

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1 00 a Year, in Advance.

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

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XII.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY APRIL 19, 1901.

NO. 7.

BILL ARPS LETTER.

This month did not begin right. April means to open, but it did not open. It was an April fool. Nothing shows in my garden but the peas and onions. The flowers make no progress. There is no sweet south wind to breathe upon them—no sunshine. On Monday the grandchildren imposed upon me with their Hindoo pranks. They gave me a cup of chocolate with whipped cream on top, and it was nothing but soapuds. I pretended to be fooled, but I wasn't; I paid them back in various ways. The Hindoos started this childish custom away back in the ages, and it still pleases the children. And now Easter day is at hand and that is another name that came down from the Pagans. Ostera was their goddess of spring and it was corrupted into Estera. How these old heathen names do stick to us. The names of the days of the week and of the months came from them. So did the planets and the constellations. Even the prophets and Job had to take them from the Egyptians. But the Scotch people don't call it Easter. They say Pascha day, or passover day. They won't pattern after anybody but John Knox, and he said Pascha. But there is a reason for calling it Easter, for the coming of spring—the opening of the earth and the flowers is emblematical of the resurrection—the opening of the Savior's tomb and His return to bless and comfort His people. This day corresponds closely with the Jewish passover, and so they observe it.

Now I want the young people to know that Lent is another word that means spring. It is preceded by that foolish festival called mardi gras—or fat beef—and continues forty days in remembrance of the Savior's long fast, and it ends with Easter, and the communion and other rejoicings. As the old-time almanacs would say, "about this time look for Easter hats and flowers and finery." Christmas is another festival day that is common to all Christian nations. There are many other days dedicated to the saints, but in course of time it was found that there were not enough days in the year to go around, and so the Pope stopped the sainting of so many and had one day set apart as All Saints day. The next day after that is All Souls day, on which mass is said by the Roman Catholics for the souls of the dead who are in purgatory. It seems that about 900 years ago a pilgrim from the holy land found a hermit in Sicily who told him of an opening between the cliffs of the mountains near by that communicated with hades where Pluto lived and that he could see the sulphurous smoke rising and hear the groans of the lost souls who were being tormented in hell and he had known some of them to escape through the prayers of the priests, and this made the devils very mad and he could hear them cursing the priests with awful imprecations. The pilgrim told all this to the abbots and monks, and they had a day set apart to pray these lost souls out of hell or hades or purgatory or whatever it is.

Besides these international days there are national days in every country. Here we have the Fourth of July and Washington's birthday and Decoration Day and some others. Germany celebrates the birth of Calvin and Luther and the kaiser. Scotland that of Sir William Wallace and Bruce and John Knox. In old England they celebrate the queen's birthday, Magna Charter day and Waterloo day and May day. May day is the happiest of all and has been long remembered in verse and song and in dancing around the May pole. Tennyson wrote a sad, sweet poem called the "May Queen." Mexico celebrates all the Roman Catholic days and has one other that the rabble call Judas Iscariot day. It is the next day after Easter. On the beautiful trees in the plaza or park they suspend pasteboard images of Judas Iscariot—images as large as life, with little holes bored in them from head to foot and in every hole is fastened a cannon cracker. At a given signal the fuse in every cracker is lighted and all of them explode nearly at the same time and such a terrific popping was never heard outside of a battlefield, and poor old Judas is torn and rent into a thousand pieces. This is just a sign of what they would do to him if they had him there alive, but I reckon it is more for frolic than anything, for they shout and laugh and dance the hornpipe and make all the racket they can.

Ben Franklin said that man was a bundle of habits. He might have added "and superstitions," for most all people have some belief in supernatural things. Two hundred years ago almost everybody believe in witches. Shakespeare wrote about them in "Macbeth" and Burns in "Tam O'Shanter." The Puritans drowned many innocent women from mere suspicion of being witches. The conceited, self-righteous rascals never accused a man of being a wizard. It is the woman who have suffered in all ages. When I was a boy the young people were more afraid of ghosts than they are now.

