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THE GIRL WHO LAUGHS.

The girl who laughs—God bless her!—
Thrice blesses herself the while;
No music of 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.
—Ladies' Home Journal.

END OF MONEY.

BY DARRY PAIR.

"But does it never occur to you," asked the curate as he poured two teaspoonsful of coffee into his cup, "does it never occur to you to ask yourself what is the good of it all?"

"Never," said the millionaire with decision.

"You never regret—you see, after all money is not everything, is it?"

"That observation is frequently made," said the millionaire, thoughtfully, "and it is misleading. Money is not everything, but it is much nearer to being everything than anything else is. There is quite a good deal of cant talked about money. It is comforting cant, of course. One gets the same kind of thing about birth. Personally, I always distrust anything that comforts."

"But is it all cant? Take the question of health, for instance. Money cannot give health, and it is better to be well than to be wealthy."

"I often wonder why people go on saying that money cannot give health, when they must see every day that money does give health, and that poverty causes illness. If work is injurious to me I can afford to give it up. If I have to winter abroad I can do it easily, without considering the question of expense. If an operation is required, I can pay the man to do it, and under the very best conditions. The poor man can do none of these things. My ordinary way of life is much more healthy than his. The food that I eat is of the best quality and in perfect condition, while he eats adulterated rubbish and stale garbage. His house is ill warmed and insanitary, and mine is perfect in these respects. The poor man dies, and in nine cases out of ten it serves him right."

"Isn't that rather a terrible thing to say?" said the curate, nervously, playing with his spoon.

"In nine cases out of ten poverty is the result of stupidity. You blame a man for his moral defects, and I blame him for his mental defects; one is just as fair as the other. And both the mental and moral defects are about equally capable of remedy."

"Surely not," said the curate, earnestly. "A sinner may be reclaimed, but you cannot give a man an intellect."

"You should use the same word in both cases. You may reclaim a man's intellect just as you reclaim his morals. I have done it. I did it in my own case. I admit that mental reclamation, like moral reclamation, is rare."

"It all seems so dreary and fatalistic," said the curate.

"So it is," the millionaire agreed cordially. "As I told you, I don't like comforting cant. The best fable that ever was written was the fable of the fox and the sour grapes. Everybody's a gentleman who feels like it, and wealth is not everything. Oh, yes! I know these consolatory stories for those who are out of it. But they are only stories, and, as a matter of fact, wealth is everything, as near as you can get it. What wealth cannot do nothing else can."

The curate seemed to reflect for a moment.

"Tell me," he said darkly, "do you value the affection of your relatives and friends and those whom you have about you?"

"Of course," the millionaire owned. "Perhaps one values that most of all."

"And do you mean to tell me," asked the curate, flushed with triumph, "that that kind of thing can be bought with money?"

The millionaire concentrated his attention on his cigar with the air of a man who can give a platitude without troubling to think.

"But, of course," he said, "you can buy affection as easily as you can buy a pound of tea, and on almost the same commercial principles."

The curate stuck to it.

"Are you sure that it is genuine affection?" he said.

"There," said the millionaire, "I don't trouble myself. I get respect and subservience while I am there, and really I don't care what they say when I am not there. You see, I don't think about these people very much. It would annoy me if they showed hostility to me while I was with them. It would give me all the trouble of having to think of new things to say. But they are perfectly welcome to say what they like behind my back, because they haven't got any money worth mentioning, or any position, and they don't matter. But as a matter of fact, money can generally buy genuine affection, an affection that is just as real as that where there has been no value received."

"Really, this is too cynical," said the curate.

"Not at all," replied the millionaire; "in fact, I am on the whole less cynical than you. I still believe in gratitude, and it would appear that you don't. Generosity is an admirable and popular quality. You must admit that. And it is very easy for a rich man to be generous; he just plugs in a few presents, as a gardener puts in seeds, and afterwards he gets the fruits—quite genuine fruits, too. I sometimes wonder how anybody who is not a millionaire believes in genuine affection; it is certainly a luxury for the rich."

"Well," said the curate, with a sigh, "I must not let you off. We owe \$250 on the Church Restoration at St. Barnabas. I'll see if it makes me think more highly of you."

