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## LETTER FROM SAM JONES.

Atlanta Journal.

For three days I have been luxuriating in the cool breezes of the lakes in Illinois and Wisconsin. What a relief to a "dust covered and foot sore traveler." I stood the hot winds, drouth and dust better than the crops, but the rains of the past few days had done untold good to late corn and pastures.

In spite of wind and weather, the attendance upon the chautauquas have been large. Ex-Candidate, now editor, Bryan, has spoken at several of the Chautauquas preceding me. He is preaching now from the text "Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good." His sermons are well spoken of and received by the people with their praises. Mr. Bryan is a good fellow—a far better preacher than he is a politician. He would make a better preacher than president. I have always been fond of Bryan personally. He is a gentleman and a Christian. Therefore he must in the nature of the case be a poor politician. Morally he is all right.

Politically he is a "mixtry" of Democracy, Populism and Socialism. If he stays by the Kansas City platform he will soon be as lonesome as Cleveland. But I suppose Ben Tillman, Altgeld and Bob Taylor will stay with him, for Tillman never changes his views, Altgeld is dead (politically) and Bob Taylor is too big hearted to go back on an old friend.

I see, by the way, that Bob Taylor is thinking of running for the United States senate. If that's true, Bob has forgotten his valedictory. Any man who can do as well out of politics as Bob and as poorly in politics as Bob is a fool to go in again. I mean a political fool. If I was mad with Bob and wanted to ruin him I'd keep him in political office. Out of politics he makes thousands happy with his inimitable lectures. In office he makes himself miserable and is no special credit to his constituency. I hope Bob will stick to the lecture platform and remember his valedictory.

General Gordon is also on the programs of many chautauquas. His story of the last days of the Confederacy is like his noble self—immortal.

John Temple Graves speaks also to the delight of thousands of chautauquans. He is a regular Lucas Gresham—of rare sentences and rhetoric on the platform.

Ham is going the rounds also and growing as he goes in strength and popular form. Charley Lane, of Georgia, is also a coming "nag" on the Chautauqua race track.

A score of others such as Tom Dixon, Russell H. Conwell, Wendling, G. W. Bain, etc., delight the people on the platforms of America.

I see Sampson and Schley have carried their naval war into Africa. I wish Sampson and Schley would both come to our Cartersville Tabernacle meeting September 7th to 15th, and get a good old case of camp meeting religion and hug each other and quit their fussing.

I also want Joel Hurt and Harry Atkinson to come too, and have the devils cast out of them, and divide up the street car business of Atlanta in an equitable Christian spirit. I also want all the forces of the Journal and Constitution to come up sure and have their spiritual strength renewed. Nobody needs it worse than those gangs.

Some of the Atlanta aldermen must come too; they need it bad. But understand, gentlemen don't all come the same day—too much of a strain on the meeting. But laying aside pleasantry and truth mixed, we are planning and praying for a good religious meeting at the Tabernacle this September and we want all the preachers in Georgia to consider themselves specially invited and all the people come also and enjoy it with us. There is nothing this great country of ours needs so much as it needs an old-fashioned holy ghost revival of religion, a tidal wave of God's power, that will wake up the church and sinners and run the devil out of the county.

There is certainly a dearth of spiritual power and a fearful paralysis on the moral forces in this land.

Preachers are without power and the rank and file of the church plodding all along at a poor dying rate. Most members of the church are trying to go to heaven like a fellow traveling by railroad—pay your fare and take a seat. The Theological Cemeteries turning out our preachers and the devil running our deacons and elders in many instances. This Christian country so-called must wake up or soon we won't be a Christian country.

I see Japan has her missionaries over here and next China will go to work to teach us better morals and manners. Greed has got us and the dollar is drowning us. Talk about parceling out China!

The whisky and beer traffic have one-half this country, the trust one-fourth, the politicians one-eighth and only about one-eighth left for God. It won't do, gentlemen. We must wake up and take our bearings. "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord," said the inspired writer. Cursed be the nation whose God is the dollar.

