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"THERE IS NO DEATH."

These verses were written by J. L. McCreery, an Iowa editor, and were first published in Arthur's Home Magazine of July, 1863. Shortly after this the Farmers' Advocate, published in Chicago, printed an article written by Eugene Bulmer, who saw fit to attach the poem to the end of it. A Wisconsin editor clipped the poetry and credited it to E. Bulmer. Another editor thought "m" should be "w" and credited it to E. Bulwer, and in time E. Bulwer was transformed into Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. After a chase of nearly twenty-five years Mr. McCreery was able to catch up with the lie and nail it fast. He is now widely known as the author.

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! the forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The flocks disorganize to feed
The hungry mosses they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! the choicest gifts
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth
Are ever first to seek again
The country of their birth.

Add all things that for growth or joy
Are worthy of our love or care,
Whose loss has left us desolate,
Are safely garnered there.

Though life become a desert waste,
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,

Transplanted into paradise
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of birdlike melody
That we have missed and mourned so long
Now mingles with the angel choir
In everlasting song.

There is no death! although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms—

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their senseless dust to rest,
We say that they are "dead."

They are not dead! they have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here,
Into the new and larger life
Of that serene sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put their shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away—
They are not "lost" or "gone."

Though disenfranchised and glorified,
They still are here and love as yet;
The dear ones they have left behind
They never can forget.

And sometimes, when our hearts grow faint
Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly raging waves
Of grief or passion sweep—

We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm,
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread—
For all the boundless universe
Is life;—there are no dead!

an awful uproar breaks up that sweet solitude; the shoutings of excited men, the furious struggles of wounded levitans, whose mighty tall strokes reverberate in hollow thunder along the echoing cliffs. The heretofore placid sea hisses and boils, and the boats toss as in a maelstrom. What can be amiss? Not thus is the humpback mother wont to meet an attack unless her youngling is injured. Ah, that is it, surely. Her calf must be dead, and, if so, then heads must needs be cool and hands skilful or there will be many numbers lost from our good ship's messes.

Two boats disappeared to windward in a smother of spray, and we who remain dimly imagine in some disinterested fashion what manner of humpback they may be fast to. But not for long, for suddenly toward us comes rushing a faintly outlined black mass piled high with snowy foam, and we must needs exert every muscle to avoid that terrible onslaught. We do just succeed—the mighty one passes, and disappears. Oh, for some shelter, if only a shallow reef! But there is none. Crash! and like an earthquake shock come the maddened mother's flukes against the side of the other boat, hurling her and her disintegrated contents far shoreward. Never again will that boat molest a whale. And also, oh, sorrow and shame! never again will Hallett Winslow, best, brightest, bravest of harpooners, see the blessed sun rise. His neck is broken. Now, while she is venting her fury upon the floating fragments let us escape. But there are our shipmates, and as swiftly as our shanking limbs allow we pick them up, expecting every moment to go even as they went—and then?

The next few minutes passed like some hideous nightmare, frantic, joint-wrenching endeavors to keep out of the way of the monster bent upon our destruction, and sudden eruptions, upheavals of the sea, so close to us that destruction seemed impossible of avoidance. And all this time, wherever we went in the turmoil, we never lost sight of the calf whale. As if to call our crime continually to remembrance it kept us company, tossing helplessly upon the tormented waters. At last—and although I feel sure that half an hour had not passed, yet the time seemed interminable—we found ourselves, almost exhausted, close to the rocks, where an overhanging ledge, thickly clothed with drooping branches, jutted out above deep water, but only about three feet above the surface. With one last flash of energy we all sprang for shelter, scrambled like monkeys into the tangle of the trees, just as the unbreathed parent rushed at our deserted boat and crushed it into matchwood, returning again and again to the fragments until they were almost ground into splinters. All the while we hung precariously, fearfully, just above the terrible tumult, possessed with the idea that even here we were hardly safe from so redoubtable a foe.

