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AD INFINITUM.

(Dr. Dempwolf, of Berlin, announces that he has found an aquatic insect which preys upon the anopheles mosquito. He is cultivating the creature artificially, with the expectation of destroying the mosquito and the host of germs which inhabit its body.)

They've found the bug
That eats the bug
That fights the bug
That bites us;
They've traced the germ
That kills the germ
That chews the germ
That smites us.

They hold the bug
That scolds the bug
That told the bug
To pinch us;
They chase the germ
That helps the germ
That cheers the germ
To clinch us.

They know the bug
That knifes the bug
That stabs the bug
That jabs us;
They've seen the germ
That hates the germ
That bills the germ
That nabs us.

They've struck the bug
That flays the bug
That sticks us;
They've jailed the germ
That guides the germ
That taught the germ
To fix us.

They've chained the bug
That bolts the bug
That jolts the bug
That bings us;
They've got the germ
That gulps the germ
That nips the germ
That stings us.

But still these bugs—
Microbic thugs—
In spite of drugs
Combat us;
And still these germs—
Described in terms
Inspiring squirms—
Get at us!

—W. D. Nesbit, in Life.

THE ASS AND THE LION.

Translated From the Portuguese of Antone Leandro's
"Old Time Tales."

By WILLIAM S. BRGE, M. D.

HERE once lived in Portugal, about two days' journey from Lisbon, a miller who had an ass, which like other asses, had very long ears, thick lips and a voice that made the whole country resound. His fare was so poor and mean that he was but a skeleton, and could no longer bear his burden. Then he was beaten every day by the miller, who tried to make him do what was beyond his power. At last he ran away from his master, and went long and far, till he came to the foot of a mountain, so verdant and pleasing in all things, that he resolved to remain there for the remainder of his days.

He looked all around him to see if there was anything to be feared and then boldly ascended the mountain, where at his pleasure he grazed upon the fine grass before him, thanking God that he had been delivered from the hands of the wicked and cruel tyrant of a miller and put in sweet grass up to his knees to sustain his miserable life.

While he was satisfying his appetite, a proud lion approached, who marvelled greatly at the boldness of the ass in having come to feed upon the mountain without license. And having never before seen such an animal, the lion was afraid of him and dared not pass him at first.

On the other hand, the ass, seeing the lion, was so much alarmed that his hair bristled and stood up. He no longer dared bend his neck to eat the grass, nor even move from his place.

Finally, the lion, growing confident, approached the ass and said to him: "What are you doing here, comrade? What has made you so bold as to come here? Who are you?"

To whom the ass replied: "And who are you yourself that ask me this?"

Then the lion, astonished at this proud reply, answered: "I am the king of all the animals." "What is your name?" demanded the ass.

"They call me Lion. And what is your name?"

The ass with restored confidence, replied: "They who know me call me Brancalion."

Then the lion said to himself: "Truly, here is something I cannot comprehend. This person must be something more than I am." And addressing the ass, said:

"Brancalion, your name and words show clearly that you ought to be more powerful, robust and courageous than I am. Nevertheless, I am of the opinion that we would better prove each other."

These words so puffed up the ass that he turned his back upon the lion, threw his hind legs into the air and brayed very furiously to the great surprise of the lion.

The evening now being at hand, the lion said to the ass:

"We will repose now, brother, and tomorrow morning prove our strength and skill. He who then shows himself best able to do three things which I shall propose, shall be lord of the mountain."

To which the ass agreed. The morning came, and they arose and went forth in company till they arrived at a deep and wild ditch. Then the lion said to the ass:

"Brancalion, I am your friend, but I shall never be at rest till I know your power and skill. Do me the pleasure, I beseech you, now that the occasion presents itself, to let me see which of us can best leap this ditch." Saying this, he bounded to the other side.

The ass did his best to follow him, but leaped so awkwardly that he fell upon a great log in the middle of the ditch, where he was in great danger of death, his forefeet and head on one side, and the rest of the body on the other.