Who's going to be Georgia's next governor? Dupont Guerry or Henry G. Turner is my choice of all the gang in South Georgia, and I hope one or the other of them will get it. Editor Estill is a clean man but if he puts no

more backbone into the governor's office than he puts into the editorial chair of the Savannah News, he would not be a Hickory Jackson, to say the least of it. I regret that Fleming duBignon can't make the race. He has brains and backbone, and I believe he would make a first-class governor. There are no flies on his official record.

Fleming duBignon and Tom Watson are the two most gifted sons of Georgia who have grown up since the war between the states, (Grady is gone). Either of them would make us a governor that would be an honor to the state. I am glad to call such men my friends. Flem, is side-tracked on account of his health and Tom is side-tracked on account of his sterling character and honesty.

Yours,

SAM P. JONES.

## Sea Serpent Bill's Profanity.

"Speakin' of cussin'," said the old salt, "I think the most profane man I ever heard in my life was a man called Sea Serpent Bill that I sailed with once in the old bark Madagascar, from San Francisco to Hong-Kong, and then around here to New York."

"My! but he was something terrible, and when he first came aboard he scared one or two green hands we had that had never been to sea before, so that they wanted to run away; but they got used to him after awhile, and before we'd passed the longitude of Honolulu we put Sea Serpent Bill's swearing to use in various ways.

"You've heard of men swearing a blue streak? Well, Bill swore a flaming red streak that lighted up the forecastle so that you could see to read by it. More'n once I've seen some man that was reading along by the dim light of the single oil lantern hanging from the deck beams, when he came to some fine print that he couldn't read very well, step on Sea Serpent Bill's toe and start him to cussin'; and he'd pretty sure keep it up till that man had got through the fine print.

"It was a common thing for us to light our pipes at one of Bill's cuss words; and coming home in the cold latitudes around the Horn Bill used to keep the forecastle nice and warm as could be, just by swearing about 15 minutes at night, and ten or fifteen minutes in the morning. Bill shipped here on a vessel loaded with oil, and has never been heard of since, and the vessel is likewise missing."

"I should say, from what you tell us," said a crusty old tar in the corner, "that Sea Serpent Bill might have been some considerable of a cusser, and now I wonder if you could tell us who on the bark Madagascar was considered the champion liar."

## An Excellent Idea.

Chatham Record.

The last Legislature passed a law directing "that the 12th day of October in each and every year to be called 'North Carolina Day' may be devoted to appropriate exercises in the public schools of the State to the consideration of some topics of our State history to be selected by the Superintendent of Public Instruction."

This is an excellent idea and all private as well as public schools should earnestly strive to carry it into effect. Let every school, both public and private, appropriately celebrate this "North Carolina Day," as suggested by our lawmakers, and thus teach the children of North Carolina a true history of their State. No State has greater cause to be proud of her history than North Carolina, and yet scarcely any State's history is so little known as hers. Let us stimulate the children of this generation, and each succeeding generation, to strive more earnestly in learning the history of their good old State.

## Profits from Garbage.

Washington city, it appears, so disposes of its garbage that a profit is got out of it, while most other American cities—being less carefully governed—have to pay largely for its removal. There is a contract with a company which collects the garbage and disposes of it. The garbage is kept separate from ashes and other refuse. In iron tanks it is taken by rail 30 miles down the Potomac to the reduction works. Here it is sorted. Tin cans, bottles, etc., are removed. The rest is placed in a close iron vessel and subjected to steam pressure, after which it is pumped into tanks and allowed to settle. Oils and fat rise to the surface, and, being skimmed off, are sold to soap makers. Under pressure more oil is obtained, to go the same way. The caked garbage, after pressure, is pulverized and sold as a fertilizer. Incidental profits arise from the sale of the hides of horses and other animals and the manipulation of their carcasses along with the garbage. The horse hides make good russet leather. A good monthly profit is said to be realized.

