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THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Is there no place on the face of the earth
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has birth—
Where bosoms in kindness and mercy will
Heave?
Where the poor and the wretched shall ask and
receive?
Is there no place at all where a knock from the
poor
Will bring a kind angel to the door?
Ah! search the wide world, wherever you can,
—there is no open door for the moneyless man—
Go, look in yon hall, where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of
night—
Where the rich hanging velvet in shadow fold
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of
gold;
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew
In long lighted vistas the "wondering view"
Go there at the banquet and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for a moneyless man.

Go look in yon church of the cloud-reaching
spire,
Which gives to the sun his same look of red fire;
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous
within
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Walk down the long aisle, see the rich and the
great
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;
Walk down in your patches and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew for a moneyless man.

Go look in the banks, where Mammon has hatched
His hundreds and thousands in silver and gold;
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and
poor,
Lies piled upon piles of the glittering ore.
Walk up to the counter, Ah! There you may
stay
Till your limbs grow old, till your hairs grow
gray.
And you'll find at the banks not one of the clan
With money to loan to a moneyless man.

Go look at yon judge, in his dark, flowing gown,
With the scales whereon law weigheth equity
down—
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the
strong,
And pushes right where he justifies wrong;
Where juries their lips to the Bible have laid
To render a verdict they've already made,
Go there in the court room and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man.

Then go to your loved—no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered too long for her bread,
Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death
frosts.
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
Then turn in your agony upward to God
And bless whosoever smites you the chastening rod,
And you'll find at the end of your life's little
span
There's a welcome above for a moneyless man.
Henry T. Stanton.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMP.

Mary had a little lamp,
Filled full of kerosene;
She went with it to light the fire,
And has not since benzine.

Mantle of Fame May Have Fallen Upon Aycock.

Augusta, Ga., Chronicle.
Governor Aycock, of North Carolina, in a speech before the New England Society, at New York, the other day, made a great sensation. A prominent Northern correspondent says that since Henry W. Grady astonished and delighted the members of the New England Society by a revelation of the higher gifts of oratory, no address has been delivered in this city to compare with it, both in matter and in manner, until the two brief speeches of Governor Aycock, of North Carolina, on Monday evening. Grady's speech was reported, and has passed into tradition as one of the higher achievements of oratory. Aycock's address was unreported, but the 250 guests and hosts who attended the banquet of the North Carolina Society at the Waldorf-Astoria on Monday evening, have been speaking since then with fine enthusiasm of this brilliant effort.

Our Georgia orators will have to look to their laurels. Perhaps the mantle of fame has fallen upon Aycock.

Money Order Rules Changed.

Money orders can be paid only at the postoffice designated as the office of payment after May 31.

For the convenience of the business public and others having money orders it has been the custom of the first and second-class offices, by order of the postoffice department, to cash all money orders irrespective of the place of payment named therein.

The money order thus became a commercial paper which could be sent like a bank check, for instance, in payment for merchandise ordered or to discharge any indebtedness, with this advantage over an ordinary check that there were no charges for collection.

The practice has been of great advantage to those using money orders and has been highly appreciated by the public for the last year during which it has been in existence.

Now it appears the comptroller of the treasury department has decided this practice is not warranted by law and it will be discontinued on and after June 1.

An Interrupted Honeymoon.

SAVANNAH, Ga., May 30.—Deputy Sheriff Sweney left to-night for New York to bring back John McCullough, a young law student and stenographer in the law office of Congressman R. E. Lester, who is wanted on charge of forgery. The allegation is that McCullough signed the name of Congressman Lester to a check for \$577, which check he cashed at the bank of the Savannah Bank and Trust Company.

McCullough was arrested this morning in New York on telegraphic request from the Savannah police, on complaint of the cashier of the bank. The deputy sheriff goes by way of Atlanta to get requisition papers from the Governor. Young McCullough was accompanied by his bride, whom he married Monday morning 45 minutes before the ship sailed and about two hours after the alleged check was cashed.

