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THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN HAIR.

The sun rolled up from an east of red,
The world was fresh and fair,
When summoned loud from his truckle-bed
The Knight of the Golden Hair.
They garbed him stout in his doublet worn,
They faced his scarlet shoon,
And forth he strode in the dimpling morn,
And called for his trusty spoon.

His teacher he scraped in minutes ten
(Twas a bowl of mish, I wis,
But faith and forsooth, the best of men
Have flourished on fare like this).
Then away, away, for he could not stay;
Good-by to the breakfast-board;
A thousand ventures, abroad by day,
Were waiting his knightly sword.

—Edwin L. Sabin, in Woman's Home Companion.

He vanquished many a wily foe,
And hacked him limb from limb—
Ah, tiger and lion he laid full low
In the depths of the woodshed grim.
In all the waste of the yard was naught
He did not bravely dare;
Dragons and giants and trolls he sought,
This Knight of the Golden Hair.

At last, when the west with pink was soft,
And the sun rode high no more,
He captive fell to a spell he oft
Had battled in vain before.
Assailed by a host of gypsy charms
He yielded to magic deep,
And locked secure in his mother's arms
Was seized by the wizard Sleep!

BOB PEEPLES' WHISTLING CAT.

By ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE.

BOB PEEPLES, a long, lank Westerner, was sitting in his Dakota home watching a cat that was struggling back to conscious life. Peebles having chloroformed her to gain a private end that he had in view. As the cat finally opened her eyes she looked at Bob inquiringly, as if she would ask: "What is the matter with me? I feel queer." The man, too, looked inquiringly at the brute, as if he would say: "Well, have you any remarks to make? I am listening."

The cat was not feeling well. She still was dizzy from the effects of the drug, her head ached, and there was a peculiar feeling of fullness in her throat. So she looked at Bob Peebles and gave vent to her emotion in a vocal noise.

The animal was somewhat disappointed and more surprised at the result of her effort. She had intended to express her feelings in a long-drawn mew which would tend both to maintain her established reputation as a songster and to unsettle and agonize the people of the neighborhood. Instead, the sound she made was a protracted and peculiar whistle. Her feelings were hurt, and she sat up to think about the matter. Had the execrable man deprived her of her gifts as a vocalist? She looked at Peebles reproachfully and beseechingly, and then tried her voice again. Despair seized her; a whistle was the only result.

But if the cat was made unhappy by this surprising exercise of her vocal organs, Bob Peebles was not. As he listened to the shrill warble he seemed fairly abandoned to bliss. He laughed, he threw his arms wildly in the air, he got up and walked the room, laughing all the time.

"All right!" he said. "That's all right! You may not be much of a songster, my beauty, but I guess you'll do. Hereafter you'll necessarily live on milk, but I'll live on the fat of the land, or I'm no prophet."

The cat wildly clawed at her throat and whistled in response, and, in his happiness, Bob Peebles stooped and stroked her.

It did not take long for the people of Firesteel to learn that Mr. Peebles had a whistling cat. The quadruped herself served as an advertising agent of the fact. With her change of voice had come no corresponding change of her feline nature, and naturally she still felt an inclination to join in midnight concerts, and did so. At first she showed some disposition to fall off fences or house-tops in her surprise at the sound she emitted when she had intended to make a remark in choicest cat language, but gradually she appeared to come to the conclusion that it perhaps was a bad cold that ailed her, and she let it go at that. Still, it was noticeable that she yet clawed at her neck at odd times in an unsatisfied and inquiring way.

On the morning after the first feline concert in which Peebles' cat joined, Tom Bowker met Bill Collins and said to him:

"Say, did you hear that queer noise nunglin' in the strains of the cat orchestra last night—sort of a cross between the croak of a frog and the squeak of a bluejay?"

"Yes, I heard it," Bill responded, "but it seemed to be more like a combination of the warble of a canary and the dym' gasp of a locomotive."

This brief conversation gives a fair idea of the attitude of the populace toward this nightly phenomenon, but as the people learned that Bob Peebles actually had a whistling cat, surprise merged in quiet and persistent curiosity and a constant stream of sightseers haunted his dwelling.

