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SNAPSHOTS FROM BRYAN'S COMMENTARY.

Paul Kruger has just submitted to an operation for defective vision. He strained his eyes looking for justice among the crowned heads of Europe.

One of the Democratic papers discusses "The passing of Hannu," but the trouble is the Senate from Ohio has the cat's habit of coming back.

The floral tributes which greeted Mr. Quay on his re-election to the Senate recall the fact that flowers like showery fall alike upon the just and the unjust.

The recent burnings in the Northern States will temporarily embarrass these republican papers which take pleasure in decanting on "Southern outrages."

The war in the Philippines is so near over that Secretary Root refuses to let 10,000 volunteers come home before he has 17,000 more to take their places.

Mr. Rockefeller will doubtless point to that anti-trust oil well in Texas as a proof that the Standard Oil Company is deserving of a subsidy for its tank-ships.

The parcels post has been indefinitely delayed. Senator Platt is president of an express company; with this as a basis it is not difficult to reason from cause to effect.

If some genius will invent a green-back with an interest coupon attached it is believed that Mr. Secretary Gage will soon be able to look it in the face without growing faint.

It seems that some of the Republicans still shy at the gold standard when it comes around a corner suddenly. Just now the proposition to redeem the silver dollars is making them nervous.

The large army idea seems to be more popular with Republicans now than it was just before election. Let us also hope that it is more popular now than it will be four years hence.

Adjutant General Corbin has just received from the Sultan archipelago one of His Majesty's flags. The Sultan is not willing to have it hauled down, but he can afford to loan it to the department in return for a few unconstitutional courtesies.

The Englishman's Frank Toast. Albany Journal.

A well-known local minister who has just returned from an extended Western trip tells the following:

"Recently in Los Angeles five prominent gentlemen of foreign birth chanced to meet. One was a Russian, one a Frenchman, one an American and one an Englishman. These gentlemen became bosom friends, and finally a champagne supper was proposed, at which each gentleman, to be in keeping with the times, was to give a toast to his native country, the one giving the best to be at no expense for the wine. Here are the toasts given:

The Russian—"Here's to the stars and bars of Russia, that were never pulled down."

The Turk—"Here's to the moons of Turkey, whose wings were never clipped."

The Frenchman—"Here's to the cock of France, whose feathers were never picked."

The American—"Here's to the stars and stripes of America, never trailed in defeat."

The Englishman—"Here to the rampin' roarin' lion of Great Britain, that tore down the stars and bars of Russia, clipped the wings of Turkey, picked the feathers off the cock of France and ran like h—l from the stars and stripes of the United States of America."

GREAT MEN NOT SOLDIERS. From time immemorial it has been the men who fought and won decisive battles which were alone counted great by their fellows. The world's progress has wrought a change in this thing, and while the great general is not without his meed of honor, men in other pursuits than war share with him the praise and appreciation of their fellows. The inventor, the scientist, the philanthropist, the men who have made the old world larger and better in story and song, and, by unfolding nature's secrets, have opened up new fields of opportunity and labor are numbered today among the world's great men. The men who developed the Concord grape, the Wealthy apple, the navel orange, our improved breeds of stock, modern dairy methods and transportation facilities have each and all done their country grand service and are more worthy of memorial in bronze or marble than he who made the earth run red with the blood of his fellow man.

Won Without Trying. London Labor Leader.

A minister was one day walking along a road, and he saw a dog.

"What a fine dog," he said, "but where is his master?"

"I don't know," the dog answered, "but I'll tell you where he is."

"Where is he?"

"He is in the next house," the dog answered, "and he is a very good dog."

"What a fine dog," the minister said, "but where is his master?"

