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THE CRY FOR TIME.

We keep forever begging time;
When Willie has a task to do
He puts it off and puts it off—
The old excuse is always new;
"In just a little while," he cries,
And so forgets and plays, and then
Is urged and scolded, and replies:
"In just a little while," again.

The happy maiden asks for time;
She knows she loves, but finds it sweet
To keep the eager, anxious one
A little longer at her feet.
We make fair plans and then we sigh
For time to do the splendid thing,
And dawdle while the seasons fly
From spring to fall, from fall to
spring.

A man, white-visaged, sits alone
And bites his nails and gazes through
A grayish mist upon the note
That on the morrow shall be due.
He sees their pity who were free
But yesterday to share his jest—
"Time!" "Time!" he gasps and wretch-
edly
Feels hope lie dead within his breast.

We keep forever begging time;
The maid in love, the boy at play,
And he that plans to be sublime,
Each craves a more propitious day;
And when, at last, the sun has set,
He that is old and gray and blind
Still cries "To-morrow!" loth to let
The fading shore recede behind.
—S. E. Kiser.



THE Chipmunk was curled up on a log in the sunshine fast asleep, and the Canada Lynx's youngest son was watching him. The Kitten's eyes were gleaming. His ears and his tail twitched nervously, and he was crawling nearer and nearer—slowly, stealthily, step by step. And now he gathered himself for a spring, crouched for an instant on the ground and jumped. The Chipmunk struggled for a moment and lay still, looking up piteously into the excited eyes that were glaring down upon him.

"Mother," called the Kitten, "come here. I've got a nice, fat chipmunk." There was a rustle among the dry leaves and the Canada Lynx came running through the woods. The Kitten turned his head to look at her. His paws relaxed the least bit, the Chipmunk gave a wriggle and a twist, and in another second a little striped body had vanished down a hole between the roots of a birch tree.

"Oh! Oh!" cried the Kitten, "he's got away."

He poked his paws into the hole and pretended that he was still trying to catch the Chipmunk, but he could no more have followed him down that narrow, winding burrow than he could have curled up like a bee inside of a moccasin flower. He was ashamed of himself, and rather frightened, too, for his mother was apt to be severe with him, and he knew that she would be very much disgusted.

"You're a great hunter, you are," said she, scornfully. "Can't you hold onto your game when you've caught it?"

The Kitten began to whimper. "I couldn't help it," said he. "I just looked around to see if you were coming, and he wriggled out of my paws."

"Stop that crying," said the Lynx. "I'm going to give you a whipping, and if you cry I'll whip you all the harder."

"In the first place, you'd no business to touch the Chipmunk at all, for he belongs to the Backwoods Club."

Here she gave him a box on the right ear that sent him sprawling.

"In the second place, when you do catch things, you must hold onto them."

Here she gave him a box on the left ear that sent him the other way.

"And in the third place, you mustn't call me to look at your game until you've made sure of it."

And here she gave him a good, old-fashioned spanking.

The Kitten took it manfully, but when it was done, he said: "Mother, I don't see why you should be so angry."

"I'm not angry," said she. "I'm only trying to teach you what you mustn't do. Did you ever hear about the Wolf's uncle, how he called some other wolves to eat a deer, and how the deer was gone when they got there, and what happened to him?"

"No," said the Kitten.

"Well," said his mother, "I'll tell you about it, and maybe it will teach you to be careful."

And this is the story that the Canada Lynx told to her youngest son:

"It was a good many years ago, and at that time there was a big pack of wolves that used to hunt all through these woods, from here to Lake Superior."

"Was it the same pack that chased the Buck and the Doe?" asked the Kitten.

"Yes," said the Lynx, "but you mustn't interrupt. In winter I often saw their tracks on the snow. Sometimes I heard them howling, and if I thought they were coming my way I would hide somewhere and wait until they had passed. They got awfully hungry before spring, and I wasn't going to take any chances with them."

"One day just after the snow and ice had melted I was lying in the crotch of a tree on the north shore of the Glimmerglass, where the bank rises



high and steep from the very edge of the water. I hadn't seen or heard anything of the wolves for some time, and I wasn't thinking of them or of any other danger, but as I lay there half asleep I heard a little noise up the runway, and two men came in sight, carrying rifles over their shoulders. Just then a big buck came up from the other direction. When he saw the men he was so frightened that he stopped short right there in the runway. It was only for a second, but it was just a second too long. Both the rifles cracked and the deer dropped dead. The hunters skinned and dressed him, and then they talked about what they had better do with the carcass. They were going to look at some bear traps, and they did not want to take it with them.

