

THE ROANOKE BEACON.

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We appeal to every reader of THE ROANOKE BEACON, to aid us in making it an acceptable and profitable medium of news to our citizens. Let Plymouth people and the public know what is going on in Plymouth. Report to us all items of news—the arrival and departure of friends, social events, deaths, serious illness, accidents, new buildings, new enterprises and improvements of whatever character, changes in business—indeed anything and everything that would be of interest to our people.

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The editor will not be responsible for the views of correspondents. All articles for publication must be accompanied by the full name of the writer. Correspondents are requested not to write on but one side of the paper.

All communications must be sent in by Thursday morning or they will not appear.

Address all communications to THE ROANOKE BEACON, Plymouth, N. C.

THE SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT.

Great Ceremony Attended Its Capture in Former Times.

The glory of the white elephant has long since departed. Even in Siam, its native country, there are many evidences that it will soon cease to be treated other than the ordinary elephants. The contrast between its former condition and its present forlorn condition is remarkable.

The early historians of the Orient have left accounts of the capture of the white elephant in different parts of Indo-China, all of which lay great stress on the magnificent ceremonies and the great delight of the kings to welcome the beast to their capitals. The fortunate individual who discovered the whereabouts of a white elephant was at once raised to the highest rank of nobility and very likely married to the King's daughter, though this was no great honor, as he probably had many dozens to dispose of. The capture being effected, guards of nobles were mounted over the animal, which was bound with silken ropes and detained in the jungles where it was caught.

A palace was erected for its reception close to that of the King, and roads were made from the place of capture to the principal highway. Installed in its palace loaded with honors, and with the highest sounding titles, surrounded by the golden umbrellas and other insignia of greatness, the white elephant led a life of luxurious ease, lulled to sleep by the choral chants of priests and amused during waking hours by the songs and dances of the royal corps de ballet. It was fed on delicious fruits and vegetables, which were specially selected and prepared, bathed every day by obsequious attendants, thereby increasing the glory of the King and securing the superiority and stability of the fortunate country which possessed it.

Some forty-five years ago the King of Siam possessed a white elephant which was the chief delight and pride of the sovereign in spite of his high education and good intellect. As the greatest compliment he could think of paying to the Queen of England he sent her, by the hands of her envoy, a few hairs pulled expressly for her from the tail of his beloved animal. Later, when the object of his affections died, he sent to his friend, Sir John Bowring, a touching letter in English and a small piece of "its beautiful white skin."

The recent addition of a young specimen to a native collection gave an opportunity for comparison of existing with past conditions. A small pecuniary recompense was thought a sufficient reward for the man who made the capture. When it was tame enough to be transported it was marched across the country to the nearest railway station, where a specially constructed truck was waiting to receive it. But there were no gilded pillars, no silk and satin hangings, no admiring multitude to do homage to the mascot of their King and country. In Bangkok, however, some preparations were made. A considerable crowd was waiting at the station, and the streets were decorated here and there with bunting. A procession of four white elephants, residents of the capital, escorted the newcomer to its home. The trappings of the white elephants were tawdry, threadbare red cloth, instead of the jewel studded velvet and silk, and the diamond and ruby no longer ornamented the white tusks. The white elephant's existence is now hardly superior to that of the common black herd.

Torture By Savages

"Speaking of the torture to which some of the savage tribes in the Philippines subject their captives, reminds me of the intense suffering I endured for three months from inflammation of the kidneys," says W. M. Sherman, of Cushing, Me. "Nothing helped me until I tried Electric Bitters, three bottles of which completely cured me." Cures Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Blood Disorders and Malaria; and restores the weak and nervous to robust health. Guaranteed by Spruill & Bro. Price 60c.

No true woman ever begins to grow old until after her marriage.

Three little rules we all should keep. To make life happy and bright, Smile in the morning, smile at noon, Take Rocky Mountain tea at night. —Davenport's drug store.

MYSTERIES OF THE OCEAN.

Strange Life Encountered in the Depths—Effects of Light.

