The Roanoke Beacon.

$1.00 a Year, In Advance. "FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH." Single Copy 5 C

VOL. XVII. PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1906. NO. 2

IF KNOCKING PAID.

If knocking paid, how easily
We might win freedom from our cares!
The problems that are hard for me
Would soon be trivial affairs;
I'd live in luxury and own
An auto of the highest grade;
With all my troubles overthrown,
I'd shout for joy, if knocking paid.

Of all the things that people do
I trow the easiest, by far,
Is finding that the world's askew,
And knocking at the things that are.
The lazy man who turns his gaze
A thousand times upon the clock
And dawdles meekly through the days
Is never too inert to knock.

The one who labors all day long
With brawny arms and all his might
Finds that so very much is wrong,
And, oh! so little that is right!
If knocking paid, his wife could wear
Fine gems upon her soft, white hands,
And there would be a palace where
His poor, unpainted cottage stands.

Alas! that what is must be so,
That all things are not otherwise!
This world is but a vale of woe,
Where man must languish till he dies.
The easy things are not the kind
That cause the cares we bear to fade,
I do not doubt that we should find
It hard to knock, if knocking paid.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Amateur Snake-Charmer

By BRADLEY GILMAN.

The native band was playing on queer, uncouth instruments—both reed and string—in front of the Casino in Helwan, near Cairo. Several wandering showmen were giving exhibitions with trained monkeys, snakes and other animals; and the piasters were pouring into their upheld tambourines.

One swarthy showman, quick and cruel of hand, was putting a tired mongoos through his tricks close by the kiosk in which I was seated, nursing my rheumatic knee. The little creature seemed intelligent enough, but was evidently exhausted. Presently he balked altogether, and lay panting on the hot, yellow sand.

The owner, eager for more piasters, at once gave him a sharp blow with a stick, and was about to repeat the blow, when a young American girl of about fourteen, fair, clear-eyed, sprang forward from the circle of spectators, leaping over a squirming cobra that lay in her path, and caught the man's upraised arm.

Her eyes sparkled with indignation; and she spoke at first in her mother tongue: "Stop that! Stop it, you cruel—"

Then she remembered that the Egyptian fellah probably could not understand her, and she turned to the few native words she knew: "La, la! (No, no!) Moosh gwais! (Not right!) Matidrasch, matidrasch! (Don't strike, don't strike!)"

The showman may or may not have understood her exact words, but he could not mistake her determined action and her indignant blue eyes. His lips parted, and I thought I detected a gleam of defiance in his face; but that quickly yielded to a mechanical grin, his crafty eyes blinked, and he nodded obedience to her command. He was equally ready to beat the helpless little creature or to refrain from beating him, according as his hope of bakshish turned. He now stepped over the panting mongoos, stroked him with his lean, sinewy hand, and gabbled, "Poo' li'l beast! Poo' li'l beast!" words which he had probably caught, without any very clear sense of their meaning, from pitying tourists. The girl released her hold on the stick, dived into her pocket, and drew out a little harmonica, several fragments of doubtful native candy, a scarab, and several copper and silver coins. As if completing a bargain, she counted out four or five pieces of money, and gave them to the showman.

"There!" she exclaimed. "Take that. But don't let me see you strike that poor little thing again! If I do, I'll have you arrested, and—and tried before the American consul; he's my uncle."

This happened in the forenoon. The donkey-races were just beginning, and I hobbled away to watch them.

In the afternoon, as the glare of the midday sun sensibly diminished, I went out for one of my somewhat warm promenades. Coming around the corner of the Cheriah Mohammed Ali, just outside the now deserted Casino garden, I saw several of the showmen and their trained animals and "properties," sitting or lying in the warm sun, against the white wall of the Hotel des Bains.

An Arab with a cobra lay at the end of the line. I recognized him by the ox-skin bag in which such as he carried their reptiles. A few people, natives or tourists, were walking along the shady side of the street, which I found myself instinctively seeking.

One of these tourists was opposite the cobra-Arab, when I saw him stop and look across the street with some intentness. As I came near him, my gaze followed his; and I felt a tremor of uneasiness and fear as I saw the horrid brown head of the cobra protecting from the bag, and thrusting this way and that in restless curiosity.

Another moment and the creature had quite slipped out of the bag, and his dull-brown body extended its five feet of length along the dusty sidewalk. His owner was all unconscious of passing events—probably too drunk, even if he had been awakened, to recover his reptile.

