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THE GIRL WHO LAUGHS.

The girl who laughs—God bless her!
Thrice blesses herself the while;
No music on earth
Has nobler worth
Than that which voices a smile.

The girl who laughs—life needs her!
There is never an hour so sad
But wakes and thrills
To the rippling trills
Of the laugh of a lass who's glad.

—John Howard Todd in the New York Press.

The KING AND I IN GOTTESBERG CASTLE.

From the German.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when I, Hubert von Hausach, first discovered the danger which threatened the castle of Gottesberg, and thanked God that my master, the King was not with us.

I have always taken pleasure in writing a little in my leisure hours, and when I write I always sit in the east tower of the castle, where there is a magnificent view over the mountain crags and the big pine forest at the foot of the castle.

That ill-starred morning I had written a letter to the King concerning Countess Helen, our guest, and though I and many other loyal subjects would gladly have seen her on the other side of the frontier, I had merely reported on her health.

We could none of us foresee anything but misfortune for the country if this woman, witty, high spirited and beautiful as she was—should ever become queen.

Deep in thought, I had gone to the window to look out. At a distance from the castle, in the forest, I caught sight of mounted men.

The sun shone on their green and yellow colors. I recognized the crest of Albert of Jaegendorf and understood that the Countess's hour had struck.

For this man had sworn that he would neither sleep in a bed nor change his shirt until Helen of Gerelstein should have been driven out of the country, and most of the King's subjects secretly applauded Albert's sentiments.

I had promised the King to protect Helen of Gerelstein with my life, and I meant to keep my word. Accordingly, I immediately sent for the Captain of the guard. He was a young fellow, stupid and conceited.

"Sir Hubert," he said, "you have sharp ears for your age. These are undoubtedly Albert's men."

"In that case I hope you are prepared, Captain," I rejoined.

He smiled.

"Gottesberg is impregnable," he said. "The sentinels are at their posts, and the drawbridge is to be raised. If the Countess is not safe here it will not be my fault."

Then I went down to break the news to Countess Helen, who was talking tea with her sister Marie. They were the handsomest pair of sisters in the kingdom.

She understood already from my tone in greeting that there was danger in the air, and grew pale when I told her I had seen in the forest two mounted men with black feathers and silver crosses.

She went over to the window and looked out. Between the tree trunks a light bluish mist was visible.

"There is a campfire in the forest—don't try to deny it, Sir Hubert. Albert of Jaegendorf is there with his men. Isn't it so?" she asked.

"I fear so, Countess."

She laid an icy hand on mine. "What shall I do? Tell me, in heaven's name!"

"There is the report which is sent under escort to his Majesty every evening at sundown. If you could take it yourself—"

"You must be mad!" she cried. "—a woman and alone—and Albert of Jaegendorf at the doors!"

"If you were to ride to the city with the message to his Majesty, you would be neither a woman nor alone. You would wear the uniform of a courier and have an escort. The captain thinks the castle impregnable, but there are others who maintain that Albert and his men would storm Paradise if they saw a chance of finding booty there. In a few hours we shall know who is right."

Thus Helen of Gerelstein became the King's courier. When the sun had gone down she left the castle with six dragoons as her escort.

"Albert will read her letter," I said to little Marie, as we stood looking after the departing ones, "and it will serve as her passport, as it simply states that she is well and happy at Gottesberg."

The captain and I were sitting at our evening meal, when a servant suddenly appeared and whispered in my ear that his Majesty had come back and was waiting for me in the little library where he was in the habit of working.

The message frightened me so that my knees trembled under me; and when I had before the King he at once read the secret in my face.

"Where is the Countess? Why did

you let her go?" he asked in the clear, cold voice which always preceded an outburst of wrath.

"Your Majesty," I stammered, "she went because Albert of Jaegendorf is at the doors."

He looked at me with his gray eyes, and the expression in them showed that he understood and was grateful.

"Albert of Jaegendorf?" he repeated, doubtfully. "I came along the forest path and saw neither him nor his men."