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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

I feel pleased and honored to receive letters every day from young girls and boys over the south asking for information on some subject or for help in a school debate or for a start in a composition—just a start in a composition—just a start. These young people are generally from the country, where books are scarce and their eagerness for knowledge and mental improvement is very gratifying. I wish that I was three or four men so that I could respond to all their letters and comply with their requests. I reply to as many as I can, but I cannot take time to write compositions, even if it was right to do so. One boy begs me to write him a speech, a humorous speech, and winds up by asking me please to write two, so that he may take choice.

We see that some of the good ladies of the Atlanta Woman's Club are moving to supply the country schools with small libraries of good books and the Southern railway has donated neat book cases for them. This, of course, is for Fulton county, but it is a move in the right direction and will, no doubt, stimulate the ladies of other towns to do the same thing. It is the very best thing I have heard of a woman's club doing. The desire for books to read is almost universal among the young people of the rural districts, and they should be encouraged. Books are cheaper than ever before known, and cheap book-cases can be had for a few dollars each. I am not at all intimate with Mr. Carnegie, but if I was I would whisper in his philanthropic ear and suggest that he turn his attention for awhile to the towns and villages and let the big cities alone. Our Cartersville Woman's Club is struggling hard to keep up their little library, but are not encouraged by the men of the town. Their books are out all the time, and are read and re-read by many of the children whose fathers do not give a dollar to help maintain the library. This may be thoughtlessness, and so I have suggested that the ladies go around and see who will give 50 cents or 25 cents, or even 10 cents a month to keep up the supply and pay their room rent and incidental expenses. Of course the character of the books must be thoroughly considered. Nothing sectional or trashy or sensational; but only those that "point a moral or adorn a tale." Every public school should have a burning committee, such as they have at Forsyth, Ga.

A bright boy from Alabama writes that his name is John Jones, and wants to know when and how he got it; says his father and grandfather had the same name, but they died without telling where they got it. He says his schoolmate is named Will Higginbotham and he, too, wants to know where his name came from. I admire their eager curiosity, for our name is our signboard and every boy ought to know who put it up and what it reads. Of course it is too big a thing to tell much about names in a letter like this, but I must tell Jack and Bill about theirs.

John is as old as the Christian era, and means "Whom Jehovah loves." I knew a man very well who lived near Rome, and his four sons were named Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and his two daughters were named Mary and Martha. Those good old-time people had great reverence for the Bible and Bible names. One of my father's customers was named Shadrack Bogan, and his three sons were Shadrack, Meshack and Abednego. Another customer, David Allan, named his son Absalom, and for a wonder he was a good boy and made a good man, and his father, David, had no occasion to say, "Oh, Absalom, my-son, my son!"

Well in course of time the people increased and multiplied so that their children had to have two names, so as to distinguish them, and so John's son was called Johnson in English, or John Johns in Welsh. After while it became John Jones. The Joneses are all of Welsh origin. The Welsh were a brave, religious people, and fought the English for many centuries. They never did submit until they were promised that no king should rule them, except one born on their soil, and he should be called the prince of Wales. King Edward's son happened to be born at a beautiful little Welsh town named Caernarvon, and the Welsh accepted him as their future king and called him the prince of Wales, and that is how the title started. He was King Edward II.

Now, there was another Welsh way of distinguishing the son from the father. The little word "ap" means son of, and it used to be written John ap Jones, but in course of time the little middle word was dropped. It is a little singular that away back in the tenth century the Welsh people who had been fighting each other in civil wars for two hundred years at last made friends and chose David ap Howell for their king, and he had a son named Evan. He was a good man, and his subjects always called him Howell Da—Howell the good. That must be our Evan of the Atlanta Constitution. He has just been hid out all these years. I see that the chamber of commerce gave a

banquet yesterday and Evan Howell responded to the toast "Good Fellowship." That suited him exactly, I know, and had I been there I would have told how his great ancestors were called the "Da" and was the last king of Wales. I called him over the telephone this morning and said "Hello Da!" and he answered "Here!"