Hewitt—Are you a believer in vaccination?

Jewett—Most certainly; it kept my daughter from playing the piano for nearly a week.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

There seems to be an unusual commotion in the field of religious thought. Out of two or three hundred different Christian creeds and forms of worship, one would suppose there were already enough to choose from, but some new and startling ones keep coming in and the eager, craving minds of the unsettled people are falling out with the old and falling in with the new theories and doctrines. There is no cause for very great alarm in this, for it proves the natural instinctive desire of weak and unsettled minds for some religion that will satisfy and comfort the longing heart. It proves the universal belief in God the creator and the universal desire to secure His favor. There is nothing new or strange in this. It is history repeated. One hundred and eighty years ago Alexander Pope, the great poet and philosopher, wrote:

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
He can be wrong whose life is in the right,
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity."

Pope was a great and good man and died a Christian. His devotion to his mother was intense and beautiful. He took the tenderest care of her and she lived with him until she died, in her ninety-third year. This is tribute enough for any man.

There are many men of many minds. There are some in our day just like those of Athens of whom St. Paul wrote, "Who spent their time in telling or hearing some new thing." Even some preachers have a morbid craving for sensation, and they create a commotion wherever they go. They belong to the church militant and believe in thunder and lightning and cyclones and even war as agencies for the propagation of Christianity. The newspapers are crowded with abstruse essays on the new religion both for and against. These distract the skeptical and unsettled minds of many, but only for a time. Spiritualism did the same thing for half a century, but happily it has run its course, as the last census shows a large decrease in the number of its followers. But true Christianity moves on serenely amidst all these commotions. Meteors and comets may come and go—even the sun itself may for a brief interval be eclipsed; but, like Christianity, it shines on year after year, century after century, bringing light and life to the world.

Maybe this sensational preaching is needed in these degenerate times, when the spirit of war and the love of money seem to have demoralized the young men of the land; when murder and suicides are of daily occurrence, and getting money by gambling in stocks and other short cuts to fortune has become a national sin. But to my mind, the old, conservative modes are still the best. I don't like the preacher who ascends the pulpit with a whip in his hand and cracks its lash at every malediction. That would be all right if every man had a pulpit and a whip, so that he could fight back. If I were good enough to be a preacher I would take a text and stick to it reverently and plead with the people in the name of the Lord. Old Dr. Axson, of Savannah, was my ideal of a preacher; a man of God whose very presence in the pulpit increased our reverence for it. His texts still linger in the memories of those who listened and carry with them more enduring solemnity. When David pleaded with the Lord for forgiveness and said, "Remember not against me the iniquities of my youth," every one recalled with grief and sorrow the many, many errors of his young life. What a grief to every man are the sins of his youth and how earnestly he wishes they could be blotted out from his own memory. I recall another text, when David exclaimed in the agony of his heart, "My sin is ever before me." What a subject for an earnest, eloquent divine—the impossibility of escaping from the memory of sin.

But the love of God was his favorite theme, and the helplessness of man in contrast. We know not whence we came nor whither we are going. We cannot add a day nor an hour to our existence. We cannot foresee afflictions nor calamities nor fortify against them. We are utterly helpless and are dependent on the Creator. Then he gave a poetic picture of the wondrous love of the Creator for His creatures and proved it by the adaptation of our senses to the beauties and luxuries of nature—the moon and stars, the mountains, rivers, trees, fruits and flowers; the birds to sing, the flowers to bloom, the earth to bear us food, and how carefully He holds the rolling earth in His mighty hand while we sleep unconscious of any danger, and too often forgetful that our Maker is at the helm, watching over us and counting every pulse that beats. "Young man, young man, stop and think!" he exclaimed, in tender, tearful pleading.

