

# The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XIII.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1902.

NO. 12.

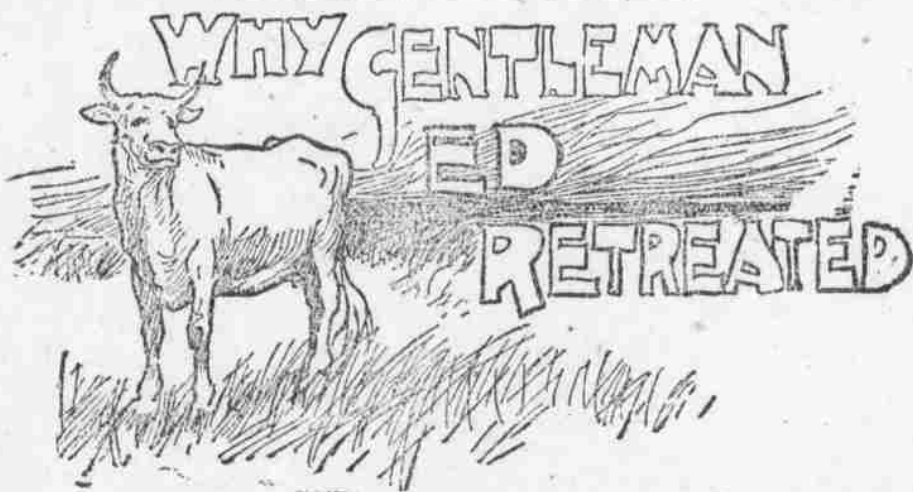
## MY SHIP.

I stood marooned on a desert isle,  
With my gaze o'er the white-capped  
sea,  
And hope leaped up in my heart the  
while—  
My ship—would it come to me?  
My beautiful ship with its sails of snow,  
Swanlike on the ocean's blue;  
While ever I gazed where the sky hung  
low,  
And ever my longing grew.  
Long, long I watched in the burning  
sun;  
And just at the close of day,  
A glint of white where the fog banks run,  
Flashed up like a whitecap spray:  
Flashed into my sight on the low sky line;  
Then out of the sea appeared  
The black storm-cloud; and this ship of  
mine  
Was lost in the blackness weird.  
—Lowell O. Reese, in San Francisco Bulletin.

All night I lay on the damp seaweed,  
With the spray on my sodden head;  
The mad waves howled, but I took no  
heed,  
Nor heeded of their raving dread.  
All night in the storm with a chilling  
breast,  
When lo! at the break of day,  
There, dancing at anchor with sails at rest,  
My ship in the harbor lay!

My beautiful ship! When the night was  
black,  
When the sky was the hue of lead,  
O'er rock and reef, through the thunder-  
ing rack,  
She sailed with a steady head!  
Oh, faltering one! when the dark hour  
falls,  
Deem not that all hope is past,  
But hark for the sound of the Pilot's call—  
For your ship will come in at last.

—Lowell O. Reese, in San Francisco Bulletin.



**D**URING what was known as the "good" summer Blue Duck suffered much from cattle stealing. The grass was so plentiful that season, the rains came with such regularity, the sun tempered its heat to such a nicety that the ranges were covered with young cattle fattening on the land. Prosperity stared every cow owner in the face, and the vision was such a joyous one that the men slapped their thighs, shouted as they rode the trail and wildly speculated on what kind of a winter they would have with their profits. In the midst of this general rejoicing came extensive losses of young calves and heaves already worth a considerable sum on the market.

At first when the stealing was confined to only a few herds no particular comment was made. The cow men supposed that some comrade a little more thrifty than they was adding to his own store, and they reflected that when they wished they could replenish from other herds themselves. But after a time every herd within a radius of thirty miles of Blue Duck had suffered from the thieves, and the complaints filled the barrooms and streets of the town, until a vigilance committee, of which Gentleman Ed was the head, was organized.

Before permitting the committee to go to work Gentleman Ed rode over the ranges and endeavored to find some clew to the thieves. He questioned this man and that. He talked with the half-breed Indians, and he studied the trail, but he returned to Blue Duck no wiser than when he left.

"I tell you, Halvorson," he said, "whoever is going away with that stock is mighty wise. The boys haven't seen any one, and there isn't a sign to show where the animals go to. It looks as if the earth simply swallowed them up."

Halvorson grunted. As the descendant of vikings he was entitled to grunt and to be suspicious. That night he called a meeting of the vigilance committee in the rear room of the No. 1 Hard bar.

"Gentlemen," said Ed, "we've got to turn Indian. That's the only way that we will ever run down the thieves. I don't believe that we need many men for this kind of work. I am going to pick out ten of you, and we are going away, and we won't come back until we have scalps to bring in."

That night Gentleman Ed and ten other men rode out of Blue Duck into the long grasses, and to where the cattle stamped and moved restlessly under the stars.

