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REST SOMETIME.

The torrent rushes with frenzied might
To rest on the quiet plain;
The avalanche roars in its downward
flight,
Then a century sleeps again.

The life we live and the race we run,
The sorrow and doubts that rend,
Some day—the victory lost or won—
Will come to a quiet end;

For mad the torrent and strong the wing,
And fearful the headlong flight,
Yet time the end of the day will bring,
And after the day—the night.
—Lowell O. Reese, in San Francisco Bulletin.

The eagle that sweeps with a tireless wing
O'er the dome of a brassy sky,
At last must droop to the pines that cling
To the crest of the mountain high.



KANNOGA, an Indian boy of the tribe of the Coeur d'Alene, was sitting one evening with Aakloo, his little sister, at the edge of the forest on the shore of Coeur d'Alene lake, and was telling her a favorite story, when at one of her interruptions he laughed and leaned carelessly back and looked straight into the eyes of a cougar.

"If I were drowning you would swim out into a great lake, too, like Grandfather Gray Beaver did, wouldn't you?" the girl asked. She spoke indignantly, for that day she had heard an old man say that boys like Kannoga, who went to school in the reservation instead of into the forest, could never be brave Indians, and she was sure that her brother was very brave.

It was her show of indignation and her eager confidence that caused him to laugh now and to lean back.

She waited, but he did not answer. With both hands clasped over his copper-colored shin, and one bare foot raised slightly above the log on which he was sitting, he stared into the great restless eyes that looked down at him from the nearest limb. He was without a weapon of any kind, and the cougar was full grown, with a body dry-looking and gaunt with hunger.

Although its glance was for the moment fixed on him he could see that it had been watching Aakloo and that its interest was still centered in her, as if it had chosen her for its victim. He was seized with sudden fear that she might move unexpectedly and thus cause the creature to spring upon her, yet he sat there seemingly unable to speak or to think what ought to be done.

"You would, wouldn't you?" asked the girl. Her voice broke the fascinating spell of those terrible eyes. Kannoga knew that she would turn in a moment to see why he had not answered, and in order not to direct her attention to the panther he lowered his glance and met hers.

But there was something in his face that made her afraid, and he looked with startling intentness far beyond her, down the long, darkening stretch of deserted shore, toward the skin-covered tepee by the spring, where Mar-tala, their mother, and Sis-sos-ka, their father, lived during the hot summer.

"Stand still!" said Kannoga, as calmly as he could. It cost him a great effort to remain quietly there, without looking up, when he knew what was overhead, but the effort caused him to think more clearly.

"Shut your eyes!" he said suddenly. "What for?" asked Aakloo, frightened still more at the unaccountable change in his voice.

For a moment his fingers tightened convulsively over his shin, then gradually relaxed and unclenched. He lowered his upraised foot, moving it slowly, very slowly, down beside the log, and when it rested firmly in the sand he reached cautiously forward and caught the girl by the arm.

"We shall play a new game," he said then, and the strange, eager suggestion of a smile that flashed over his face reassured her.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and at once shut her eyes.

Kannoga now looked steadily at the cougar, while he turned his sister about so that she faced along the shore.

"Walk as slowly as you can—with your eyes shut," he said.

She started slowly enough, but the fierce eyes overhead began to watch

her intently again and to grow restless, while a yellow foot advanced un- easily along the limb and broad tawny jaws stretched farther and farther downward as she moved away.

But Kannoga silently held up his hand and waved it in the air. At this the panther's attention attracted by the unexpected and rapid movement, was withdrawn from the girl.

"Go faster," said the boy; "go faster."

She was out of reach now; he could tell by the fainter sound of her bare feet in the sand.

"Run!" he called; "Open your eyes and run, but don't look back, and don't stop till you stand in the tepee with Mar-tala."

"Is that all of the new game, Kannoga?" she asked, doubtfully.

"No," he answered; "there is more." Meanwhile he still sat in the same place, watching the cougar and holding its attention by the constant move-

ment of his slender arm and of his grimy, tattered sleeve.

When Aakloo was at a safe distance the sense of his own danger came suddenly upon him.

If Sis-sos-ka would only come with his rifle—or Gray Beaver, an old man now, but still a great hunter. If he had only told Aakloo! He turned his head and looked after her. Down the winding track of sand beside the still lake, both grown a dull gray in the evening light, he saw her running, and he knew that long before she could reach the tepee he would be beyond the need of rescue.

He had turned his head for only an instant, but in that instant the cougar had crept nearer and its long tail, had begun to swing slowly, stealthily, from side to side.

Kannoga saw no hope of escape, but with every sense alert he studied his desperate chances.

The panther lay crouched with its head toward the forest, while he sat facing the lake. When he had carefully measured the space between them and the distance to the water he jumped away from the log and ran directly under the panther.

The animal instantly shifted its head, as if to leap down from the other side of the limb, but the boy did not appear there, and it turned with marvelous agility before its great yellow body shot out into the air.