That is the kind of preaching I like. It is well to have creeds and a faith in them; but creeds are at last the work of men and are controverted and hawked at by those who differ; but when the Lord says, "Do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God," "Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God," "Love the Lord with all thy strength and thyself," and "Love is the fulfilling of the law," there is no need of any better creed. Humility is one of the chiefest cardinal virtues. A man who is vain or conceited is close

akin to an idiot. The poet says, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud," and the psalmist says, "Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

But I didn't start to preach a sermon, although I could preach one if I had a pulpit and a congregation of young people. I was ruminating about these blessings of a kind providence because I had strawberry short cake for dinner and felt grateful. I have a thousand plants that I planted—I, me, myself, no nigger in the woodpile. Last year they did not fruit well and I wrote to Mr. Berkman about it, and he said I must use ashes instead of stable manure. So I scooped out a saucer-like space around every plant and filled it with ashes, and this year they are literally loaded and are of large size and fine quality. As the fellow said of the mosquitoes, they are so large that many of them weigh a pound. By the scale, twenty of them do weigh a pound. I am proud of my success, but it does look like a pity that it should take a man seventy-five years to learn how to grow strawberries. Our flowers never were so beautiful, and we have enough for a wedding every week—and I wish they were wanted. My wife actually praises me almost every day, and it takes a good deal to do me and she knows it. I want some when I have worked so hard to please her and the children. I don't want to wait for epitaphs on my tombstone and obituaries in the newspapers. I had rather have some praise right now in words that I can understand. I want some of the flowers placed upon my grave and a rose bush planted near, and they might write on my tombstone:

He was a man of words and deeds,
He kept his garden clean of weeds;
And when the weeds began to grow
He stayed them with his garden hoe.

BILL ARP.

Veterans of the South Re-Elect Gen. Gordon as Commander.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 29.—Gen. John B. Gordon, as commander-in-chief, and the other officers of the United Confederate Veterans were re-elected with enthusiasm at today's session of the annual reunion here. Besides General Gordon, the officers thus honored are:
Gen. Wade Hampton, commander of the Department of Northern Virginia.
Gen. W. L. Cabell, commander of the trans-Mississippi Department.
Gen. Stephen D. Lee, commander of the Department of Tennessee.

When General Gordon's re-election was announced old soldiers sprang to their feet and cheered him with frantic energy. Delegates climbed up on chairs, made the building ring with their shouts and filled the air with waving hats, as they applauded him again and again. It was a minute or two before the General could master his emotion sufficiently to express his thanks.

Dallas, Texas, was selected as the next place of meeting after a hard fight. Louisville, Ky., where the meeting last year was held in rainy weather, made a strong plea for another chance. When the choice came to a vote Dallas secured 1,263 votes and Louisville 1,245. On motion of Col. Bennet H. Young, leader of Louisville's forces, the selection of Dallas was made unanimous.

She Shall be a Hen no More.

CHICAGO, May 27.—The eagle will hereafter be the model and emblem of the woman suffragist. Alice Stone Blackwell, of Boston, daughter of the woman's rights leader, Lucy Stone, in an address to her associates here today during a reception to delegates en route to Minneapolis, said:

"Hereafter the American woman must cease to be a hen which could do no better than cackle and scratch. She must cease to be a mere nightingale, that can only feed her young and warble. The must be the eagle mother and her stogon must be woe betide the male chicken hawks which swoop upon her offspring."

Bakersville Needs Help.

Special to The Observer.
MARSHALL, May 26.—The following telegram is self-explanatory:

"Marion, May 25.
"Following is a list of persons whose houses were destroyed in Bakersville: E. Morgan, Gibbs Green, Hick Patterson, M. Buchanan, Sam Turner, Jim Green, Bill Green, Nora Anderson, Berry Stewart, Prof. Britt, Quiton Moore, C. Silver, Lizzie Howell, P. P. Young, Henry Potat, Jno. Gudger and the Baptist church. These houses with all household effects were swept away by the flood. Much damage in the surrounding country."
J. L. MORGAN.

Will you please raise a fund for the sufferers of Bakersville and vicinity?
J. C. PRITCHARD.

Irony of Fate.