## Flights of Fancy Barred.

Bronco Pete—What kind of a d'ath would you prefer to die, Tom?  
Tornado Tom—Oh, I kinder think I'd sooner die in a feather bed, with kindly female faces clustered round, and a few weeping children, and a minister.  
Bronco Pete—Oh, but I mean suthin' within the range of probability—would you sooner be lynched, shot, stabbed or hit in the head with an axe?

## MOSQUITOES AND MALARIA.

The most prevalent disease in North Carolina, certainly from now until frost, is malarial fever in one form or another. It is by no means confined to the low lying Eastern section of the State, but is quite abundant in many localities in the hill country, having been reported even from Cherokee.

By recent scientific investigations the cause of the fever has been shown to be a microscopic animal known as the *plasmodium malariae* or *hematophaga vivax*, which feeds upon the red corpuscles of the blood—hence the pallor of persons suffering from chronic malaria. The development of this little parasite in the blood is as follows: One of the spores, or baby germs, so to speak, enters a red corpuscle and, feeding on its contents, grows until at the end of twenty-four hours it has become nearly as large as the corpuscle. It then, by a process known as segmentation, splits up into a dozen or more little spores again, which for a short time are free in the blood and attached to the corpuscles. It is just as the segmentation occurs that the chill comes on, which explains the periodic recurrence of the chill every twenty-four hours, and as it has been found that quinine is most effective in killing the germs while they are free in the blood and not buried in the substance of the corpuscles, the best time to give quinine is just before the chill is expected.

The method of the introduction of the malarial poison, the plasmodium, certainly the chief method, has been demonstrated beyond all question to be the sting of a certain variety of mosquito known as anopheles, the common mosquito, which while more abundant is innocent as a carrier of disease, being known as *Culex*. The latter species will breed in still water of any kind, no matter how pure, but the former, our enemy, will only breed in stagnant pools in which there is a certain amount of vegetable matter, especially if there are no fish, such as top minnows or sun-perch, which feed upon the larvae or wiggle tails. This explains the fact that malarial is much more abundant after freshets, in the course of which the stream, getting out of its bank, washes holes in the ground, and speedily falling leaves these stagnant pools with few or no fish in them. Mosquitoes are very much more abundant in this exceptional year of freshets than usual. It also explains the danger of brick holes.

The larvae, or wiggle tails, as we generally call them, are the young mosquitoes. Although they live in the water from the time they are hatched from the eggs which were laid on the surface until they reach maturity they cannot live without air—they must breathe. Contrary to the general rule, they breathe "wrong end foremost"—through a long breathing tube which springs from the body near the tail and which they stick out of the top of the water when they want air. The bearing of this arrangement on their destruction will appear later.

There is a popular misapprehension in regard to the movement of mosquitoes. The general impression is that they are carried by the wind, and people at the sea-side say that a land breeze brings mosquitoes. It is a fact that they are more abundant when the breeze is from the land or in a calm, but according to those who know best the fact probably is not that they are blown from the swamps to the landward, but that they simply come out again from the trees and shrubbery and the lee side of houses where they had taken refuge from the strong sea breeze which was too rough for their fragile bodies. With rare exceptions they travel, it is said, seldom more than a mile, and generally not so far. When one is troubled with mosquitoes a careful search will almost always reveal stagnant water in the near vicinity.

The destruction of mosquitoes and the consequent prevention of malaria is accomplished in two ways: First and best, by the thorough drainage of all stagnant pools of water, and second, by keeping the surface of such pools covered with petroleum, what is known as light fuel oil, or even the crude petroleum being better and cheaper than ordinary kerosene. The film of oil prevents the larvae from breathing and smothers them. The quantity necessary is one ounce or two tablespoonfuls to every fifteen square feet of surface, repeated every two weeks. This oil method was employed with great success last year by the city of Winchester, Va., and our own town of Tarboro has recently shown a most commendable spirit of enterprise in adopting it. Some care and little expense in securing protection against mosquitoes and in providing a supply of pure drinking water will practically insure against malaria.