"Let's hang it up in a tree out of the way of the wolves," said one. "We can stop for it as we come back."

"All right," said the other, and they tied the buck's hind feet together with a piece of his own skin and hung him to the branch of a tree that stood on the very edge of the bank. It happened to be the same tree that I was hiding in, and as soon as they were gone I scrambled down and began my dinner. While I was eating I heard the faintest rustle among the bushes, and there

stood a wolf. It was the uncle of the wolf that you know. I've known the whole family for years. I think he was the very leanest, hungriest-looking wolf I ever saw, and he seemed perfectly delighted when he caught sight of that dead deer hanging from the tree. But it was too high for him. By raising himself on his hind legs he could just touch it with his forepaws and set it swinging, but that was all.

"Don't you wish you could?" said I, and I spat at him and told him to get a piece of birch bark to stand upon."

The Kitten's eyes sparkled. "I wish I'd been there," said he.

"Be still," said his mother, and he subsided again.

"Just you wait," said the Wolf, and off he went at the top of his speed. I knew what he was after, and I ate as fast as I could. He would be back before long with the whole pack, and I might have to take to the tree again to get out of their way. But they must have been farther away than I had thought, for it was nearly an hour before I saw them coming, and by that time they were too late."

"Had you eaten it all?" asked the Kitten, eagerly.

"Goodness, no!" said the mother. "You don't suppose I could eat a whole deer, do you? Now, if you interrupt me again, I'll give you another whipping. The Wolf hadn't been gone but a little while before I noticed that the deer's carcass was hanging lower. The knot which held it to the branch was slowly slipping. Probably the wolf himself had started it when he set the carcass swinging. I hung on and ate as long as I dared, and then I climbed up to my crotch again. A gust of wind came along and the tree began

everything for him, for he knew that in another minute the pack would set on him and kill him. Do you remember how that man cried when he was caught in the bear trap the other day?"

Yes, the Kitten remembered, and it made him shudder, even now.

"Well, it was worse than that. It made me tremble so that I almost fell out of the tree, and I hid my face in my paws and held on with all my might. I'm sorry for the Chipmunk, when you had hold of him, if he felt the way that wolf did."

The Kitten looked guilty. They both glanced toward the hole, and caught a glimpse of the Chipmunk's nose and the top of his head. He had been listening, too; but he disappeared as quick as a wink when he saw that they were looking at him.

"What became of the wolf?" asked the Kitten. "Did they kill him?"

"No," said the Lynx. "The whole pack gave a howl of disappointment and rage, and when I looked down again they were all ready to spring upon him, but just then there came another rifle shot, the lone wolf dropped dead, and all the rest scattered and ran for their lives. The two hunters stepped out of the bushes, and I heard one of them say, 'Well, I never saw anything like that before.' 'Neither did I,' said the other, 'and I don't want to see anything like it again, or hear it, either. I believe I'll have a nightmare for a week.' They skinned the wolf and pulled the dead deer out of the water, and in a few minutes they were gone."

"Well, I learned two lessons that day. One was not to boast until I was sure."

"And what was the other?" asked the Kitten, for his mother had stopped talking.

"I don't like to kill things as well as I did when I was young," said she, speaking rather hesitatingly, as if she was half ashamed of it. "I have to do it sometimes, to get enough for you and your brothers and sisters to eat, but I don't enjoy it the way I used to."

"Do you think you'll remember?" she asked, after a minute.

"Yes, ma'am," said the Kitten, very meekly.

"You'll be careful about boasting after this?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And you won't touch the Chipmunk or any one else who belongs to the Backwoods Club?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then run along home. It's almost time for supper. I'll come in a minute."

The Kitten scampered away through the woods, and the old Lynx followed more slowly. The Chipmunk came out of his hole and climbed up onto his log once more. The sun was getting low in the west, but the light still came soft and warm between the trees. The Chipmunk felt very safe and very comfortable as he curled himself up on a bunch of moss and went to sleep again.—William D. Hulbert, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Golf Luck of a Greenhorn.

