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WHERE DID IT GO?

By W. C. GANNETT.

Where did yesterday's sunset go,
When it faded down the hills so slow,
And the gold grew dim and the purple
light
Like an army with banners passed from
sight?
Will its flush go into the goldenrod,
Its thrill to the purple aster's nod,
Its crimson flock the maple bough,
And the autumn glory begin from now?

Deeper than flower fields sank the glow
Of the silent pageant passing slow.

It flushed all night in many a dream,
It thrilled in the folding hush of prayer,
It glided into a poet's song,
It is setting still in a picture rare;
It changed by the miracle none can see
To the shifting lights of a symphony;
And in resurrection of faith and hope
The glory died on the shining slope.

For it left its light on the hills and seas
That rim a thousand memories.

A Love the Surgeon Cured.

By ALEX. RICKETTS.

THIS is the story the captain told me as we sat in the club window watching the girls go by. It is true that the captain has just returned from duty in the Philippines, that he bears a cruel scar between his eyes, and that I would unhesitatingly take his word for any amount you care to name; still—well, the captain can speak for himself.

"Our surprise was complete, and we emptied our guns futilely. Then the company scurried, with a shout of warning, sprang suddenly in front of me, just in time to get a spear through his throat and plunge him down with a choking cough. I blew in the face of his slayer with the last shot in my revolver, jammed its muzzle hard into the stomach of another little brown man who was slashing around recklessly with a bolo several sizes too big for him, got a tremendous smash across the eyes here, and everything went black.

"The next I knew I found myself lying on a cot in a dark room with a bandage bound around my head, and a headache that was the father of all headaches. I struggled up into a sitting position, with my elbows on my knees and my chin in my hands and studied the matter out. As nearly as I could figure it out, we had been beaten off the treacherous Philippines who had so cleverly ambushed my scouting party, or we hadn't. If the first were true, I was probably safe in a hospital, and if the second, I was a prisoner, with a very unpleasant future before me. I couldn't very well decide which, under the circumstances, without outside information, so I shouted at the top of my voice, 'Hello! Hello there!' determined to end the suspense at once.

"I heard the door open, and, turning in the direction of the sound I saw—and I gripped the sides of my cot hard with both hands at the surprise and horror of it—I saw stalk into the room a human skeleton. That was all, just a stark and hideous human skeleton, surrounded by a grinning skull.

"There is nothing particularly detectable to the average man about a skeleton at any time, but when one, and not a particularly well made one at that, saunters carelessly up to one's bedside, grabs your pulse in his fingers, and asks, in the familiar tones of the surgeon you've been comrade with for several years, 'What are you making such a row about, old chap?' it is apt to produce, in the ordinary invalid, a variety of sensations more or less confusing.

"What's happened? Where am I? What is it? What are you? What's the matter? I gasped rapidly.

"Oh, you're all right now, old chap," the doctor's voice assured me, while the skull grinned more affably than ever upon me. "You got a little swipe across the eyes from some murderous minded Filipino's club, and it's laid you up here in the hospital talking lunacy for a few days, that's all."

"Exactly," I muttered, scanning his skeleton intently. "That is all."

"Funny thing," went on the doctor's voice placidly. "You've been seeing all kinds of skeletons, and I don't know

what all. According to you this is about the finest anatomical museum outside a duly licensed charnel house ever incorporated. You surely have had a surfeit of bones, but I knew you'd wake up this time all straight."

"But, see here, doctor, if this thing that's gassing away is you, I protested earnestly, 'that's all I can see of you now.'

"Whew!" whispered the skeleton to itself. "Crazy as ever. Where's the morphine?"

"Nonsense," I cried hotly. "I'm as sane as you are. Sane, I reckon, because I don't dream everybody is crazy except myself. But I tell you, on my word, that all I see of you is your skeleton; and what's more, I'll prove it. See here, you've had three ribs on the right side broken some time or other."

"Yes, football, but how the deuce did you know it? I never told you, I'm sure," replied the skeleton thoughtfully.

"I tell you I can see your bones," I asserted excitedly. "And what's worse, it is all I can see of you, you lantern-jawed, lop-sided, toggle-jointed, poorly articulated, miserable specimen of a human frame, you."