The man beside me exclaimed, "I don't like the appearance of that! What had we better do?" But I had no plan to offer. The creature's fangs might have been drawn, and again they might not have been. In either case, I did not care to go near him.

By this time several other people had noticed us, and stood watching the now excited and active serpent. As I had seen him performing that morning under the control of his Arab owner, he had appeared sluggish and harmless; but now, feeling that he was free, he appeared lively and vicious.

As the escaping snake glided swiftly down the street I hobbled after, looking for some club or stone with which I might attack the dangerous creature.

Suddenly I started with new alarm. There was indeed peril, and possible death impending over one or more human beings. Near the end of the wall, leaning against a tree, I saw a lame woman whose crippled figure was familiar to every tourist in Helwan; in her arms was a baby.

Her husband placed her each morning, with the wizened little child, at some favorable corner, there to remain through the day, to beg from passers-by. To-day it was her misfortune to be placed under the tree directly in the path which the cobra was following. In a few moments he would reach her.

My heart beat rapidly; and, unmindful of my lameness, I impulsively started forward on a run. The natives about me had too little intelligence to render effective aid. The cobra glided on, and at intervals lifted his head into the air, expanding his hood, and turning his flat, evil head to one side and the other, as if daring any one to bar his way.

I suddenly became aware that somebody was moving across the street straight toward the reptile. Then I recognized the young American girl whom I had seen in the forenoon. I stopped in astonishment. I saw the girl wave one hand warningly toward her mother—who stood spellbound on the sidewalk—and then hurry on toward the serpent.

Could she be mad? Or was she ignorant of the reptile's presence and path? No, her gaze was directed straight before her; and now I saw that she held some object in her hand. The next moment she raised the object to her mouth, and I heard the soft music of the harmonica.

At once I comprehended the meaning of the girl's conduct. She had read about the power of music over serpents, and had seen Arab showmen exercise its influence. She was now bent, in her self-reliant, daring way, and in her pity for the helpless, crippled woman, upon trying to divert the excited, threatening reptile from his path.

I could not repress a cry of alarm as I saw what she was attempting; but I was too far away to interfere. I could only look on, holding my breath in anxiety. I saw her go up to within twenty feet of the cobra's path, then drop to one knee, and there remain, playing and waiting, as steadily as if she had done the thing a hundred times before.

The cobra raised his head and stopped; he spread his hood wide. He swayed his head back and forth two or three times; then he moved slowly up out of the depression or gutter in which he had been gliding, and advanced toward the girl.

I knew that professional snake-charmers often draw these deadly creatures from some lurking-place in a house, but they always have a saucer of milk ready, interposed between themselves and the serpent; and the creature, in its fondness for milk, is led to eat, and then is captured or killed.

But there was no object here interposed between the reptile and the girl. What would happen, when he reached her, gliding so slowly now, and yet with nervously darting, head and flickering, forked tongue, I dared not think.

I did not believe that her strength would quite hold her up in her impulsive purpose; therefore I was not surprised, although I was horror-stricken, when I saw her shrink back as the fierce creature drew near. Certainly she trembled, she tottered; and the cobra was not five feet away from her!

At that moment I heard a faint scream from the terrified mother, who seemed—like so many people in Helwan—to be an invalid, as she dropped in a heap on the sidewalk; and I groaned in helpless sympathy.

Then came a new and unexpected episode in the drama. The Egyptian showman who had the mongoos was dozing at the extreme end of the white wall; and the mongoos—being now fully rested—was walking sedately back and forth at the end of his tether, with that appearance of calm self-possession and conscious power which these strange animals show.

The mongoos is not a native of Egypt, but of India. You see a few of them, however, in the possession of the fellaheen. It is possible that this one had never seen a cobra, possible also that the cobra had never seen a mongoos; but between the two species is fixed a mortal antipathy. And the superiority is in favor of the mongoos, which does not move, ordinarily, with much speed, but on occasion, like the rattlesnake, can spring with astonishing rapidity.

The mongoos was pacing slowly back and forth, at the full length of his tether, his long, tapering tail, like that of a kangaroo, drooped and trailing in the dust. Suddenly the tail stiffened and the small, ferret-like head rose. He had seen his enemy. His strong hind legs gathered themselves, and with no apparent pause, he sprang straight at the oscillating, hooded head some eight feet away.