Each member of the vigilance committee selected for trailing as the Indians follow their prey had with him his horse, rifle, six-shooter and a five days' supply of provisions. Gentleman Ed selected for his own work the guarding of the Circle herd. It was grazing near Cub Creek, and contained about 400 head of cattle.

He kept always to the windward of them, gave them no occasion for alarm and did not even disturb the cowboys on duty. All that first night

he worked his way up and down the feeding grounds, but without finding any suspicious evidence. He slept the next day, and the second night resumed his vigil. Again he crawled through the grasses and until midnight was not rewarded for his labor. Then of a sudden, even in the darkness, and almost under his nose, two choice cows detached themselves from the herd and slowly moved away toward the north. The sight was an extraordinary one. Cattle in herds do not leave in such manner unless there is some powerful reason for their doing so.

The two cows kept steadily on their

Ed was alone. His companions of the vigilance committee were scattered over the range. It seemed foolhardy for him to attempt to capture the thieves single-handed. He could distinguish the outlines of the ranch house, but there was no light to be seen from within, nor any indication as to how many men there might be inside. He spent an hour taking the geographical bearings of the place and then rode away. By 3 o'clock in the morning he had gathered up his ten men and had them on the way to the retreat.

When the place was again located he placed his men so that each one commanded a vantage point from which to fight if there was going to be a fight. He himself intended to advance on the place, announce who he was and his mission and demand the surrender of the inmates. He was perhaps half way to the house when a light flashed up and he dropped to the ground and lay still. By the light he could see that one of the windows of the ranch house was raised and that it was covered only by a cotton curtain which blew back and forth in the morning breeze. Ed crawled up to this window until he was directly underneath it, and then he heard voices.

A woman was talking. She was moving about the room and evidently preparing food for some one. As the curtain moved Ed got a glimpse of the interior. He saw a man in bed and could judge by the appearance of his face that he was sick. He noted a thin, gaunt looking woman, who was preparing a broth. He observed that by the bed there slept a handsome Scotch collie, the best kind of a cow dog ever created. Thus spoke the woman to the man:

"The Blue Duck people are out with their guns, Jim, and I've got to quit this stealing business. The dog works all right, but they'll get me sure, and what will become of you if I'm hauled up? I know it isn't right, Jim, but you'd have died long ago if the dog and me hadn't known how to get the cattle over here. There are two good cows in the corral now, and the Hamar

she said, "and I'll die for you now. They can't get us two apart, no matter what happens."

Then, for the first time in his life, Gentleman Ed retreated. He crawled away with hot flushes on his cheek and something sticking in his throat. He rejoined his companions, and to their surprise ordered them to mount and ride with him. Silently he led them into Blue Duck just as the town awoke and the streets were filled with people. He rode straight for the No. 1 Hard bar, and once inside of that and the people gathered about him he mounted a table and made a short speech.

In brief he said to them: "Boys, I found the cattle thieves last night, and I've sneaked away from them. It's for you to say what you are going to do with me for it. I'm going to tell you a story first, though. You know that fellow Hotling that has that bad grass plain north of here. You know he came down with the fever a year ago, and he has been losing everything since then. You know that we have had all kinds of prosperity down here, but we haven't stopped to think of the people about us that have had hard luck. Since Hotling's been sick his wife has been standing by him. They didn't have any money, and they couldn't hire a doctor, but some of those fellows over at Hamar put the woman up to running off our stock.

"You know she owns the best collie in this country. Well, she's been dressing up in her husband's clothes and taking the collie and going out and getting just what stock she wanted. She put the animals in Hotling's corral and the Hamar people would get them the next day. The money she has got out of it has gone to doctoring her husband. It was right up to the house last night, right by the open window, and I heard her and the old man talk it all over. I don't believe that he will live two weeks more, and she is heartbroken, but I sneaked. I can't fight a woman."

There was a long silence, and then Halvorson rose, and Halvorson moved that Blue Duck visit Hamar and inform the rival town what it had discovered. Also, that Blue Duck invite Hamar to fight with any weapon known to man, and further that Hotling and his wife from that moment should become the special charge and care of Blue Duck. The motion went through with a round of cheers. Gentleman Ed came down from his table and said:

"I'm going to bring the Hotlings in." "All right," said Halvorson. "We'll go after Hamar."

And so the Hotlings came to know what true charity was, and Hamar in due season felt the wrath of Blue Duck.—H. I. Cleveland, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

**Japan's National Anthem.**  
Japan has, perhaps, the shortest of all national anthems. It is called "Kimi Ga Yo," from its first three words, and consists of thirty-two syllables, which count in poetry, however, as thirty-one. The exceeding brevity is due to the national fondness for conciseness of phrase and for economy of expression in all forms of art. The patriotic song is what the Japanese call a "tanka," or a verse of five lines, the first and third being of five, and the others of seven syllables. Below is given the anthem in Japanese, with an English translation:

Kimi ga yo wa  
Chiyo no yachiyo ni  
Sazare ishi no  
Iwawo to narite  
Koke no mumu made.