Ghosts are very scarce in these

days. I haven't seen one in a long time. In my early youth I was the mill boy and I remember that one evening in the early twilight as I was astride my horse and grist and going slowly home I neared the country graveyard of Fairview church and saw, or thought I saw, a ghost ahead of me in the big road. It had arms and legs, but had no head. It was white and going slowly from me. I started on again and got a little closer. Still the form was headless. Broad shoulders and arms akimbo. Nearer and nearer I drew to it, but it made no sign. My horse pricked up his ears as if alarmed. The road forked not far ahead, and I had resolved that if the ghost took one road I would take the other, when suddenly an old man stopped to cough and took the sack from his shoulders and laid it upon the ground. I knew him instantly—old Uncle Tom Wilson, the hunchback—going home from the mill with his grist across his shoulders and his head bent forward so that I could not see it in the dusky twilight. Now, if both of us had reached the forks of the road and had separated I should always have believed I saw a ghost.

The old mill road and church and graveyard made lasting impressions upon, and so did the mill and the pond and the spring-board and big wheel and the soothing sounds of the water falling over the dam. We had various adventures with the country schoolboys on the way, for they didn't like the town boys—and they don't yet. I remember that it was on April fool day that I saw in the road just beyond the schoolhouse a package done up in brown paper, and as I had met a man in a buggy a little while before, I supposed he had dropped it. I stopped my horse and got down. Picking up the package I untied the string and took off the wrapper and found another wrapper and another string and then another and another and at last two big black bugs, whose odor was familiar. That kind of bugs that advance backward, and you can't tell whether you meet 'em or overtake 'em. Just then a score of boys jumped from the bushes and yelled and screamed "April Fool!" I was so mad I could hardly mount my horse again, but I never spoke a word. I took it out in thinking and hating. West Point hazing wasn't any worse than that April fool was to me. But boys will be boys.

BILL ARPS.

Difficulty of Making a Will That Cannot Be Broken.
"Among the legal fraternity there is considerable admiration for a piece of verse entitled 'The Jolly Testator Who Makes His Own Will,'" says the San Francisco Argonaut. "To them the humor of the lines is perfectly apparent, but they seemingly forget that a will drawn by a skilled practitioner is often equally defective. It is proverbial that a will made by a lawyer, seeking to devise his own property, will not stand in the courts, provided the property is worth dragging into litigation. Nor is the will of a rich man, drawn by the most skilled attorneys, any more valuable. Six years ago James G. Fair died, leaving a will that had been drawn with the utmost care to meet his wishes. The estate is still in litigation, and it is still an open question whether the will is to be held good or not. The most important part of the deed is what has become famous as the 'trust clause,' passing the property into the hands of trustees until the death of the three children. In the meantime, three were to share the income, amounting now to \$45,000 a month, equally between them. Charles L. Fair has only a life interest in this income, the two daughters and their heirs being made residuary legatees. Upon the death of Charles his wife and children are to receive nothing under the trust clause. The validity of this clause is now under consideration by the Supreme Court, and, until it is decided, none of the children will accept any of the income, because such acceptance would be equivalent to an acknowledgment of the validity of the trust. The accumulated income now amounts to more than \$2,000,000, one-third of which belongs to Charles. Should the trust clause be declared void by the Supreme Court, he will receive only one-third of the income during his lifetime. There is an opportunity for him to realize more than this amount immediately, however. It is reported that certain insurance companies are prepared to pay him between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000 in cash for his interest in the estate."

Reflection of a Bachelor.

New York Press.
If she thought no one would hear the average woman would talk to a cockroach.
When a man gets caught in anything his first instinct is to lie out of it; a woman's is to have hysterics.
The first sign that the honeymoon is over is when a woman begins to think she likes to comb her husband's head.
A woman feels terribly unhappy when she really wants to use a handkerchief and has only got her best lace one with her.
You very seldom see a woman that has the strength of mind not to get mad at a man when she has had to sneeze right when he was telling her something romantic.

SAM JONES LETTER.