But, although Mr. Peebles' whistling cat was a recognized popular success

he himself did not appear to be entirely satisfied with her efforts. He sat in the sunshine by his house one day and watched the cat as she washed herself after the manner of her species. As he watched, he thought, and at last his thoughts were expressed in a monologue.

"You do well enough for an amateur," he said, addressing the cat, "but I don't believe you'd be worth a whoop as a professional. Now, if you could whistle some notes—not necessarily a tune, but enough notes to make a pleasin' variety."

Bob Peebles stopped talking. After a moment of reflection he arose, went over to the cat, and, on his index finger, took some measurements of her throat.

"I b'lieve," he said, "that by using a longer tube I could get room for 'bout three or four notes."

Then he took the cat upon his arm, and with a frown of reflection upon his brow went into the house.

Three days later a wave of excitement overran Firesteel at a report brought in by Silie Stewart.

"A mob of cats," he said, "started up a concert outside of my window last night, and I was preparin' to applaud them with a stovehook when I noticed some peculiar sounds, and there stood that cat of Bob Peebles', an', b'gosh, gents, you kin b'lieve me or not, the blame critter was whistlin' a tune. Yes, sir; 'twas short, but 'twas a tune. I didn't exactly remember the name of the tune, but 'twas one all right."

Thereupon all Firesteel adjourned to Bob Peebles' house to satisfy itself and was convinced.

At this juncture of affairs Mr. Peebles became unwontedly energetic. First of all he constructed a house-like structure on his wagon. Then, turning artist, he painted on its sides in great, sprawling letters:

THE CELEBRATED CAT:
PHENOMENON.
IT ACTUALLY WHISTLES.
The Remarkable and Only:
Feline That Does.
Admission, 25 Cents.
ROBERT PEEPLES, Prop.

Then Peebles went on the road as a showman, the whistling cat being the show. The exhibition was a notable success. Money came fast to the proprietor, and it was a poor afternoon and evening when it did not take in \$40 or \$50. The doctors made some trouble for him in the towns where he exhibited the cat by urging that he permit them to examine her vocal organs, but he insisted that they might dislocate its whistling apparatus by their researches, and so managed to hold them off. Thereupon the doctors talked, and so some suspicion was cast on his show. However, the people still paid their money to see the cat, and so Bob was satisfied.

He was in the very heyday of his prosperity when he returned to Firesteel, where the cat had begun to whistle. He housed the animal in his little dwelling and then called forth to meet the inhabitants in his new role of a conquering hero. He rather overdid the part, and this it was that led to his downfall, for, although his old neighbors did not object to his prosperity, they did object to his throwing it in their faces.

One evening he was sitting in Ormund's place of business, and, as usual, was talking about his remarkable cat and its still more remarkable owner. After a while Doc Lee, Tom Bowker and Bill Collins got up and went out, one at a time, but as eight or ten of the boys were left he paid no attention to that and just kept on bragging.

It must have been an hour or two

before they returned and sat down, looking rather mysterious, but Bob did not mind them; he went right along with what he was saying:

"I tell you, gents, when that Yank-ton audience of 3000 people came to look at the cat—"

"Oh, blame the cat!"
Tom Bowker said that, and Bob looked at him reproachfully before he continued:

"As I was saying, when rudely interrupted, gents, the cat—"

"I'm sick of your dratted cat. It doesn't amount to a whoop, anyway."

The boys, except Doc Lee and Bill Collins, didn't know what Tom meant by these interruptions, but they were middling sick of the cat themselves, and so they welcomed them. Bob could see on their faces how they felt, and he recognized that the time had come for him to defend his source of income, so he said:

"That's the most remarkable cat—"

"It's nothin' of the kind."

"It's the only cat ever known that whistles instead of yowling; positively the only feline that warbles like a canary and chirps like a silver-throated nightin—"

"The deuce it is! I've got a plain, ordinary yaller cat of no special pedigree, and that kin whistle all 'round your cat and not half try."

"You—you—what's that you say?"

"I've got a cat that I've been tryin' to give away that kin whistle better than yours kin."

"How much money you got that says so?"

"Well, I've got a hundred or two."
"I'll bet you a thousand that your cat can't whistle in the same day with mine."

