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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

"And in that day the young men shall see visions and the old men shall dream dreams; and the handmaidens shall prophesy." That is what Peter told the people on the day of Pentecost. And Peter believed that the days foretold by the Prophet Joel had already come, for the devout men from every nation under heaven were there prophesying and speaking in every language. The people said they were drunk, but Peter said, "No, for it is only 9 o'clock in the morning." I reckon the toppers drank more in the evening, just as they do now, and went to bed drunk. But it has always perplexed me to find out when the age or period of working miracles and seeing visions ceased and why the power was taken away from the men of God. Paul could work miracles to save or to heal others, but had to die by the executioner. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church, but has the time passed when dreams and visions are of no force or meaning? I was ruminating about dreams, because last night I dreamed not less than three hours in about half a minute. The clock was striking 12 and I dreamed it was the fire bell and I saw the rising smoke and then the flame of the fire where the hotel was burning. I saw firemen climbing ladders and descending with women and children in their arms. I saw streams of water flooding the roof and pouring in at the windows. I heard the excited voices of firemen and people and witnessed the frantic efforts to keep the fire from crossing to the next block. I saw enough to take hours to recite and yet I awakened with the last stroke of the hammer on the little bell and knew that it was the clock and not the fire bell that had caused that long exciting dream. This same experience I had many years ago—when the report of a gun provoked a dream that began in a quarrel between two of my friends and continued in a correspondence in which an apology was demanded and I was called upon to assist in the writing and several letters were passed, but to no purpose and it ended in a challenge. Seconds were chosen—the code duello was carefully consulted—the ground chosen—the time fixed and the duel took place; and when the first shot was fired I awoke. The report of the gun had precipitated and concentrated all of that long and anxious dream into a second of time. Doubtless very many people have had a similar experience. The medical books recorded many such instances and Lord Brougham declared that all dreams were instantaneous. Drowning men have the same experience. Those who are resuscitated declare that every event of their lives came before them in the instant of losing consciousness. Time is nothing. It seems to be annihilated. There is no emotion of surprise. If your father or brother or friend appears to you in a dream you are not surprised, though he has been dead many years. But Lord Brougham is wrong. The smile of an infant sleeping in its mother's arms comes from a dream and is not instantaneous. Sometimes it continues quite a while and comes and goes. The mother believes the child sees angels and heavenly things. Maybe it does, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Lord Brougham is wrong, for men and women who have had part of the skull removed and left the brain exposed have dreamed while the doctors looked on and saw the brain dilated and pulsate and become excited and disturbed and the patient would tell of a bad dream. When the sleep was sweet the brain was in perfect repose.

What a wonderful piece of mechanism is this body of ours. It can all sleep save the heart and lungs and arteries. They never sleep nor get a day off for rest. Just think of it. For 75 years this heart of mine has not failed to beat time for every moment of my existence and send its warm blood to every part of my body. Whether I am awake or asleep it is ever at its post of duty. Poor thing—I know it is tired. And so with my lungs that cease not day or night to bring the heart's food, its strength and power. The will, the brain, the eyes and ears—the sense of smell and taste and feeling all get sleep and rest and awake renewed, but the heart and lungs can never rest. Their rest is death. But the mystery is how is the brain connected with the will. When the will is asleep the brain seems to run riot and to revel in curious and fantastic fancies. It is a boy out of school. It is very like the effect of Opium on the senses as described by DeQuincey in his confessions. The will seems to be the strongest and most responsible faculty of man. The heart is commonly called the seat of the affections and emotions—in fact, the very soul of man, and David says the heart is sinful above all things and desperately wicked, but that, of course, is figurative. The heart is but a lump of flesh—a machine—an engine, as it were, for a mechanical purpose. It has nothing to do with affections or emotions or sins or crime. It may be badly diseased and the man not know it. If his stomach is out of order, he knows it quickly and feels sick all over. The will, and the brain, which is the seat of thought and reason, make up the spiritual part of man, but how they are connected is known only to the Creator. Generally they work in har-

mony. Sometimes they do not, for, as Paul says, "that I would do I do not—and that I would not do that I do."