"The first sensation experienced," said an intrepid diver at an interview with an Italian journalist, "is something like that which is felt on descending into a mine, but you soon get accustomed to it. At a depth of about nine feet medusae began to be found in large quantities. Seen through the water, everything appears magnified, and they are apparently of enormous proportions. All recollection of the protection afforded by the glass front of the helmet is forgotten, and the first impression is that these masses of horrid faccid and slimy medusae will adhere to your face. Just a little lower down, and a scintillating multitudinous shoal of small fishes is encountered, shimmering like so many strips of shining copper, or other metal, in a state of continuous vibration. At a depth of about 162 feet thick masses of seaweed are discovered; some of these are hair-like vegetable growths, with arms from 20 to 30 yards in length, which, with a kind of horrid vitality, wrap themselves round every part of the boat.

"Below 162 feet there are small snake-like fishes of about three feet in length, and also other denizens of the deep resembling dolphins. These latter hurl themselves violently against the diver. If, as already remarked, he is somewhat young at the game, and has forgotten the protection afforded by his helmet, he is still filled with a mortal dread lest they should succeed in smashing the glass front of the helmet despite its four inches of thickness. Of course should that occur, death would be almost instantaneous. Still other and worse monsters are the polypi or devilfish, who wrap their slimy tentacles around the bold explorer; but although repugnant these monsters are cowardly, and immediately renounce their attack on coming in contact with the unfamiliar feel of the metal armor plating of my diving dress. There are also equally horrible, and much more intrepid, giant crabs.

"In the vicinity of Ostend," he relates, "I was requested to examine the wreck of a vessel which had sunk not long before. This was the occasion upon which I was assailed by a veritable horde of those giant crabs of which I have already spoken. They were at the time busy devouring the corpses of the dead sailors. One of these monsters seized me by the leg, which would have been crushed, as if squeezed by a jaw of steel, had it not been protected by the powerful armoring of my diving dress. I had a kind of sword in my hand, with which I succeeded in killing two of these monsters, the shells of which I still possess.

"All objects at the bottom of the sea are covered with a kind of curious powder, and a terrible gloom and silence prevails. What a scene of melancholy! The floor of the ocean is strewn with bones, not a few of them of human origin. A very singular fact which I have observed is that the sea for a certain period of time keeps bodies in a perfect state of preservation. I once visited the hull of a vessel which had gone down with all hands.

"The crew were mostly asleep at the moment when the disaster occurred, and had thus practically passed instantaneously from sleep to death. So far they had not been bitten or gnawed by any fish, as most of the hatchways were closed. The men still appeared as if asleep. There they lay, wrapped in a calm and mysterious slumber. I approached and climbing down to the hatchways, touched one of the corpses with my hand; the flesh seemed to dissolve and vanish under my hand, leaving nothing but a grinning skeleton!"—Scientific American.

Champion Liniment for Rheumatism.

Casas, Drake, a mail carrier at Chapinville, Conn., says: "Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the champion of all liniments. The past year I was troubled a great deal with rheumatism in my shoulder. After trying several cures the storekeeper here recommended this remedy and it completely cured me." There is no use of anyone suffering from that painful ailment when this liniment can be obtained for a small sum. One application gives prompt relief and its continued use for a short time will produce a permanent cure. For sale by all druggists.

Will football take the hint or will it wait until it is kicked out?

Chinese Census Taking.

In China an odd way of taking the census prevails. The cities and towns are arranged in groups of ten houses. The oldest man in each group visits the nine houses, which, with his own, make up the group, counts the members of every family, and sends his report to the Imperial Census Bureau.—Exchange.

Doctors Are Puzzled.

The remarkable recovery of Kenneth Melver, of Vanceboro, Me., is the subject of much interest to the medical fraternity and a wide circle of friends. He says of his case: "Owing to severe inflammation of the throat and congestion of the lungs, three doctors gave me up to die, when, as a last resort, I was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery and I am happy to say, it saved my life." Cures the worst Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Tonsillitis, Weak Lungs, Hoarseness and LaGrippe Guaranteed at Spruill & Bro's. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

CHRISTMAS ISLAND'S RICHES.

Cit of Rock Revealed Its Secret and Mines of Phosphate.

Christmas Island is a speck of land, shaped like a dumbbell, rising steeply from the Indian ocean, 190 miles south of Java, says the New York Sun. No one is known ever to have landed on it previous to 1887. It was thought of only as a little rock, without good anchorage, not worth examining while large regions were still white on the maps.