Bob didn't expect the proposition would be taken, but that amount just sized up the pile that Tom had brought with him for the emergency, so he said "Done," and the money was put up. Peebles would have been very well satisfied to have had that end the matter, but it didn't, for Doc and Bill then offered to bet five hundred each, and he, hoping that he had a sure thing, and knowing that he must maintain the reputation of his cat anyway, took the bets. Some of the other boys, too, got an idea or so, and within ten minutes Bob had put up \$2900, which was pretty near the total of his available capital.

Then Tom went out and got his cat, which looked as if it had lost eight of its nine lives and was considering the advisability of letting the other go, and the crowd immediately adjourned to Bob Peebles' house to decide the matter.

Bob set his cat in one corner, and Tom placed his in another, and they drew cuts to see which should stir his feline up first, that being the manner in which Bob had been accustomed to make his pussy whistle. Well, Tom had to take the first try, and when he punched his cat it let out a whistle that would have stood for successful competition with a locomotive.

Bob's face showed that he was surprised and middling anxious, but he put on a bold front and gave his celebrated cat a punch to remember. She let loose a genuine cat-yowl that was a success in its way, but nobody could have mistaken it for a whistle.

The look on Bob's face when his cat did that was something saddening to remember, and the animal herself looked both surprised and disappointed, for she had been accustomed to the adulation of the masses, and she realized that her effort had not been crowned with success. She tried again, and it seemed almost as if she would shed tears when she heard the result.

After the faithful creature's second attempt Bob Peebles acted as if he were almost dazed by grief. He looked at Tom Bowker's cat and then at his own; then he looked at the crowd in a dispirited way, gulped, and said:

"Take the money, gents; it's yours. But after you've got it would—would you have any objections to my—to my looking in your cat's throat?"

"None at all," says Tom Bowker, reaching for the money in the stakeholder's hand, "but you'll have to allow that it's settled, and—"

Just then something curious happened to Bowker's cat. It gulped, gasped, threw itself on its back, and clawed the air madly. At first the boys thought the creature was going into a fit, but after a little it straightened up and appeared to be all right.

They had to chloroform the animal to let Bob Peebles look into its throat, but this was soon done, as he happened to have some of the drug on hand, and after he had taken a long look he sighed and said:

"It's all right, and the game's on me, but I don't see yet how the blame critter did it."

Outside of the house, later, Tom Bowker and Bill Collins held an animated conversation.

"I told you," said the latter, "that their throats ought to be of the same size."

"Well, it's all right, ain't it?" the former responded. "He didn't swallow it till after he'd whistled the money into our hands."

"He might," Collins replied, but he was feeling too jubilant to argue the case just then, and so the matter was dropped.

Bob Peebles never recovered his grip, and his unique position in the world of business was permanently lost. He still hangs about the old town, but he is a broken and disappointed man. His cat died. The recovery of its voice gradually wore on his nerves, and it soon passed away, the victim of a popularity that waned.—New York Times.

JOURNALISM AS A CAREER.

Views of Whitelaw Reid, Editor of the New York Tribune.

There has never been a time, I think, in the history of colleges in this country, said Whitelaw Reid in an address before the students of the Stanford University, when so many of their students were looking toward the possibility of a newspaper career. There is a feeling on the one hand that the professions are overcrowded; and on the other, that the newer fields to which applied science and business beckon offer at the outset slower advances and less attractive experiences.

The idea of being brought into contact with all forms of public life, of seeing great transactions and watching the actors in them, of writing from day to day the history of a marvelous age—all this naturally fascinates the ardent and aspiring mind.

It is true, too, that the young man of good qualifications gets quicker returns in newspaper work than elsewhere. If he studies law, three or four years or more must be taken out of his life after his graduation before he can enter upon his vocation; and then he has the cheerful prospect of starvation for as many more before clients begin to find him out.

A similar delay confronts the medical student, and patients often display a like backwardness about coming forward to the young doctor's office. But the college graduate who once gets a chance assignment on a busy day, in a city editor's book, may find himself within a fortnight, and may presently secure a modest salary that with health and industry at once puts him beyond want.

Then there are fascinations in the sense of influence, in the power to reach the public attention or shape public opinion, even in the facility for coming in contact with important men and getting somewhat behind the scenes in transactions that interest the whole community.

The notion is spreading, too, that a newspaper is beginning here, as long since in France, to take the old place of the lawyer's office as a path to entry on public service. The very name by which (for want of a better) foreign newspaper writers have taken to designating themselves, "Publicists," seems to many to hint at a more attractive pursuit than defending a rogue or prescribing pills and potions.