A friend asked me the other day if I believed in dreams; that is to say, in dreams as a warning, or signs, or prophecy.

No, I do not. The dream book is a humbug. But I do believe that sometimes there are spiritual visions that come in sleep, but these are very rare. Some are too well authenticated to leave any doubt. Swedenborg had many of them. Tartinian, a great composer, says that the devil appeared to him one night and challenged him to play him some music, and he composed the "Devil's Sonata" in a dream, and the devil sang it and danced it, and Tartinian put it on paper when he awoke. Soleridge says he composed his poem of "Kubla Khan" in a dream, but could only recall 300 lines of it next morning. Abstruse problems in mathematics have been solved in dreams, but the most reasonable explanation of all these is that the tired mind had rest from sleep and became more sensitive and acute. Whether we have good dreams or bad dreams depends almost altogether upon what we had for supper and how much we ate of it. The stomach is the great regulator of our repose, whether it be peaceful and refreshing or disturbed by unwelcome dreams. Children dream a good deal and have nightmares, but old men dream seldom, for they are more careful what they eat for supper. Blackberry pie washed down with buttermilk don't harmonize. But when the brain gets old it is tired and takes more rest. It can't jump around and frolic in dreams like it did when we were young.

This is enough of dreams. In fact, it is about all I know.

I have been greatly comforted of late with some more good reading. Colonel A. K. McClure, the notable editor and writer, has written a letter to The Times-Democrat, of New Orleans—his recollections and opinions of Lincoln and Davis. It is a long letter, carefully and admirably written. It is fair and just to both the presidents. It places Mr. Davis on a higher plane than any northern writer has ever done, and I wish that every leading paper north and south would copy it. It settles that whole controversy about the Hampton Roads conference and leaves no room for doubt. Colonel McClure is a just man and deserves the thanks of the south for his beautiful tribute to our president.

BILL ARP.

Concerning Woes and Ways of Woman.

Maz O'Rell.

Woman is a beautiful human creature, who dresses, fixes her tresses, caresses, impresses, distresses and undresses. When two women meet the first thing they do is to pick each other to pieces in their own minds; the next thing is to pay flattering compliments to each other. A woman may be so good, obliging and amiable; ever so devoted and loving; she will go where her husband likes, do as he pleases, make every possible sacrifice for him; but she will always do her hair the way she likes. There are two kinds of men whom women like—those who love them and those who hate them. When you have been married three months you will think that you understand your wife. When you have been married twenty-five years you will come to the conclusion that you do not know her at all. When a woman arrives at a station two minutes after her train is gone she does not blame herself for missing it; she thinks that the employees of the company are no gentlemen. For many women the definition of a gentleman is a man who knows how to wait. There are two things that new women possess—no notion of time and notion of distance. But why should women remember time when they know that they were made to make us men forget it? What makes women so delightfully fascinating is that they do not possess scientific minds. They care nothing for arguments. They take it for granted that when you said such and such a thing it meant this and that whether it was this and that or not. If they have made up their minds that you have done a thing which you have never done, you may call to your rescue all the principles of algebra, trigonometry and differential and integral calculus to prove to them they are wrong; it will be all in vain. You will never understand woman unless you start from this fact, which, I believe, is undeniable: Most of the actions of a woman are committed under the dictations of her heart, not of her head, in her tender relations with man, at any rate. If this is conceded, I think that the solution of that great problem, women, is less difficult than it appears to be.

Bright Lights at Tarboro.

Tarboro Southerner.

Wednesday night those who observed the eastern and southeastern heavens beheld a grand sight. What appeared to be a huge, rapidly moving star was first seen, brilliantly white and as large as a hat. As it swept in a southerly direction it grew in size and brilliancy, till it disappeared below the horizon as large as an average door. Those who beheld it say that the heavens were lit up and the whole night was bright.

SHE SAW HER COFFIN.

But Was Assured of an Hour for Preparation, Which Mrs. Gallup Spent in Discussing Her Husband's Prospective Second Wife.

