

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, In Advance.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XV.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1904.

NO. 8.

A KNOT OF RIBBON.

A knot of dainty ribbon,
That decked a snowy gown,
And hid in the soft, thick ringlets,
Of sunny golden-brown.

Oh, little face, with the glimmer
Of love in your sweet, blue eyes,
That were deep as the waves of ocean,
And bright as the summer skies.

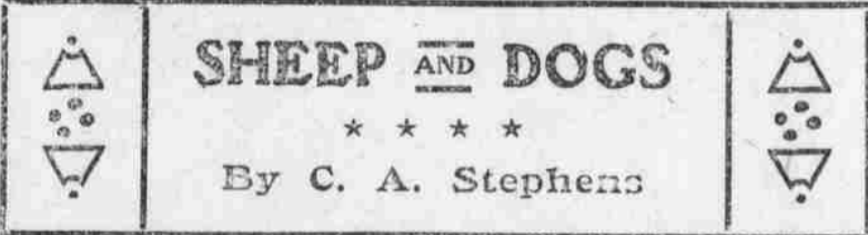
To think you are gone forever,
Resting alone in your grave;
While over your mossy pillow,
The wild rose garlands wave.

Did the roses spring from your lips, dear?
Those lips so sweet and red;
Are you ever lonely now, love,
Down in your quiet bed?

I have nothing left but the ribbon,
And a tress of the soft brown hair,
To tell of the gentle maiden
Who was once so sweet and fair.

A knot of half-worn ribbon;
So dim and faded now;
Ah, me! the sod is lying
Above the wearer's brow.

—Waverley Magazine.



SOME years ago, when so much was said about the "abandoned farms" of New England, I formed with another young man what we foolishly believed to be rather a fine plan for establishing ourselves comfortably. We were then salesmen in one of the great stores in Boston. We were not altogether happy in our occupation, for we liked out-of-door life. As we had been prudent enough to save a little money, we thought we might look about, buy some old farm, stock it with sheep, and live leisurely and healthfully on our mutton and by the sale of our wool.

We talked the scheme over throughout one entire winter and spring, and spent our two weeks of summer vacation driving through the northerly counties of Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, in quest of old farm property. At last we found in Maine what suited us pretty well—four run-out, upland adjoining homesteads of about 100 acres each; and we were able to purchase all for \$2800.

As there was much similar farm property near by, we could, if our experiment proved a success, add to our territory and increase our stock. At the outset, and during the succeeding autumn and winter, we purchased 160 sheep, which we divided into four flocks.

On one of the four farms was a fairly comfortable old house; and in the spring we went there to live, having engaged as housekeeper an elderly but very energetic woman we called Aunt Deborah.

Our neighbors were seven or eight families, none wholly prosperous, some slovenly and shiftless; and they all kept dogs.

Within a radius of two miles of our sheep pasture there were, as we soon had occasion to reckon, seventeen or eighteen dogs, including four hounds, and all exceedingly dear to their owners. There were "otter dogs" and "bear dogs" and "partridge dogs," and a great many very valuable "woodchuck dogs." And many of these precious animals were fond of making nocturnal raids into our sheep pasture.

Now, our legislators have not left us in darkness as to what steps may legally be taken against mischievous dogs. Whoever will examine the statute books of almost any State will find articles limiting dogs strictly, and declaring that if a dog transgresses the edicts he may lawfully be killed. For Massachusetts the conclusion is that any person may lawfully kill a trespassing dog "whenever and wherever found."

In the first spring after we had taken up our sheep farm we had 140 lambs when the sheep were turned out to pasture on the third day of May. Four days later six lambs and two sheep were missing. Bits of wool, bones and the remains of one sheep, all found in secluded places, showed that some animal had killed and eaten them.

As bears or wildcats were not numerous in that locality, we felt morally certain that dogs had done the mischief, and we particularly suspected two dogs kept by a neighbor named McFadden, living a mile distant. One was a bulldog, the other a large mongrel cur, one of the highly esteemed woodchuck dogs.

When dogs go sheep killing they seem to revert to the cunning and slyness of their wild ancestry.

In all these vexations we had warm sympathizer in "Aunt Deb." She hated dogs on general principles, and for the special reason that on a number of nights when the bulkhead door chanced to be left open, some animal stole into the cellar and raided her pans of doughnuts, custard pies and other eatables.