"With a bandage over your eyes, too," sneered the doctor. I suppose my minute appraisement of his only skeleton netted him into overlooking for the minute the utter preposterousness of my claim. "And it's as good as yours, anyway."

"I don't care if I have a million bandages on," I insisted. "Bandage or no bandage, I swear I can see your skeleton, or somebody's skeleton, standing by the bed. I could see it the minute you opened the door and let in some light, and that's all I can see of you except—yes, a ring is dangling from your little finger, some coins are suspended some way against your left leg, and a bunch of keys and a knife on the right. I suppose they're in your trousers pockets. Now, what's the matter with me, doctor? Here, take this cursed bandage off and let more light into the room. Let's get at the bottom of this."

"Only partly persuaded that he did not have a dangerous maniac on his hands the doctor reluctantly did as I asked, and I was promptly startled half out of my wits I had left.

"I seemed to be floating in space. I could see with perfect ease into the rooms above, below and around the one I was in. My vision was bounded apparently only by distance, and not by material objects intervening; such immaterial objects as partitions interposed no obstacle of any consequence. After a little, however, as I became more accustomed to my strange affliction, I found I could distinguish the outlines of objects more or less distinctly according to the material out of which they were made, but only metallic objects were very plain. As for the doctor, in the stronger light I could dimly make out a sort of transparent gelatinous covering to his skeleton, but not well enough to tell one feature from another. The people in the other rooms, those passing in the street, even the animals which went by, were all skeletons to me, and skeletons only. Neither could I distinguish colors; the world was all black, or rather drab, and white to me.

"It was days before I could really convince the doctor that this was so, days filled with every conceivable test his ingenuity could devise, days when first I fretted and chafed continually about my condition, days passed in longing for the blessed night to come and shut out in its friendly darkness all the gruesome sights which tormented me from my eyes, but as the time dragged on I became more and more reconciled, as I grew more accustomed to the society of a skeleton-filled world. And then came a day when a great happiness was mine.

"Well, old chap," said the doctor, throwing himself disgustedly into a chair at last, 'I must believe you; it's beyond any man's comprehension, but I must believe you. It's unnatural and unscientific and absolutely idiotic, but the only guess I can make at an explanation is that that swipe you got across your eyes has in some mysterious way altered the retina or optic nerve so that they, or one of them, is sensitive to what are known as the X rays, to the exclusion of the ordinary rays. We know next to nothing about these X rays, but all the tests I've been able to make seem to support this theory. You had better get leave and pull out for the States as soon as you can, and consult a specialist. I can't help you any, and it must be a dreadful condition to be in.'

"Oh, it's not so bad, after all," I replied reassuringly. "You see, while you've been testing and tinkering around learning to believe what was perfectly true all the time, I've been getting used to things as they are, and there are some consolations I find. I can feel, and taste, and hear, and smell just as well as ever. My eyesight is the only thing abnormal about me, and I've got used to skeletons by now. They're not nearly as repulsive as you might suppose; quite the contrary in some cases. I've learned to tell you and all the rest of the fellows who drop in here apart by your bones; they're quite as individual as your faces and a lot handsomer sometimes, and I've learned to move around without falling over things with a little care, and—and, as I was saying, some skeletons have beauties of their own. For instance, there's a dainty little one comes in here every day to straighten up the room that's—that's just delicious. I believe I'm head over heels in love with it, though I've never spoken a word to it. So that I don't know that I'm so awfully keen to be cured, after all."

"What?" yelled the doctor, beginning to grin.

"I mean every word of it," I said, doggedly. "Oh, doctor, you can't realize what a lovely, enchanting, tantalizing little skeleton it is. All the bones are simply ravishing in their perfection, and every joint works with a smoothness and ease that are really a poem. Why, compared with the great coarse, clumsy bones you fellows clump around with, all lumps and twists and gnarls of cartilage, hers, for it surely is a woman, are like the most delicate carving, an exquisite etching, or the finest cobweb ossified. If only you could see it, doctor, could only see the gentle sweep of the collarbone, the sweet curve of the ribs, the tender lines of the arm bones, the delicate tracery of the leg bones, you wouldn't sit there grinning like a Cheshire cat. I've lain here day after day and watched that luscious little skeleton move about the room with such grace, so perfect in form, so ravishingly beautiful in its matchless symmetry, until I know these fragile little finger bones have stolen into my breast and are forever clinched around my heart. Who is she, doctor? Tell me!"

