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TALE OF A MARTYR.

Miss Sophronia Jennie Moddie studied hygienic twaddle. Till she got it in her noodle. That she couldn't live on food— And she used to sit and ponder On the happy Over-Yonder Where the hosts angelic wander, And on such things she would brood.

Nothing not by art digested Miss Sophronia molested. And she got herself infested With the cerealitis fad. Till the little w's created In her skull evaporated. And her common sense was slated To go slumping to the bad.

She ate hay and wheat and barley. She chewed soap-nuts small and gnarly. With a steak she ne'er would parley, Nor with solid stuff like that; But she stuck with grim persistence To her predigest existence, And she fought with firm resistance All temptation to get fat.

So in course of time she grew to Be a part of what she's chew to— Ready Oats she ate at 2.02 And Aseptic bran at 4; At just 5 she'd eat her dinner Of Dust-Corn (that was a winner!). As she kept on growing thinner She asepticized the more!

Well, this tale must have an ending. And it is no use pretending That the end we are intending Is a triumph, for it ain't; Miss Sophronia Jennie Moddie, With her hygienic twaddle, Through eternity will toddle As a predigested saint.

—Baltimore News.

The Man of Resources

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS

IN the summer of 1867," said Kelly, the post trader, "I started out to take a consignment of goods to the Black Hills country, where most of the blanket Indians were supposed to be gathered. I set out about the middle of August with a string of packhorses and two men—Bat Lamoure, my driver, and Little Chief, to act as guide and interpreter to the Cheyennes and Gros Ventres. I could then speak Sioux very well, but Little Chief could talk in seven wholly different Indian tongues; without him such an expedition could hardly have been undertaken.

"We jogged across to the Little Missouri, and followed that stream nearly to its head without meeting Indians. Then we crossed over to the Belle Fourche, and followed that past the pine hills. There were no buffaloes except stragglers, stray bunches of old bulls that had been left behind in the march of south-going herds.

"When we had reached a creek called Medicine Dance, Little Chief announced that the Ogallalas and their allies had all gone south after the buffalo. He said the Ogallalas, or a good part of them, had wintered on this creek the year before, and had raised a crop of vegetables at their village during the summer. They had gone, and if they had intended to return would not have moved their village and taken all their horses out of the country.

"It was too late in the season to turn north to the Blackfoot country, so there was nothing we could do but graze our stock and hunt and rest for a time.

"Then one morning a party of Indians appeared. There were fifteen or twenty of them, a wild lot of fellows mounted on swift horses, who circled about our camp, riding like the wind, and then shook their blankets at us in token that they wanted to talk.

"Little Chief made signs to them to come on, and they approached cautiously. They proved to be mountain Crows—and half of them had never seen a white man before.

"They had nothing to trade. They were all armed with bows and arrows, and the only sign of civilized life in their outfitings was a few old-woolen blankets.

"My interpreter was acquainted with the river Crows of the Yellowstone, and after their curiosity was a little satisfied, he talked with these fellows in their tongue. He could get but little out of them, but they promised to return to their buffalo camp and bring in some peltries in a day or two.

"When we had seen the last of them, I was quite ready to pack up and pull out for the Missouri, for I knew that our visitors belonged to the wildest tribe then in all the Northwest, and that the Sioux regarded them as the most expert and inveterate thieves in existence.

"However, when I proposed that we get out of the country, Little Chief counseled delay. He said that we

might be sure these wild Crows were watching us keenly, and that if we should display any signs of fear or uneasiness they would the sooner attack us. So I listened to his Indian wisdom, whether for the best or not I've never been able to guess.

"For two or three days we kept an eye out for the Crows and closely herded our stock at night. Then, seeing no further sign of our visitors, we concluded that they had returned to their villages, which must have been two or three hundred miles distant.

"We had packed all our wares and new skins," with the intention to pull out at sunrise in the morning. Just before daybreak the Crows came. Bat was supposed to be night-herding, but he was probably asleep on the prairie when the drums and yells sounded.