His powerful leap parted the cord which held him to his master's hand, but he overturned himself in his effort and sprawled in the dust. Before I could exactly discover how it was done the confused furry heap had again gathered itself, and I saw the now elongated form of the mongoos launched again at his hated enemy, just as the young girl wavered, her hand with the harmonica dropping at her side, and she fell, unconscious, upon her side in the dusty street.

With unerring aim the mongoos struck the cobra in the neck, his teeth closing on the scaly, oscillating body like a vise.

Instantly there was a fierce struggle. All that I could distinguish was a confused writhing and twisting; then the dust of the dry roadway enveloped and obscured the combatants and the prostrate form of the girl.

The fierce, invisible struggle could not have continued more than a few seconds.

As soon as possible I raised the insensible girl from the ground, and carried her out of the dust and confusion to the sidewalk. A dash of water from the brass cup of a water-carrier revived mother and daughter; and the mother caught the girl in her arms. Then I was aware that the fierce struggle had ceased.

There lay the motionless body of the cobra, hideous even in death. Near the body the brave mongoos was pacing back and forth, like a sentinel on guard. He glanced now and then with a critical eye at his dead foe, and appeared as self-possessed and dignified as if nothing of importance had occurred.

As soon as the sleeping, drink-stupified owner of the mongoos could be shaken into intelligence the gallant little creature passed, by sale, into my possession, and he later found a home in the garden of the American consul.—Youth's Companion.

Public Art in the Country.

The farmer needs to be trained to appreciate the value of pleasant house surroundings. His house grounds should be well kept; his barns should be devoid of advertisements, and he should manfully resist the persuasions of the advertising man who would paint signs on the rocks or stand them up in the meadows facing the railroads. These things are commonplace enough in themselves, and yet if no more was done than improve these matters, the country would be a pleasanter place to visit and to travel through. The country does not need monuments, it does not require costly works of art, it does not call for the things the city demands as a matter of course; its needs are its own, but they are quite as urgent as any of the matters which appear so essential in the cities; its claims to artistic consideration are important.—American Homes and Gardening.

It has been figured out that the British Empire is sixteen times larger than all the French dominions, and forty times greater than the German Empire.

BENGAL TIGER SHOOTING.

There is no subject connected with Indian sport which has given rise to greater controversy than the size of tigers; but, in spite of all statements to the contrary, it is now practically an admitted fact, based on the long experience of trustworthy Anglo-Indian sportsmen, that Indian tigers, whether shot in Bengal, Madras or Bombay, have seldom exceeded ten feet in length when stretched to their fullest extent, immediately after death, and measured carefully from tip of nose to end of tail, all curves included. However, every rule has its exceptions, and the tiger which forms the subject of this tale was certainly one of them.

A writer in the London Field points out that for some months previous to the expedition, which ended in the destruction of this monster, rumors had reached the district authorities of Gopalgairi of the existence of an enormous tiger, which was said to have taken up his abode in a large government reserve forest, some twenty miles from the civil station, to prey on the cattle of the villagers residing in the immediate vicinity of the forest. After giving details as to the organization of the expedition and the discovery of the tiger, the writer adds: In crossing a patch of open, Mr. Watson, the district officer, who is probably the safest rifle shot in Bengal, aiming a full length ahead and on the ground line, fired, rolling the animal over in his tracks.

It was a beautiful shot, yet so fast was the tiger going that, even with the allowance made, the bullet, as we subsequently discovered, struck well behind the ribs. Picking himself up at once, the tiger stumbled on, and, gaining a thick bit of wild plum jungle, disappeared into it.

The struggle had continued for about an hour, and as there seemed no immediate prospect of surrender on the tiger's part, nor any likelihood of his succumbing to his injuries, it was determined to attack him in his stronghold with the howdah elephants—a fairly perilous undertaking, considering the state of his temper and the position he occupied. Matters were getting serious and the sun unpleasantly warm. The howdah elephants and two staunch tuskers were accordingly formed into line, and advanced cautiously into the cover. No sooner had they entered than they were greeted by a roar so appalling in its ferocity that the three elephants carrying the forest officer and the planters turned tail and fled incontinently, nor in spite of all threats and inducements could they be persuaded to return to the attack. Watson and the two tuskers were left to carry on the fight as best they might.