Since writing my last week's letter to The Journal I have swung around the circle considerably. The liveliest section I have visited is Arkansas. I lectured in Hot Springs last Thursday evening, and in spite of the immense outflow of the gambling fraternity, I had a packed house. I was told that 500 gamblers left Hot Springs the day I lectured there. They are leaving the state like rats leaving a sinking ship. Those that have not fled the state are roasting very high. The anti-gambling law passed by the legislature of Arkansas last week and signed by the governor, fixes the penalty at \$500 and gives half the fine to the person informing on the gambler. And I tell you as soon as it was known that the Governor had signed the bill there was consternation among the diamond-studded fraternity. Gamblers in all the states have ceased to fear the perjured official whose duty it is to enforce the law; they could pay the black mail levied upon them and go ahead, but the new Arkansas law no longer leaves the matter with indifferent, inefficient or bribed officials, but it pays to any party one-half the fine, which is \$250, of the \$500 fine, for the testimony that will convict. Talk about "prohibition not prohibiting." The law prohibiting gambling in Arkansas prohibits, not only prohibits but it ships, the professionals out of the state. How I wish the whiskey-soaked, whiskey-dominated Georgia legislature would pass a similar law on the sale of whisky in the dry counties of Georgia.

Fine every keeper of a blind tiger \$500 and give half the fine to the witness who bought the liquor—my, my, blind tigers would be as scarce in Georgia as gamblers are in Arkansas. I hope the good people of Georgia will organize and begin work now and put me in cur next legislature who will give the dry counties the relief they seek. Georgia can have a model legislature if the good people will take half the pains and do half the work in primary that the whiskey devils have been putting in on their side for the past 20 years. I note in the Georgia papers sent me from home that already there is talk of the church people organizing for a temperance move in Georgia, and already some little editors have begun to howl about mixing church and state. It makes me tired to read such rot. England mixes church and state, and England's way of mixing them was the only way we demurred to, and declared against. That was to levy a tax on the people to pay big salaries to the pastors and churches. I am opposed to the state levying taxes to support the ministry, but when it comes to saying that because the church people have grown tired of the "rascally rule and red-nosed rummies," and declare that they will only vote for decent, sober men for office, to say that is mixing church and state is but the wail of the gang who knows that when the church people begin to vote like they pray and work for the election of pure, clean officials, then it's goodbye to the gang that has run Georgia for the last 30 years—and soaked it in whisky—to the disgust of every member of the church who is not a whiskey-soaked hypocrite. I don't want church and state mixed until we can clean out the gang called the state, but if we had good God-fearing men in all official positions—executive, judicial, legislative and ministerial, then I don't think the church would be hurt by mixing a little with the state.

Hoorah for Arkansas and Jeff Davis, her Governor, whom we all laughed at for a while—but it now looks like he is going to make the best governor Arkansas ever had.
From Arkansas I came into Texas. I've traveled from Texarkana to Houston, and from Houston via Waco to Abilene. I see the cotton yards of Texas are not so full as they were a few weeks ago, but there is still much cotton in the state.

I am glad to say that Texas does not seem to be pitching an immense crop of cotton this year. Her wheat crop is largely a failure. Some wheat lands will be put in cotton, but the drop in price of cotton will prevent as large acreage as she planted last year. Texas corn is up and she has millions of acres in corn. I note much cotton up also. Texas is wild on oil. I think they will be boring for oil all over the state in a few months. What Texas does do she does with a vengeance. What an empire this state will be in a few years. Land this far west—20 miles from railroads—selling for twenty dollars an acre.

It seems to me that I have looked on more good land in the past week than I ever saw before in any two weeks of my travels. If I was a young man in Georgia or any of the old states, I would come to Texas as soon as I could marshal my assets.
The Texas cities are not growing a pace with the towns and rural districts. Business is not done out here on small scale or contracted lines. A little merchant in some of the towns who does not seem to have a car load of goods in his house will sell \$25,000 worth of goods in a year and a Georgia boy whom I met to-day told me his firm sold \$300,000 worth annually. Money is the cheapest thing in Texas—that is the people care less for it. If you have anything to sell you can get their money.