I told how I had made the Countess put on the uniform of a courier. The King thought the plan daring—too much so. However, he wished to convince himself of the true state of affairs and together we stepped out on the terrace.

The night was dark as pitch, but in the heart of the forest there appeared between the trees a reddish haze.

"That is Albert's campfire," said the King, abruptly. "If the sentinels are loyal, he and his men will climb the mountain behind us where no man has ever set his foot before."

"Your Majesty must not sleep in your own room tonight," I ventured.

"In my grandfather's time there was a subterranean passage which went under the lake," he remarked, as he went to inspect the sentinels. "I would give a thousand florins to know if it still exists."

The King did not lack courage, as we all know who have served him. I shall never forget how he looked that night as he stood before me in his blue uniform of huzzars, erect and proud, ready to fling a jest in the face of death. He knew as well as I what would happen if he fell into the hands of Albert's men.

Who could have slept after all this? Not Hubert von Hausach, at any rate.

I still remember how, when the King had gone to bed in the red chamber, I took out my old uniform of dragoons, buckled on my sword and loaded my pistols. Then I went into the ante-room in order to be near him should anything happen.

The hours crept on slowly—more slowly than ever in my life before. The steps of the sentinel were the only sound that broke the stillness. In vain I tried to persuade myself that the castle could not be stormed by a band of highwaymen.

Suddenly I heard a scream. I afterward learned that it came from little Marie, who had been torn out of her sleep to be carried up into the mountains.

I sprang to the door and called to the sentinel. There was no reply.

A pistol shot flashed through the darkness and showed me our guards dying in the corridor and a crowd of strange men with swords and pistols in their hands. In the confusion were heard cries of "The King! The King!"

I slammed the door and swung into place the heavy iron bars. A knock at the door of the royal sleeping chamber was answered by King Ludwig himself.

He was pale and had drawn his sword. There was no need of telling him anything.

"How long will it take them to break open the door, Hubert?" he asked.

"About fifteen minutes, I think, your Majesty."

Suddenly the large window was torn off its hinges and a man with a rope about his waist came tumbling in. It was one of Albert's men. They must have let him down from the tower above the room.

He fired at the King, but with a stroke on his arm I deflected the bullet, and before he could fire another shot the King had felled him with the butt of his pistol.

But where one had entered others might follow, and there were already two of them in the room. I left them to the King and ran to the window.

Sure enough! There was another hanging at the end of a rope. With a stroke of my sword I cut it and the man fell, like a stone, a hundred feet to the bottom of the ravine.

Then I turned to the King. Two men lay dead at his feet and he was standing with the third before him, at the other end of the room near the portrait of his father.

Fascinated, I stood watching the King's swordplay. Albert's men were still working at the outer door. What good would it do us if the King should conquer this foe? Death awaited us in the corridor.

The clumsy fencing of the bandit re-

joined my heart, and I laughed aloud when his blade struck in the panel behind the old King's portrait. The fellow threw an evil glance at me, but it was his last for his Majesty's thrust was quick and sure. The man fell, frothing at the mouth.

"Here is the forgotten passage, Hubert," the King said, and added with deep reverence, "Lord, it is Thy will!"

I bowed my head and looked at the miracle which had happened. The bandit had thrust his sword into the forgotten door leading to the passage to the vaults. The sword must have touched a secret spring, or the wood was rotten with age. The opening in the wall showed us a way of escape.

I remember that I took a candle and lighted the King while he descended the stone stairs, after I had closed the panel and replaced the heavy iron bars at its back. We traversed a cellar and then went down another narrow and steep stairway and through a long tunnel which was so low that we had to stoop as we went.

At last we stopped. The way which we had come ended abruptly before an immense well, from which an odor so fearful emanated that we instantly recoiled.

The King sat down on a stone ledge in deep despair. In the stillness we heard a distant, bloodthirsty sound, as of many feet and shouting voices.