English Synonyms.

There are no actual synonyms in our language. No two words mean exactly the same, not even words which have come into the English from other languages, and which in their original forms mean the same thing. The word sympathy, which we get from the Greek, and the word compassion, which we have from the Latin, are exactly parallel. Both mean, by derivation, "fellow-feeling." In the English, however, a distinction has grown up. We may feel sympathy with either joy or sorrow, but we feel compassion for pain or grief.

These gradations and variations in words are what give the speaker his opportunity. It is because of them that the habit of using slang or often-repeated phrases weakens the expressiveness of our words. The right or the wrong use of a word makes a sentence elegant or stupid. The school-girl says that a girl, a book, a pudding, the play, or the weather is "love-ly," and the word stamps her as silly when the use of the right adjectives would indicate that she had at least some sense.—The Household.

When women form a mutual admiration society it is seldom mute.

THE MAN WHO TRIED TO PLEASE.

Once on a time there was a man who never made mistakes.
And all the people stared at him and said,
"For pity sakes,
It must be very nice to find one's life a grand sweet song;
To be so very proper that you never can go wrong."

But soon he grew so lonely that he knew not what to do,
For conversation always ceased when he came into view;
His most surpassing qualities each praised with all his heart;
But each seemed quite relieved when he was ready to depart.

So he bought himself a parrot—the project caused him pain,
And studiously set to work and learned a word profane;
And still he wasn't happy, for the gossip raised a fuss,
And said, "Ain't he deceitful! Why, he's human, just like us."
—Washington Star.



"No one should ever judge that man by the company he keeps." "Why?" "He's the warden of our jail."—Froy Budget.

She—"Which do you prefer, a blonde or a brunette?" He—"Both! a blonde girl and a brunette veranda."—Indianapolis Sun.

"When invited to weddings
We oft contract debts
By sending our presents
Instead of regrets."
—Philadelphia Record.

"What kind of lead pencil is best for writing a love letter?" asked the blushing maiden. "Soft," replied the practical man, with a laugh.—Chicago News.

Mrs. Knicker—"Is Mrs. Amos a well-informed woman?" Mrs. Bocker—"Yes, indeed; her cook has lived with all the other families in the neighborhood."—New Yorker.

"We had planned an ideal life; love in a cottage and all that, you know." "Well, why did you not carry it out?" "The man who owned the cottage insisted on rent in advance."—Houston Post.

Maud—"You can't make me believe an opal is an unlucky stone. I was wearing one when I first met Henry." Irene—"It certainly brought good luck to you. What was Henry wearing?"—Chicago Tribune.

She—"They don't seem happy together. He once told me that his wife was the light of his life." He—"Ah—but the light was always going out." She (catching the idea)—"And leaving him entirely in the dark."—Punch.

Young Short was only five feet two,
His girl was six feet one,
And, though they oft would bill and coo,
No kissing e'er was done.
The parting he would ne'er prolong,
But hastily would say: "So long!"
—Philadelphia Record.

Embryo Artist—"What do you think of that for a painting? You wouldn't believe that is the first thing I ever completed, would you?" Careful Critic—"I might think so, but I wouldn't say so for anything."—Boston Transcript.

"Our minister gave voice to some great thoughts in his talk this morning," said the good deacon. "Yes," replied the village librarian, "thoughts, in fact, that have been thought by some of our greatest thinkers."—Chicago News.

"I should think you would be ambitious for political distinction." "No," answered Mr. Cumrox, "I don't care for it. My daughter has studied painting and her pictures of me are funny enough without calling the aid of any professional cartoonist."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Patty—"Do you really think Dr. Duckman is a skilful physician?" Mrs. Giblin (the patient)—"I don't know so much about that. But he has such a disquieting way with him! When I said I hoped I shouldn't be buried alive, he said he'd look out for that. Wasn't that thought'n of him?"—Boston Transcript.

Graceful Acquiescence.
The esteemed Washington Post, after comparing the various pronunciations of the word chauffeur, recommends "show-furr." Let it go at that.—Chicago Tribune.

Flowers That Can Be Distilled.
There are only two flowers that will withstand distillation—the rose and the orange flower.