The lion, noticing the perilous condition of the ass, cried out: "What are you doing, comrade?"

But the poor ass was past answering. So the lion, fearing he would die if left to hang there upon the log, descended into the ditch and drew him out.

The ass, finding himself out of danger, turned to the lion and heaped upon him all the abuse in his power. The lion, astonished at this ungrateful conduct, asked why he thus upbraided him when he had so kindly saved his life.

The ass, pretending to be angry, replied with insolence:

"You vile and malicious creature! Do you ask me why I upbraid you? I wish you to know that you have deprived me of the greatest pleasure I ever received. You thought perhaps that I was suffering, while I was ravished with delight."

"What kind of delight?" asked the lion.

"It was on purpose that I landed on the log, my forefeet on one side and my hind feet on the other, that I might balance myself, and know which is heaviest, my head or my tail."

"You are indeed a cunning creature," answered the lion. "I never would have believed what I do of you, if I had not leaned by my own observation. I am satisfied that you ought to be king of the mountain."

Going further on, they came to a wide and swift-flowing river.

"Brancalion, my friend," said the lion, "if you are willing, we will again try our strength and dexterity in swimming this river."

"I am willing," said Brancalion, "but I want to see you swim across before I do."

The lion, who was a good swimmer, crossed the river in less than no time. Standing on the opposite shore, he called out:

"Brancalion, what are you doing over there? Why don't you swim over? Courage! Courage! I am waiting for you."

The poor ass threw himself into the water and swam to the middle of the river, where overcome by the force of the current and the waves, his head went under and he soon sank entirely out of sight. The lion knew not what to do, fearing on the one hand that the ass would drown, and on the other, that if he helped him, he might again be angry, and kill him. He finally decided to help him, and plunged into the stream and caught him by the tail, which he pulled so long and vigorously that he succeeded in getting him to the bank.

The ass, finding himself on land, safe from the terrible waves, put himself

into a passion as before and abused the lion.

"Traitor! Wretch!" he exclaimed, "you are my evil spirit, depriving me of all that I enjoy. Ah me! When shall I again have such enjoyment?"

The lion tried to excuse himself, saying:

"Comrade, my dear friend, I was afraid you would drown in the river. That is why I drew you out. I thought I was doing you a favor instead of displeasing you."

"Keep silence, I pray you," said the ass. "But tell me, if you can, what profit or pleasure you had in swimming the river?"

"None," answered the lion. "See if I had none," returned the ass, shaking the water from his long ears and body. Then seeing a little fish fall at his feet, he exclaimed: "Do you see now, you great blockhead, what you have done? If I had only been allowed to go to the bottom of the river, I should at my ease and pleasure have taken a multitude of those fishes. I warn you now not to interfere with me any more, if you do not wish to make me your enemy, which would not be well for you, I assure you. Whenever you think me dead or in danger of death, I wish you to leave me alone; for what seems to you death is life and happiness to me."

The shades of night were now gathering, and the lion and ass sought a place of repose. The next morning they were awake at the first dawn of light, and agreed to go hunting, the lion in one direction, the ass in another, and to meet again at a certain hour and place, when the one who had captured the most game, was to be king of the mountain.

The lion went into the deepest part of the forest, where he felled and ate much prey; the ass went to a farm where he saw the barn door open, and a great pile of oats on the barn floor. He entered without leave, and ate so much oats that he was ready to burst. He then repaired to the place where he was to meet the lion and lay down. A raven flying by and seeing him lying motionless, thought he was dead, and lighting on him, picked off the grains of oats that were still sticking to his lips. Vexed with the raven, the ass struck it such a blow with one of its hoofs that it fell dead beside him.

When the lion returned from his chase, he said to Brancalion: "Hear what I have taken and tell me if I am not a good hunter?"

Then he told what game he had taken.

"And how did you take it?" said Brancalion.