Now, about Bill Higginbotham. That is old Anglo Saxon, and means a mountain ark. The old name was hicken. Probably the old ancestor took his name from an ash tree that shaded his house. Names were scarce, and people took their sur-names from objects of nature, such as hill, fountain, dale, peak, pine, plants, oaks, chestnuts, grub, twigs, branch, water, pool, moon, star, cloud and so forth; or from their occupations as baker, farmer, carpenter, mason, miller, gardener, granger and all the family of smiths who were the smiters of iron and silver and gold. All who were detailed to watch for an invading enemy were called smiters or smiths. John Smith was originally John, the smiter. Captain John Smith was an illustrious type of that class. When names were too long to pronounce readily, they were shortened up. Peter, who lived at the Seven Oaks, was called Peter Snyocks; then Peter Snooks, and that's how our Atlanta friend came by his name.

The name Coward was originally cow herd—a herder of cattle—and was not improved by the change. The adjutant of our brigade was named Coward, and the army had no braver soldier. He lost an arm at Chickahominy. He always signed his name A Coward, adj't. gen'l., and being asked why he did not sign his full name, said: "Well, my first name, unfortunately, is Adam, and it is not quite so bad to be a coward as it is to be a dam coward."

A few centuries ago every civilized nation had to adopt a prefix or a suffix so as to prevent the confusion of names. The English added son to most of their names, as Johnson, Williamson, Jackson, Thompson, etc. The Scotch prefixed with Mac. The Irish with Mac or Mc for son and O for grandson. The French took De or Du. The Normans used Fitz or fils (from Latin of filius, a son). The Russians took vitch from the same word.

Then there are many nicknames to be accounted for, such as Bob, Bill, Dick, Jack, Jim, Sally, Polly, Betsy, etc. I don't know how these started, but some of them came out the collieries of England and the quarries of Wales, for every miner has a nickname as Nosey, Soaker, Shanks, Jigger or something easy to call. I had a schoolmate whose name was Melville Young. One day he was trying to do a sum in Fellowship at the blackboard and wrote down what he intended—to-D—but it looked like tod, and the teacher said "What do you mean by tod?" That was enough for the boys. They began to call him Tod, and they never quit, and he was known as Tod Young all his after life.

But the girls are not so much interested in names, for almost every girl expects to change hers when the right young man comes along. She is not obliged to marry a man named Cruikshanks or Snooklefanter or Hogg, but I've known them to do it, and they did very well. BILL ARP.

P. S.—In my last letter the types made me to say 255,000 confederate soldiers. It should be 766,000—all told from the beginning to the end of the war. B. A.

To Telegraph Over the Ocean. New York Sun.

The Sun is authorized to state that the plans for the machinery of wireless telegraphy to signal across the ocean have been completed and a site for the plant selected by Nikola Tesla, and that the project will at once be actively begun. It is estimated that the time required to perfect the apparatus will be about eight months.

We have received inquiries of late as to Mr. Tesla's place among inventors, and as to his credentials to fame. We don't know fully about these things, but we do know that it is Tesla who has given the world what is perhaps the most precious invention of the time, the electrical transmission of power, and we have seen the letter in which Prof. Slaby of Berlin, calls him the "father of wireless telegraphy."

Will his gorgeous vision, described above be realized? We don't know. So we must let doubt and incredulity gnaw upon the bare statement.

Buried in Quicksand He Cut His Throat. The dead body of Alvis J. Hamilton, a prominent young merchant of Guin, Marion county, Ala., was found in a quicksand bed near his home one morning last week.

The head was the only part of the body protruding. The throat was cut with a knife. Young Hamilton had been drinking heavily, and it is supposed had wandered into the quicksand while under an hallucination occasioned by his drinking. There he sank in the quicksand and was unable to extricate himself. Seeing a horrible death ahead of him from exposure and suffocation it is supposed he cut his throat. He was well connected.

DAILY NEWSPAPERS.

Statesville Landmark.