"Now, boys, just you let me try my hand on those dogs," she said, at the breakfast table. "I'll fix 'em for you. When it comes night you just go to bed and sleep. I'll answer for the dogs."

"Go ahead, Aunt Deb," we said, "You shall have a lamb for every dog you dispose of."

Toward night we saw her pounding something in an old mortar; and just at dusk she went alone into the sheep pasture. She had, although we did not know it at the time, pounded up two glass bottles, and with the powder she "doctored" the remains of the sheep and the lamb last killed. The next day we discovered that the carcass of the sheep had been taken away, and on the following day tiding came that McFadden's two suspected dogs had expired, and were supposed to have been poisoned.

Now, if we had been wise we should have remained quiet. A mere smattering of law, which was all we possessed, is dangerous knowledge for a man to act on, and is pretty sure to get him into trouble. We knew that we had a right to kill a dog attacking our flock, and that we could legally collect double damages from the dog's owner; and as we thought we had good evidence that these dogs were the transgressors, we went immediately to McFadden and demanded damages for the seven lambs and two sheep killed.

McFadden threatened us with his ax, and his wife, declaring that she would scald us, put the kettle on a hot fire. They were very angry over the loss of the two dogs, particularly of the woodchuck dog, which Mrs. McFadden feelingly asserted had kept the family in fresh meat all summer.

Instead of obtaining damages from McFadden for our sheep and lambs, he sued us for poisoning his two dogs; and, unfortunately for us, we had supplied him with all the evidence he needed. When at last the case came to trial we found the law far different from what we had supposed it to be. The following points came out:

First, the fact that these two dogs came up and ate of the dead sheep did not prove that they had killed the sheep.

Second, as Aunt Deborah was our hired housekeeper, we were as much responsible for her act as if we had done the deed ourselves.

Third, although we had a legal right to kill dogs molesting our sheep, we had no right to poison them; and the proved fact of our having "laid out poison" for them subjected us to a fine of \$50, and also to payment for the dogs, which were to be worth \$5 each.

Fourth, glass, although not poison in its ordinary form, was held to be poison to all intents and purposes when pounded to a powder and put into meat for dogs to eat.

Finally, as we went home from the trial, the victorious McFadden drove behind us and reviled us.

Our own mortification was slight, however, compared with that of Aunt Deb, when the results of her dog physic were made known to her. I really thought for a time she would fall sick of her indignation, and we

had some difficulty in preventing her from visiting the McFaddens in person. Aunt Deb's exploit cost us exactly \$100, in fines, price of dogs and costs, but our lambs were not molested again that season. That was our one crumb of comfort, for there remained not the slightest doubt that the two poisoned dogs were the offenders.

The fine for poisoning was for exposing poison which other animals, or possibly human beings, might partake of, rather than as a punishment for this particular mode of killing dogs.

In law it is a far less criminal offense to poison a dog than to poison a sheep, a cow or a horse. For horse-poisoning, indeed, the culprit, in Massachusetts, may be sent to prison for five years, and in Maine for four years.

In the next summer the sheep of another neighbor named Fotherly came into our field, where potatoes and peas were planted. They partook heartily of the green peas, and not only of them, but of Paris green, which had been sprinkled on the potatoes to kill potato bugs. Two or three of the sheep died; and mindful of the McFadden triumph, this ill-disposed neighbor prosecuted us promptly for exposing poison, and declared that he would "land" us in Thomaston jail for it.

But this case went against Neighbor Fotherly. In addition to the costs, he had to settle with us for the peas at our own figures, and also to pay damages for a malicious prosecution, because of his threatening publicly before trial what he would do with us.

He suffered to the amount of \$150, for in this case it was held that the poison was lawfully used. So it is a very nice question when a man may lawfully expose poison. If those sheep had come into the field through the least neglect on our part, the result might have been more agreeable to Fotherly.

The year following our sad legal contest with McFadden lambs disappeared mysteriously week after week from our pasture. At first we suspected human thieves, as no trace of wool or bones could be discovered; but a boy whom we had employed to watch reported that a large brown and white foxhound had leaped the wall, seized a lamb and jumped out with it, all in less than half a minute. He identified the hound as the property of one Clucker, a poor neighbor living half a mile away.