To those interested in this subject I cordially commend a very interesting and valuable book on mosquitoes written in popular and entertaining style by Dr. L. O. Howard, the Chief Entomologist of the United States, and published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, at a cost of \$1.64, postpaid.

RICHARD H. LEWIS, M. D.,  
Secretary State Board of Health.

Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.—Milton.

Death may expiate faults, but it does not repair them.—Napoleon.

## RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

Congressman Klutz Returns from Washington With Valuable Information on the Subject.

SALISBURY, Aug. 7.—Congressman Klutz returned this morning from Washington, where he has been on department business for his constituents, particularly with reference to rural free delivery. He was assured by the superintendent of that service that an inspector would be sent to his district within this month to investigate and report upon all applications on file, of which there are seven—one each from Hickory, Newton, Lincolnton, Mooresville and Linwood and two from Rowan. Mr. Klutz also entered complaint against the seeming discrimination against North Carolina in the delay in establishing rural free delivery routes in the State, as compared with some other States, and was assured that there was no intention on the part of the Department to so discriminate, and that during the remainder of this year the matter should be evened up and the State given its fair proportion of such routes, if properly petitioned for. He was informed of the ruling of the Department in this matter, that each Congressman would be recognized as representing the counties composing the district from which he was elected, and not from those constituting the new districts as laid off by the State Legislature, and petitions should be sent accordingly. Mr. Klutz hopes to secure the establishment of at least twenty-five routes in his district within a year and will be glad to have the petitions forwarded to him as early as possible. He will be glad to furnish any desired information. The delay in inspecting the routes already petitioned for was accounted for largely by the small number of inspectors heretofore available and the pressure for their services from all over the country.

Mr. Klutz says that all the North Carolina Congressmen, as the Senators, are anxious to do all they can in this regard, but they must have petitions substantially in the form prescribed by the department, with map or sketch of the proposed route, before they can act. It must be remembered that under the regulations no route can be established, under ordinary circumstances, which is less than twenty-five miles in length, or which serves less than one hundred families, and must be so arranged that the carrier will not have to travel twice over the same ground on the same day; also, that those desiring the delivery must hereafter be prepared to put up at their own expense appropriate and secure boxes, as prescribed by the Department, costing from one to three dollars each, with locks. When put up, these boxes will be entitled to the protection of the United States statutes, which provide severe penalties for interfering with them or their contents. Mr. Klutz thinks the next Congress will increase the appropriation for this service and that it is only a question of time when it will supersede the present star routes and fourth-class postoffices in all except very sparsely settled territory.

## Men Wanted.

Tryon Bee.

"From the mountain resorts comes the cry, 'send us some young men.' At Saluda, for instance, there are about five young ladies to each young man, and the ladies do not seem to think the season complete. The boys are generally at home holding down their jobs.

A dance was held at Saluda last night, and in the notices sent out there was the eloquent expression "men wanted." It is so at other places in the mountains."—Spartanburg Journal.

Not at this place, contemporary, we have a nice large assortment of the very best, and will be pleased to send samples to our friends in need, if they will give them a ball.

## Type Over Eighty Years Old.

Industrial Edition Durham Recorder.

The Durham Recorder was founded by Dennis Heardt, in Hillsboro, in 1810, as the Hillsboro Recorder, and was conducted by him and his son until 1869. He died at Hillsboro, May 13, 1870. There is type now in this office that was used by Mr. Heardt when he started the Recorder eighty odd years ago.

## Doing Her Best.

Mother—I fear, Susannah, that you do not encourage Mr. Scariboy enough.  
Daughter—What shall I do, mamma?  
Mother—Why, encourage him; he's very timid, you know; give him a hint!

Daughter—Mamma, you pain me. Haven't I already given him a corn popper, a popgun, and a box of firecrackers? Hints, indeed!

A wise woman once said that there was three follies of men that amused her. The first was to climb trees to shake fruit down, when if they would wait long enough the fruit would fall down itself. The second was to go to war to kill each other, when if they would wait long enough they would all die natural deaths. The third is that they should run after the women, when if they did not do so the women would run after them.

