

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, JULY 4, 1902.

NO. 173

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

By Frank Stockton.

HAL CLAYTON was the son of a sportsman; that is to say, although his father, Henry Clayton, Esq., was a New York lawyer, it was his habit to go with his family every year into the Adirondack woods, where for about two months he could enjoy the hunting, fishing, rowing and tramping which that wild and picturesque region afforded him. His son, Hal, inherited his father's love of outdoor sport, and was already a fairly good fisherman and a very good shot, and he enjoyed the Adirondack life quite as much as did his father.

Hal had a little room of his own at home, which he called his study, and which was furnished according to his own ideas. There were a good many pictures on the walls, but over his desk was a vacant space where it was Hal's ambition to hang the head and antlers of a deer which he himself should shoot. His father encouraged him in this ambition, and gave the boy on his fifteenth birthday a fine new rifle; it is certain there could be no greater encouragement than this.

A few weeks afterward Mr. Clayton and his family were established in their camp in the woods. Early one bright morning Hal and his father started out on their first deer hunt. Mr. Clayton was a good woodman, and needed no guide to the ordinary haunts of the game in the vicinity of his camp. After a walk of three or four miles he and Hal came to the edge of an arm of a lake. Here Mr. Clayton stopped. "Now, Hal," said he, "I am going to leave you here to shoot your first buck—that is, if you should be so lucky as to see one. That open space down there, about 200 feet away, is a place where the deer come out. Settle yourself behind this big, flat rock, and wait until a buck comes down to drink. The wind is all right, so he will not be apt to discover you if you lie hidden. Then you will have an opportunity to show whether or not you are a good shot. I am going off to another spot for deer, and I think I shall be back about noon."

When Mr. Clayton had departed Hal began to prepare himself for work. Laying his rifle on a depressed portion of the rock, where it was concealed from view, he settled himself comfortably where he could look over the rock without exposing more than his eyes and gray felt hat, which was nearly the color of the stone.

He had heard a great deal of deer hunting, and he knew very well that in order to get a shot it was often necessary to wait a long time at a place where deer might show themselves; consequently he had brought his camera with him. He was very fond of taking photographs, especially of out-of-door scenes.

The first thing he did with his camera was to take a picture of the spot where he hoped a deer would appear, and having done this he watched and waited for a while, and then, when he became tired of this he took a photograph of another pretty scene near by.

For about half an hour after this he sat behind the rock and waited and watched, and just as he was beginning to think it would be well to take another photograph in order to beguile the tedium of this very slow sport he saw a decided movement of the leaves in a mass of bushes at the edge of the wood near the place his father had told him to watch. He laid his hand upon his rifle and held his breath.

Now from the bushes a head appeared, then a neck, but it was not the head and neck for which he had been waiting and hoping; it was the head of a doe, on which grew no branching antlers. But it was a beautiful head, and Hal was near enough to see the beauty of the large, lustrous eyes.

Out into the open space between the woods and the water the doe stepped, revealing the whole of her graceful form. She looked to the right, she looked to the left, then she looked over the water, and when she had made these prudent surveys she turned her head toward the bushes from which she had just emerged.

Then in an instant, as if she had said, "It is all right; come along, my dear!" out skipped a little fawn. He, too, raised his small head, looked to the right, to the left, and out over the

water, as if he wished to assure himself that his mother had been correct in telling him he was quite safe to leave the shelter of the forest.

The mother deer now walked down to the edge of the water and lowered her graceful head to drink. The fawn trotted after her and lowered his graceful little head, but he merely wet his nose; he did not seem to care for water. The doe, after taking another look about her, deliberately walked for a short distance into the shallow water and then stopped and looked backward, as if inviting her son to come in and see how nice it was to stand in the cool water.

But the fawn had no fancy for anything of the kind. He pricked up his ears, he stamped upon the ground with his tiny hoofs, and he moved impatiently backward and forward along the shore as if he thought his mother should come out and behave herself like a respectable deer.

The doe paid no attention, however, to the fawn's annoyance. She even walked further into the water, until her legs were nearly concealed. The fawn now became very much agitated, and after springing backward and forward two or three times he went to the edge of the water and put in one foot; then he drew it back and stamped; then, encouraged by his mother, who might have been supposed to be speaking gently to him all the time, he put in both forefeet and stood still for a minute.