The hound was the mother of five puppies, and could obtain nothing, or next to nothing, to eat at home. It was doubtless a case of dire necessity on her part; and our hired boy, who frequently visited the family, affirmed that the Cluckers shared the lambs which the hound captured.

My partner posted himself behind the pasture fence with a gun loaded with buckshot, but on the following afternoon the hound entered the pasture and caught a lamb before Ward could get near enough to shoot. Jumping the wall, the hound ran for home, half dragging, half carrying the struggling lamb.

Ward gave chase, but was unable to come near the hound until it gained its master's dooryard, where it turned and faced him, growling savagely. Ward fired and the hound fell, just as its master opened the door and raised an expostulating hand to prevent the shot.

It is evident that in the excitement of the moment my partner had made a rather free use of his gun, but he had in mind the words of the law: "Any person may lawfully kill him whenever and wherever found."

Clucker, the owner of the dog, incited by McFadden and Fotherly, took legal advice and began suit to recover damages for the unlawful killing of his foxhound, which he professed to value at \$50.

A most stormy trial followed; and in the decision Ward was held to be in fault in shooting the hound after its owner had raised his hand to forbid it; and there was a grave doubt expressed as to whether he had not laid himself liable for unlawfully entering Clucker's premises with a gun, in pursuit of the hound.

In the end we paid \$25 for the foxhound; but by a rather curious legal offset, damages to about that amount were allowed us for the lambs killed by the hound. The costs of the suit fell on us. The court shrewdly looked out for itself as to that, Clucker being utterly impetuous.

The conclusion which we arrived at, after the above litigation, is that peremptory as the law seems to be against dogs, the killing of one is liable to prove a costly bit of vengeance.

If a neighbor's dog throttles our

lambs, we deem it far safer to shoot him on our own premises than off them, and positively unsafe to shoot him on his master's premises. The safest method of all is to catch him in a trap at the scene of his depredations, then summon his master, and at the same time invite one or more disinterested parties to see and hear what takes place.

In the State of Massachusetts, and I believe one or two other States where dogs are licensed and taxed, the "dog law" provides that any farmer meeting with losses from dogs may file a claim, with proofs of loss, at the assessor's office, and be paid the amount of his loss out of the town treasury. Or, if he chooses, he may bring an action against the owner of the dog and recover double, and in some cases threefold, damages; but he cannot adopt both methods. In Maine and most other States, however, the sufferer must bring the owner of the dog to terms, if he can; he has no other mode of redress.

In cases where two, three or four dogs, belonging to different parties, went off by night or day on a joint foray into a flock of sheep, it has been held that each dog's owner was responsible only for what his own dog killed or maimed, if anybody could find that out; otherwise all were liable.—Youth's Companion.

SOME PUZZLES.

A Few Problems in Improbabilities Which Will Amuse.

James has two apples and Henry has three, and they agree to divide so that each will have an even number. How do they do it? James being the bigger, simply "hogs on" to the third apple and puts it down his hind pocket and tells Henry to holler all he pleases.

On his way home with a jug containing two quarts of N. O. molasses John meets Henry, William, Frank and Peter and gives them all a "swig." How much did he have left when he entered the house, and what occasioned his yells five minutes later?

Henry has seven marbles and Joseph has sixteen, and at the end of a game Henry has twenty-four marbles and Joseph has had his hair pulled and received a bang in the eye. There is nothing to figure out here, as every boy knows how it is done.

Lucy is crossing the park on her way to school with a large, red apple in either hand, when seven boys catch sight of her. How many times will two large, red apples go into seven boys, and how long did Lucy cry over it?

A father who has three sons wishes to give them all a licking, but having to hurry off to a ward caucus that evening he takes Samuel out into the woodshed and gives him thirty-six cuts with the whip. If equally divided, how many would each boy have received?

Helen is presented with a box of candy containing fifty pieces for being a very good girl, and Bob gets thirty-two whacks with the bootjack for throwing at the cat. How long did it take Bob, after being licked, to get hold of that box of candy and lay it to the parrot?

A boy out after chestnuts meets a bear and climbs a tree. While he is climbing five feet, the bear climbs four. At this rate how long will it take the bear to overhaul him and how high do you make the tree to be?—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Alligator's Long Fast.