And then into the blazing sunshine, which had now crept up to our refuge, there sprang the other whale, towing behind him the two surviving boats, still uninjured. Upon our almost benumbed brains fell a deeper fear. Were we about to witness the destruction of all that little company, so swiftly nearing this place of utmost danger? No long suspense, for out from the shadow of our cliff sprang the vengeful mother to meet her spouse and finish her great work of retribution. But as she came we saw the bull whale slacken speed, saw the two boats spread out fanwise behind him, saw the cow rush between them fully exposed. A puff of white smoke, and presently a tiny report as of a revolver shot. Then for a few moments our view was obscured by tumbling waves raised by the two monsters in their flurry, the one of death, the other of escape. And out of that boiling vortex emerged our two boats, still uninjured, a large black mass floating between them in utter immobility, while far to the windward a tall jet as of steam from a high pressure waste-pipe showed where the agile bull was making his utmost speed from the place of death. And in deepest silence and sorrow we distributed ourselves among the rescuing boats and prepared to tow to the ship our hardly won prize.—London Spectator.

Our Bearded Ladies.

Some of the new face veils make one think there is a large and flourishing crop of bearded ladies.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"What a red beard you have! How does that happen?" "Well, you see, it is very wiry, and when I wash my face it rusts."—Cornell Widow.

WONDERS OF THOTMES'S TOMB.

Mummied Beef 4000 Years Old Discovered in It.

An investigation of the tomb of King Thotmes IV., near Thebes, in which a splendid chariot was found by Mr. Davis, revealed many interesting features. Around a large chamber, in which there is a magnificent granite sarcophagus covered with texts from the Book of the Dead, are smaller chambers.

The floor of one of these is strewn with mummified loins of beef, legs of mutton and trussed ducks and geese, offerings made to the dead king nearly 4000 years ago. Clay seals bearing the king's name are attached to the doors of the chambers. These indicate that the Egyptians of the eighteenth dynasty, to some extent, anticipated the invention of printing the raised parts of the seals having been smeared with blue ink before the clay was impressed.

The walls of one chamber are adorned with paintings. There is also an inscription stating the tomb was plundered by robbers in the eighth year of Horemheb, but was restored as far as possible by the reigning Pharaoh. It was doubtless then that the jewelry buried with Thotmes was stolen.

The floor of this chamber is covered with vases, dishes and other objects, nearly all of which were wantonly broken, apparently by the robbers. Some had been repaired.

There was also a piece of textile fabric, in which hieroglyphics of various colors are woven with such wonderful skill as to present the appearance of a painting on linen.

The great find, however, is the chariot. The body alone remains, but this is in perfect condition.

The wooden frame was first covered with papier mache, and this with stucco, which is carved into scenes from battles Pharaoh fought in Syria. Every detail is exquisitely finished, the whole being one of the finest specimens of art preserved from antiquity.

With the chariot was found a leather gauntlet, which protected the king's hand and wrist when he used a bow or the reins.

Landscape Refinement.

According to E. C. Pixott, in the Sunset Magazine, the American has not as yet the art of making his home nor his land picturesque—of planning the unexpected, the accidental. California has been endowed with a climate as faultless as any on earth, and with every beauty that nature can bestow, yet the American as yet has done little to enhance her attractiveness. I say "the American" advisedly, for before his rule there was another civilization which has left here, and there is a legacy which we should jealously guard. As Charles Dudley Warner so aptly puts it: "The traveler is enthusiastic about the drives through these groves of fruit, with the ash or the snow-covered hills for background and contrast, and he exclaims at the pretty cottages, vine and rose-clad, in their semi-tropical setting, but if by chance he comes upon an old adobe or a Mexican ranch house in the country he has emotions of a very different sort."

Let us, in future, build strongly and solidly, and in a manner appropriate to our climate so that future generations may inherit something from us—something that has been lived in and about which stories can be woven—something that can be imbued with a charm of by-gone days—and then will California possess the one thing now necessary to complete her loveliness—the refinement of landscape that comes only after long cultivation.

Diseases Known by Numbers.