After a while he said:

"It is not like my grandfather to have built himself such a rat trap. If we only had a lantern we would try the water in the well."

This sudden inspiration gave me a start. I leaned out over the water without paying attention to the fearful odor.

What I saw was a well about thirty feet deep, with a black bottom and slime and mud all over the sides. The bad air extinguished the light in my hand.

"If we only had a stone to throw! How dark it is," the King said. "Listen, Hubert, do you hear anything?"

"I hear a sound as of galloping horses," I said.

"At the bottom of a well? Heavens, it is true!" he exclaimed.

We leaned over the well and ascertained that we were not mistaken. "It is no well, but a tower on the mountain side," the King suddenly cried. "I have seen it when hunting. There must be a way out somewhere. I would give a thousand florins for a match!"

"I have matches in my pocket, your Majesty; and as true as I live, I think my hand is touching an iron step."

I lighted the candle and we again leaned over the black hole. Before the light went out it had shown us an iron ladder built on one side of the slimy wall.

While I again lighted the candle the King went down—to life or death, as his destiny willed.

"Be careful how you step, Hubert," he called up to me. "There is a door here."

A fresh breeze confirmed his words. I threw away the light and felt my way down. At the bottom of the ladder was a door and through it we stepped out into the valley at the foot of the cliff.

All I remember of the rest is that the King's arms were around my neck and that he repeated over and over: "Not your love—no, I cannot live without it, old friend."

We ran through the forest like two schoolboys. In the nearest village we secured horses and were in the capital at daybreak.

Thus Albert of Jaegendorf was driven out of the country. But little Marie stayed with him, and she who once was carried screaming from the castle now rules over him with an iron will.

That the King's marriage also came to pass does not belong to this story. But of me, Hubert von Hausach, it shall never be said that I served any one but my King, whom I pray that all good spirits may protect from evil.

—New York Sun.

HOPE FOR CANCER CURE.

ENGLISH EXPERTS INOCULATE AGAINST THE DISEASE IN MICE.

Trypsin Dr. Beard's Remedy—It Has Been Tried on Mice and Men and Cancerous Growths Have Been Destroyed.

As the result of experiments with mice the Superintendent of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund Laboratory of London, announced recently at a meeting of the subscribers to the fund that the prospects of discovering the origin of cancer were more hopeful than ever.

Experts, he added, are now able to reproduce in mice all the features of spontaneous cancer and to protect healthy mice from the consequences by inoculation. Out of 100 mice inoculated to produce the disease ninety developed tumors, but in the protected animals no tumors occurred.

It has also been found that the body fluids of protected mice injected into mice with experimental cancer retarded the growth of well-established tumors. The Superintendent pointed out that the experiments must be carried further before it can be ascertained whether they will have a bearing on the treatment of the disease in mankind.

Belief that a remedy for cancer has been found is expressed by Dr. C. W. Saleeby, F. R. S., the well-known scientist and author of London, in an article in McClure's Magazine. He describes the results of the researches into the cure of cancer made by Dr. John Beard, lecturer in comparative embryology in the University of Edinburgh, who has devoted over twenty years to the study of tumors, malignant and benign. The article was corrected and approved by Dr. Beard.

Dr. Saleeby does not assert that absolute certainty has been attained, but he does say: "The giving of the widest and most immediate publicity to these facts seems to be a proceeding from which it would be cruel and cowardly to refrain, even though absolutely dogmatic and final statements cannot yet be made, and even though one may be accused of rushing in where wiser people fear to tread. If the cases I have seen be not miraculous in the common sense of the term—that is to say, due to Divine interference with natural law—one has no choice but to speak."

Dr. Beard's theory of the method by which cancer appears in the human body is given in the article. Dr. Beard holds that the cells, of which it is formed, have always been in the body, and only under exceptional conditions awake to malignant activity. They may be destroyed, or, as he puts it, "digested" by means of trypsin.

To establish this Dr. Beard inoculated several mice with cancer and then treated two with trypsin. One of these was accidentally killed after four injections in ten days.