But to-day some fifty men are living on Christmas Island, and now and then we see a paragraph in the trade journals telling of the increasing quantity of phosphate that it is shipping. Last year for example, as we are told by one of these authorities, the island shipped 71,757 tons of phosphate and new methods of loading vessels were introduced, something like those by which iron ore is poured into the holds of Lake Superior steamers. The phosphate is shipped from a high pier into the ship. The last vessel to sail loaded in a day with 1,300 tons.

It was a deep sea research that pointed to Christmas Island as a source of wealth, and the facts in the case have only recently been told.

About 10 years ago a British naval vessel started for the Indian ocean to examine a part of its sea floor. Its main work was a long distance from Christmas Island, but Sir John Murray, the great Scottish oceanographer, in mapping out the project, happened to think of an area around Christmas Island where no investigations had been made. He suggested that the vessel diverge from its course to make soundings and collect samples from the ocean bed in the neighborhood of Christmas Island.

The work was thoroughly done, and in due time a list of soundings and specimens of the mud and bits of rock dredged from the bottom were delivered at St. John's laboratory near Edinburgh. In the collection was a fragment of rock which he could not identify on casual inspection, and it excited his curiosity. He made an analysis of the fragment and found that it was phosphate.

The results fulfilled the most sanguine expectations of the man of science. There was no longer any doubt of the existence of a thick bed of phosphate on the island. But to ascertain all the conditions and the prospects of mining with profit, Sir John made a journey to it. He found that the mineral offered a promising commercial possibility; that there was a good anchorage on one side of the island, and that by building a wharf with a second story, on which trucks could be run out, vessels might be loaded easily and cheaply.

A company was organized with the necessary capital. Parliament made a concession, giving the company the right to work the phosphate for a series of years, and development was begun. It has been a most profitable venture, and the best of it is that it has placed Sir John Murray, who, like most scientific men, had no superfluity of this world's goods, in very comfortable circumstances for the rest of his life.

Name Survives the Use.

One of the most remarkable instances of the name of an article surviving its use is the penknife. We talk of it every day, but the purpose for which the penknife was originally designed exists no longer. The pen of Western civilization was fabricated, as old people remember, of quills, and quill pens are still affected by old-fashioned persons, who declare that no efficient substitute has yet been found for them. The penknife of our great-grandfather's day was, indeed, a triumph of the cutler's art in the keenness of its edge. According to a rhymed list of the requirements of a complete writer, the scribe needed "a penknife, razor metal," always at hand and people who remember how soon a quill pen becomes unsuitable in the hands of vigorous writers will appreciate the necessity.

To be a good pen mender was one of the first essentials in a village pedagogue; his penknife was as indispensable to him as his cane. Strangely enough, there were menders of pens who seemed born to fulfill the function, and men could never learn the art let them try as they might. But the penknife, properly so called, is no more, and with its disappearance has vanished the expert who wielded it.—London Globe.

A dose of Pine-ules at bed time will usually relieve headache, before morning. These beautiful little globules are soft gelatine coated and when moistened and placed in the mouth you can't keep from swallowing them. Pine-ules contain neither sugar nor alcohol—just gins and resins obtained from our own native pine forests, combined with other well known bladder, kidney, blood and headache remedies. Sold by P. E. Davenport and Skiles & Son, je 1

The 1906 Seed Catalogue

of T. W. Wood & Sons, just received, is far in advance of any previous issue. The value of this publication in giving full and up-to-date information in regard to both vegetable and farm crops for southern planting cannot be estimated. The annual issues of this catalogue have done more to aid in the diversification and growing of profitable crops in the South than any other similar publication in this country. This catalogue is mailed free to farmers and gardeners, upon request, to T. W. Wood & Sons, Richmond, Va.

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE BANK OF PLYMOUTH.

At Plymouth, in the State of North Carolina, at the Close of Business, Jan. 29th, 1906.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Capital stock.	25,214.90
Loans and Discounts.	48.61
Overdrafts, Secured.	2,000.00
All other Stocks, Bonds and Mortgages.	3,500.00
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures.	25,044.46
Due from Banks and Bankers.	303.11
Cash Items.	953.00
Gold Coin.	386.88
Silver Coin, including all Minor Coin Currency.	2,560.00
National Bank Notes and Other U. S. Notes.	89,154.96
TOTAL.	148,114.96

LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS.
Capital stock.	12,500.00
Surplus Fund.	2,000.00
Undivided Profits, less Current Expenses and Taxes Paid.	2,118.61
Deposits subject to check.	71,546.35
TOTAL.	89,154.96

State of North Carolina, County of Washington, ss: I, Clarence Latham, Cashier of the above-named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. CLARENCE LATHAM, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 8th day of February, 1906. Correct-Attest: L. P. HORNTHAL, W. C. AYERS, L. S. LANDING, Directors.