In the larger city hospitals the young doctors on the house staff and the visiting physicians never use the name or ten syllable words that they employ in making a report of a clinic for a medical journal or at a meeting of the County Medical Society. They refer to diphtheria as a case of "di" in some hospitals, and other complaints, such as typhoid fever or pneumonia, are abbreviated in the same way, so that the physicians and nurses understand them, even if relatives who visit the patients do not. But in most of the hospitals numbers are substituted for names. The visiting physician is told that a patient is suffering from a case of No. 1, No. 2, or No. 3, meaning thereby smallpox, typhoid fever, or diphtheria, respectively. As such they go down on the hospital books.—New York Times.

Indigo was first used as a dye in Europe in 1570. Cochineal came into use about the same time.

THE VALUE OF A REPUTATION.

The bullfrog sat by the river's brim,
And sang the whole day long;
The critics sometimes censured him,
And they weren't far from wrong,
But he sang away, as the daylight fled,
And didn't care what the critics said.

He gurgled and croaked till the toads so fat,
And the pollywogs so slim,
Remarked: "To warble a song like that
Must be very hard on him.
It doesn't appeal to me or you,
But no doubt it is difficult to do."

And the bullfrog simply pegged away
The very best he knew;
They learned to bear it, and day by day
His reputation grew.
Till at last, through the pond, it is understood
That whenever the bullfrog sings it's good.

—Washington Star.



Alice—"What makes you think he has been in love before?" Edith—"The proposal he made to me was entirely extemporaneous."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Judge—"Have you anything to say in extenuation?" Accused (thoughtfully)—"The man from whom I stole was insured against theft."—Springfield Union.

"They say you're making plenty of money in the stock market." "Yes, I never fail." "Really? You get straight tips, eh?" "Not much. I sell them."—Philadelphia Press.

"American cameras are now sold in every country of the globe," remarked Willoughby. "Yes, the American snapshot is heard all around the world," added Rockingham.—Judge.

Professor Morrandmore—"The books of the Chaldeans were written on bricks." Sporter (in a still, small voice)—"They must have made hard reading."—Harvard Lampoon.

"Maude's intended is a piano dealer, isn't he?" "Yes, and she believes him all that his instruments are." "Grand, I suppose?" "Yes, and upright and square."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Of office-holders 'tis the cry
That none resign, few ever die.
Now tell me true, how would it do
If we should simply kill a few?
—Philadelphia Record.

Tommy—"I think mamma is an awful gossip." Ethel—"Oh, Tommy! how can you say such a thing?" Tommy—"Well, she is; everything I do, she immediately goes and tells papa. I hate gossip."—Tit-Bits.

He—"You women are forever discussing the bad points of your neighbors. If you were to gossip about their good points it would be more edifying." She—"Perhaps so, but who would listen to us?"—Philadelphia Press.

"Young Digger is the hardest worker in the store," observed the proprietor. "To see him one would not think he was working for a salary." "He isn't," responded the bookkeeper; "he's working for a raise."—Indianapolis News.

There was a watchmaker named Quick, And he thought he was awfully slick, But he couldn't hold out, He went up the spout— He tried to do business on tick.

Footpad—"Hold up your hands!" Belated Pedestrian—"All right; but before searching me, I may as well tell you that I met my wife downtown this afternoon." Footpad—"Say no more, pard; I'm a married man myself. Here's a quarter for you."—Chicago News.

Is There an American Face?

The English face, the Jewish face, the Irish face, the Italian face, the Chinese face, the Japanese face, the French face, the Indian face, even the negro face—all these have something about them which calls up a definite picture in one's mind. But the American face has no strong characteristic to differentiate it from other faces of superior races, remarks London Health. It is international, for here and there one may find the traces which suggest a relation to this, that or the other face. It may be a line or ligament by an early English ancestry, or something suggestive of Teutonic origin, or a sharp suggestion of the Frenchman's face or the Irishman's or the Italian's or the Scotchman's. But when one must deal with the American abstractly one can scarcely call up the American face.

Uncle Sam, with his striped trousers, his shapely cut coat, his plug hat, his whiskers, and his bland, good-natured countenance, is a happy conception, yet he may never hope to portray the matchless and indescribable cosmopolitanism of the American face.

AN OCEAN FIGHT.

Battle With a Big Whale in the South Seas.