Lots of good people would do wrong if they didn't fear punishment.

## MARRIAGES OF FAMOUS MEN.

Dean Donne's Wife—Lord Eldon's Debt to His Lady.

E. J. Hardy, in N. Y. Post.

Curates are generally supposed to be particularly prone to indulge in love's young dreams without having the financial right to do so. Perhaps they do this because they think that they cannot be worse off than they are. The poet and divine John Donne, who became dean of St. Paul's in 1621, married a daughter of Sir George Moore without the consent of her parents. He was told by his father-in-law that he was not to expect any money from him. The bridegroom went home and wrote the witty note, "John Donne, Anne Donne, undone," which he sent to the angry father, and this had the effect of restoring them to favor. They were very poor at first, but things soon got brighter, and they lived most happily together.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, after Flaxman had married, told him that this would ruin him as an artist. When the husband related this to his wife, she resolved that marriage should make and not mar her husband, and to this end that he should study at Rome, and do everything that he might have done without matrimonial responsibilities. "But how?" asked Flaxman. "Work and economize," rejoined the brave woman. So well did they do this that he found that "wedlock is for an artist's good rather than his harm," and they both discovered that they were made for each other.

One day before his marriage the Rev. Sydney Smith ran into the room where his fiancée was, flung into her lap six small teaspoons, which, "from much wear, had become the ghosts of their former selves," and said: "There, Kate, your lucky girl, I give you all my fortune." He gave her, however, what he did not mention, his fine character and great talent, and in every way proved himself an excellent husband.

The marriage of Lord Eldon, which his friends thought must have ruined him, was really the making of him. This has been stated by one who should have known better than any one else. When Eldon received the great seal from the King and was about to retire he was addressed by his Majesty with the words, "Give my remembrance to Lady Eldon." The Chancellor, in acknowledging the condescension, intimated his ignorance of Lady Eldon's claim to such notice. "Yes, yes," the King answered; "I know how much I owe to Lady Eldon. I know that you would have been yourself a country curate and that she has made you my Lord Chancellor."

Who has not heard of the elopement of handsome Jack Scott (Lord Eldon's name before his elevation) with the lovely Eessie Surtess? On the third morning after their union they found themselves without any money and they were uncertain whether their friends would ever speak to them again. The friends, however, accepted the inevitable and the couple settled at Oxford, where Scott acted as a substitute for an absent professor of law, who sent lectures for him to read. "The first lecture that I read," says Eldon, "and which I began without knowing a single word that was in it, was upon the statute of young men running away with maidens. Fancy my reading, with about a hundred and forty young men giggling at the professor."

Robert Lowe, afterward Lord Sherbrooke, married as Eldon had done, upon prospects only. One day he was criticizing the marriage service, and especially the saying of the man: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." "When I married," he remarked, "I had nothing to give my bride." "Oh, yes, Robert, you had your magnificent intellect," suggested Mrs. Lowe. "My dear, I did not endow you with that." Notwithstanding this jest, Lowe used to speak with pride of the admirable qualities of his wife, and of the courage which enabled her to triumph over the numerous difficulties and anxious experiences they had passed through.

Charles Kingsley met his future wife when he was 20 years of age. He was at the time full of doubt about religion, and his face, with its unsatisfied, hungering look, bore witness to the state of his mind. He told her his doubts, and she told him her faith, and the former were dispelled by the latter. Like many other eminent men, he attributed his success to the sympathy and influence of his wife, saying that but for her he never could have become a writer.

James Smith, of "Rejected Addresses" fame, who never married, thus wrote in his journal: "I had a horrid dream, viz., that I was engaged to be married. Introduced to my bride, a simpering young woman with flaxen hair, in white gloves. Just going to declare off—quite que coute, when to my inexpressible relief, I awoke."

Mr. O'Hara—"Maggie, pfwhat do yez wear your gloves for pfwthin yez are playing the pianer?"

