

# The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XIV.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1903.

NO. 19.

## DON'T DREAM, BUT DO.

By Richard Burton.

'Tis an easy thing, if you want to know  
How sweet the summer is, just to go  
Down in the fields, or deep in the wood,  
Or faint toward the swash of the sea.  
For they all will teach you how heavenly  
Such wholesome places be.  
If you seek the soul's warm summer, too,  
Don't dream, but do!

Don't set at home with your brain-born  
book  
And balance questions and pry and look  
Askance at this, or wonder how  
That squares with some ancient doubt;  
But get in touch with the throbbing now,  
And let your heart go out  
To your fellow-men who are spent and blue.  
Don't dream, but do!

Work in the world for the folk thereof;  
With every deed that is done in love  
Some crisscross matter is smoothed for age;  
The spirit sees straight and clear;  
And heaven draws close that was far away,  
As you whistle off each fear.  
Work, for the days are fleet and few.  
Don't dream, but do!

You may worry over God's grinding laws.  
You may probe and probe for the great  
first cause;  
But an hour of life with an honest thrill  
Of self-forgetting joy  
Will ease your mind of its moody ill  
And make you blithe as a boy.  
The plan is simple; then see it through:  
Don't dream, but do!

## THE ORGANIST OF PONIKLA

THE CULMINATION OF A WANDERER'S AMBITION.

Translated From the Polish of Henryk Sienkiewicz, by M. Tyrand.

THE snow was hard and not very deep. Klen, with his long legs, was walking briskly on the road from Zagrab to Ponikla. He was scantily clothed with his short coat, his cloak still shorter, and his summer trousers not quite reaching his ankles. And then—his shoes were so much worn out. He pressed his flute amorously against his heart. He had a few small glasses of rum in his stomach and a great deal of contentment in his head. For that very morning he had signed an engagement as organist with the curate of Ponikla.

Until that day he had been roaming like a Tzigane, from inn to inn, from one fair to another, from wedding to wedding, wretchedly getting his daily bread by playing the flute or the organ. And, let it be said, by the bye, he played the organ better than any one else in the country. Now, at last, he could settle down and live decently. A house and a garden, 150 roubles a year, without reckoning the extras, and above all the consideration attached to a position in a church, to a profession devoted to the glory of God! He had never wished as much in his most ambitious dreams. All those who looked at him as a kind of tramp should be compelled now to treat him as a gentleman.

For a long time Klen had coveted the position without any hope of getting it while old Mielnitzki still persisted in living. The fingers of the latter were mostly paralyzed, but the curate would never have consented to replace him, in consideration of their twenty years' friendship. At last Mielnitzki died through an accident and Klen hastened to apply for the situation. The curate, well acquainted with his talent, engaged him immediately. Klen was really a remarkable artist. He never had studied music, but he played marvellously well not only the flute and the organ, but also several other instruments. It was not a case of heredity nor of education. His father, a soldier during most of his life, had turned a plain ropemaker in his old age, and the good man practiced no other wind instrument than his smoking pipe, which, it is true, seldom left the corner of his mouth.

Yet Klen, from his childhood, had shown a decided talent. Mielnitzki had given him some organ lessons. But the urchin one day suddenly departed with a band of strolling players. He wandered for several years. Then the troop dispersed by degrees, one dying, another disappearing without leaving any trace. Klen returned to his native village of Zagrab. He was as thin as a church mouse.

So far he had just shifted by playing for a trifle, but often for the love of God. People wondered at his irregular and precarious life, but they were unanimous when praising his talent. From Zagrab to Ponikla all declared readily: "When Klen begins to play the Lord is pleased and men are in raptures."

That did not prevent them from adding with much concern: "He must be possessed by a peculiar and devilish spirit." The remark was judicious, for at times he had the look of a sorcerer, particularly when during these last years, on some holidays, he replaced old Mielnitzki at the organ of Ponikla. Then he was unconscious of all that was not his adored instrument. It happened that in the middle of mass, when the congregation was the most deeply engaged in prayers, and when the priest, enveloped in the fumes of incense, gave his benediction, Klen's organ seemed to spread over the whole an impalpable gauze, and to raise slowly toward heaven the priest, the cen-

ser, the vapors of perfume, the congregation, and even the tinkling of the bells.

