be left childless and forced to bring up strangers' children instead of her own."

It is better that we should be just and faithful to our own principles and to the principles of God and that we should in our laws be no respecters of persons, because if in our laws we are respecters of persons, we must go the way of empire, as all empire has gone.

The best way in which the growth of any man or nation has ever been promoted has been self-government, Democratically looking after its own affairs. We do not expect that self-government will always be good government. Men learn not by their successes, but by mistakes. It is absolutely impossible for any republic to conduct any affairs well except its own.

## A Noble Charity.

Richmond Evening News.

It is understood that General Julian S. Carr, of North Carolina, has contracted with the Lafferty Mill to supply every Southern Methodist minister with the famous "Complete Flour," and every minister of every denomination in North Carolina at the cost of production.

General Carr's use of the flour, tallying with the opinions of a long array of bankers, jurists, physicians, presidents of colleges, ministers as to its value for brain workers and persons with impaired digestion led him to put it into thousands of parsonages.

The Lafferty Mill was forced to duplicate its machinery for triturating the germ and oxygenizing the products as the whole wheat berry is used. A superbly engraved booklet with portrait of General Carr and their scientific method of milling has been issued by the Laffertys.

## The Rule of Three.

Three things to govern—Temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to love—Courage, gentleness and ingratitude.

Three things to hate—Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in—Frankness, freedom and beauty.

Three things to wish for—Health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to avoid—Idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to fight for—Honor, country and home.

Three things to admire—Intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to think about—Life, death and eternity.

## TART, TERSE AND TIMELY.

Mr. Richard Croker, who is managing the Democratic campaign in New York City, expresses satisfaction with the registration, and still says the city will give Bryan and Stevenson 100,000 majority.

Really Mr. Payne, boss Hanna's substitute at Republican headquarters, must be losing his grip. He actually concedes Bryan 115 electoral votes, and declares that he has even chances for carrying Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, Nebraska, Nevada and Utah, and six out of a possible ten chances to carry Colorado, Idaho and Missouri. Every one of these States will be found in the Bryan column.

Mr. McKinley shudders every time the wind blows from the direction of the Ben Harrison ice wagon.

Democrats have nothing to fear from Republican brag and bluster and everything to fear from Hanna's corruption fund.

Republicans try to explain the noticeable slump in business, in many sections, by charging it the uncertainty of the campaign, and in the next breath they say there is no uncertainty about the result of the campaign.

Teddy has grown so big, in his own estimation, that he is likely to order the widening of the doorway of the private car in which he travels. It really puzzles him to understand how he can still get through the doorway.

Representative Sulzer, of New York, said to an Illinois audience the other day: "Put it down as I give it to you. New York is as surely Democratic this year as Georgia."

Boss Hanna's "full dinner pail" is the most so did argument ever advanced in an American political campaign. Followed to its logical conclusion it would mean that the voters of the country would not object to the establishment of an empire with a moneyed aristocracy, so long as they are well fed. It is in keeping with the party which relies upon buying another Presidential election. If accepted, it would make stomach instead of brain and conscience, the power which controls voters.

## Cotton Crop Not Short.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Oct. 18.—A. J. Bustin of Liverpool, Eng., one of the best known cotton experts in the world reached here to-day after making his usual tour through the Southern States for the purpose of examining the cotton crop and telegraphed the result of his examination to the Manchester Guardian and Liverpool Courier. Mr. Bustin is of the opinion that the cotton crop will not be as small as lately estimated, but will mount up to 10,250,000 bales and may be higher if there is a late frost. He says:

"One thing that impressed me emphatically as I journeyed through the various States was the cry: 'Scarcity of labor.' Everywhere I went I was told that the farmers were short of hands. I cannot understand the reason why there should be scarcity of labor. The wages are reasonable—\$3 per day at almost all the plantations—and it is surprising that more people don't take advantage of this splendid opportunity."

## A Preacher Holds Services With Gun In Hand and Wounds Intruder.

New Orleans Dispatch.

A young man named Simpson announced his determination to break up the holiness meeting being conducted by Parson Howell in the woods near Many, this State. Howell heard of Simpson's intention and held services last night with a muzzle-loading shotgun on his shoulder, explaining to his flock that he had come prepared to protect them. Simpson bore down on the assemblage during prayer and announced his presence with a whoop. Howell stopped in the middle of a sentence, raised his gun, pulled the trigger and then continued his prayer. After the "Amen" the congregation picked up Simpson and found that both his legs had been peppered with squirrel shot.

## A Great Campaign.

Statesville Mascot.

Hon. Theo. F. Kluttz, our nominee for re-election to Congress, is making a great campaign. His speeches are on the high plane which should be expected from a member of Congress. He deals frankly and fairly with every question, seeking to win only upon the merits of his party. No district has a more worthy representative and this one never had one who was abler or more faithful. Iredell Democrats, see to it that his majority in the county is a great one.

## A Letter From Georgia.

Dear William. This is to let you know that your gran'mother is dead an' cotton has riz; also that your Uncle Dick is no more, an' cotton still risin'; an' also to inform you that the gal you was to marry is done married, an' thar's no tellin' whar cotton will fetch up at ef it keeps a-risin'!

I place the philosophy of Franklin against the sordid doctrine of those who would put a price upon the head of an American soldier and justify a war of conquest upon the ground that it will pay. The Democratic party is in favor of the expansion of trade. It would extend our trade by every legitimate and peaceful means, but it is not willing to make merchandise of human blood.—W. J. Bryan.