"The rascals slipped up on us quietly, having shod their ponies with buffalo moccasins, fur side out, and they were right on top of us when they drummed us out of blankets. We jumped to our feet and worked our Spencer repeaters with all possible speed, while a yelling mob rode over and round us.

"Owing to the darkness, we came off without a scratch; but when the stampede had rolled out of harm's way we stood there, three men on foot, with a stock of trader's goods on hand, five hundred miles from the Missouri. And worse still, when daylight came, we found ourselves surrounded by a war party of thirty-five or forty Crows.

"The rascals were lined up on the prairie on two sides, and when we stood up on the creek bank, they yelled all manner of threats at us. There was no doubt of their intentions. They were after our goods and guns, and incidentally our scalps. I had brought four Spencer rifles for myself and men, and the Crows were armed only with bows and arrows and a few old muzzle-loading guns.

"We held a little council of war, and finally decided to make some bull-boats for our goods and take up our march as quickly as possible down the creek. There had been rains on the mountains, and there was water enough in the Medicine Dance to float the wide-bottomed skin tubs of the Sioux.

"While I watched the Crows Little Chief and Bat fell to work cutting willows and making frames for the boats. As they had some half-tanned bull pelts and plenty of thongs, there was no difficulty in building the craft. In an hour they had their first bull-boat loaded.

"By mid-afternoon we had our supplies afloat—five boats lightly loaded and tied together. Then we took up our march, Bat cordelling the boats, and Little Chief and I walking on either bank of the creek. There was but little timber along this stream—only patches of willows. There was no covert that we couldn't have driven the Crows out of in a few minutes, so we did not fear an ambush.

"We believed that, at least until help came, they would attack us only under cover of night, and so we pushed ahead as fast as Bat could pull the boats. When beaver dams lay across

the channel, either Little Chief or myself would help lift the tubs over. Our progress was discouragingly slow. The Crows followed us leisurely, quite like an escort of cavalry.

"At night we camped where the banks of the creek were bare of vegetation, but offered pits where we could command the level flats on both sides.

"A little after midnight we were attacked. The Crows came with a rush, and for a moment I thought we were done for; but our sharp fire and good cover discouraged them, and they clattered away. Our shots knocked over two ponies, but if any of their men were hit at this time they succeeded in concealing the fact.

"In the morning we took up our march again, with the Crows following like two flocks of buzzards.

"Toward noon they rode on ahead, and about three-fourths of them dismounted and took possession of the creek channel. But we had plenty of ammunition, and we bombarded every turn of the banks and every bit of willow or timber cover, and so drove them out. We wounded one Indian in this fight.

"That night the Crows camped as near to us as they dared, and danced and pounded their tom-toms all night. They hoped to keep us awake and wear us out, I suppose. But we took turns on guard, and slept just the same.

"The next day we had two sharp skirmishes in the creek channel, and in the last we disabled three Crows. This fight had encouraged us greatly, but immediately afterward the hostiles sent a runner to the west.

"Bat and the interpreter now thought that our only chance of escape was to crawl away from our camp in the night, each man for himself, and find hill cover.

"I knew my helpers counseled wisely, but I hung out for another day or two of bull-boating, and they agreed to stay with me. I think Little Chief was persuaded by the prospect of knocking over more Crows with his rifle, which I now gave him as a present. He was a keen fighter and a brave man.

"That afternoon our progress was very slow and cautious, for timber had thickened along the stream, and we had to feel our way through the groves, promptly shooting at every flutter of a leaf that could excite suspicion.

"Toward night we passed an abandoned village site, where wild pumpkins were growing. Some were ripe and of great size, and Bat put two or three of them into his bull-boat, to make a change from our meat diet.

"That night we camped within a shelter of natural rifle-pits, made by a short curve just below a short curve of the creek just below a grove of young ash. We kept close to this timber, so that we could take to it quickly if attacked by the Crows, and a deep, dry ditch protected our position perfectly from a horseback rush out of the woods.

"We had one of the pumpkins for supper, and while Bat was cutting it up an idea came into my head. When we had finished the meal it was dark, and I asked Little Chief to find the Crow camp for me.