Pennsylvania Grit.

Mr. Gallup had lain down on the lounge after supper to smoke a pipe, and as Mrs. Gallup cleared off the table and washed the dishes she sang "Weary Souls" at the top of her voice and in high spirits. It might possibly have been her singing which finally lulled Mr. Gallup to sleep and dropped the pipe from his mouth to the floor, although it had never done it before. He was gently snoring when Mrs. Gallup appeared with hands pressed to heart and a wabble to her gait, and, sinking into a chair, she gasped:

"Samuel Gallup, I shall be as dead as a crowbar in less'n an hour, and you'd better git up and give me a last embrace."

"Mr. Gallup gurgled in his throat as he slept, and without seeming to notice his condition she continued:

"Yes Samuel, I've got my summons. I was putting away the last dish when my heart give a sudden bob, my head begun to go round, and right before me I saw my coffin and an open grave. For a minut I thought I was a goner, but then a small voice whispered to me that I'd live an hour longer and that I'd better come in and talk to you, Samuel, and, though I don't expect to draw tears to your eyes, I do hope you'll listen and remember what I say."

At this juncture Mrs. Gallup's tears began to fall and her chin to quiver, and, being so busy with her emotions, she did not even look Mr. Gallup's way. Swallowing at the lump in her throat, she said:

"Samuel, I've allus kinder felt that in case of my death you'd marry ag'in, and it's allus made me feel a little edge-wise, but a change has come over me. It came two weeks ago. I'm now resigned to your takin' a second wife. In fact, I think it's better you should. Mrs. Teachout was sayin' to me the other day that if I dropped off you'd marry ag'in inside of four weeks, as you'd want somebody to comb your hair, but I don't think you'd be as mean as that. You'd wait at least three months, wouldn't you?"

Mr. Gallup snored in reply, and taking this as an answer in the affirmative, Mrs. Gallup went on:

"The usual time is a year, but I ain't askin' you to wait that long for me. I've bin a hardworkin' wife, and I've allus saved every bit of the soap grease and made the tea last in a way to surprise you, but I ain't askin' for any praise. I'm old and humbly and near-sighted, and I can't blame you if you kick up your heels arter I am gone. Shall you go on a bridal tower with your second wife, Samuel? I ain't askin' 'cause I'm jealous, you know, but just out of curiosity. When we got married, all the bridal tower we had was to go to a circus and come home in a thunderstorm, but if you want to go to Niagara Falls with your new wife don't stop on my account."

As Mr. Gallup had been asked a direct question there was no call for him to wake up, and as Mrs. Gallup felt like weeping she had a fairly good time at it before saying further:

"I did think at one time that if you married a chit of a girl I'd come back and sit on the footboard of the bed and haunt you, but I've changed my mind about it. It ain't in me to be mean. While it 'pears to me that you'd better marry a widdler woman about 40 years old, if you decide on a girl of 20 it ain't for me to raise no row. While a widdler woman would be at work sewing patches on your trousers and makin' apple butter, a gal wife would want to be swingin' in a hammock or playin' the melodeon, but it's your own look-out. The papers are full of gal wives runnin' away with tin peddlers, and you must hev read of a gal wife or a widdler, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup combined a sigh and a snore and stood mutal, and after hanging on to her chin to stop its shaking Mrs. Gallup continued:

"I was goin' to ask you to think of me once in awhile when I was gone, but I don't want to give you trouble. You'll hev nuff to think of with your new wife, and as I shall be flyin' round in heaven I'll be all right. Once in awhile however—once in awhile, when your new wife spies the bread, kicks the cat outdoors, breaks the nose off the teapot and kicks in the head of the vinegar barrel, I wish you'd jest remember how patient and savin' I was. Shall you hev a new pump put into the well for your second wife, Samuel? The old one has bin out of order fur nine years, you know, and you've got to pumpety pump for 10 minits to git any water. It'll be just like her to insist on a red pump with a blue handle."

There was no change in the situation as far as Mr. Gallup was concerned. He still slept, and he still sighed and snored.