But he drew back, and after stamping as if he hated very much to have wet feet he bounded away. Then he turned to look at his mother, hoping, probably, that she would think he had done enough, and that she would come out and cease her efforts to make him do a very unpleasant thing. The doe probably knew what was in the mind of her son, but instead of paying some attention to his evident appeals she moved farther from the shore until the water was so deep that she was obliged to swim.

Hal thought that the little fawn now became possessed with the fear that he was going to lose his mother; that she intended to cross the water and leave him where he was. Made brave by this anxiety he forgot everything in the frantic desire to be with her, wherever she might be going or whatever she might be doing, and he plunged into the cold water. He splashed and kicked and tried to jump, but in a minute he was out of his depth, paddling as fast as he could toward the doe, who was waiting for him.

Hal watched these proceedings with the most lively interest. It was plain enough that the little creature, like nearly all animals except man, was able to support himself in the water, and to swim without being taught to do so, but it also seemed plain to Hal that the fawn did not like cold water, and would need a good deal of education by example before he would have proper confidence in himself and run to water if pursued.

On he went, with not much more than his head out of the water, and working his little legs with an excited energy that soon took him to his mother. Then she swam gently round him, putting her head close to his, and apparently endeavoring to encourage him.

But the fawn did not want encouragement. He wanted his mother to go back to the shore, and to take him with her, and as soon as he got a chance he made as if he would climb on her back. This pulled her down in the water, and so, without any regard for the feelings of her son, she shook him off and swam to a little distance, moving toward the shore.

The fawn followed, trying his best to reach his mother and compel her to carry him, but without leaving him far behind she kept out of his reach, although she always kept her eyes on him, and seemed to be urging him to swim ashore without her help.

In a short time the doe was standing on dry land, and when the fawn could touch bottom he gave a great bound up the shelving beach, and began racing backward and forward as if to get warm by exercise. Meanwhile his mother stood looking at him with evident pride. Although his temper may have been ruffled by the way his mother had treated him, he was now as

happy as any little fawn could be. He had already forgotten he had ever been afraid of the water.

The doe, having performed her mother duty, lay down in a sunny spot to dry herself, and the fawn, ever willing to emulate her in this respect stretched himself on the ground beside her, not in the graceful attitude she had assumed, but with his slender legs reaching out in four directions, his head resting upon the ground.

In all the time he had been watching the performances of the doe and the fawn Hal had not even thought of his rifle. To shoot at any time, or under any circumstances, a little fawn and its affectionate mother would have been not only unsportsmanlike and illegal, but shamefully cruel. And now after the boy had, in a manner, made the acquaintance of the pair, and had taken so much interest in the swimming lesson he would have felt almost inclined to shoot any one who should dare to shoot that doe and fawn.

While he had been watching the swimming scene he had forgotten the camera, but now he remembered it, and was just about to take a picture of the fawn and its mother, resting after their bath when the pretty creatures made a sudden movement. The fawn raised its head, and the doe, without rising, turned her eyes in the direction of the woods.

Instantly Hal put down his camera and laid his hand upon his rifle. His heart beat fast, his whole body trembled. Something was coming; something which deer were not afraid of, for the fawn and its mother were not in the least frightened. Could it be what he had been expecting?

Something did come, and it was exactly what Hal had been expecting, waiting for, longing for. Without the slightest hesitation a fine buck walked out into the open. He did not look to the right, he did not look to the left, he did not even deign to look out over the water. With a careless air he threw a glance toward doe and fawn, and then stepped forward to the water, his manner indicating that he felt perfectly at home, and that there was no reason why he should not present himself to other deer as an example of courageous self-reliance.

He drank a little water, he nibbled a little grass, and then he stepped toward the spot where the doe and fawn were lying. He raised his head and appeared to be breathing with delight the warm, sunny air, so different from the atmosphere of the shaded depths of the forest. Upon his head was a pair of magnificent antlers, every branch and point of which showed clear and sharp in the bright sunlight.