"The microscopic examination," says Dr. Saleeby, "demonstrated that every single cell of the tumor was in degeneration, fully half of them being represented by shapeless masses of particles, probably remains of nuclei, and all the rest were mere skeletons of cells. Even these seemed in very many cases to be crumbling and falling rapidly away, as though in a hurry to quit the scene."

"The treatment of the second mouse lasted for twenty-one days, when it was killed, since on that day one of the untreated mice died of its tumor. In the case of that mouse the tumor was as large as the last segment of a man's thumb, while in the treated mouse it was only as big as a lentil. Microscopically this latter apology for a tumor was in advanced degeneration shrinking away to nothingness and quite harmless. Even without further treatment the tumor would have in all probability, been absorbed shortly or its remains cast out."

Dr. Saleeby goes on to describe two cases of the administration of trypsin to man and the excellent results obtained. "I have personally watched," he says, "from the first the treatment of a case of cancer in an outlying district of London. The surgeons had pronounced the case inoperable and the patient was evidently, sinking. Writing two days less than four weeks after the tentative and partial commencement of treatment by trypsin, I am able to report that, so far as all the indications go—and they are abundant—the tumor has been killed outright. The patient is on the high road to recovery, though some difficulty is yet to be apprehended by reason of the poisonous action of the disintegration products of the growth. So far as my small experience goes, this is certainly the most amazing thing I have ever seen."

Of another case Dr. Saleeby says it "has been under treatment for six weeks, three successive operations having been performed by a distinguished surgeon, who declined to undertake a fourth. In this case it is possible to say, even at this stage, not only that the growth of the tumor has been arrested, but that it is now dead. The patient is apparently making a rapid recovery, and it is expected that in a few weeks more no signs of the tumor will be discoverable."

Of the methods of application of trypsin too little experience has been

had to permit of dogmatism, and Dr. Saleeby suggests that it may be administered by the mouth, under the skin, and, where possible, by local application. Its application to healthy persons, judging by the experiments made upon mice, seem entirely innocuous. It has, moreover, the virtue of being already well known to the medical profession and of being readily obtainable anywhere. Experience alone will show whether the long-desired remedy for the awful scourge of man has been discovered, but so certain is Dr. Saleeby of the value of this new method that he writes:

"The facts which I am to recount may be due to a series of miraculous interventions with the course of nature. Or they may be no facts, but dependent upon the simultaneous loss of reason by the various persons who have observed them. There are now too many of them, and they are too consistent for any one to believe that they are to be explained by a series of unprecedented coincidences. The other hypothesis being incredible, I for one, have no choice but to believe that I am now privileged to describe a number of facts, our knowledge of which not merely marks an epoch in embryology, but promises to put an end forever to what is perhaps the most appalling of all the ills that flesh is heir to."

A VACATION SUGGESTION.

The annual puzzle again is here, Of "Where in the world shall we go this year."
The mountains answer with views and rills,
The shores talk back of its times and tides,
The country tells of its peaceful ways—
Each loud in the peans of frank self-praise.
How simple 'twould be were each man to "stop!"

There's Vineyard Haven for growers of grapes;
Bay Head for the hatter to try his shapes;
The lumberlasher might like Prout's Neck;
Long Beach or Short Hills for the man "in spec."
Marblehead? For the sculptor, if you please,
With the pianist touching the Tampa Keys;
Stone Harbor for masons, while, perhaps,
Block Island would suit the builder chaps.
Should the angler tire of bleak Cape Cod
Let him seek Bass Rocks with his reel and rod.
Deal Beach would receive the players of bridge;
Fire Island would seem to the fireman fit.
Watch Hill with the "copper" might make a hit:

Sullivan ought to delight the sports;
And Sugar Hill sweeten the out-of-sorts;
The temperance people Cold Spring might try,
While the not-so-strict ones could go to Rye,
Or the one might turn to the Water Gap,
While Bar Harbor the Blue Hills might entrap.
Sad spinsters o'er the Blue Hills might roam;
Young mothers at Rockaway feel at home;
Sag Harbor for those who have no new clothes;
Bell Beach for the girl with a plenty of beaux;
Point Comfort predicts for the lazy rest,
Or they might seek sleep on Lake Placid's breast;
Or, if it's the crowding guests that hurt,
Try Shelter Island or Mount Desert.
One even might settle the "color line"—
"Black Mountains for, yours!"—"White Plains for mine!"