Our Clubbing Offer.

Until this notice disappears we will give the following Cheap Club Rates:

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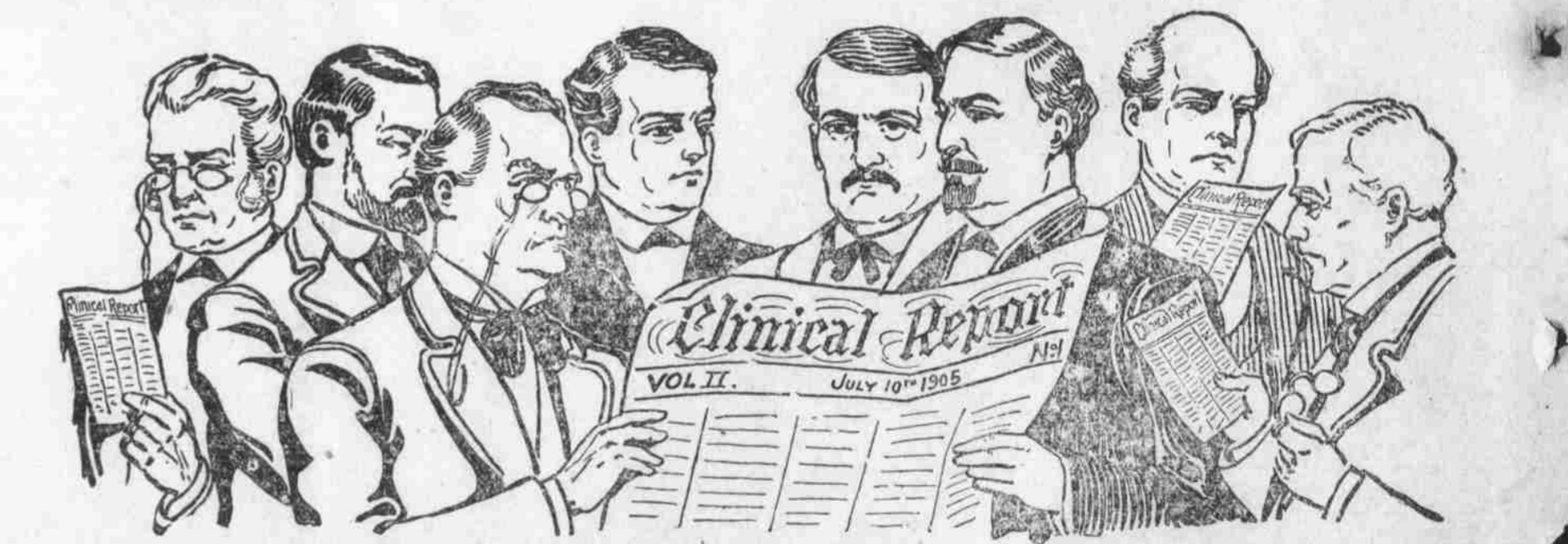
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RHEUMACIDE has cured thousands of cases of Rheumatism after all the doctors and all other means had failed. Rheumacide cured John F. Eline and others, of Baltimore, after the famous specialists of Johns Hopkins Hospital, the greatest hospital in the world, had failed. Rheumacide cured Austin Percelle, of Salem, Va., and D. H. Olmstead, the Norfolk, Va., contractor, after they had spent large sums on other remedies and the doctors had given up hope. Rheumacide cured Mrs. Mary Welborn, of High Point, N. C., of rheumatism she had endured for 20 years. Rheumacide cured W. R. Hughes, of Atkins, Va., after the most famous New York specialists failed. There is a reason why it cures: Rheumacide is the latest discovery of medical science, and while powerful enough to sweep all germs and poisons out of the blood, it operates by purely natural methods, does not injure the most delicate stomach, and builds up the entire system.

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