"While he was gone I made a Jack-o'-lantern of the shell of the biggest pumpkin. Then I shaved the end of a dry ash pole to a broom head, and filled the splints with elk tallow melted by a fire brand. I put the smooth end of my pole through the top of my Jack-o'-lantern and through a hole in the bottom till I could fasten it with the shavings torch inside. I then tied a crosspiece to represent outspread arms, and was ready for my trial.

"Bat watched my work curiously, and though I said nothing, he understood my purpose.

"'Huh,' he said, finally, 'me, I have seen one those—not lak these one—just one leetle head. I think these weel scare those wif' Ingin some eef you geet close 'nough.'

"When Little Chief came in he said the Crow camp was about a gunshot above the grove, and that there were two scouts on horseback on the prairie below us, and how many more on the watch he could not say. When I showed him my Jack-o'-lantern, he looked at it long and earnestly, evidently regarding it as a fetish of some kind. 'Huh,' he said, 'My brother has made a medicine!'

"I then told him and Bat to stay by the goods at all hazards, took my gun, the Jack-o'-lantern and two blankets, and left them. I went directly to the mouth of the dry ditch. This was fifteen or twenty feet deep and ran into the creek parallel with a curve or loop on which the Crows were camped.

"I felt my way cautiously up this until I could actually hear the Crows talking at their camp, and also the sound of ponies grazing close at hand. So far I had found my path clear. It was neck or nothing with me now.

"I hung two blankets on the arms, and lighted the torch of my pumpkin-head. Grasping the pole so as to draw the blankets about my face, yet leaving the eyes uncovered, I scrambled up a steep bank of the ditch. Before my feet touched the level I heard picketed ponies running the length of their ropes and shorting with fright. Some of them pulled their pins and scampered off, and then yells from the Indians' camp and a wild rout of confusion followed.

"With my grinning fire-face turned upon them, with flame and smoke for a scalp-lock, I bore down on the camp, walking steadily, as if intending to eat up everything in the way.

"The Crows' camp was cleared almost as quickly as if a cyclone had passed over it. In every direction I saw the Indians run for their horses, and when they got to them they simply took themselves out of that country as if a cavalry troop were after them.

"The next morning we picked up nine ponies which they had left behind. Six of these were our own, and so we had no trouble in getting back to the Missouri with our freight.—Youth's Companion.

BRE'R RABBIT AND EASTER

How the Hare Became Associated With the Paschal Season.

The origin of the American Easter bunny or rabbit was the European hare, but the hare is so scarce with us, and so little known that it was changed to our more familiar rabbit. Probably, this is due to the confectioners, who adopted them first and used them most, as they are not usually experts in natural history.

Tradition has it that the connection of the hare and Easter springs from the moon. Inasmuch as the date of Easter waits on the moon, it may be termed a lunar season, and from the earliest time the hare has been a symbol of the moon for several reasons. A few of the many may be given. First, the hare is a nocturnal animal, coming out at night to feed, then, superstition considered both hare and moon able to change their sex, the new moon was masculine and the waning one feminine. Pliny, Archelaus, Beaumont and Fletcher and others mention the thought of the change of sex in the hare. Again, the young of the hare first see the light with open eyes, and as the Egyptian name of the hare was "un," meaning open, or periodical, and the moon was the open-eyed watcher of the skies at night, the hare easily came to be considered as typifying periodicity both human and lunar, and thus it was only a step to the opening of the year at Easter and the breaking of the paschal eggs to show the opening of the year.

The hare myth is one of the most prominent among English popular. Easter customs, being perpetuated in almost every part of the world by innumerable customs, for the most part each one purely local. Yet, while these different practices are much diversified, their foundation is universally the hare.

Among the people of Germany the Easter hare is almost as important a part of their nursery lore as their kindly St. Nicholas. The white hare, that steals in at night to fill the nests of good children with eggs, is just as firmly believed in and eagerly expected by the "kinderleins" as Kris Kringle. They go to bed with the chickens in expectation of his visit, but to sleep, oh, no. Then up at dawn to search for what he has left.