Several attempts were made to force a charge, but without success. Finally one of the tuskers, an exceedingly stanch and powerful animal, was pressed slowly forward till nothing but a few leafy branches lay between it and the tiger. Then with an indifference almost incredible under the circumstances it seized and gently pushed aside the branches with its trunk till a patch of black and yellow stripe was exposed to view. Watson, who had been directing this very dangerous operation, quickly seized his opportunity and, seeing that the tiger still refused to charge, fired a charge of No. 6 into the patch, hoping this might affect a change in the tiger's position and thus allow of a more certain shot.

The effect was instantaneous, but scarcely in accordance with the wishes or expectations of the sportsman, who had scarcely time to change his shotgun for the rifle when with a mighty bound the tiger sprang fairly at the elephant's head and, holding on with teeth and claws, remained clinging there. Fortunately the brave old elephant, in spite of this unwelcome addition to his load, stood like a rock, enabling Watson to take a steady aim at the snarling brute, now literally face to face with him. The blinding flash and smoke that followed obstructed his vision for a while, but as it cleared off he could see the tiger stretched out below him, gasping away the life he had so stubbornly defended to the end.

Lying there extended to his fullest length, he was a sight to fill any sportsman's heart with joy, and Watson, who had shot many a tiger in his time—in fact, could count them by the score—gazed with wonder and delight at the huge proportions of the beast.

The measuring of a tiger is always an exciting moment, even when the animal appears to be of ordinary dimensions. Imagine then the excitement created by this monster, so obviously a giant of his tribe. And such in fact he proved to be, for when the measurements were completed the following were the figures recorded by the tape: Length from tip of nose to root of tail, seven feet; length of tail, three feet seven inches; total length from tip of nose to end of tail, ten feet seven inches; height at shoulder, three feet four inches; girth, four feet eight and a half inches; upper arm, two feet one inch; forearm, one foot seven and a half inches.

THREE NIGHTS IN A CREVASSE.

The adventures of three young Germans on the Jungfrau have been the topic of much discussion and the cause of great anxiety at Grindenwald. A few days ago the three young men, two of whom have had considerable Alpine experience, while the third, an Alsatian, is a novice, started without a guide to make one more of those foolish attempts at a big climb unaided which have been so common and so fatal this season. Leaving Lauterbrunnen in the afternoon they passed the night at Hottal cabin. A storm, however, overtook them on the way up, a signal of danger which no prudent Alpinist would have failed to profit by. At 2 a. m. the next morning, though bad weather was threatening, they resumed their march. The Alsatian listen to the advice of his more experienced companions. Three was already showing signs of distress, but refused to go back or to hours afterward a blinding snowstorm broke over them, rendering progress both dangerous and difficult, and blotting out all signs of the track and landmarks. Plodding doggedly on, however, the trio managed to reach the Silberhorn slopes, a little below the summit, where they were compelled to pass the night.

Shelter was difficult to find, and their position appeared desperate, when one of the party noticed that a crevasse near at hand appeared to terminate at a depth of some twenty feet. Carefully roping himself, one of the party was lowered over the edge and found that there was sufficient space and excellent shelter at the bottom. By firmly wedging their ice axes into the ice his companions were able to lower themselves also, and in this confined space, walled in by solid ice and in imminent danger from falling ice above, the night was spent. Fortunately a small stove and a good supply of eatables formed part of the climbers' equipment, and the hot coffee which they were enabled to brew probably was the means of saving their lives. Huddled together and almost frozen, the three waited for dawn. The snow, however, still fell pitilessly all next day and the day following; progress or retreat was impossible, and a second night, and then a third, had to be faced in the icy shelter.

The Alsatian, unable to stand the bitter cold, began to complain of severe pains in his feet, a well-known sign of evil omen among snow-climbers. Next morning his two companions emerged from their refuge to find the weather still and clear, and completed the ascent, returning to find their companion evidently in great pain and quite unable to move. The two others thereupon set off for the Concordia but, half leading and half carrying their unfortunate comrade. There the half-frozen man was left while one of his friends hastened down to the Eggishorn Hotel. A relief party was at once sent out, and with great difficulty the sufferer was borne down to the hotel. Both his feet were frozen and his condition for some time caused the greatest anxiety. Meantime, from the Lauterbrunnen side search parties were at work hunting for the missing men, who, it was believed, could not have lived through three days of such weather on the icy heights of the Jungfrau. It is said to be the first time that a climbing party has ever emerged safely from so prolonged a stay below the surface of the glacier ice.—Geneva Correspondence of Pall Mall Gazette.