Kannoga was crushed down under its weight, but he had reached the lake and fell where the water was nearly knee deep. He felt the panther release its grasp into order to find firm footing, and when he raised up for air discovered its dripping head little more than an arm's length from his own.

Then he took a deep breath and lay down upon the bottom, hoping that the panther would leave him.

It stood there, however, watching over him and waiting.

He started to crawl out from shore, but it seemed to him that he had hardly moved when heavy claws sunk into his leg and dragged him back. Then, without letting go its hold, the panther immediately shifted its position and began to drag him out into shallower water.

He made desperate efforts to hold fast to the lake bed, for he knew what the end would be if he reached the shore, but his fingers only plowed through the sand.

The sharp point of a rock that tore him as he was dragged over it gave him hope; he grasped it with both hands and clung with all his strength, but in an instant his fingers were digging vainly in the sand again.

At last he raised his head for air.

The panther at once let go of his leg and came at him with open mouth, but it moved slowly in the water, and Kannoga, by a great effort, stood up.

Then the beast sprung upon him.

The boy had nerved himself, however, and fell as far out from shore as he could.

When the feeling of dizziness that followed the shock had passed he found that the panther held his arm in its mouth and was swimming—that its feet did not touch bottom.

Then, in spite of the terrible pain it caused him, he pulled his arm down until the cougar's head was sub-

merged. Very soon it released its hold. Then the Indian boy stood up again, and this time he became the aggressor.

Grasping the sleek, wet head with both hands he forced it deep into the water. The panther's feet touched bottom, and its violent struggles threw him down, but he got up again and held the glaring eyes and the red mouth with its white teeth more carefully—just under the surface of the lake.

Kannoga became very weak and his legs trembled feebly under him, but he was thankful that they were long, for he could stand with his head in the cool evening breeze while the cougar was drowning.

At first the panther made fearful sounds as the water filled its lungs, but these presently ceased, and at last it hung a dead weight in the boy's hands. He let it sink then and loosened a stone from the lake bed to roll upon its head.

His wounds were slight, but painful, and the terrible battle had so weakened him that when he reached the shore he fell exhausted, with his face toward the tepee.

He could not see Aakloo now, nor

even the canoe that came in a moment to where he lay.

Gray Beaver and an old friend, paddling out from camp, had called to the girl as she ran on the shore, and had laughed when she told them why she could not turn her head to look after them.

Then they had seen the boy and the cougar in the edge of the lake, and their paddles had swung faster and with stronger strokes than they had used for many a year.

When Kannoga opened his eyes Gray Beaver leaned over him and spoke gently:

"Aakloo will understand that game better when she is older," he said.

And across a narrowing stretch of water the boy saw her waiting with Mar-tala.—Robert W. McCulloch, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

SUPPRESSING NEWS.

How Editors Are Importuned to Keep Items Out of the Paper.

The practice of "keeping things out of the paper" makes it very difficult for a daily newspaper to do its duty and give all the news. There are interested parties ready to throw themselves into the breach at every important occurrence, and importune the newspapers not to publish the facts. There is hardly a week in the year when the newspapers of the city are not called upon to suppress some news item, and sometimes it happens several times in a week, says the Little Rock (Ark.) Democrat. Men will even ask and expect an item of news to be suppressed when the entire community is already talking about it. They will ask the editors and publishers not to mention a certain occurrence when, as a matter of fact, its publication would harm no one.

If the paper declines to "leave out" the item the applicant becomes very indignant; if it yields, and a contemporary later publishes the news it never occurs to the gentleman that he has injured the legitimate business of a newspaper, and he ought to apologize and do so no more. On the contrary, when a local newspaper "leaves out" an item, which appears later in an out-of-town journal, the very men who ask for its suppression are the first to say, "You must read such and such papers to get the news."

Did it ever occur to the men who request a newspaper not to publish a certain item that it would be just as reasonable to ask a merchant not to make a certain sale? You are asking the newspaper to omit its most attractive feature, and to become tedious and perhaps tiresome, merely for your benefit. Possibly you may have business relations with the newspaper. That certainly gives you no right to make exactions which amount to the same thing as if some one demanded that you dispense with the most desirable part of your business.

The newspapers get tired and sick of being importuned to keep things out. The reporters get discouraged, the newspaper readers, hearing of something which ought to have appeared on time, make derogatory remarks at the apparent lack of enterprise manifested by the journal that has been worked and imposed upon.

The Pigeons of St. Mark's.

A colony of the celebrated pigeons of St. Mark's, transplanted from Venice to Vienna, have thriven and multiplied to such an extent as to become a public nuisance. The few pairs imported 100 years ago have become the progenitors of uncounted swarms, and means of reducing their numbers have had to be resorted to. Hundreds flock daily round an eccentric old lady, known as the "baroness," who, closely veiled and preserving a strict incognito, appears in the town park summer and winter, with a supply of food for them, and who is said to have wept on being told that the numbers of her pets were to be diminished.—The Tablet.

The Mystified Ermine.