The doctor burst into a great guffaw of hoarse laughter, rocking himself back and forth where he sat.

"Tell me who she is, doctor; tell me who she is, for the love of Heaven!" I implored.

"Again the doctor roared with laughter.

"My temper never was of the most patient, and being treated in such an important matter with such ill-timed levity made it boil.

"There's nothing to laugh at, you hee-hawing ass," I growled. "If you could only see those delightful bones, if you could only realize that adorable skull, if you could for a minute imagine such a huggable, kissable, caressable little skeleton you wouldn't roll around there spluttering and spitting like a gibbering ape."

"Again the doctor shouted with laughter, and my temper gave way entirely.

"Stop it, you grinning baboon!" I shouted, springing on him, and winding

my fingers about his throat with all my fury in my grip. "Stop it, I say! Tell me who she is, or, by Heaven, I'll tear it from you!"

"Let go, you fool, you're choking me!" gasped the doctor, vainly struggling to unclasp my hands. "You won't? Well, take it, then."

"As he panted out these words he shoved me from him with all his strength, and then, as I fiercely closed upon him again, drove his fist with all his might into my face.

"When I unclosed my eyes a little later I found the doctor bending tenderly over me. 'Sorry, old chap, awful sorry,' he said, regretfully, 'but you had me nearly at the last gasp. What on earth was the matter with you, any way?'

"What's the matter with me now?" I cried, staring wildly into his face. "I can see you, doctor, you yourself. I don't see a bone. I can see everything all right, even the red on your nose."

"You can!" exclaimed the doctor. "Are you sure you can? Hooray! Hooray!" he went on, as I nodded my head positively. "You're cured, I hope. It must have been the shock of my blow. You've heard of such things, two shocks balancing each other, one creating an abnormal state of things, and the other restoring the normal, haven't you?"

"As I was still trying to realize that indeed I had returned to a world of form and color there came shuffling into the room the most withered, monkey-like, hideous old Filipino hag a man ever shuddered at.

"Great Scott, doctor, what's that?" I gasped, glaring at the old witch, fascinated by her unspeakable ugliness.

"That?" chuckled the doctor. "Why, that's your most adorable bag of bones, the one you're crazy in love with."

"And I actually felt a pang at my loss,"—New York Times.

MUSIC HYPNOTIZES HIM.

Old Walter Drops Everything When Orchestra Plays Certain March.

In a certain fashionable restaurant the other night the orchestra struck up a certain popular march, and instantly an aged colored waiter at the other end of the room set down a tray of food that he had been about to serve.

"Oh, bully!" he murmured, and he walked down to the little group of musicians and took his station beside the leader. There was a look of delight in his eyes. He stood listening in absorption to the melody till it ended.

Meanwhile the party that he was neglecting were craning this way and that, looking for him.

"Where can the old fellow be?" they said. "There, on his tray, is our soup, getting cold; but he has disappeared. He must be ill."

Just then they caught sight of the waiter. The lively piece was now over, and the aged serving man was patting the leader on the back, chuckling and expressing his congratulations. When he was through he returned to his patrons, and with an apology for his delay, served the soup.

The head waiter a moment later stopped at the table. "I hope," he said, "that you will pardon that old man. He is a good waiter, a faithful old soul, but he is a slave to that one piece of music. The orchestra cannot strike it up but he drops everything, forgets everything, and gets right in among the music. There he stands until the piece is over, when, with a sigh, he comes to, thanks and congratulates the leader and resumes his work. No other music affects him in the least. He never seems to notice at other times that the orchestra is playing. That march seems to hypnotize him, and he can't resist drinking it all in. As it gives him so much joy we put up with it, for he is a good waiter, a faithful old soul, he having been connected with the restaurant twenty years."

The Anatomical Tailor.