Hal's heart still beat fast, his hand was on his rifle, and he was trying hard to control the trembling of his body. He knew all about this agitation at the first sight of noble game, and he knew it must be controlled if he wanted to make a good shot.

Yet in his excitement he could not help being impressed with the rare beauty of the picture—the recumbent doe, the fawn again lying by her side, the buck standing not far behind them, his head raised high, and in the background the water, the trees and the sky. Hal eagerly asked himself if it would be possible to take a photograph before he fired. He had not answered his own question before there was a sudden change in the appearance of the buck. With a quick movement he turned his head toward the water, his ears bent forward, his eyes dilated and from his mouth came a strange, shrill, whistling sound. He was frightened.

Hal could see nothing, could hear nothing that seemed to indicate danger, but the deer had sharper senses than his. Probably it was only a fox on the other side of the water. Deer are often very much afraid of foxes, although we know of no good reason why they should be. But no matter what the cause, the buck was alarmed. His antlers trembled as if his whole body were pervaded by a sudden tremor.

The terror of the buck instantly communicated itself to the doe and fawn; the one half-raised herself from the ground, turning her head toward the water, and the little fellow sprang to his feet.

It was a wonderful picture. Hal had never seen an engraving or painting which showed a group of deer at a moment of such intense nervous excitement. But it was also a wonderfully good opportunity for a shot.

There was no time for deliberation. The buck raised his head still higher and leaned a little toward the wood; the doe sprang to her feet; the little fawn slightly crouched as if about to

make a bound—and Hal felt that whatever was to be done must be done instantly. He seized the camera.

Click! It was over. At that moment the buck turned his head away from the water, the doe leaned forward, there were three sudden bounds and the startled animals had plunged into the bushes and out of sight.

Hal sat down on the ground and leaned his back against the rock. After his excitement there came a reaction; he did not want to do anything but just sit there. He was tired, he was disappointed, he was happy. He sat there a long time, now thinking of the buck's head, with its branching antlers, which might have hung on the wall above his desk; thinking of the little fawn and its petulant way of stamping its hoofs upon the ground; thinking of the tender-eyed doe so gently and steadfastly giving her little son a needed lesson in life; thinking of the grand buck, still alive and unharmed, standing in safety somewhere in the depths of the forest.

When Mr. Clayton came back he found his son still sitting by the rock. "Well," he said, "did you see a buck?" "Oh, yes," said Hal.

"Did he give you a chance for a shot?" "Yes," said Hal, "a fine one."

Mr. Clayton looked about, but saw nothing which betokened that his son had shot a deer. "What," said he, "did you miss him?" "No," said Hal, and then, seeing his father was completely mystified, he told his story.

Mr. Clayton stood silent for a few moments, looking at his son. "Well," said he, "I don't know that I should have been able to do that, but I should be glad to believe I might have been able."

The story of Hal Clayton's deer hunt spread rapidly through the little camp, which was composed of four or five families, all very well acquainted. In the course of the afternoon Hal took his fishing rod and went to the edge of a lake about half a mile from the camp. There he met a party of his boy friends, all busy fishing.

"Hello, Hal!" cried one of them. "What are you doing with that rod? Why didn't you bring your camera? If a fish should stick its head out of the water you would not be able to photograph it."

He did not like this style of talk, but he made no answer. Then Sam Curtis, the biggest boy of the little company, addressed him.

"Hal," said he, "can you tell me how it feels to be a mollicoddy?"

"A what?" exclaimed Hal, the blood rushing to his face.

"A mollicoddy," replied Sam. "That's what you are. You haven't any business to go hunting and fishing. You ought to stay with the girls and play croquet. Of all things I wouldn't be a mollicoddy."

Hal dropped his fishing line and stepped quickly toward Sam Curtis.

That evening Sam Curtis was taking a walk in the moonlight, when he met some of his friends.

"Well, Sam," said one of them, by way of cheering him up, "how do you like the mollicoddy?"

"Like him!" said Sam. "I like him well enough. There is nothing the matter with him. But the next time he wants to have anything to do with me I am going to ask him to take my photograph."

There are no buck's horns on the wall above Hal Clayton's desk, but in their place hangs a framed photograph, considerably enlarged from the original, of a group of deer, with a lake and forest for a background.