Klen positively did not realize that he was the one who performed these marvels. He completely imagined that the organ played unaided, that the sounds sprang by themselves out of the leaden pipes, to scatter first like rain, then like dew, in order to fill up the church and make vibrate together the altars and the hearts. Sometimes he was terrified at the thunderbolts starting from the magic instrument, and the next moment he enjoyed listening to a melody falling like the pearls of a rosary. When he came down from his seat after mass he looked haggard, and tottered as if inebriated, or rather as one suddenly awakened. The curate, putting some money in his hand, complimented him. The people bowed respectfully to the vagrant in whom, at that moment, they felt an eminent superiority.

Klen did not loiter before the church in order to enjoy praises. It was to contemplate in passing what was the most dear to him in the world, after music, of course. We mean Olka, the daughter of a working man of Zagrab. He admired her eyes, the color of the sky; her hair, the color of gold, and he felt at his heart a sharp pain like the piercing of a knife.

This restored him to his full reason, and he repeated to himself a thousand times that never would Olka's father give his daughter to a vagrant, and that he had better think no more of the young girl. This was easily said, but the knife had penetrated so deeply that the strongest pinners could not have withdrawn it.

Olka, on her side, at first had loved Klen's music, then she had loved the musician. That penniless fellow, queer with wild-looking eyes, dark complexion, with clothes always too narrow and too short, with long and thin legs like those of a stork, had at last become dear to her. The father, though he himself also had often empty pockets, did not wish to hear anything of Klen.

"My daughter will have no trouble to find better," he declared. "Does not every one admire her beauty? She will never be reduced to accept a man on whose arm she would be ashamed to present herself."

It was, then, with ill grace that he opened his door to the musician—which did not often happen. But the death of Mielnitzki changed everything. As soon as Klen had signed his contract with the curate he hastened to announce it to Olka. The father for the first time invited him to sit down and offered him one after another several little glasses of rum. And when the young girl came in he gravely told her that henceforth Klen was going to be a gentleman—much better, the first in Ponikla, after the dean.

Then, also for the first time, the musician had been authorized to remain near Olka from noon until evening, and night was coming as he returned to Ponikla with the snow crackling under his feet. The frost was sharp, but Klen had never been so happy, and he felt very warm at heart in recalling the smallest incidents of that decisive day.

Along the deserted road, to the fields buried under the snow, he carried his joy like a light across the increasing darkness.

"What do I care for prosperity?" Olka had told him sweetly. "With you I would go beyond the seas, to the end of the world! But for father it is better that your position be settled."

Then he had kissed her hands religiously, murmuring: "Olka, dear Olka, may God return to

you all the happiness you give me in speaking so!"

But now, thinking it over, he was mortified at his own foolishness. He ought to have said many things differently; omitted this, added that, and particularly answered better to so important a declaration; think of a young girl telling a young man that, if it was not for her father she would follow him all over the world! It seemed to him that both were walking together on the white road. This did not prevent him from hurrying his steps, as the snow was cracking in a manner more and more alarming.

"Ho! my Olka! unique treasure, you are going to be a lady, my lady!" His heart swelled with gratitude. Ha! had she really been near him how he would have pressed her in his arms with all his might! This is, yes, this is what he ought to have done one hour before at Zagrab! But it is always so. At certain moments one feels dizzy, and the tongue goes astray precisely when it ought to say so many, many things. Decidedly it is much more easy to play on the organ than to express in words what one has in one's heart.

In the cold sky the stars began to twinkle with a sparkling light. Klen felt that his ears burned. To save time he took a small, familiar path across fields. His shadow lengthened funny on the white earth.

"If I played on my flute it might revive my fingers." A few sharp notes flew away in the night. They seemed like birds frightened by the surrounding silence, the intense frost, and the shroud which covered the land. And Klen modulated the gayest tunes of his repertoire, those Olka had asked him to play in accompaniment to her small voice.

An old song, called "The Green Pitcher," had particularly pleased the father and the daughter. It was a dialogue between a lord and a maiden, which began thus:

"Ha! my green pitcher,  
The lord has broken it!"

And the lord answered:

"Do not cry, child;  
I shall pay for thy broken pitcher!"