"And I s'pose you'll whitewash the pig-pen and hen-roost and hev new shingles on the roof of the house. When I want five cents fur peppermint essence to settle my stummick, it takes a week to git it out of you, but if your second wife wants \$25 fur furbelows you'll hev to hand it right over or hev a fuss. She won't make one corset last fur six years, and she won't go barefoot to save her shoes. However, as I said

before, what will it be to me? I'll be flappin' my wings and hevin' a blissful time, and if you ain't happy I shan't know it nor worry about it. About my dyin', Samuel—do you feel like you'd like to kiss me afore I go?"

Mr. Gallup drew up one leg and slowly straightened it out again, but he made no verbal answer.

"It's 'leven years or more since you kissed me, and I shouldn't have asked you now if I wasn't agoin' to perish. It's of no consequence, however. You kin save 'em all for your second wife. There'll probably be 10,000 angels waitin' at the gate to kiss me. I wanted to say a word about my clothes. They are purty old, and your second wife will make fun of 'em, but I don't want you to let her use 'em for mop rags. It would be jest like her, but if you don't want to save 'em to remember me by then you kin bundle 'em up and drop 'em in the pigpen. Stand up fur me that much anyhow, won't you, even if I haven't got but three teeth left."

Mr. Gallup woke and sat up surprised that he had been asleep. He saw Mrs. Gallup before him, and he saw that she was weeping, but he picked up his pipe, stood on his feet stretched and yawned, and then went out to fasten the kitchen door, wind up the clock and go to bed. She waited awhile hoping he would look at or speak to her, but as he did neither before vanishing into the family bedroom as if she did not exist she suddenly dried her tears and put the perishing business afar off. Following him up after a moment, she threw quite a note of cheerfulness into her voice as she said:

"If it's a good day fur it to-morrow, Samuel, I think I'll start in and make some soft soap."

Mr. Stevenson's Last Prayer.

Nothing in the English language is more beautiful than the prayer which Robert Louis Stevenson had written and read aloud to his family only the evening before his death. There was no premonition of death—he was in better health than he had been for a long time. The prayer, beautiful and full of uplift, is made more inspiring because it was composed almost in the shadow of the better world. It will help all who love a gem in prose, and give strength and comfort to all who find it hard to frame a prayer of thanksgiving and petition for those things that girl one in the hour of endurance. Here is Mr. Stevenson's last prayer:

AN EVENING PRAYER.

We beseech, Thee, Lord, to behold us with favor, folk of many families and nations, gathered together in the peace of this roof, weak men and women, subsisting under the covert of Thy patience. Be patient still; suffer us yet awhile longer—with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavors against evil—suffer us awhile longer to endure, and (if it may be), help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, have us play the man under affliction. Be with our friends; be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns to us, our sun and comforter, call us, call us up with morning faces and morning hearts—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow—strong to endure it."

How He Spelled Cat.

Chicago Tribune.

An old army surgeon who was fond of a joke, if not perpetrated at his own expense, was one day at a mess when a wag remarked to the doctor, who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary delinquencies of some of the officers appointed from civil life: "Doctor, are you acquainted with Captain G?"

"Yes, I know him well," replied the doctor. "But what of him?"

"Nothing in particular," replied the officer. "I have just received a letter from him, and I wager you a case of wine that you can not tell in five guesses how he spells cat."

"Done," said the doctor: "it's a wager."

"Well, commence guessing," said the officer.

"K-a-double-t."

"No."

"C-a-t-e."

"No, try again."

"K-a-t-e."

"No you've missed it again."

"Well, then," returned the doctor, "c-a-double-t."

"No, that's not the way; try once more; it's your last guess."

"C-a-g-t."

"No," said the wag, "that's not the way; you've lost the bet."

Well," said the doctor with some petulance of manner, "how does he spell it?"

"Why, he spells it c-a-t," replied the wag with the utmost gravity, amid the roars of the mess; and, almost choking with rage, the doctor sprang to his feet, exclaiming: "Gentlemen, I am too old to be trifled with in this manner."