"I never subscribe; I either do a thing or I leave it alone. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll wipe out this debt for you altogether if you preach the opinions you have heard from me from the pulpit."

The little curate got quite excited. "I'd sooner steal the money and then cut my throat," he said. "If I could have all your money at the price of having your views of life, as well, I wouldn't do it."

The millionaire smoked for a moment or two in silence.

"You're not a bad sort of fool," he said at last.—Black and White.

The Musical Guanites.

The Guanites are a musical people. The well-to-do own pianos, and are fair musicians; others have organs, and many, many more possess accordions. They enjoy singing and are fond of American popular songs, such as "After the Ball," etc. Their own songs are rather weird and mournful, though always harmonious. At night, the voices rise in sharp, nasal tones, singing the "novena," a term applied to nine days of special worship to some particular saint. Novenas are ever in evidence; for no sooner do they finish with one than it is time for another to begin; consequently "neighborhood sings" are frequent.

The accordions are pleasing to the natives at their dances and fandangoes or weddings. These latter always occur Thursday mornings at 4 o'clock. The names are cried in the church three times before the wedding; Wednesday evening there is a social gathering of the families and friends of the bride and bridegroom, with dancing and refreshments; guests accompany the happy pair to the church, where the priest unites them. Often there are three or four weddings on the same morning, and happiness reigns supreme.—The Independent.

Old Newspapers.

Surely there is nothing more dead on the earth than yesterday's newspaper. A walk down the main or branch roads of the mortuary set apart at the British Museum for these mayflies or ephemerae of the printing press might invite to funereal reflection on ink slung in vain, on paper misspent. Yet it would seem that a very live industry is connected with the exhumation of old numbers and that these must be deposited within easy reach of London. Hence the British Museum is going to spend £18,000 on a new old newspaper site. The papers are to be carted off to Henden and there deposited not in the lake, but in a building made expressly for them. The files can be ordered up to one of the reading rooms of the British Museum as required. London is no longer big enough for the newspapers. We believe it is held by one of the great public librarians that there is no such thing as a superfluous book on the earth. And seemingly there are those who do not think there is a newspaper too many.—London Saturday Review.

PROHIBITION TERRITORY.

One-third of the Population Live Under Anti-Saloon Laws.

It is estimated that fully 30,000,000 people are living in the United States under prohibition, either by state law or by local option. This is more than a third of the entire population of the Republic. The following counties have in the various states enacted prohibition laws:

Alabama—In 50 out of 66 counties.
Arkansas—In 50 out of 75 counties.
California—In 175 cities and towns.
Colorado—In 50 cities and towns.
Connecticut—In 75 out of 125 towns.
Delaware—In fully half of the state.
Florida—In 30 out of 45 counties.
Georgia—The whole of the state except 4 cities.
Illinois—In 650 cities and towns.
Indiana—In 140 towns.
Iowa—The whole of the state except 25 cities.
Kansas—The whole of the state.
Kentucky—In 90 out of 119 counties.
Louisiana—In 20 out of 59 counties.
Maine—The whole of the state.
Maryland—In 15 out of 24 counties.
Massachusetts—In 263 out of 353 cities and towns.
Michigan—In 400 cities and towns.
Minnesota—In 400 cities and towns.
Mississippi—In 71 out of 75 counties.
Missouri—In 84 out of 115 counties.
Montana—In a few counties.
Nebraska—In 250 cities and towns.
New Hampshire—The whole of the state.
New Jersey—In 200 cities and towns.
New York—In 700 cities and towns.
North Carolina—In 60 out of 90 counties.
North Dakota—The whole of the state.
Ohio—In 500 cities and towns.
Oregon—In the great Indian reservation.
Pennsylvania—In 60 cities and towns, and 20 counties.
Rhode Island—In 20 cities and towns.
South Carolina—The whole of the state, except 13 cities.
South Dakota—The whole of the state, except a few cities.
Tennessee—In 70 out of 96 counties.
Texas—In 120 out of 246 counties.
Vermont—The whole of the state.
Virginia—In 55 out of 106 counties.
Washington—In 50 cities and towns.
West Virginia—In 40 out of 54 counties.
Wisconsin—In 300 cities and towns.
Exchange.

MONKS AT MAR SABA.

A Grim Fortress Monastery on the Dead Sea.