IN the dim and stuffy recesses of the fore-cabin of the Beluga a silent, sullen company of men of all shades of color sat at their 4.30 a. m. breakfast. Some munched stolidly at blocks of fat pork and flinty biscuit, others just drank alleged coffee and smoked. And they were the majority, for few there are who, after a night of sleep, especially in such an atmosphere, can rise and begin the morning meal (and such a meal) in five minutes. But those who did not eat concealed their portions about their persons, usually in the breasts of "jumpers," for there was never more than enough to go round.

Suddenly, with a voice like that of a frantic bull, came the expected command. "Now, way boats, there." It was immediately followed by a stampede, each man struggling to be first up the narrow ladder, each man dreading the sure and painful position of the last. Reaching the deck, the rushing band divided itself in four, one part to each boat, where it hung gleaming spectrally against the violet sky. None cast a glimpse upward or around, for none had time or thought to spare. Yet the scene was entirely worthy of man's best notice. The daily miracle of dawn always is—but here! The ship lay motionless, anchored apparently upon a lake of transparent ink, in whose still depths strange gleamings occasionally heightened its mystery of utter darkness. Around rose the solemn tree-clad hills of Hapal, now in deepest shadow. Away to the south, southeast and east the way out to the broad bosom of the Pacific lay, clearly open between the several islands, and although from the two former quarters there was as yet no lightening of the deep velvety purple of the night, there was a something remotely like the opening of a door leading from a dark hall into the clear air; a little draught of freshness seemed stealing in from thence. But from the east there came through that gap a quivering throb of opal-tinted light, just rippling along the horizon and touching the still waters that lay between it and us with the suggestion of glory to come, the first heart beat of that sweet day before which the modest stars paled and vanished. And overhead the returning legion of flying foxes, fresh from their long night's raid among the fruit trees, passed like squadrons of dark spirits hastening back to their native gloom at the advent of light, and occasionally from their midst came a wall wringing the heart like a sudden terror.

To most of us all this was but suggested, hardly realized; yet we moved with utmost quiet, unconsciously fall-

ing in with our environment. And when the rattle of a block, the sharp click of an oar on a gunwale, or a hoarse oath broke the sacred peace of the moment, an involuntary "Hush!" rose to the lips. Ten minutes after our appearance on deck we were all in our places and, with the steady, splashless stroke of trained whaling oarsmen, were silently gliding toward the portals of the day. As the oars rose and fell they lifted overflowing chalices of emeralds, and as the sweet dark crept away great lakes of ever changing color, of infinite and indescribable variety, stole over the placid surface of the quiet sea. A cool breath crept from the dawn point to meet us; it kissed our heated necks, put fresh vigor into our strokes, freshened, strengthened, until at a ringing shout of command we flung our oars with one accord and prepared to make sail. Is it of any use, I wonder, trying to describe the scene that greeted us as we did so? I fear not, where so many master hands have failed, so let me say simply that the pass ahead, leading seaward, was aflood with molten ruby, amethyst and opal, with a background of flaming gold, before which the shrinking eyes closed. "And the glory of the Lord was revealed." Ha, ha! how rapturously the blood, so sluggish before, courses through our veins as the boats, birdlike, skim over the sparkling waves on the lightsome way to windward. But the business of the day needs remembering. We are out after whales, and unto him who can first report the presence of one, afterward caught, shall be given \$10. So a keen lookout is kept for a while, until the wonderful beauty of the scene obtains the sway over our minds again, and the boats glide swiftly along the steep shores of the outermost island.

"Ab-blow-w-w-w-y!" almost in a whisper and several hands are pointed to where, against the dark green of the cliffs, yet in shadow, three vapory spirals of varying heights show clearly. But what can three mean? Two of them we can account for—the broad, bushy one and the tiny jet only four or five feet high. The third, however, closely associated with the other two, and of great height, puzzles us—does not delay us, though, for with paddles unshipped we urge the progress of our craft toward those vast unconscious mammals so pleasantly sojourning in the shade. We are abreast of them, helms are put up, and all four boats bear down upon them with the swoop of gigantic hawks. When but a ship's length away, sails are rolled up as if automatically. Noiseless as fish we glide into the shadow and—strike. What