DEATH IN THE PAINTED DESERT

The Tragic End of a Surveyor Who Was Separated From His Crew.

Chicago Record-Herald.

In Arizona there is a county called Coconino, and the Colorado River crosses it with many a curve and twist. It lies in the northern part of the Great Colorado plateau and is west of the Moqui country. Long after the railroad line from Flagstaff to Ashfork was completed, a plan was formed to build another line into Coconino and thence by heroic measures to pass into the most rugged scenery of Colorado, and open that canon land to tourists. In some respects it was a foolish project, but a preliminary survey was ordered, and a party sent out with a young civil engineer by the name of Bowden at its head. He had studied at Ann Arbor and also at the University of Minnesota. His experience in field work covered about five years prior to the time of his arrival at Flagstaff. He was not familiar with the southwest, its climate, and peculiar topography, but he had associated with him a man by the name of Watts, who had lived for many years in the vicinity of Prescott and who understood the perils that confronted the surveying party in its attempt to find a railroad route to Coconino.

The sun shines in Coconino. It hangs day after day above Lava Butte, the Painted Desert, Shinumo Altar and the Black Falls as if it were a destroying angel; not the kindly orb that flashes in the northern belt, but a consuming, terrifying demon of the desert wastes, from which there is no escape. Those who toil in city's ways think the sun is hot, that the humidity is deadly, that pain such as theirs is unknown. They never looked up to the solar star from the buttes of Coconino. There, blazing through the century-dried air, all that is inhuman in stellar heat feeds upon the brain of man, until mad, he staggers over the sands and falls to death.

Bowden and his men worked their way north by Mesa Butte, carrying their provisions and water, making slow progress, enduring extraordinary discomforts. It was after they had camped at the Little Colorado, on the south bank, that Bowden, acting upon the advice of Watts, deemed it advisable that the main party should rest there, while he and Watts made some explorations of their own to determine how best they should approach Lava Butte.

The two men left camp one morning before sunrise and headed due north for the Painted Desert. They carried with their horses a two days' supply of water and provisions. It was impossible after 10 o'clock in the morning for them to advance further in the heat. They camped in the swale of a dry arroyo, making such shade as they could, and waited for the coming cool of the late afternoon, when they might press on a little more. Bowden contemplated some observations, but found that his sight was affected and that he must rest. In the evening, and before they halted for the night, Lava Butte was in sight of the two men.

After their supper Bowden said that he would walk a distance under the stars that he would return to the camp within an hour. He had not returned by midnight, and Watts dared not leave the horses and search for him. The next day came, and Watts tried to find his companion, but failed. The water supply began to run short, the horses were suffering and Bowden did not appear. Watts then headed back for the camp on the Little Colorado, but lost his mind. The third day he was found by a relief party sent out from the camp. His horses were dead and he was without water. He was a year recovering from his experience. The men of the Little Colorado camp subsequently searched for Bowden and found his body about 10 miles from the camp he and Watts had made.

Bowden had walked in the night through the dead land, where in starlight or sunlight all things look alike. Either things are white to the eye or gray. But there is so much white and so much gray that to distinguish one object from another, to remember it, to say, "I will come back to this," is not possible. So when Bowden started to retrace his steps he did not know where he was. The plain was all north, south, east and west. He quite evidently had sat down and tried to collect his thoughts, for there were marks in the waste indicating the various positions he had taken. He had a small bottle of water with him, but no food.

No sound swept the plain. Bowden may have thought he was entombed in some vast charnel-house of the ages to which Time had brought Nature's remains and left them without burial. He was on the crest of one-time vast lava beds, a spot where the fires of hell once raged beneath his feet. Here the last great battle of the peaks of the continent had probably been fought with thunderbolt and flame hurled from the bowels of the earth.

And he was alone. Not even the wretched lizards of the lava region were moving. Perhaps Watts was within a stone's throw of him; he could not tell. He called. No voice answered. He walked, but it was in a circle, and he came back time and time again to his starting point.