This is a great cattle country out here, and all cattle sections are prosperous now. Big cattlemen in Texas are numbered up into the thousands, and they are big-hearted fellows too. The people out here flock to hear me and shake hands cordially and smack their mouths and say go on, don't stop. I generally lecture two hours to them.
The average Texan is a big hearted, whole souled fellow. They are the most hospitable people on earth, and charitable to those in need. They do not attend church and support the churches like they do their lodges and fraternal organizations. The average Texan wants a good time here no matter what becomes of him hereafter. The devil will get a majority of them, I am sorry to say.

There has been marked improvement in the railroads of Texas in the past few years. These Great Trunk lines now have splendid roadbeds and fine trains, and the freight traffic these roads move would astonish the nation.
It is now 7 o'clock in the evening, central time (Atlanta time), and the sun is shining in my window. That gives you some idea how far west I am as I write this letter. I take in Colorado, Tex., tomorrow night and El Paso next night, and back to Midland, Tex., Saturday night. Then east into Mississippi and Alabama. We begin meetings in Anniston April 14th, 3 o'clock p. m.
S. M. JONES.

P. S.—I see our noble old governor has been mad again, but glad to note he did not cuss this time. S. P. J.

Nolle Prosequi Entered.

Charlotte Observer.
The cases against the Democratic registrars, who were indicted in the United States District Court at Greensboro, were not proessed yesterday. District Attorney Holton and Judge Boyd spoke becomingly on the occasion and are to be commended for the language used and the course taken. The cases were not proessed with leave to reinstate them, but this is the form, as we understand it, in nearly all criminal cases, and the particular language signifies nothing—the cases are, to all intents and purposes, as effectually and finally disposed of as if they had never been brought. Thus, a number of election officers are quit of a lot of trouble and expense, to say no more. Some of them may have been guilty of technical violation of the law, and, if the cases had come to trial, all of them might have been convicted and sent to the penitentiary, for verdicts of juries are proverbially uncertain. They will feel much more comfortable in the knowledge that they do not have to come to trial, and on every account there is reason for personal and general congratulation on the termination of this proceeding. The conservative people of the State are to be particularly congratulated upon the fact that the unworthy Democratic effort, made at the last moment, to goad these Republican court officials into extreme measures, failed. They resisted the provocation to partisan action, and thereby a good many of our people are saved the liability of terms at Sing Sing or Albany.

The Kansas Philosopher.

Not one man in fifty reaches the age of 60 without becoming a "problem" to his relatives.
A man never knows until about six months after the wedding just how many of his wife's relatives he did marry.

Not every one of us is rich enough to have a procession wedding, but the very poorest of us will have a procession funeral.

After an unusually agreeable caller has gone her hostess recalls that she borrowed all her new books and took them with her.

Lots of us are better off than Carnegie; he may not live to realize his cherished ambition to die poor; we know that we will.

Every one knows there is no use expecting to find an old head on young shoulders, and yet every one is looking for such a phenomenon.

When a church member wishes to create a great deal of excitement, she can do it by going to the theater on her prayer meeting night.
When a widower walks into a public place with a woman, there is a buzz that can be actually heard. And if the woman is a widow the buzz becomes a roar.

The man who brings in coal and water for his wife and sweeps off the front porch is quoted more than Shakespeare in his neighborhood, no matter if it is a literary one.

It is as much as a man's life is worth to marry a second time, if he has daughters; but sons, particularly married sons, usually realize that if there is any punishment coming to the old man because of the folly of a second marriage, the second wife will provide it.

Editor Coranada, of the Discusione, a Havana fire-eating journal, came out on Good Friday with a cartoon representing Cuba as one crucified between two thieves, which it labeled President McKinley and Gen. Wood. Under the cartoon was written, "Will destiny reserve for us a glorious resurrection?" Gen. Wood had the editor arrested and the office closed at once.

Mr. Ben N. Duke, of Durham, will build a stable that will cost \$20,000.

LETTER IN SEA NINE YEARS.