"Yes," said the old inhabitant, "old man Jinks climbed a pine tree to get rid of the life insurance agents' a hurricane came along and blew the tree down, and the agent wuz the first to pull Jinks from under it, an' he wuz head palbearer at Jinks' funeral an' preached a sermon on the uncertainty of life, an' insared the whole town, an' went his way rejoicin'."

TOO LATE.

Youth's Companion.

The old farmer died suddenly, so when Judge Gilroy, his only son, received the telegram, he could do nothing but go up to the farm for the funeral. It was difficult to do even that, for the judge was the leading lawyer in X—, and every hour was worth many dollars to him.

As he sat with bent head in the grimy little train that lumbered through the farms, he could not keep the details of his cases out of his mind.

He had been a good respectful son. He had never given his father a headache; and the old man died full of years and virtues, "a shock of corn fully ripe." The phrase pleased him.

"I wish to tell you," said the doctor gravely, "that your father's thoughts were all of you. He was ill but an hour, but his cry was for 'John! John!'"

"If I could have been with him!" said the judge.

"He was greatly disappointed that you missed your half yearly visit last spring. Your visits were the events of his life," said the doctor.

"Last spring? Oh, yes; I took my family then to California."

"I urged him to run down and see you on your return, but he would not go."

"No, he never felt at home in the city."

The judge remembered that he had not asked his father to come down. Ted was ashamed of his grandfather's wide collar; and Jessie, who was a fine musician, scowled when she was asked to sing the "Portuguese Hymn" every night. The judge humored his children, and had ceased to ask his father into his house.

The farmhouse was in order and scrupulously clean; but its bareness gave a chill to the judge, whose own home was luxurious. The deaf old woman, who had been his father's servant, sat grim and tearless by the side of the coffin.

"Martha was faithful," whispered the doctor, "but she's deaf. His life was very solitary. The neighbors are young. He belonged to another generation."

He reverently uncovered the coffin, and then Martha went out and closed the door.

The judge was alone with his dead. Strange enough his thought was still of the cold bareness of the room. Those hacked wooden chairs were there when he was a boy. It would have been so easy for him to have made the house comfortable—to have hung some pictures on the wall! How his father had delighted in his engravings and poured over them!

Looking now into the kind old face, with the white hair lying motionless on it, he found something in it which he had never taken time to notice before—a sagacity, a nature fine and sensitive. He was the friend, the comrade whom he had needed so often! He had left him with deaf old Martha for his sole companion!

There hung upon the wall the photograph of a young man with an eager, strong face, looking proudly at a chubby boy on his knee. The judge saw the strength in the face.

"My father should have played a high part in life," he thought. "There is more promise in his face than in mine."

In the desk were a bundle of old account books with records of years of hard drudgery on the farm; of work in winter and summer, and often late at night, to pay John's school bills, and to send him to Harvard. One patch of ground after another was sold while he waited for practice, to give him clothes and luxuries which other young men in town had, until but a meagre portion of the farm was left.

John Gilroy suddenly closed the book. "And this is the end!" he said. "The boy for whom he had lived and worked, won fortune and position—and how did he repay him?"

The man knelt on the bare floor and shed bitter tears on the quiet old face. "O father! father!" he cried. "But there was no smile on the quiet face. He was too late."

The Kentucky Senatorship.

Baltimore Sun.
The Democrats of Kentucky are rapidly making their Legislative nominations. The Legislature to be chosen will elect a United States Senator to succeed Mr. Deboe, Republican, whose term will expire March 3, 1903. Of the Democratic nominations so far made it is conceded a majority favor the election of ex-Gov. James B. McCreary as Senator, and that gentleman is confident he will win in the event of the election of a Democratic Legislature.

On the other hand, should the Republicans secure a majority in the Legislature it is understood Mr. Deboe will be re-elected without serious opposition.

Biggest Baby in the World.