A good many of Mr. Clayton's sportsmen friends have come to look at this picture, and they all agree that it was not only very well taken, but that, as far as they know, it is a unique picture, showing a group of deer in a most unusual and interesting state of mind.

Then, if Hal is not present, Mr. Clayton tells his friends the story I have just told you.—Youth's Companion.

Pulp and Paper Mills.

There are now more than 1100 pulp and paper mills in the United States. They use about a billion feet of lumber in a year. The sawmills consume twenty times as much.

Origin of the Name Oregon.

The name Oregon first appears in "Jonathan Carver's Travels," published in London about 1778. Possibly it is a corruption of the Spanish "Aragon."

In cooking as in singing a great deal depends on the range.

BILL WAS THERE.

Bill was just a common sort,
Never dreamed of wealth nor fame;
Plodded on and didn't try
Schemes to set the world aflame,
Kept a-going all the time,
Busy here and everywhere;
When a task turned up to do,
Bill was there!

Didn't congregate around
Evenings at old Perkins' store;
Where the other boys would tell
All they ever did—and more.
He just rose at morning light,
Weather stormy, weather fair;
Always work on hand to do,
Bill was there!

Never heard him whine around
"Cause things didn't go just so;
In the joy he whistled loud,
In the pain he whistled low.
Took things as they came,
Smiling if 'twas joy or care,
Never faltered; when things came
Bill was there!

So he didn't make no stir,
Lived a quiet busy life;
Lived a life that didn't have
Room for petty thought and strife.
He had simple work to do—
Wa'n't no call to do nor dare;
Just a constant watch, you know—
Bill was there!

Such a man as Bill drops out
And the world goes just the same;
Doesn't hear death speak his word,
When he calls him by the name.
Just the common, plodding sort—
Bill has certain gone to where
They'll remember how and when
Bill was there!

—Hartford Times.



"What's the purpose of bacteriology, anyway?" "Well, it reduces worrying to a positive science, for one thing."—Life.

Gladys—"They say Harold is an expert in the art of self-defense." Evelyn—"Nonsense! Edith made him propose in just one week!"—Tit-Bits.

"Was he a philanthropist?" "No; he did not leave behind enough money to be called that. He was merely an extraordinarily charitable man."—Baltimore Herald.

Mamma—"Fighting again? Why, a good little boy wouldn't hurt a hair of another boy's head." Johnny—"Well, I didn't! I just punched his nose."—Tit-Bits.

"Jabez is gettin' used to public speakin', ain't he?" "Oh, yes. I remember when you could hardly get him to stand up, an' now you kin hardly get him to sit down."—Puck.

The man who never makes mistakes Must forfeit much delight; He cannot feel the sweet surprise Of sometimes being right.

—Washington Star.

Artist—"Yes, I've given this picture of a pretty young widow a sort of horticultural name." Friend—"Indeed! What did you call it?" Artist—"A Daisy Beneath the Weeds."—Chicago News.

Mr. Goops—"Wasn't there some kind of a hitch about the wedding of Mr. Spoonigh and Miss Mooney?" Mr. Whoop—"No; the groom did not show up, so there wasn't any hitch at all."—Baltimore American.

"It's an A1 display," said Mr. Pitt, at the dog show. "It's a first-class exhibition," replied Mr. Penn, "but you've got the wrong number." "How so?" "Instead of A1 it is K9."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"He's got a great scheme to exterminate mosquitoes." "What is it? The idea about petroleum?" "Not at all. His scheme is to cross them with lightning bugs so you'll know when they're coming."—Chicago Tribune.

Climate and Speech.

The recent agitation in the philological world for the adoption of Latin as the universal tongue for cultured people is doomed to failure owing to the fact that it is confronted with a physical impossibility. In the first place the vocal organs are so entirely dissimilar in different races that a language will change too much for the various people using it to understand each other.

Again, if we could give the Italian language to the Chinese or Russians, it would change so that in a few years we would not recognize it as the same. This disability may be accounted for by the fact that the people in the North speak with the lips nearly closed, and those living in a mild climate give free articulation by opening the mouth.

—New York Herald.