The most awesome, most repellent dwelling place in the world is the grim fortress monastery of Mar Saba, on the Dead Sea, where thousands of monks live in grim and melancholy austerity.

These monks are the most rigorous of any in the Greek church. Their lives are passed in penance, with no hope of pleasure this side of the grave, and not one cheerful incident to brighten their existence. Day after day, amid gloomy surroundings, that would drive most men melancholy mad, they go through the same unvarying routine, and yet surrounding them are the remains of such true romances as only medieval times could produce.

Mar Saba is at the end of the barren Wady en Nor, or Kedron valley, near the Dead Sea, and its very location is enough to send a chill down one's spine. It is the only oasis in the wilderness of this region, a destroyed stronghold of the Crusaders and the tomb of a Nomad chieftain, that of Sheikh Messiaf. The wearied traveler is glad to behold the fortress-like pile of the ancient monastery way down in the dark valley, even though he experiences a presentiment of some hidden danger lurking in that forbidden place. It is the most romantically situated monastery, the oldest and undoubtedly the most gruesome in the world. It is built on the abrupt terrace of a dizzy gorge, at the bottom of which, 600 feet below, the torrent Cedron seethes in winter. The rock falls away so perpendicularly that huge flying buttresses had to be constructed in order to afford the very moderate space occupied by the monastery.

In the early part of the fifth century it was inhabited by the Sabaites, an order of monks of whom San Sabas was the superior, and who also built the greater portion of the monastery. San Sabas was born about 439, in Capadocia, and at eight years of age,

he entered this monastery, which was originally founded by Euthymius. As the reputation of San Sabas for sanctity increased, he was joined by a great number of anchorites, all of whom could not find shelter in his monastery, and it is said that 10,000 of these holy men were living in rock caves in the mountain opposite.

Thousands of caves once inhabited by these hermits look from the side of the mountain, many having mosaic floors and decorations upon the walls, and the story has every semblance of truth. About 4000 monks inhabited the monastery proper, and in the seventh century the Persian hordes of Chosroes routed them all and plundered the monastery, and for centuries its wealth attracted marauders of all kinds. The last time it was pillaged was in 1832 and 1834 by Bedouins. After the very first attack it was fortified, just as it is today. Two castle-like towers which serve as battlements, are the first evidence the traveler has of the existence of the living tomb. One of the ponderous towers is of very picturesque lines.

The fair Empress Eudoxia built it in order to be close to her ideal of manhood—Euthymius. Euthymius was noted for his sanctity throughout Palestine, and his learning and great moral endowments attracted the empress. She loved him with great devotion, but Euthymius, true to his trust, refused to see her. When her devotion to him did not cease he fled to the Moabite desert, beyond the Jordan. The empress watched daily from the tower for his return. After much persuasion he was dragged back to the monastery by his companion, Theoctestus and the empress wept with joy. She remained there a few years longer, during which time she caught only a casual and infrequent glimpse of the object of her love. Finally she left the place with her court attendants, never to return. Now the tower is used as a "lookout," and a watchman is stationed there day and night, who scans the mountains and valleys far and wide to see whether any danger threatens the monastery.—London Telegraph.

Saved His Life by Repartee.

A Pontiac roofer saved his life recently by his aptness at repartee. He was out on the roof of the insane asylum at Pontiac, making some repairs, says the Detroit Journal, within a foot of the eaves. Suddenly the noise of his hammer was interrupted by a voice behind him, calmly saying:

"Well, come on! Let's jump down together."

The roofer turned, and saw a maniac standing behind him. The glitter in the madman's eye made the roofer look with a feeling of dread at the ground below, realizing that there was no escape.

The roofer concealed his fright for a moment. He even smiled contemptuously as he looked into the maniac's face.

"Huh!" he remarked, "any blamed fool could jump down. Let's go down and try to jump up."

"Say, that's an idea!" exclaimed the insane man. "Come on. Let's go down and try it!" And he led the way to the trapdoor in the roof.

Peacock Tails to Order.