B. M. Lingle has an alligator that he took to Paoli, Ind., from Florida in 1899, and which hibernates for many days at a time without food. When he procured the animal from the Southern waters it was one and a half years old, and the thermometer registered ninety degrees. When he arrived at Paoli with it the temperature stood twenty degrees below zero, but it survived the sudden change, and was soon acclimated. On about the 15th of September of each year the animal refuses to eat anything and continues its fast for several weeks. In the winter of 1899-'00 it went fourteen weeks without eating. In the winter of 1900-'01, twenty-eight weeks; in 1901-'02, thirty-two weeks; and in 1902-'03, thirty-three weeks, and up to this date has not had a particle of food for over eighteen weeks. The animal when brought here was about fifteen inches in length, but is now three feet long. It comes out of its winter's fast with a brisk and lively disposition, and is then willing to devour large quantities of meat and other food.—Indianapolis News.

THE DAY OF THE AUCTION SALE

The farmer-folk come over the hill,
And up from the neighboring vale
To bid and bargain for and buy
The last of my goods for sale!
The posters out on the counter-side
Said: "Everything must go!"
But I'll have to turn my eyes away
From one poor bid, I know.

One cheap little bid of a mother young
Who lives a mile to the west;
She has come to bid my cradle in
For the babe upon her breast—
The cradle bought for a mother-ride
And a babe of love's first dawn—
I'll have to turn my eyes when I hear
That "Going—goin',—gone!"

I remember how the song of the lark
In the sky came trembling down
The morning I brought the little crib
In my wagon out from town!
The daisies curtsied along the road
And the thrushes took a peep—
I know they guessed that the tiny bed
Was a nest for a baby's sleep!

And while the larks and the thrushes piped
In the morning diamond-dewed,
The mother sang by her downy nest
And the baby crowded and cooed;
Till the baby's fancy passed away
One night on a starry gleam,
And the mother followed him, to hear
The end of his little dream!

What need of a house and cradle now?
What need of a nest for me?
The silence is my only mate,
And my babe is memory!
I give the crib to the mother young
With the babe on her breast at play—
But I'll have to turn my eyes, I know,
When she carries it away!
—Aloysius Coll, in the Housekeeper.



When a "Constant Reader" writes to ask whether he should eat with a knife or a fork, you can't help thinking of the damage he must have previously done with his claws.

Youth wants to write his name up high
Fame's golden scroll to deck;
But age is glad to write upon
The bottom of a check.

—Judge.

"You say you have shed real tears in your acting?" "Not exactly," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes; "but I have been tempted to when I saw the box office statements."—Washington Star.

"Larry, you've heard of this talk about 'race suicide'! What do you think about it?" "Well, sor, I think the babies that oughtn't to be born are born the ofttest, begobs!"—Chicago Tribune.

"What would you do," said the nervous person, "if a fire were to break out in your apartment house?" "I'd go right downstairs and thank the janitor," answers the man who is always dissatisfied.—Washington Star.

"What's the matter with your book, Scribner? It was to have come out a month ago." "I know; but it didn't fit the pictures that the illustrators drew for it, so, of course, I had to rewrite a good part of it."—Judge.

This life is all a struggle
Against the weather's rule,
It's keeping warm in winter,
And in summer keeping cool.
—Washington Star.

Mrs. Honeymoon—"Do you love me?" Old Man (confidentially, from other seat, to bridegroom)—"She's asked you forty-seven times already. I get out here, but I'll leave the score with this gentleman by the window."—The Wanderer.

Miss Dora (to Major Putter, who is playing an important match, and has just lost his ball)—"Oh, Major, do come and take your horrid ball away from my little dog. He won't let me touch it, and I know he must be ruining his teeth!"—Punch.

Whirling Sand Pillars.

Travelers in the celebrated Death Valley of California have described the wonderful contortions of the sand pillars that small whirlwinds sometimes send spinning across the hot plain. Even more remarkable are the "dust devils" seen by Mr. H. F. Witherby, the English explorer, in the valley of the White Nile. Sometimes two or three whirling columns, gyrating in opposite directions, meet, and if they be well matched the collision stops them and a struggle ensues as to which way they shall twist. Gradually one gains the mastery, and the two begin to gyrate alike, and then rush on together. Some of these whirled will strip the clothes from an Arab's back, or twist a goat round and round like a top.