Many of the provident peeresses are already purchasing the ermine robes that they will be required to wear on the great occasion of the coronation, and no doubt their economical foresight will be repaid, for there is no question but that the price of ermine must rise as a consequence of the unusual demand. To the unfortunate ermine, hunted to death more zealously to supply the demand, the chain of causes and effects must seem very mysterious.—Country Life.

French engineers are working on plans to transform the lower Rhone into a gigantic hydraulic stairway.

ANOTHER ABDUCTION!

Help! Help! A prisoner am I
My fate to marry, or to die!

My captor is a mighty maid,
Adept in crafty ambushade.

She holds me girt with cunning wiles—
With glances, blushes, pouts and smiles.

When'er I strive escape, alack!
My circling footsteps bring me back.

Alas! No ransom can be sent—
The wealth of all the Orient

Could purchase not, I know, for me
A single hour of liberty.

A million steeds, a million men,
Can take me not from her again.

For, ay, she has me prisoner—
I die unless I marry her!

—Edwin L. Sabin, in Puck.



"Has a swell trade, eh?" "Swell? Say, he's just now collecting for goods he sold three years ago!"—Detroit Free Press.

Binks—"I hear that Mr. Greatman will never run for another office." Jinks—"Goodness me! When did he die?"—New York Weekly.

Although in an unselfish tone Men preach the golden rule anew, Each always tries to keep his own And get the other fellow's, too.

—Washington Star.

"Chapple is making money at last." "In what way? I didn't know he could do anything." "He can't, but he has rented the back of his collar out for a signboard."—Chicago Post.

The Pretty Girl—"Miss Antique was named after her uncle George, wasn't she?" The Spiteful Girl—"I don't know; she looks as if she had been named before him."—Tit-Bits.

"Poh! My papa wears evenin' clothes every time he goes to parties." "That ain't anythin'. Our minister wears his night clothes every time he preaches."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He climbed the pinnacle of fame,
The height of his career;
And sadly then did he exclaim:
"It's mighty lonely here!"

—Philadelphia Record.

Miss De Puyster—"Do you really think it is possible for us to love our enemies?" The Bishop—"Well, I think we could love some people more as enemies than we could as friends."—Puck.

Speaking of artists, it takes a rich man to draw a check, a pretty girl to draw attention, a horse to draw a cart, a porous plaster to draw the skin, and a free lunch to draw a crowd.—Harlem Life.

The breakfast didn't suit him. "What a pity it is," he said, "that love's young dream never can live to grow up." "Why can't it?" she asked. "It's killed off by acute dyspepsia," he answered.—Chicago Post.

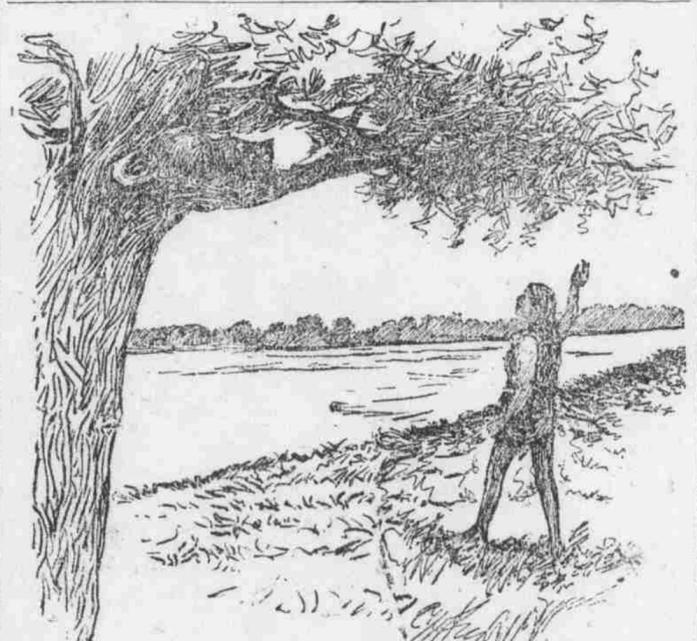
He—"I must confess to a great deal of egotism." She—"Indeed?" He—"Yes; I think about myself a great deal too much." She—"Oh, that isn't egotism! That's merely the human tendency to worry over trifles."—Glasgow Times.

"Death, you know," explained the doctor consolingly, "is like a thirty-day note. When it falls due why that's the end of it." "But, doctor, protested the business man faintly, "I am paying you to get me an extension of time, and I expect you to do it."—Chicago Post.

Little Jeannette's mother found her one day with her face covered with jam from ear to ear. "Oh, Jeannette," said her mother, "what would you think if you caught me looking like that some day?" "I should think you'd had a awful good time, mamma," said Jeannette, her face brightening.—Tit-Bits.

Hortense—"Tom Alley says he loves me better than anybody else in the world, and he says beside that he never loved anybody else in all his life." Flora—"And Charley Bliss tells me he has been in love with hundreds of girls, but he loves me better than he ever did any of them."—Boston Transcript.

Europe's Blind Population. Norway, Ireland and Spain have more blind people in proportion to population than any other European countries. Spain has 216 per 1000; Norway 208 and Ireland 111.



"HELD UP HIS HAND."