May our Lord's domain last  
Till a thousand years have passed.  
Twice four thousand times o'er told!  
Firm as changeless rock earth-rooted,  
Moss of ages uncomputed.  
—Los Angeles Herald.

**Pedigree Fopishness.**  
This is a great democratic country, but a man in London has made a small fortune in tracing the pedigrees of American millionaires back to the ancient Saxon and Norman nobility of Great Britain. Familiarity with works of heraldry makes the manufacture of coats of arms as easy as it is profitable. It is an interesting fact that there is little of this foolish genealogy hunting among the numerous American descendants of the German immigrants. London appears to be the only market for the supply of American pedigrees. — Philadelphia Record.

## WHEN THAT OLD HOSS WAS YOUNG

Well, yes, the world was fresh and gay,  
And life was worth the living, too,  
And work in them ole times seemed play,  
And skies was always clear and blue,  
And ne'er a day in all the year  
On which at toil no song I sung;  
Oh! still the memory stays to cheer  
Of days when that ole hoss was young!

You want to buy him? Not if I  
Have any 'quaintance with myself!  
A hundred-fifty! 'Twouldn't buy  
His cast-off shoes upon that shelf!  
For many years, through sun and rain,  
To that old hoss I've fondly clung;  
His neigh brings back the joys again  
Of days when that ole hoss was young!

I drove him in my courting days,  
Up hill, down dale, through field and  
wood;  
He shared my love in horsefly ways,  
He heard our vows and understood!  
The children came; he loved them all,  
As fearless to his mane they clung;  
He mourned them lying 'neath the pall  
In days when that ole hoss was young!

Out yonder in the medder green  
You see them four ole pine trees stand,  
You see a tall white stone between  
And five small ones on either hand?  
Well, neighbor, she and they would raise  
And taunt me with accusing tongue,  
If I should e'er forget the days,  
The days when that ole hoss was young!



Blobbs—"She's a remarkable woman. She always gains her point." Slobbs—"Even when she sharpens a pencil?"—Philadelphia Record.

Cholly—"Been shooting for a week, old chap! Had great luck!" Algy—"What did you bring back?" Cholly (proudly)—"The dogs!"—Judge.

Alas! the times are out of gear,  
And truth is down the well,  
We don't believe the half we hear,  
Nor yet the half we tell.  
—Philadelphia Record.

Bacon—"Do you suppose it was modesty that prompted the author to withhold his name from that poem?" Egbert—"No, I think it was prudence."—Tit-Bits.

Gusch—"His after-dinner speech was the very soul of wit; don't you think so?" Krusty—"Perhaps. There certainly wasn't any body to it."—Philadelphia Press.

"Do you call this realistic fiction?" asked the critic. "Certainly," replied the author, "What's the matter with it?" "It's altogether too probable," answered the critic.—Chicago Post.

When Miranda smiles, I've come to know  
By the curve of her lips—such a little  
thing—  
Cupid is getting a string on his bow,  
And Miranda is getting her beau on a  
string!  
—Smart Set.

"Father, I wish you'd spank me a little." "Why, Tommy, the idea! Spank you—what for?" "Yes, then I'll cry, and grandma will feel so awfully sorry she'll give me some candy."—Brooklyn Life.

Minister—"Well, my boy, I hope you enjoyed the services this morning." Boy—"Yes, sir. Pop fell asleep six times and ma had to stick a pin into him each time to wake him up."—Judge.