The lion told him all he had done, his arts, his ambushes and his races. The ass interrupted him:

"O fool, brainless creature that you are! From morning until now you have not ceased to run, and bustle, and brush through the thickets, and chase over the mountains, to take what little you took. And I, lying here and taking my pleasure, have caught and eaten so much that I am just ready to burst, as you may easily see. And to prove to you that I am not telling idle stories, I have kept this fat bird as a morsel for you, which for the love of me, I beg you will accept."

The lion thanked the ass for the bird and then went away, resolved never again to present himself before the ass. While on his way he met a wolf running at great speed. The lion stopped him with the inquiry:

"Where are you going so fast, comrade wolf?"

"On important business. I must be at a certain place this very hour, so don't trouble me," replied the wolf.

But the lion, believing that the wolf was rushing into danger, begged him to go no farther.

"Not far from here," said he, "Brancalion, a very large animal, with monstrous ears, and a hide thick enough for a shield. His voice is like thunder; any beast would fly before it. Then he does the most wonderful things. He is a monarch before whom all must tremble."

The wolf knew that the lion spoke of the ass, and said to him:

"Don't be afraid. It is only an ass, the most contemptible animal ever created, good for nothing but to bear burdens and blows. As for me, I have eaten in my time more than a hundred of them. Come with me. We may go safely, as I shall show you."

"Go, my friend, if it seems good to you," said the lion; "for my part, I am satisfied with what I have seen."

But the wolf prevailed on the lion to accompany him on condition that they should not separate from each other; and to make this sure, they tied their tails together. Then they started

towards the ass, who seeing them at a distance, and being afraid was just about to fly, when the lion, pointing him out to the wolf, exclaimed:

"See, brother! See him coming straight for us! Let us not wait, for he will kill us. I know his fury."

The wolf burned with the desire to attack the ass.

"Be quiet," he said to the lion, "be quiet, I entreat you, and have no fear. It is only an ass."

But the lion, more frightened than ever, plunged through the most tangled thickets and leaped the widest ditches. While he was breaking through a thick hedge, a thorn tore open his left eye. Such was his fright that he thought the hurt came from Brancalion; and still flying on, exclaimed to the wolf:

"Didn't I tell you rightly, comrade? Run! Run! Run faster! He has already put out one of my eyes."

And still flying he dragged the poor wolf against the sharp rocks, and through the most dangerous places, till the poor creature died of his bruises and other hurts.

When at last the lion believed himself in safety, he said to the wolf:

"Comrade, I think we may now untie our tails; what do you say?"

Hearing no answer, he turned and saw that he was fastened to a dead body.

"Ah, comrade, I told you he would kill you," he exclaimed; "but you were obstinate; you would not believe me. See what it has cost us! You have lost your life, and I my left eye."

Then, untying himself, he abandoned the dead wolf and went to hide himself in dense and dark caverns, leaving the ass possessor of the mountain, from whence it has come that the ass dwells among the haunts of men, and the lion in savage and uninhabited places.

But men, as well as lions, are sometimes deceived and over-reached by false pretensions.—Waverley Magazine.

United States Topographic Survey.

The United States Geological Survey is diligently prosecuting its topographical survey of the United States. Besides the topographic sheets, there are sheets for land classification, geology, etc. The atlas sheets are sixteen and a half by twenty inches, engraved on copper and printed in three colors. The cultural features such as roads, railways, cities, etc., as well as all letterings, are black, all water features are blue, and the hill features are shown by brown contours. The sheets can be bought for five cents, or in quantities for two cents per sheet. During the last fiscal year, 35,123 square miles were surveyed in thirty-two States and Territories, 12,407 miles of levels were run, 1338 permanent bench-marks established, etc. In Alaska 6500 square miles were mapped. Up to the present time, 899,847 square miles of the area of the United States have been surveyed—about twenty-nine per cent. of its surface.

Lawyers' Fees.