Down on the Wenham golf course a few weeks ago a new member was playing around the links for the first time. It was really his first serious effort to play golf. He made a pretty good strike-off from an elevated tee across a valley to the top of a hill about seventy-five yards beyond. Thinking to have a little practice across the valley he struck his ball back toward the green beside the tee whence he had previously struck off. The ball sailed gracefully over the hill, and to his inexpressible surprise the player heard it go "kerchunk" into the hole on the green. He had struck a ball seventy-five yards and landed it in the hole. Probably few players ever do a such a thing, and this player says he does not expect ever to do it again, if he plays golf for a quarter of a century. It was "the luck of a greenhorn."—Boston Herald.

How He Got His News.

New York City's flat dweller is a man of resources. If he cannot have his morning newspaper delivered one way he can another.

One man who must have his newspaper early, before the doors are opened, hit upon the novel plan of putting a cord out of the window before he goes to bed. When he gets up in the morning all he has to do is to open the window and pull the paper up. This is not quite so exciting as pulling in a bass or a trout, but the man is satisfied.—New York Times.

PA'S AWFUL IGNORANCE.

Most every day when I'm at school
The teacher tells us things
About the birds and animals
And presidents and kings,
And then, at night, when I ask pa
If what she says is so,
He reads his paper right along
And says: "Oh, I dunno!"

One day she told us that the world
Is round, just like a ball,
And that there's nothing down below
It's standin' on at all.
I ask pa if she told the truth.
He read his paper, though,
And put his foot up on a chair,
And said: "Oh, I dunno!"

And once the teacher said the sky
Ain't heaven's floor, and tried
To make us think no angels walk
Along the other side,
And so that night I ast my pa,
And all he said was: "Oh,
Don't bother me about such things,
I'm busy—I dunno!"

One time a bigger boy he said
The doctor didn't bring
My little baby sister in
A box—no such thing!
That night I ast my pa if what
That big boy said was so,
And pa he answered: "Oh, keep still—
Confound it, I dunno!"

I used to kind of think somehow
That my pa knew a lot—
But that was wrong, or if he did
I guess that he's forgot.
Since I've got started into school,
Most every day or so
I hear about a hundred things
Pa doesn't seem to know.



"Are you sure he loves her?" "Sure? Why, man alive, he lets her beat him at golf!"—Judge.

We greet the man who finds no fault,
With praise, and all the rest of it.
But the kicker whom we ne'er exalt
Still, somehow, gets the best of it.
—Washington Star.

Muggins—"Your wife seems very industrious." Buggins—"Yes; she's always finding something for me to do."—Philadelphia Record.

Lord Foranheir—"I can trace my descent from John Milton. How's that for a descent?" Miss Millyuns—"It's a great descent, sure enough."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Whyte—"She learned to speak French in six weeks." Mr. Whyte—"I wonder how long it will take the folks over in France to learn to understand her."—Somerville Journal.

"Even egotism has its good points," says the Mayayunk Philosopher. "The people who are always talking about themselves never find time to talk about us."—Philadelphia Record.

There was a young lady named Alice,
She lived down in Texas, near Dalice.
She married an earl,
Did this clever young gearl,
And now she is boss of his palic.
—Baltimore American.

Insurance Agent—"Pardon me, madam, but what is your age?" Miss Antiquate—"I have seen twenty-two summers." Insurance Agent—"Yes, of course; but how many times did you see them?"—Tit-Bits.

"I wonder why the baby cries so much," said the young mother. "That's easy," answered the bachelor uncle. "Why is it?" demanded the mother. "Because it is a baby," replied the uncle.—Chicago Post.

Tess—"I heard him say he felt rather encouraged because you left the gas turned low in the parlor when he called." Jess—"How foolish of him! One needs a dark room to develop a negative."—Philadelphia Press.

"And what are you making?" we asked of the intelligent Artisan, as we admired the play of his brawny muscles. "Makin' cow-catchers for milk trains," he replied, without looking up from his work.—Baltimore American.

"What a sour individual! What's he growling about, anyway?" "O! he complains that he hasn't got what he deserved in this world." "I should think he'd have cause to rejoice on that account."—Philadelphia Press.

Smith—"Say, we've got a new cook at our boarding house." Jones—"Any better than the old one?" Smith—"Well, I guess yes. Why, she can actually cook prunes so you can't tell them from dried peaches."—Chicago News.

Mamma—"Since Susie invited you in to share her birthday cake last Saturday, you may ask her in to-morrow, and I'll make you a cake." Elsie—"Oh, won't you make some candy instead?" Mamma—"Would you rather have candy?" Elsie—"Yes'm. Susie never can eat much candr."—Philadelphia Press.