The tailor who cuts to fit his customer now studies anatomy, says the London Express, with as much care as he studies spring patterns in cloth. Charts are prepared for him, giving the common name of each section of mankind's anatomy, and thus, instead of becoming acquainted with the "fovea axillaris," he is merely shown the hollow under the arm, while the "tibial indentation" becomes the hollow under the knee. Anatomical charts, showing a skeleton in three positions, are sold by a West End firm in London, and are much in demand among tailors who cut clothes on a scientific basis.

The Cynical Bachelor.

The Cynical Bachelor rises to remark that love at first sight may be merely a blind.—Philadelphia Record.

HIS BABY BROTHER.

Yes, I've got a little brother,
Never asked to have him, nuther,
But he's here.
They just went away and bought him,
And last week the doctor brought him—
Where'd that queer?
When I heard the news from Molly,
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,
Cause, you see,
I s'posed I could go and get him
And then mamma, course, would let him
Play with me.
But when I had once looked at him—
"Why," I says, "great snakes, is that him?
Just that mite!"
They said "Yes," and "Ain't it cunnin'?"
He's a sight!
He's so small, it's just amazin',
And you'd think he was blazin'.
He's so red;
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
On his head.
Why, he isn't worth a brick,
All he does is cry and kick,
He can't stop.
Won't sit up, you can't arrange him—
I don't see why pa don't change him
At the shop.
Now, we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him
More'n a frog;
Why'd they buy a baby brother
When they know I'd good deal rather
Have a dog?
—Kansas Farmer.



Algy—"So you asked old Jones for his daughter's hand? What did he say?"
Ferdie—"He said, 'Take her, and let me be happy.'"—Puck.

"De Gall is what you might call cheeky, eh?" "Cheeky! That fellow has so much cheek that they charge him double for a shave!"—Judge.

Miffkins—"My wife has been the making of me." Biffkins—"Well, I don't think much of her ability as a manufacturer."—Chicago News.

Mrs. Outtown—"I understand that you have an old retainer." Mrs. Suburb—"Yes, indeed! Bridget has been with us three weeks!"—Harper's Bazar.

This world is like a looking glass
Wherein one oft beholds his face;
It frowns on those who grimly pass,
But answers smiles with jovial grace.
—Washington Star.

Timid Lover—"Your parents seem to have gotten over their dislike for me." "Yes. When we first met they were afraid it might lead to something."—Life.

Johnny—"Say, pa, what is classical music?" His Father—"Classical music, my son, is music that you can't whistle, and wouldn't if you could."—Brooklyn Life.

Doctor—"How was it that you didn't hear the cyclone coming?" Victim—"Why, you see my wife had a sewing meeting in the parlor at the time."—Chicago News.

A woman's ways are very queer,
And after a dispute
She's apt to call her dog a dear,
Her husband just a brute.
—Philadelphia Record.

"O'd loike a reference, ma'am," said the cook who had been requested to resign. "You mean," said Mrs. Hiram Offen, "you'd like a letter in which there should be no reference to anything."—Philadelphia Press.

"Our candidate has declared," said the partisan, "that his watchword is 'We can't be too careful of the public's interests.'" "Which," replied the cynic, "freely translated, means 'we won't be' if elected."—Philadelphia Press.

"Ah! darling," said the Count de Spanghetti to the heiress whose prospect had just become deceased: "let me hear your sorrows." "Bear my sorrows? Yes, yes, Count," she exclaimed, apprehensively, "but share your sorrows, never, never!"—Baltimore News.

Myer—"In olden time it is said that it was possible for a man to render himself invisible." Gyer—"Pshaw! That's not at all remarkable. Men in this country are doing it every day." Myer—"You don't tell me! How do they manage it?" Gyer—"By marrying famous women."—Chicago News.

A French Dog Story.

The Petit Parisien tells a dog story, which, it says, is perfectly true.

A lady named Mme. Amelle Hongre went out for a walk in the Avenue de Wey, taking with her a toy terrier, which she held by a string. While she was looking into a shop window two mischievous boys substituted a bone for the dog.

A Great Dane then appeared on the scene, and seeing the bone, made a dash and swallowed it, string included. The lady turned round, and in despair cried out that the Great Dane had eaten her pet.

The little dog, the story goes, was found later on, much to the joy of his mistress, who carried him off in a cab.