There was a time when lawyers' gowns had pockets in the back, in which a client could deposit an "honorarium" without giving a sordid, mercantile character to his relations with his counsel. But ex-Judge Porter says the law isn't what it was even fifty years ago, and "has passed the days of the honorarium. Lawyers are simply the paid employees of their clients." One of the evidences of the change is that the Law Association is urging a bill to protect lawyers against the loss of contingent fees by settlement of cases out of court. Contingent fees were unprofessional once. It will also be noticed as a change that it is now necessary to protect lawyers from their clients.—Philadelphia Record.

China's Way.

At the beginning of China's late war with Japan, the Chinese Government applied the screws and made a loan of wealthy merchants. After the first year interest was paid on this loan; then it ceased and now the lenders have been asked to accept mandarin buttons, peacock feathers and other decorations in exchange for the obligations.

An Unclaimed Country.

Spitzbergen is one of the few countries as yet unclaimed by any nation. Anyone may dig the coal found in the cliffs there.

If.

If we could only deceive others as easily as we deceive ourselves, what great reputations we would have!

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

How This Particular One Got Its Reputation.

"It is curious what an appetite people have for things smacking of the mysterious and gruesome," said a Washington man to a Star reporter the other day. "There is a whole lot of superstition in this world, even among educated people, and it is amazing how readily people accept unfounded reports of the mysterious sort, as though they were determined facts."

"An illustration of this tendency to believe remarkable tales came to my notice recently with regard to a certain house in Washington which was said to be haunted," continued The Star's informant. "Two young men were strolling along the street one evening some time ago with two young ladies. The conversation had turned upon haunted houses, and several tales of frightful mystery had been related. Before the party of four reached the homes of the young ladies they passed a small house which was almost obscured by vines. It was a rather gloomy looking place, especially at night, and was inhabited by an old couple who lived quietly and peacefully, unmindful of the turmoil of the outside world."

"One of the young men noticed the house and jokingly remarked that it was said to be haunted. The other young man took up the story, and related a few imaginary incidents which had occurred there in days gone by. The young ladies evidently were impressed, and not long afterward other residents of the neighborhood knew the story concocted by the young man with the elastic imagination. At first, according to the tale only one person had been killed in the house in a mysterious manner, but in a few weeks several men, women and children had met death there in the most awe-inspiring manner. Strange noises, shrieks and pleading cries were frequently heard in the little vine-covered cottage during the 'spooky' hours of the night, and up to a few days ago the story of the haunted house, which had been first started in a spirit of fun and without any foundation of truth whatever, was a horrible tale, reeking with bloody and gruesome mysteries. It came back to the young men a few days ago, and they laughed heartily over the affair, and then told how the story was started. But it is likely that the residents of the neighborhood who have heard the story will always be inclined to look askance at the modest little dwelling, and will always associate it with the other buildings in Washington which are supposed to be haunted."—Washington Star.

The Imperilled Big Trees.

Since the State of California and the United States are both too poor to save the giant sequoias of the Calaveras grove, the people who wish to avert the crime of cutting down those mighty comrades of the mountains are turning to the last resort—the benevolent millionaire. Is there not in this land of billion-dollar trusts and more or less digested securities the sum of \$125,000 of free capital available to keep from the lumber mill the wonderful trees that were towering in their vigorous maturity when the infant Romulus was wading among the reeds of the Tiber?

The big trees of California are like the surviving buffalo—they are so few that every one is numbered. They have no mates in all the world. They inhabit a little strip along the foothills of the Sierras, and there some of them have lived for 5,000 years. They were old when the ruined castles of the Rhine, the palaces of Rome and the temples of Greece were new. If we should allow them to be deliberately destroyed now, in the full glory of their venerable life, for the lack of a wretched \$125,000, we should deserve the European taunt that we are a people without sentiment.—New York World.

A Former North Carolina Company.

It is a pleasure to note the success of the Bobbitt Chemical Company formerly of this State but now of Baltimore, Md., manufacturers of Rheumicide, which is said to be a very superior remedy for rheumatism and other blood diseases. This company has grown from a small beginning until it is now one of the most extensive advertisers in the United States, using newspapers and other methods, also.