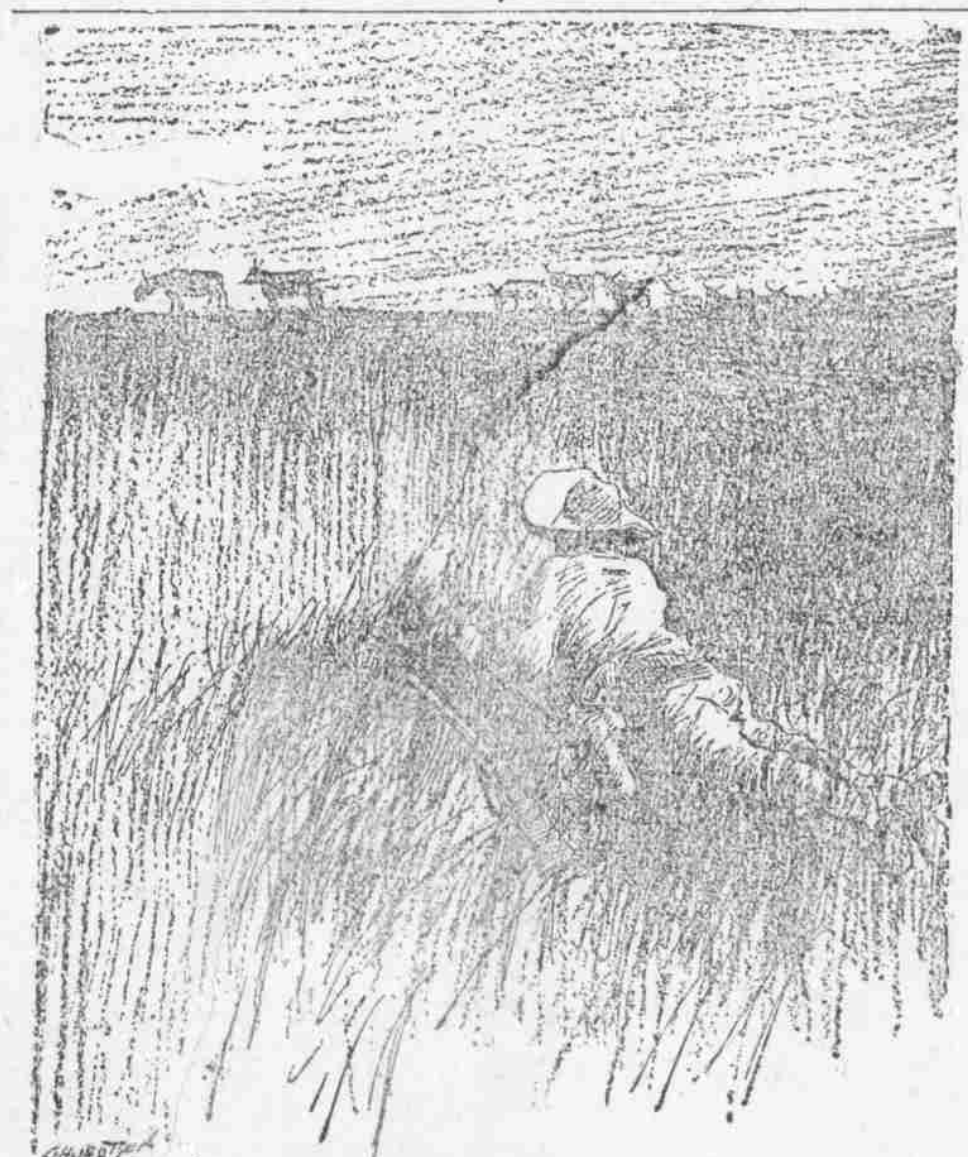
Clara—"Jack intends to have everything his own way when we are married." Clara's Mamma—"Then why do you marry him?" Clara—"To relieve his mind of a false impression."—Tit-Bits.

Mamie (aged six)—"Are you going to give me a birthday present, Aunt Elsie?" Aunt Elsie—"Yes, dear. Tell me what you would like to have." Mamie—"Oh, anything at all, just so it isn't useful."—Chicago News.

The panic in the diamond market is growing worse instead of better. It is now almost impossible to get No. 2 whites in carload lots; No. 1 blues can be obtained only in bushel lots; and No. 1 straws are no longer quoted except by the peck.—Chicago Tribune

"Yes, sir," said the landlady, "our boarding house is one of the best. We give you all the comforts of home." "Ah!" exclaimed the erstwhile housekeeper, "but what we're looking for particularly, is a place that has none of the discomforts of home."—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Motor Ash Wagon.**  
A gasoline motor ash wagon is to be tried by the Department of Street Cleaning of the city of New York. The wagon will have a capacity of about six cubic yards and will be tested in a district where the hauls are long. The wagon is not yet built.



way, and finally disappeared in the darkness. Then Ed took up the trail. As fresh as it was there was little difficulty in keeping within close distance of the animals. He saw no human being guiding them. He could not fathom the reason for their strange behavior. Once he thought he saw something that resembled a dog or coyote leap up in front of them, but he could not be certain as to this. Mile after mile the cows went on and mile after mile Ed kept their trail, until they came to a tiny ranch house on Upper Cub Creek and voluntarily walked within a corral. Some one whom Ed could not distinguish shut a gate on them and then the gentleman gambler of Blue Duck knew that he had found the home of the cattle thieves.

people will be here in the morning and get them. That will give us enough to live on for the next two weeks. After that God will have to take care of us."

The entire situation dawned on Gentleman Ed in a flash. He heard the sick man moan and say: "It's all right, Kate. You've done all a woman could for any man. If we've got to starve here, why that's all there is to it. You needn't run off any more stock. We've taken more than we can ever pay for now, and the Lord knows how we will ever square accounts with Him for what's been done."

At this the woman set down the bowl which she had in her hand and went over to the bedside and put her arms about the man's neck.

"I've lived for you all my life, Jim."