No Two Alike.

Dr. Richard Ellis says in the Medical Journal: "The human body is the most wonderful machine in the world. In this machine there are two central stations—the heart with its blood currents and the brain with its nerve currents. We never shall understand the brain central station, because it is the silent mystery of the world shut up in a bone box. No two engines, even of the same make, have ever vibrated alike; likewise, no two hearts have ever been exactly alike in every vibration." The familiar saying, "Shakespeare never repeats," is played out. His repetitions are painful at times. Nature, however, never duplicates. Of the 2,000,000,000 people on earth no two are alike. Of the clover leaves throughout the universe, their number beyond reckoning, no two are alike.—New York Press.

PLYMOUTH ROCK'S CRA

Its Origin Involves a Uniq Ridiculous Bit of History

Plymouth has been called t die of New England. It is coast, thirty-eight miles south ton, and is a thriving and pros New England town, with good and churches, and town hall, an of all kinds, and comfortable ho

On the flat strip of land tha for miles up and down the sh the bay, the diminutive white of the fishermen are crowded together. In the centre of the flat land-strip, flanked on both by the fishermen's homes, is a open square forty yards fro water-front. Here stands Ply Rock, the first sight of which one a mental shock, for, no fancy has pictured an immens der rising grandly out of the se instead, the visitor sees only long, irregularly-shaped, gray stone rock twelve feet in leng five feet in width at the widest and two at the narrowest. one part runs a large crack gives to Plymouth Rock a high ficial appearance. The origin crack is a bit of unique histor bears evidence to the early di es that at times divided the tants into two factions.

For a long time there waged ed and bitter wrangling betwe opposing parties, and it even down upon the much-cherishe mouth Rock, which one par clared ought to be removed to worthy position in the town and the other wranglers prote should not be moved an inch f position, even though they h guard it with their pikes and g

Finally, the stronger faction up their forces around Ply Rock, and in attempting to mov the hill split it asunder, which s a bad omen for those who h tempted such a thing, until an Whig leader flourished his swo by an eloquent appeal to the zealous Whigs convinced then they should not swerve from plan of carrying the rock to a in the town square.

"The portion that first fell ground belongs to us," he cried that we will transport with al and diligence to its proper hom

Twenty yoke of oxen drew the section of Plymouth Rock up th amid the shouts of the throu pushed forward around the pole which was to mark the ne The ceremony of dedicating th in its new position was very im ive, and the people stood with heads, and in reverent tones c their high-pitched psalms in to thanksgiving.

In the town square this p Plymouth Rock remained for than half a century, when a com of the council resolved to m back to its original position, an it, as best they could, to the half. Accordingly, in 1834, o morning of the Fourth of Jul Plymouth Rock had been re-uni all seriousness to its long-estr portion, and the union made plete by a mixture of cement an tar.

Today four granite columns s a canopy of granite that offer mouth Rock an indifferent prot against the rain and the sun serves to keep back, in some me the thousands of sight-seers that to Plymouth with only one obj view, namely, to press up arou iron bars, and to gaze through at the revered rock, on which see the single inscription, cut i middle of its face in long, plai ures, "1620."

The rock is surrounded by a iron railing composed of alte boat hooks and harpoons, and ins with the illustrious names o forty men who drew up the Pil compact on board the Mayflower November day as they sighted coast that henceforth was to be home.—From Cornelia Hickman Visit to Plymouth Rock," in St. N las.

Dogs Used to Smuggle Lace

Some clever ruses to outwit cu authorities along the French fr have been revealed by the captu a dog. Before making use of thi as a lace-carrier, the smuggler cr the border often with him, so the customs officers might know animal. Then he clipped the coat close, wrapped around his yards of costly lace and covere whole with fur like the dog's coa

For five years this dog carried bant lace without awakening susp Then a "friend" of the smuggler fied the authorities, who shot faithful animal. It leaked out dogs are used for this purpos along the frontier.

Pigeons are also used for smug Women's watches are sent from gano, in Switzerland, into Italy t the feet of homing pigeons.

Coal Is Contradictory.

Why is coal the most contradi article known to commerce? Bec when purchased, instead of going t buyer it goes to the cellar.