The Evening Herald, a bright little daily afternoon paper at Henderson, edited by Mr. Will X. Coley, formerly of the Mocksville Times, has suspended publication. In announcing the suspension of his paper Editor Coley says:

In our opinion, Henderson is not yet large enough, nor is there enough business transacted in the town, for it to support a daily paper. We at first thought it was, but a thorough trial of ten months has convinced us that we were mistaken.

Mr. Coley is not the first newspaper man who has made this sort of a mistake and he won't be the last. The newspaper field is overworked—considering the fact that so large a number of our population do not take and read their home papers—but in no department is it more sadly overworked than in the attempt to publish daily papers in towns of small population—where there is really no field for a daily. Of course some sort of a sheet can be published in a town of 2,000 or 3,000 people and called by courtesy a daily newspaper, but no well regulated editor should be content to father such a production, and no well regulated community should want such a production sent out to represent their town.

We have submitted these remarks in passing for the reason that The Landmark has at various times and seasons been urged to publish a daily paper in Statesville. We know enough about the newspaper business to know that there is no field in Statesville for a daily paper of any consequence and we would not be content to publish one that was not large enough and complete enough to command respect. Under ordinary conditions, no town of less than 6,000 to 10,000 population is sufficient for a daily paper—even a local daily of consequence—and sometimes even towns of this size, or larger, do not support a daily. Much depends on the character of the town, its environments and mail facilities, even when population is deemed sufficient.

Some years ago the publishers of The Landmark realized that Statesville deserved something more than a weekly and The Landmark became a semi-weekly. Whenever we think the field sufficient for a daily, we will, if we are alive and standing on our feet, begin the publication of one, but we will first be sure that there is business enough to make a paper that neither the publishers nor the community will be ashamed of. It is very easy to sit down with pencil and paper and figure out a profit in a newspaper—the late Chas. R. Jones used to say that nothing else would figure out so well—but results are something else, as every well informed newspaper man knows. Of course there are people who will not be convinced until they have had experience like that of Mr. Coley at Henderson, but there are enough daily newspaper wrecks in the State and enough papers that have a half-starved, slipshod appearance to convince any experienced newspaper man that running a daily paper or any other sort of paper isn't as easy and simple as it looks.

Impeachment. Concord Times.

THE TIMES congratulates Representative Morris on his vote against the resolution of impeachment of the two Justices of the Supreme Court. We assure him (and this assurance is based on the fact that every man with whom we have talked is with him) that he voted in accordance with the wishes of ninety-nine one hundredths of his constituents.

We see the beginning but who can see the end of this important matter? As some one has said, we "have been oppressed with the gravity of the situation," and have been astounded and mortified at the flippant manner in which some of the legislators have discussed this great and far reaching question. The pyrotechnics of a Craig, the pugnacity of a Graham, and the sophistry of an Allen are not safe pilots to guide the Democratic ship into the haven of permanent peace and power.

We Are With You, Bro. Clark. Statesville Landmark.

A newspaper libel law which is considered just and fair to the newspapers and the public recently passed the State Senate. The measure was drawn by Senator London, who is a lawyer as well as an editor and an eminently fair and conservative man. Now it is stated that the House committee having the bill under consideration will report it unfavorably and the Raleigh papers seem to think the bill will fail in the House. The newspapers are asking no special favors but they consider this measure fair and just to them and they demand its passage. A similar bill was killed in the last Legislature and if it fails in this the newspapers will, if they are true to themselves, hold those who are responsible for its failure individually responsible. So far as The Landmark is concerned it is willing to go on record right now. It will not support for office any man, no matter whose candidate he is, who shows that he has no use for newspapers except to get their help to boost him into office. We want no favors of the politicians as but we will not give help to those who will not treat the press with common decency.

JOSH BILLINGS ON "MANIFEST DESTINY."