The Japanese are ruthless in their tampering with nature. If they decide that they want a bird or an animal of a certain shape or color, they set about manufacturing the article, so to speak, by the exercise of exceedingly clever ingenuity and untiring patience. Here, for example, is how the white sparrows are produced:

They select a pair of grayish birds and keep them in a white cage in a white room, where they are attended by a person dressed in white. The mental effect on a series of generations of birds results in completely white birds. They breed the domestic cock with enormously long tails after the same principle. They first select a bird with a good tail, giving him a very high perch to stand on; then with weights they drag the tail downward, carrying on the same system with the finest specimens of his descendants till a tail almost as long as a peacock's is produced at last.

A Valuable View.

A story is told of a man in Massachusetts who sold a scrubby farm for \$12,000 although its value was not more than \$1000. "How did you do it?" a friend asked him. "Well," he replied, "I had \$1000 worth of farm and \$11,000 worth of view."

Stealing a watch has caused many a fellow to wind up in jail.

ODDITIES OF THE ARCTICS.

How the Animals Change Color—A Domestic Tyrant.

During the summer months much of the land becomes free from snow and ice under the joint action of sun and wind, and the snow that resists removal is darkened by a deposit of fine dust particles. In this season the animals wear their darker clothing, and birds have, by way of change, a less gaudy plumage. The background against which they stand would betray their presence if the white dress of winter were worn now; then, too, it makes it possible for the foxes, ducks, and other animals and birds to gratify a natural vanity by putting on, for a time at least, another coat.

In winter, white is again worn. The background is now snow and ice, and the only chance which the Arctic chicken now has to deceive the fox is to roll up like a ball, and simulate a lump of ice. The ice-bear is equipped successfully to creep upon the ever-watchful seal, because he looks like the other blocks of white around him. He remembers, however, his black nose, and is said to be sharp enough to cover it with his paw while approaching his dozing prey.

The seal does not stop his search for food until he has completely satisfied his excellent appetite; then he takes a good nap, lying upon the very edge of the ice, or as close as possible to his breathing hole. The slightest sound will awaken him, and, without waiting to find out the source or direction, he rolls into the water. He can stay under for only 35 minutes, but where he will come up none can tell. This no one knows better than the bear; and if the bear realizes that it is impossible to steal upon the leeward side of the seal, having his black nose covered with his paw and his bloodshot eyes closed, when the seal has his open end on the watch, he looks about for a possible point of departure, dives under the ice, and if he rightly judges the distance and direction, he comes up at the very spot where the seal had expected to go down. The seal's fate is thus settled, and the bear's shrewdness earns its reward.

The beautiful eider-duck has often been cited as an ideal mother, and touching stories are told of her plucking the down from her own breast to make the nest in which to hatch her young. It is also said that if the hunters take the down, she will despoil herself for the second time, not calling upon the selfish drake until she has literally stripped herself. The drake is declared to be strict in keeping his mate to her duties, insisting that she shall attend to the work of hatching. If the duck ventures upon a walk, he does not offer to take her place while she goes gadding about, but perhaps knowing she is fond of idleness, cruelly drives her back to her household duty. The duck lays only five eggs, and if she feels that her nest is large enough and warm enough to hold more, she boldly robs her neighbors, carrying the eggs, one at a time, under her wing, until she has seven or eight.

However, when the brood is hatched, the drake becomes the teacher to the young. Not in swimming, for that comes naturally, but in diving, which is a means of flight as well as for finding food. The little duck, coming into life above water, hesitates to risk it by going under, nor will he follow the oft-repeated example of his parents. When it becomes necessary to resort to force, the drake comes quietly near the unwilling pupil, suddenly throws a wing over him, and dives down. The little one is let go under the water, and, coming to the surface unharmed, even if somewhat startled, he is ready to start diving on his own account.—St. Nicholas.

Painting on Human Skin.

Marcus Lorenzo, an Italian painter who flourished in the last century, one paid 200 francs for a piece of human skin no larger than a dinnerplate, upon which to execute a landscape in oils. The skin, which was chemically prepared to receive the paint, was taken from the back of an aged woman, whose body had been sold to a medical man for dissecting experiments. The human parchment was drawn tightly over a metal frame, and the artist spent nearly seven months in producing a painting that was afterwards exhibited in various salons and ultimately realized \$4,000 francs.—Leeds Mercury.

The Roar of a Waterfall.

The roar of a waterfall is produced almost entirely by the bursting of millions of air bubbles.