SHAERON, Pa., May 27.—The village of Atlantic, in Crawford county, has the largest baby of her age in the world. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Minnis, who are rather below the average in height and weight. She is but eight months old; her bust measures 31 inches and she weighs 51½ pounds. She is perfectly healthy and has never partaken of any solid food.

LYMAN ABBOTT'S VIEWS ON THE SOUTH.

Baltimore Sun.

At the present time the people of the North are giving a great deal of time to a discussion of affairs in the Southern States, and the negro in the South of course occupies a prominent position in the discussion. It is encouraging to note that many Northern men of intelligence have been visiting the South and have carried home with them much valuable information. Among other tourists the Rev. Lyman Abbott has gathered some facts which he told at a public meeting in Brooklyn the other day. Dr. Abbott called attention to the fact that while the North has sent \$30,000,000 to the southern States for the education of the negro, the South itself, out of its poverty, has spent \$120,000,000 for that purpose. If there is any prejudice against the negro in the South, or any hostility to him, this does not look like it, as Dr. Abbott justly remarked. The war and reconstruction left the South bankrupt and it took years to recuperate. For this condition and for the condition of the negro the North was responsible. The North gave the right of suffrage to the negro and then left mainly to the white people of the South, bankrupt as they were, the burden of educating him for the ballot. This burden the North should in justice have shared to a far greater degree than it has.

Discussing conditions in the South Dr. Abbott said: "The negro in the little log cabin in the South is better off than the negro in the North in a tenement with fifty more of his kind."

"Let us get away from the notion," he added, "that the South can't be friendly to the negro because they don't regard the negro as we think they ought to and as we would not regard the negro if we were living surrounded by them as they are. We must get rid of the idea that all men are equal and that every man has an equal right to a vote and an equal right to a place in society and an equal right to stand where everybody else does."

Many other gentlemen of intelligence who have visited the South in recent times have gone back to the North and have told the people there these same things and the newspapers have published what they said. A correct understanding may be slow in coming, but it will come finally. There has been talk in the North among the politicians about punishing the South for disfranchising negroes. Maryland even was threatened with the loss of a portion of its representation in Congress and its electoral vote because it was believed that difficulties had been put in the way of the illiterate voter, notwithstanding that the right of Massachusetts to disfranchise its illiterate vote absolutely was conceded. But nothing has come of all these threats. Wise counsels so far have prevailed. It may be that the idea of building up a Republican party in the South is a delusion. But one thing is certain. Whatever the people of the South may think of high tariffs and expansion and ship subsidies, there can be no Republican party in the south as long as Northern interference makes race issue paramount and renders it necessary for the white people to prevent a return of the reconstruction era and negro domination. Self-preservation is the first law; after that is established then people may have time to talk about tariffs and subsidies.

The Negro's Place in the South.

"It will be news to many people," observes the Boston Herald, "that Mr. Hinton Rowan Helper, the man who created such a stir in the politics of the country by his book upon slavery printed on the eve of the Civil War, is still alive and writing."

"Mr. Helper now wants the negro deported from the South. He is far from being practical in his old age, whatever may be thought of his early consideration of the Southern race question. It is difficult to believe that his present scheme can be treated seriously in intelligent quarters."

"The place of the negro is in the South. He is better off there than in the Northern States, and to remove him entirely from the country is impracticable, if it were desirable. It is clear, also, to our mind, that the South needs him where he is, admitting all his faults. He is the natural laborer in that section, and to deprive the South of him in that capacity would be to take from her what is vitally essential to her prosperity."

An Extra Session Suggested.

WASHINGTON, May 28.—In some quarters it is suggested that action of the Supreme Court on the insular cases may result in an extra session of Congress to legislate with reference to the Philippines. The more common opinion appears to be, however, that there will be no necessity for Congress to be called together before the regular time of meeting. The application of the opinion of the court to the Philippines is only by inference inasmuch as the Philippine case was not decided.

Never Saw the Jeems.

Richmond Times.
It is suggested that the man who said blood was thicker than water never saw James river water in the rainy season.