Manifest destiny is the science of going to bust, or enny other place before yu git there. I may be rong in this centiment, but that iz the way it strikes me, and i am so put together that when enny thing strikes me, I immejately strike back. Manifest destiny mite perhaps be blocked out agin az the condishun that man and things find themselves in with a ring in their noses and sumboddy hold on the ring. I may be rong agin, but if i am, awl i hav got tew sa iz, i don't kno it, and what a man don't kno ain't no damage tew enny boddy else. The tru way that manifest destiny had better be set down iz, the exact distance that a frog kan jump down hill with a striped snake after him; i don't kno but i may be wrong onst more, but if the frog don't git ketchid the destiny iz jist what he iz a looking for.

When a man falls into the bottom of a well and makes up hiz minde tew stay there, that ain't manifest destiny enny more than having yur hair cut short iz; but if he almoste gits out and then falls down agin sixteen foot deeper and brakes off his neck twice in the same plase and dies and iz buried there at low water, that iz manifest destiny on the square. Standing behind a cow in fly time and getting kicked twice at one time mite feel a good deal like manifest destiny. Being about ten sekunde tew late tew git an express train, and then chusing the train with yure wife, and an umbreller in yur hands, on a hot day, and not getting as near tew the train az yu waz when yu started, looks a leetle like manifest destiny on a rale rode trak. Going into a temprance house and calling for a little old Bourbon on ice, and being told in a mile way that "the Bourbon iz jist out, but they hav got sum gin that cost 75 cents a gallon in Paris," sounds tew me like the manifest destiny of moste temprance houses.

I dear reader, don't beleave in manifest destiny until yu see it. There iz such a thing az manifest destiny, but when it occurs it iz like the number of rings on the rakoon's tale, or no great consequence onla for ornament. Man wan't made for a machine, if he waz, it waz a locomotiff machine, and manifest destiny must git oph from the trak when the bell rings, or git knocked higher than the price of gold. Manifest destiny iz a disease, but it iz easy tew heal; i hav seen in its wust stages cured by sawing a cord of dri hickory wood. I thought i had it once, it broke out in the shape of poetry; i sent a specimen of the disease tew a magazine, the magazine wrote me nex day az follows:

"Dear Sir: Yu may be a phule, but yu are no poeck. Yures in haste."

The Decline of France. Atlanta Journal.

No nation lost so much relative importance during the last century as France. At the beginning of that century there was a population of 26,000,000 in the territory which France now occupies. The population of the same territory is now on 38,000,000. A hundred years ago the French was a fifth part of Europe; now they are but a tenth. In the last hundred years the other great nations have increased wonderfully. At the dawn of the nineteenth century "active humanity" numbered less than 200,000,000; now that may be called the progressive peoples number at least 800,000,000.

France has by no means kept pace with the advance of the other leading nations. She has lost in prestige, in comparative power and her population has increased very little in the last twenty-five years.

A hundred years ago France was by far the most powerful nation of continental Europe and a few years later had nearly every one of them at her feet. Now she is far inferior in strength to both Russia and Germany and seems to be declining still further instead of gaining. The last century's history of France is a sad one.

King Edward as a Man Who Knows Things. London Truth.

The new King is the most experienced man of the world that has ever ascended a throne. He has seen life in every capital, he has met every celebrity of his time, he has for long been in touch with almost every class of the community, and he knows the intimate history of his own period as no other man does. He has visited the "thieves' kitchen," the "doss houses," and the opium dens of the East End; he has been conducted through the chief manufacturing of the country, he has occupied the chair at hundreds of meetings, his is the most familiar face at the theatre, at the opera, and on the racecourse; he has been to every exhibition of importance, and almost every work of art with any serious pretension to merit has been submitted to him for his approval. He is popular, he is an excellent speaker, he has tact and humor, his memory is phenomenal, and he has been trained by the late Queen to spare neither himself nor any trouble in the exercise of his public duties.

Hold On, Boys. Hold onto your good character, for it is and ever will be your test wealth.