In America the hare, or rabbit, figures most conspicuously at the confectioner's, where he may be found of all sizes and kinds, wheeling his barrow full of eggs, or drawing one large enough to be a triumphal chariot.

Plate Glass Window a Curiosity.

Every day, at 63 San Francisco street, a crowd of people can be seen inspecting a new wonder in Porto Rico. The attraction is nothing less than a real full sized plate glass window, such as is seen in show windows in the stores in the United States. It is the only one in Porto Rico. There are a half dozen glass windows in this city, mostly on San Francisco street, but none except this new one is a full sized plate glass window.—San Juan News.

DISHEARTENED.

Oh, Russia's sending notes with words that end in "off" and "vitch," And Japan is very prompt with its replies. There's the prospect of a mix-up where you can't tell which is which; There are war clouds in the Asiatic skies. And the quaint Korean muses with a melancholy mien, And feels much like a mouse that's in a trap.

He murmurs as he contemplates the Oriental scene: "I wonder what will happen to the map?"

And in the Western Hemisphere the silent schoolboy sits And scans his book with an expression grim;

He's thinking of the skating rink or fishing or base hits— Geography displays no joys for him. And when he's learned his lesson, and he hears of Goings strange, He is a most discouraged little chap; He says: "Why should I study, when the answers always change? They are always doing something to the map!"

—Washington Star.



A man may be perfectly square and move in the best circles.—Philadelphia Record.

Niblick—"Do you understand golf?" Fozzle—"Yes, but I don't speak it."—Boston Transcript.

'07—"Going over to mem. to feed your face?" '06—"No, to face my feed."—Harvard Lampoon.

"It's cruel of you to snub him. He's a good sort, if he is a rough diamond." "That's the reason he needs cutting."—Judge.

"Have you asked papa?" "Yes, I telephoned him. He said he didn't know who I was, but it was all right."—Life.

"Foreigner, hey? By gravy, you talk our language like a native!" "Pardon me, I hope not."—Chicago Tribune.

Gingham—"Do you consider Dr. Seton a skilful physician?" Butcher—"None better in town. Pays his bills regular."—Boston Transcript.

Jimson—"The horrors of ware are certainly unspeakable." Simpson—"And the names of the naval commanders are equally unpronounceable."—Judge.

Wills of millionaires remind us. We can make our deaths exciting; And, despairing, leave behind us All our wives' relations fighting. —Bertrand Shadwell, in Life.

He—"Yes, my father could carry a tune with the best of them." She—"Heavens! You don't mean to say he was an organ grinder!"—Chicago Daily News.

"With your daughter as my wife, sir, I can conquer the world." "But that isn't the question. Can you make money enough to keep yourself in clothes?"—Life.

Nell—"She said she had to marry him to get rid of him." Belle—"And how did it work?" Nell—"Splendidly. You see, he belongs to six clubs."—Philadelphia Record.

"Do you regard dollar wheat as a sign of prosperity?" "Not out our way," answered Farmer Courtosel. "It's just a sign that we haven't any A fishy old fisher named Fischer Fished fish from the edge of a fissure; A cod, with a grin, Pulled the fisherman in— Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer. —Cincinnati Tribune.

De Auber—"I painted a striking portrait of Sluggen, the pugilist, but he doesn't seem to like it." Brusherton—"Why not?" De Auber—"He wanted a speaking likeness."—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Newrich (in art store)—"I'd take this picture, but some person has been scribbling on it." Salesman—"But, uadam, this is the artist's signature." Mrs. Newrich—"Well, he's got his nerve. Still, I guess you could scratch it out, couldn't you?"—Puck.

Technical Schools in Germany. Of the total of 3610 students in the German technical schools for the year 1902 no less than 1359, or 37.6 per cent., were foreigners. This is a very heavy percentage of foreigners, and surpasses the percentage at the technical universities, which generally ranges from ten to thirty per cent. At the Mining High School at Freiberg, the number of foreigners is still greater; in 1901 there were 280 foreigners to 186 Germans.—Scientific American.