He waited for the dawn—one hope that the sun's light might give him a trace of Watts. He saw the shade of the night grow deeper and deeper, and

then the driving of this blackness back from the east and the coming there of a cold line of gray and then an insolent one of red, and a savage yellow with that, and then, with one leap, the sun. He must have scanned the plain, but there was no sight of Watts. He called, he laughed, he cried. He drank his water to the last drop in the bottle. He walked and ran. He returned to the spot where he had first become bewildered. He was hot and then cold, and the sun rose higher and higher; grew more pitiless with every advance.

After a long time the man threw his hands high in the air, far up to the sun god that was calling to him, although beating him down. He fell flat on his face, and there he slept his last sleep in the land where the sun shines forever and ever.

Worth Gives up All His Property.

Raleigh Post.

H. W. Jackson, as trustee for ex-Treasurer W. H. Worth, Monday paid to State Treasurer Lacy \$5,000 toward the replacing of the money embezzled by Major W. H. Martin while serving under Mr. Worth as institutional clerk in the state Treasury.

This payment was a result of a meeting of ex-treasurer Worth and his bondsmen held at the office of James H. Pou. Nearly all of Mr. Worth's bondsmen were present in person or by proxy, and arrangements were made to raise the amount of Martin's default and to promptly pay it over to the State.

Mr. Worth turns over all his property, real and personal, without reservation, to H. W. Jackson as trustee, who holds it for the benefit of his bondsmen.

James H. Pou, ex-Treasurer Worth's attorney, says the suit against the Baltimore bonding company, in which ex-Clerk Martin gave bond, will be begun in September. Even then the case cannot be carried through the Superior and Supreme Court before next spring. Therefore, all Mr. Worth's property which has been formally turned over to his bondsmen, having to-day made formal deed of trust, will be sold and Mr. Worth will recover the latter if he can from the bonding company.

Colonel Jack Chinn Swears Off.

Chester S. C., Reporter.

Jack Chinn, famous on the race tracks of Kentucky and a great friend and supporter of Gov. Goebel, was in New York recently. When the boys proposed a toast he took water, and said:

"All the trouble I ever had in my life came through whiskey. In my early days I started with beer, and at various stages of the game I tackled champagne and then went on to brandy and whiskey, and sometimes it would take a week or two to straighten your humble servant out. Three months ago a little lady down in Kentucky (my wife, if you please, gentlemen), suggested that I had had about all the fun that was necessary in this life and she asked me not to drink any more. I have regarded her wishes ever since, and shall never take another drink as long as I live. Let all the boys have all the fun they can get out of whiskey. There's nothing in it."

A Well Governed American Municipality.

Everybody's Magazine.

There is one exception to the rule of misrule in large American municipalities. It is the District of Columbia, the National Capital. It is not the city of Washington, for that is distinguished from all other cities in having absolutely no government whatsoever as a city. The District of Columbia, now containing about seventy square miles, and about 300,000 people, is the one place in the United States where the political ideas of most municipal reformers are in any measure realized. There is no maladministration, there is no corruption, bribery, blackmail in the administration of its affairs. Taxation, though, by reason of adequate assessments and the great exemptions for governmental and other purposes, is higher per capita than in other places of a similar size, is reasonable and not burdensome.

At Gaffney City, in the joint discussion between Senators Tillman and McLaurin, the former proposed the resignation of both their senatorships and then a joint campaign before the people for McLaurin's seat that the people of the State might pass upon the latter's questioned Democracy and the issues now to the front in that State. McLaurin accepted the proposal and only Governor McSweeney's refusal to accept the resignations prevented Tillman's scheme from being carried out. And yet Senator Tillman was one of the executive committee of the party who advocated barring McLaurin out of the primaries. If at Gaffney he recognized his right to run why should he at the Columbia committee meeting deny it? It looks like a blow below the belt.—Charlotte Observer.

The new administration of Asheville, is rigidly enforcing all ordinances designed to bring about an observance of the Sabbath, no matter how blue the laws may be considered. The barber at the Swannanoa Hotel was fined in the police court Monday for shaving a man on Sunday.