Olka, of course, figured the maiden with the green pitcher, and Klen the lord. This prodigiously amused the old workingman.

And now, along the little path across fields, Klen, with an ecstatic smile, played "The Green Pitcher," or rather attempted to play it.

His fingers did not revive; he had to give up as this journeying took his breath more and more at every moment.

He had not thought that the snow was less hard and deeper in the fields than on the roads, and that he could not always trace the path. He allowed himself to be directed by chance. Then he tumbled at every step, burying his long legs in some unseen ditch.

The stars sparkled still colder, and then the wind rose again. Klen was in perspiration, but he shivered. He tried once more to play on his flute. But he could not feel his fingers and could hardly move his lips. An impression of overwhelming solitude dawned upon him. He thought of the well-heated house which was ready for him at Ponikla; then of the one where he had spent the afternoon.

"Olka must have retired at this hour, and, thank God, under her roof it is warm."

The certainty that Olka was warm made him happy, but caused him to suffer from the cold still more.

He had passed the fields and was stepping through prairies bristling with bushes. He was so tired that he thought only of sitting down, no matter where.

"I am going to rest a moment against the wind, near these bushes. My! No! I should freeze on the spot."

He walked again—not much. Exhausted, he let himself fall down.

"If I sleep, I am lost!"

He stretched his eyelids, shook his arms, moved his fingers, unfastened his lips and played on his flute the first notes of "The Green Pitcher." A few thin sounds rose in the icy night, and died away, slow and melancholy.

Klen let fall his flute, but continued to struggle against the unconquerable slumber. He felt astonished to be alone in that desert of snow.

"Olka! Where are you?" he murmured.

He moved once more his fingers, opened once more his eyes, and whispered: "Olka!"

Dawn lightened; near a bush of broom, a human form with long and thin legs, a flute lay by its side. The

bluish face wore still an expression of wonder and attention. Klen died in listening to the old song:

"Ha! my green pitcher,  
The lord has broken it!"

### The Tale of the Tail.

A writer in tracing the ancestry of the dog to wolf and jackal notices typical differences in the cast of their eyes, their body colors and markings, the habit of turning around three times before lying down, and other interesting peculiarities, but he does not mention the most striking and infallible way of distinguishing them, namely, by the fashion in which they carry their tails. Wolves and coyotes have a sneaking way of carrying their tails low, almost hanging on the ground, while dogs carry their tails up, and the further removed they are from the general type, says Charles Hallock, the higher they carry them. Shepherds and collies, which retain many of their racial characteristics, carry their tails lowest of all; setters and pointers, a few degrees higher, stiffening out straight their tails to the spinal line; St. Bernards and Newfoundlands effect a curve over the back, while pugs actually come to a full twist. An old plainsman could tell a wolf or coyote as far as he could see him, and in buffalo days this was a most useful indication of buffalo herds being not far away. These predatory creatures always followed a moving herd.—Philadelphia Record.

### Reminder of British Vandallism.

A vivid reminder of the burning of the Capitol by the British in 1814 came to hand recently in the repairs which are being made in the document room of the House of Representatives. This room is a three-cornered space in the northwest corner of the old hall of the House, or Statuary Hall, as it is called now. In making the repairs the old window sashes were taken out. Underneath was a charred window case, and when that, too, had been removed there was a quantity of lead found; the old window weight had been melted in the fire and run down into the crevice of the stone wall. This was dug out by Joel Grayson, and is being preserved by him as a memento. The window sashes were covered with a coat of dirty white paint, but their weight attracted the attention of the workmen, and the paint was scraped off sufficiently to show that they were solid mahogany, showing that nothing was thought too good to use in the original construction of the Capitol.—Washington Star.

### The British Beat Us.

It isn't often that a British boat crew beats an American; the balance of victory hangs heavily on our side, but recently in Sydney the Yankee jacksies got an awful wallop. Some months ago the supply ship Glacier made her regular call at Sydney for a cargo of meat for the Philippines. In the harbor lay the British flagship Royal Arthur, and the crew of the Glacier challenged her crew to a boat race. While the conditions were being talked over it came time for the American ship to leave so the race was postponed. According to British reports when the Glacier got back to Manila she got the picked oarsmen in the American fleet to take back to Sydney with her. The day of the race was made almost a holiday in Sydney. Practically all the town was on the water or on land where they could see the sport, and when the Britishers beat the Yankees by ten lengths in two miles bedlam reigned.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### Insuring Against Widowhood.