Hold onto virtue; it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold onto your hand when you are about to strike, steal, or do an improper act.

Hold onto the truth, for it will serve you well and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold onto your good name at all times, for it is much more valuable to you than gold.

Hold onto your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon.

Hold onto God. He is the best treasure of earth and heaven.

The Impeachment Case. Charlotte Observer.

Theophilus White held the office of shell fish commissioner. The Legislature of 1899 undertook to abolish him, and in a supplemental act forbade the Treasurer of the State to pay "any compensation to any person or persons claiming the same for services rendered concerning the shell-fish industry unless such person or persons are authorized to render such services under the provisions of the said act"—referring to the act abolishing White's office and creating instead of it a shell-fish commission composed of seven members. This was for the purpose of depriving White of his salary, and he brought suit in the Superior Court—not against the State, which he could not do, but against the Treasurer, who was the custodian of the funds arising from the supervision of the shell-fish industry and out of which funds the expenses of supervision were payable. Judge Starbuck, of the Superior Court, ordered a mandamus to issue against the Treasurer, compelling him to pay the amount claimed—a little over \$800—and the case went to the Supreme Court on appeal. That court decided the case in accordance with the decision in Hoke vs. Henderson, in which it is held that an office is property, and ordered a mandamus to issue upon the Treasurer. Chief Justice Faircloth and Justice Furches and Douglas concurred in this action. For ordering the issuance of this mandamus Judges Furches and Douglas are now impeached and Judge Faircloth would be if he had not died.

This is the case, as briefly as it can be stated, and the statement is made because a good many persons seem not to be familiar with the merits of the case.

Vote for Impeachment 62 to 33. Raleigh Post, 19th.

The Craig resolution for the impeachment of Chief Justice Furches and Judge Douglas of the Supreme Court, passed the House yesterday by a vote of 62 to 33.

The majority in favor of the resolution was 29. There were 16 members paired and nine did not vote. The Republicans voted against impeachment without a break.

The Connor resolution of disapproval was first voted on, 12 votes being cast in its favor and 85 against. The other amendments were withdrawn and only two votes were taken on the impeachment proceedings, which have occupied the attention of the House for four days past.

The fourth day of the argument came to an end yesterday afternoon. In all thirty-eight speeches have been delivered by the members of the House. Mr. Ebb, the Republican leader in the House, made the principal speech against impeachment, while Mr. Craig, of Buncombe, brought the argument to a close in an eloquent effort in favor of his resolution of impeachment.

Today the charges against the judges will be presented at the bar of the Senate and both judicial officials must leave the bench until the Senate vindicates or convicts them.

Queen City Telephone Co. Placed in Receiver's Hands. CHARLOTTE, Feb. 16.—The Queen City Telephone company, an independent concern established here some two years ago to compete with the local exchange of the Southern Bell Telephone company, was placed in the hands of a receiver last night, Dr. J. F. Robertson, of Charlotte, being named as receiver.

The company has an extensive system here and connections with surrounding towns, and for some time appeared to be doing a good business, but at a recent meeting of the stock holders it was found that there were a number of claims outstanding which the company could not meet, and it was decided that a receiver should be asked for.

Receiver Robertson is authorized to operate the exchange until March 18th, when the plant is to be sold. A bond of \$10,000 was required of the receiver, and each bidder must deposit a certified check for \$1,000 in order to receive consideration.

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Hold onto your good name at all times, for it is much more valuable to you than gold.

Hold onto your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon.

Hold onto God. He is the best treasure of earth and heaven.

—Mrs. Ann Herndon Maury, widow of the distinguished Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, "the pathfinder of the sea," died at Richmond last week, at the advanced age of ninety years. She was a relative of Mrs. G. G. Richmond, of Concord.

Until a man falls in love all girls look a like to him.

Any man may guess a woman's age, but he never find's it out.

—Dr. Geo. L. Kirby, superintendent of the Insane Asylum at Raleigh, died last Tuesday.