And so the list might run on at will,
With a beach or a harbor, a plain or a hill,
For every one. Just let the name suggest
The thing that in winter you like the best.
—By Warwick James Price in Lippincott's Magazine.



FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

To a man his club is meet and drink.—Philadelphia Record.

Young Innocent—I beg your pardon, did I tread on your foot that time? Sweet Girl (very sweetly)—Oh, no; not that time.—Punch.

"The man I marry," declared Miss Elder, "must be capable of great self-sacrifice." "Yes," murmured Miss Younger, "he'll have to be."

Miss Impy Cuntious—"The view from here is lovely, isn't it, pa? Pa—Yes, my dear. Any view is lovely that doesn't include my creditors.—Puck.

"So you think yachting is a dangerous game?" "Dreadfully so. Why, no less than five of our commodores have died of delirium-tremens.—Life.

"Life is so uncertain," she said. "I know it," he replied, "let's get married. One of us may die within a few years."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Willie—I had a bully time last Fourth. I had a ride in a nautomobile. Tommy—Huh! Dat's nuttin'. I had a ride in a nambulance.—Philadelphia Record.

"I want to see the president of this Ice Trust personally on urgent business." "Sorry, sir; but his term doesn't expire till next week."—Baltimore American.

"What kind of pie will you have, Willie—mince or apple?" "I'll take two pieces of each, please." "Two pieces!" Yes'm. Mamma told me not to ask twice.—Life.

Teacher—Miss Badger, what do you understand by "the privileged classes?" Coed—The botany classes. They can go out in the woods once-in a while.—Chicago Tribune.

"I see, Katie, that New York is to have one policeman to every 521 of inhabitants," said the lady of the house. "Well, ma'am, I've got mine," was Katie's reply.—Yonkers Statesman.

"For goodness' sake! What's that noise?" "The girl next door is having her voice cultivated." "Huh! Apparently the process of cultivation has reached the harrowing season."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"See that man? Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Love. "What's the matter with him?" asked Envy. "Nothing," answered Love, "only he's a locksmith. Ha! ha! ha!"—Philadelphia Record.

"Isn't it splendid out here all alone?" began Mr. Borem, who had found her musing beside the quiet lake. "Yes," replied Miss Bright, "I was thinking that very thing before you came along."—Philadelphia Press.

"Do you enjoy delivering speeches to your constituents?" "Oh, yes," answered the statesman; "only it hurts me to have some of them say that speeches are the only kind of goods I can be relied upon to deliver."—Washington Star.

Respect for the Cloth.

"Now, my child," said the cannibal lady, "I want you to be on your good behavior and not make a little pig of yourself today."

"Why, ma?" asked the little savage.

"Because we're going to have that new minister for dinner."—Philadelphia Press.

Some Oxford Definitions.

A "Straphanger" (Acrobaticus tubensis) is a person who sacrifices dignity for safety.

A "Suffragette" (Strix flagitans) is a woman who ought to have more sense.

The "Zoo-Loo" is a white peril. Distinguish carefully from black ditto.—The Oxford Isles.

Railway Reports.

In his address to Dartmouth University, Andrew D. White, who takes rank among the great thinkers and doers of the country, urged that legislatures should insist upon the fullest publicity of railway reports, in order to protect shareholders; and he thought that railroad directors should meet the people more than half way in order to satisfy their wants. The time will soon come, he said, when there will be a great body of citizens who will demand honest, fair, and exhaustive reports of the doings of their representatives in the control of the business of the country.—Wall Street Journal.

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