AMERICAN NEGROES IN AFRICA.

Chicago Journal.

There is probably no more impossible scheme imaginable than that which is every now and then broached by some philanthropist looking to the colonization of the American negroes in Africa. It was at one time regarded as the only solution of the slavery question, and it is now grasped at as the only solution of the negro question.

The American Colonization Society was founded in 1817 and in 1821 acquired in Africa the territory now known as Liberia, and established the town or city of Monrovia. Some of the most distinguished men in the nation were officers of the society, such as Chief Justice Marshall, Bushrod Washington, ex-President Madison and Henry Clay, and for 40 years much money was spent and much effort wasted in promoting its object, but without satisfactory results. William Lloyd Garrison in the old slavery times fiercely denounced it as a mere salve for tender consciences, and declared that seven times as many slaves were annually smuggled into the South as had been transported to Africa in fifteen years by the society.

The plan has again been revived by Bishop Turner, of the African Methodist Church, who thinks that transportation to Africa would be the best thing for the negroes of the South, and he affirms that 3,000,000 blacks are now willing to make the change.

Has Bishop Turner ever sat down with paper and pencil and tried to figure out how long it would take and how much would be the expense of removing so vast a number of persons across the Atlantic.

No ordinary means of transportation would suffice but something special would have to be devised such as is used for the transport of armies. It took at least ten years for 3,000,000 of European immigrants to find their way to this country, when immigration was at its height, but that method would not serve the purpose in the present instance.

Vessels would have to be built or purchased especially for the service, and to obtain a proper fleet and man it would be the work of years.

If twenty vessels were employed, each carrying two thousand passengers, and making monthly trips, it would take them over six years to perform the task, if they did nothing else and everything worked with the perfection of machinery. The mere transportation at the lowest figure could not be less than \$20 a head, and that alone would be \$60,000,000. Other expenses would amount up to double and treble this sum.

We think a few arithmetical computations like this, and these by no means exhaust the subject, will show that such a scheme is absolutely absurd and impossible.

The negro, for good or evil, is here, and is here to stay. We will have to solve our problem in some other manner than by colonization in Africa.

New Trial in the Gattis-Kilgo Case.

In the case of Gattis vs. Kilgo, Justice Montgomery delivers the opinion of the court ordering a new trial. There is no dissenting opinion. Justice Clark did not sit in this case. The opinion is of great length. The court says that whether or not the speech of Kilgo published by defendants in pamphlet form was a privileged communication was a question of law and the judge below properly tried the case as one of qualified privilege. In vindication of Kilgo's character, he (Kilgo) has a right to publish a fair and honest account of acts done in the courts of investigation, provided the publication was free from malice. No error is found in most of Judge Hoke's charge to the jury, but a new trial is granted for certain errors in the charge, the court holding that Kilgo's speech was absolutely privileged. The court holds that Kilgo's trial before the boards of trustees of Trinity College upon charges against his character and fitness was like a trial before a court for violation of the law of the land and he had a right in his defence to resent the charges. In this State defendants have entire immunity in trial before courts of law in such cases, provided what they say is pertinent to the issue. The court holds that Kilgo's speech, which was published by W. R. Odell and B. N. Duke, as the trustees of Trinity, was not intrinsic evidence of malice.

Sight Restored by Prayer.

Alma Provencher, the 15-year-old daughter of a French-Canadian family of Amesbury, Mass., was stricken with a peculiar disease some time ago, which caused her to become totally blind. The mother of the girl was on her dying bed, but despite the fact that her own end was near she continually prayed that her daughter's sight might be restored. At the mother's death a friend in the house led the daughter to the deathbed, and, taking the dead woman's hands, rubbed them over the girl's eyes. The daughter gave a cry of delight. She could discern a faint light. The girl continued to improve, and in a few days she could see as well as before she became blind. The girl is now employed at the cotton mills and every night she goes to St. Joseph's church and prays for her mother. The facts as stated above are vouched for by several persons.