Miss Griffith of Newark Threw it Overboard in a Bottle.

New York Sun.
A message which had been floating in the Atlantic Ocean in a bottle for nearly nine years has found its way back to Miss Ada I. Griffith, of 402 Mount Prospect Avenue, Newark. Nearly a decade ago Miss Griffith, who is a daughter of T. W. Griffith, was returning to this country from England. To vary the monotony of the voyage she determined to try the experiment of casting a message a drift in the ocean. She used an English telegraph blank and penned a note to the late W. W. Byington, a former Newark man, who had been one of the party in Ireland. On the back of the note the young woman wrote:

"Miss Ada I. Griffith, Mount Prospect Avenue, Newark, N. J., will pay \$2 for the return of this telegram."
When the vessel was in the middle of the Atlantic the bottle was dropped overboard. After Miss Griffith returned home days, weeks, months and years passed without Miss Griffith hearing from the message, and the incident had long since passed from her mind when on last Thursday she received a letter bearing a foreign postmark. Inclosed in the inner envelope was the identical message of nine years ago. With the message was letter dated "Kristiansund, N., Norway, March 22, 1901." It read:

DEAR MADAM: My reason for addressing you is the interesting 'find' of the enclosed telegram which apparently you desire returned to you. It was picked up at sea in a bottle by a poor Norsk fisherman off the coast of Smølen, an island near the town of Kristiansund, N. He brought it to a newspaper office here and I, as the only English lady in the town, have translated it and also offered to return it and claim, on his behalf, the \$2 promised in writing to the finder. The man being very poor will be glad and thankful to receive the kind reward. If you care to send it through me I will see that it comes into his hands and obtain a signed acknowledgement from him.

"It would be very interesting at the same time to hear in what year (unfortunately illegible) this telegram was consigned to the sea and where dropped, as many who have read of the little incident in the town paper would like to know how long the bottle was in the water and where it came from. Yours truly,
ADA E. BODTKER."

To say that Miss Griffith was delighted when she read the letter would be superfluous. She proposes to reply to her correspondent in Kristiansund at once, but instead of sending the poor Norsk fisherman \$2 she will forward a pound note, as to use her expression, "the reward has been floating around long enough to have earned interest." Those who know say a pound note will be a pretty good haul for a Norsk fisherman.

Sailors Turn Cannibals.

A London newspaper tells under a Singapore date a ghastly story of cannibalism. It says it was brought to Singapore by two survivors of the Nova Scotia bark Angola, which left Cravite, P. I., on Oct. 17th.

The vessel was wrecked on a reef on Oct. 23, as has already been reported. The story is that seventeen of the crew built two rafts, one of which, carrying five persons, disappeared the first night. The other carrying twelve persons including Capt. Crocker, drifted for twenty-five days.

The men were without food or water and their agony was terrible. They ate sea-weed and chewed their boots. On Oct. 25 two of them went mad and plunged into the sea.

The next day a Frenchman killed the mate with an axe and drank his blood. He tried to eat the brains, but his comrades threw the corpse overboard to prevent it.

On Oct. 27 the Frenchman tried to kill the captain with the axe, but another man wrested the weapon from him and killed him. When night fell the others ate parts of the Frenchman's body. On Oct. 28 Capt. Crocker died and his body was eaten.

The cannibalism was repeated until the two men who tell the story, Johanssen, a Swede, and Marticoonu, a Spaniard, were the only survivors.

Finally the raft drifted ashore on Sombi Island. The natives there were friendly and put the two men on board a junk bound for Singapore.

Suicide by the Guillotine.

SAN JOSE, Cal., April 8.—"Death resulted from a cut in the neck, made by a guillotine, and operated with suicidal intent." Such was the verdict rendered here to-day by a coroner's jury that had been impaneled to inquire into the facts surrounding the death of John Connelly, whose body was discovered his morning. Connelly had rigged up a guillotine and cut off his own head.