A French publishing house has devised an ingenious method for insuring women against widowhood. For every thousand subscriptions they obtain to their three publications, they propose to appropriate gratuitously the sum of 15,000 francs, or in other words, fifteen francs—nearly \$3—to each subscriber, to form a fund. This fund is to be divided annually among the subscribers who have become widows, according to age.—New York Press.

### Giant Locomotives.

Two locomotives, the largest in Europe, have just been turned out at Basle, Switzerland. The boilers are twice the ordinary size, give a force of 1600 horse power and a speed of over seventy-five miles an hour.

### Bad Investments.

Get-rich-quick marriages usually have the same wind-up as the other investments of the same kind.—New York Press.

## PRECIOUS STONES GET SICK.

When the Turquoise Fades the Jewel Doctor is Called in.

Jewels, like lovely woman who wears them, may be "indisposed." According to A. J. Linde, a New York expert in precious stones, the sickness of gems is no uncommon thing.

"Diamonds," said he, "are free from maladies because of their great hardness, but other gems, such as rubies, sapphires and pearls, all have their ailments. Now, here is a sick turquoise which I am trying to cure. You can see it is set in a ring with two other stones. Just note the dull, faded color compared with the healthy turquoise, and you will see the difference at once.

"The effect is due to atmosphere and surrounding conditions. As man is affected by the weather, so was this stone. You see the particles of which it is composed were softened by the elements; a change in its color took place, and the stone is what we call 'sick.' Whether it can be cured remains to be seen.

"We usually put such a stone through an acid course to harden it. Sometimes it regains its original color and health, but if it has long been affected a cure may be impossible.

"Pearls usually suffer more than other precious stones. Through the ravages of time and other causes they lose the beautiful reflections which constitute all their value. Often, too, they become more or less yellowish. In both cases we jewelers usually call them 'dead' pearls. In this condition they are not worth much, and a hundred and one means have been resorted to in order to restore their lustre. In some cases the operation succeeds; in others it is a failure.

"There are many 'pearl doctors,' and all have some secret recipe which they claim will restore the lustre; but they are only quacks. Their remedies are very mysterious, and I have seen one which contains as many as eighty-three ingredients. One recipe I have heard of is dew taken from the leaves of certain plants: My experience has proved that, after all, an acid liquor is the best.

"When you take into consideration the constitution of the pearl, and how readily it is dissolved by an acid liquor, you can quickly see that a stone submerged in this liquor will be attacked, and as a result its exterior layer will disappear. If the pearl is only a trifle yellow and dim, the removal of the topmost layer will leave exposed the normal layers and the stone will recover its lustre. If, however, all the layers are dimmed and opaque to the centre, nothing can restore the pearl's health.—New York Mail and Express.

## PREACHER BLAMES HIS WIFE.

Quick Wit That Got Him Out of Tight Place.

Ellen M. Stone, the famous missionary ransomed from the hands of Bulgarian bandits, has a number of stories which she does not relate on the lecture platform.

Miss Stone admires men who can keep their troubles to themselves; especially those who resort to happy subterfuge when pressed for reason concerning their discontent.

"My friend, Rev. Waller," said the missionary, by way of illustration, had an ideal home and a model wife. He loved her, and she was devoted to him. When he was absent from home, she adored onions. No matter how arduous were the duties of a day, the preacher always came home cheerful. One day he returned home unexpectedly. There was anxiety pictured on his face. He had learned of a dissatisfied element in his congregation. The look of pain did not disappear as he crossed his own threshold.

"Mrs. Waller observed her husband's dejection, and placing her arms about him, asked, 'why are you not happy and cheerful to-night?'"

The preacher hesitated; he did not wish his wife to learn the truth. As he kissed her a thought suddenly struck him and he said, cheerfully:

"My dear, how can I smile when onions move me to tears."

## The Age of Pompeii.

Prof. Dall Osso, inspector of the Museum of Naples, has just published an article in which he affirms that researches and excavations prove that there existed a Pompeii nine centuries before our era.