Mrs. O'Hara—"Sh! the baby's shlaping, an' Oi don't want to make so much noise."

The constant drop of water wears away the hardest stone; the constant gnaw of Tower masticates the toughest bone; the constant cooling lover carries off the blushing maid, and the constant advertiser is the one that gets the trade.

## A MOTHER'S SORROW.

National Advocate.

A company of ladies assembled in a parlor were one day talking about their different troubles. Each one had something to say about her own trials. But there was one in the company, pale and sad-looking, who, for awhile, said nothing. Suddenly rousing herself at last, she said:

"My friends, you don't any of you know what trouble is."

"Will you please, Mrs. Gray," said the kind voice of one who knew her story, "tell the ladies what you call trouble?"

"I will, if you desire it, for it may truly be said of me, 'I am one who hath seen affliction.'"

"My parents were very well off, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. Every wish of my heart was gratified, and I was cheerful and happy."

"At the age of nineteen I married on whom I loved more than any one else besides. Our home was retired; but the sun never shone upon a lovelier spot, or a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five lovely children sat around the table and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night about sundown, one of those fierce black storms came on which are so common to our climate. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, but still the elements raged. The country around us was overflowed. The little stream near our dwelling house became a foaming torrent. Before we were aware of it, our house was surrounded by water. I managed, with my babe, to reach a little elevated spot, where the thick foliage of a few wide-spreading trees afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies, no one ever loved a husband more; but that was not trouble."

"Presently my sons saw their danger and the struggle for life became the only consideration. They were as brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mother's heart; and I watched their efforts to escape with such agony as only mothers can feel. They were so far off that I could not speak to them; but I could see them closing nearer to each other, as their little island grew smaller and smaller.

"The swollen river raged fearfully around the huge trees. Dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowned cattle and masses of rubbish all went floating past us.

"My boys waved their hands to me, and then pointed upward. I knew it was their farewell signal and you mothers can imagine my anguish. I saw them perish—all perish! Yet that was not trouble."

"I hugged my baby close to my heart; and when the water rose to my feet I climbed into the low branches of the trees, and so kept retiring before it, till the hand of God stayed the waters that they should rise no further. I was saved. All my worldly possessions were swept away; and all my earthly hopes blighted. Yet that was not trouble."

"My baby was all I had left on earth. I labored day and night to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but, as he grew older his companions won him away from me. He ceased to care for his mothers counsel; he would sneer at her kind entreaties and agonizing prayers. He became fond of drinking. He left my humble roof, that he might be unrestrained in his evil ways. His nights were spent at the public house and music hall, with drinking and wicked companions. And at last, one night, when heated with wine, he took the life of a fellow creature. He ended his days upon the gallows! God had filled my cup of sorrow before; now it ran over. That was trouble, my friends, such as I hope the Lord in mercy may spare you from ever knowing!

"Use all your influence to close the curses of our land, the drinking saloons; and urge, by personal example, your sons and daughters never to take the intoxicating cup. It is one of the bitterest draughts of my cup of sorrow that my unhappy son was able to say, 'Mother, it was at your table that I learned to love the drink that has been my ruin. The first glass of wine I ever drank was handed to me by you.'"

According to the newspapers, in this day and age of the world, very few persons merely "die." The banker "passes in his checks," the cashier "goes to his last account," the mugwump "joins the great majority," the cobbler "breathes his last," the saloon-keeper "seeks the spirit land," the gambler "shuffles off," the stable man "kicks the bucket," the spiritualistic medium "gives up the ghost," the accountant "goes to his long reckoning," the football player "makes his last goal," and the baseball player "hits the home plate," and the editor "suspends publication."

The papers tell of a justice of the peace, B. M. Pugh by name, of Northampton county, who "pays yearly to the county treasurer a larger amount in fines than the Superior and Criminal Courts of the county." There are "squires and 'quires."

The troubles we expect are seldom as bad as their shadows indicate.