He swung a rope in such a position that when he cut a cord the axe would fall across his neck, which was stretched on a block of wood conveniently located. The plan worked effectively, and death was probably instantaneous. The coroner's jury fixed the date of the suicide about March 27, as the body was much decomposed, and it was about that time that Connelly was last seen alive. He was 57 years old and unmarried.

The Biggest Trust Yet Dreamed of.

NEW YORK, April 5.—Reports that huge railroad combinations are in process of formation were widely circulated here to-day. Detailed statements concerning the plan already published looking to the combination of all the great railway systems of the United States under the control of one company were given, but as a general thing prominent railroad officials and bankers decline to discuss the matter. According to all accounts the enterprise involved the greatest combination of capital known in the history of finance. It was said the company would be formed under the laws of New Jersey for the purpose of conducting a general freight and transportation business throughout the United States; that the company would hold a controlling interest in all the great railway systems and that the management of the road would be vested in the controlling company. According to the proposition each road would preserve its identity and corporate existence, but the new company would control the affairs of all. By this policy it was claimed large sums of money could be saved as a result of economy in management and the stoppage of rate cutting. The names of men like J. P. Morgan, Wm. K. Vanderbilt, James J. Hill, Edward H. Harriman, George J. Gould, John D. Rockefeller, Jacob H. Schiff, and James Stillman were freely used. One report stated that the first step in the proposed plan would be the securing of control of the stocks of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, the Erie, the Great Northern, and Northern Pacific, and that provision would be made for the acquisition of other properties in the immediate future.

Butler's Latest Move.

Raleigh, N. C., April 5.—Democratic leaders have for several days heard that the cases in the federal court against state election officers have been stopped. It is learned tonight that ex-Senator Butler has gone to Greensboro to stop the nol prosee of these cases. The question now is whether he, District Attorney Holton, Marshal Milklin and other office holders, or whether friends of Judges Furches and Douglas, ex-Governor Jarvis, Frank Osborne, B. F. Long and other democrats will have more influence. Ex-Chairman James H. Pou was asked about this matter. He said he had heard such rumors and felt completely indifferent as to the result of the battle between the forces above described; that if the cases were tried there would in all probability be an acquittal, and in case of conviction there would certainly be a new trial and quashing of the indictment in the circuit court of appeals.

Ex-Senator Ransom declared that no federal statute applied to these cases. Pou says he has carefully examined the federal statutes and cannot find a peg on which these prosecutions can hang; that it is only a question whether they will stop them now or have them stopped later.

THE CASE IS NOW PROCEEDED.

GREENSBORO, 9.—Just before the adjournment of Federal Court, this afternoon, the cases against the Democratic registrars, which were set for trial at the present term, were nol pressed.

Trinity Commencement.

Durham Herald.
The approaching commencement of Trinity college which will be held the first week in June, promises to be one of the greatest events in the history of the college. The commencement speakers have been decided upon and these alone will attract many people. The annual baccalaureate address will be delivered by President John C. Kilgo on Sunday evening, June 2, at 8 o'clock.

On Tuesday morning June 4, at 11 o'clock, the annual sermon of the graduating class will be preached by Bishop Charles B. Galloway, of Mississippi.

The literary address will be delivered Tuesday evening, June 4, at 8 o'clock by Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, of New York city.
The alumni address will be delivered Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock by President Dred Peacock, of the Greensboro Female College.

Gov. Aycock Criticized.

Biblical Recorder.
The new Judge, Mr. Winston is a well known politician. In his appointment the Governor was evidently indifferent to the elements supposed to be essential to that quality designated as judicial. Mr. Winston was a member of the General Assembly increasing the number of judgeships. Ordinarily this should defer one from being appointed. Governor shows a distinct loss of prestige by this appointment.

Safe Crackers Held.

WADESBORO, N. C., April 5.—The two men who were recently apprehended and are charged with cracking the safe of M. H. Lowry & Co., of Morven, were given a preliminary hearing at the latter place today. They were required to enter into a justified bond in the sum of \$5,000 each for their appearance at the September term of the Superior court. In default of bond they were recommitted to the county jail. The defendants gave their names as J. H. Traver and George Ellsworth.