

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, FEBRUARY 17, 1905.

NO. 48.

THE FOOLISH FOLK.

Between life's gates of mystery
Through solemn men and wise,
With scales to weigh the things that be,
To sift, reject and prize;
Long bowed beneath their wisdom's yoke
They ponder as it meet;
But we, we be the foolish folk
Who know the world is sweet.

Scholar and sage and fearful priest
They trudge a dismal quest,
And marvel if the great be least
Or if the least be best;
Weighs each the worth of prince or hind
'Neath cowl and cap and hood;
But we, we be the foolish kind
Who know the world is good.

Within the dust of yesterdays
Their gaunt hands dig and stir;
They ponder on to-morrow's ways
And guess, distrust, and aver;
Yesterday's fault, to-morrow's sin
Their withered lips repeat;
But we, we be the foolish kind
Who know to-day is sweet.

Oh, wise men of the sombre heart,
We be of little worth,
Who play our useless games apart
And take our joy of earth;
God's mirth when this His world awoke
Ye have not understood—
We only heard, we foolish folk
Who know that life is good.
—Theodosia Garrison, in the Smart Set.

A MIX-UP WITH CUPID.

How the God of Love Worked in Disguise.

BY BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR.

"EAR huntin' don't always turn out just the way you've got it figured," volunteered Jack Gordon from his perch on the top rail of the horse corral. "Sometimes you hunt the bear, and sometimes the bear hunts you—and once in a while extraneous circumstances, as the Professor calls 'em, hops in and mixes things up in good shape."

Jack deftly twisted paper and tobacco into a brown cylinder; the touch of a match sent blue spirals of smoke curling up above his head. He leaned back against a post and breathed a deep sigh of content.

Across the bottom of the canon a cozy cabin nestled close under the brown earth wall that slanted back toward the hills. Snowy lace curtains and pots of green leaved, flowering things in the windows proclaimed a feminine presence. At one end of the cabin a brown bear paced ceaselessly to and fro with the stealthy, noiseless tread of his kind.

"Why is it," I queried, plaintively, "that when I ask you anything about that bear you always appear to be struggling with some strong emotion? And yesterday, when I remarked to Tony that 'Cupid' was a rather peculiar name for a creature as ungainly as a bear, he got as red in the face as a turkey gobbler. What's the joke?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Jack, "and you can judge for yourself. Last spring they had a big horse round-up along the river here. Three or four outfits thrown in together and ran a wagon for about a month. There was lots of stray horses in this country then, and one or two outfits in the Judith basin sent men down to ride with us. Tony was workin' for the D-cross, and they sent him down because he was familiar with this country."

"There was quite a bunch of us—fourteen riders, I guess. The Professor was runnin' the layout, and the way we got over the country wasn't slow. One day we moved down and camped on the mouth of the Musselshell; there was a little bunch of wild horses running on the river ten miles or so below there that the Professor wanted mighty bad. So next morning he tells Tony and me to mount our ridge runners, for he wanted us to ride the river bottom and get that bunch of broom-tails."

"You never was on a round-up with the Professor was you, Kid? Don't ever go! Life ain't worth livin' then. He forgets about bugs and beetles and rock formations long enough to send you out on herd or on circle, and then goes to meditatatin' about things that would give a Powder River horse wrangler the lockjaw to talk about. Petrified things—trees, and fish and shells—which is common as dirt in this country, has a horrible fascination for him. Once he sent Bud Wilkes and me to hold a herd, and then clean forgot us till it was time to set the night guard. We come in pretty hostile, but when the Professor fixed his mild gray eyes on us kind o' reproachful, we faded away, and looked around for a prairie dog hole that we could crawl into."

"That was his way, so we had to figure on getting those horses without any help from him. After starting us out, he'd forget we was on the earth, and if we run our horses down and got afoot, we knew we'd have to walk to camp—which was against our religious principles, to say nothing of the way the rest of the crowd would roast us. "We poked along slow, keepin' an

eye open for horses. We'd rode along the ridges till we come to the lower edge of Sun-Dance Flat, where this particular bunch was supposed to be. As we was amblin' down the hill into the river bottom, I sees something pokin' around among the sagebrush, which grew like young trees along there. I could see it wasn't no horse and it didn't much resemble a cow. I was tryin' to figure out what it was before I said anything, when Tony—who's got an eye on him like an eagle—blurts out, 'A bear, b'gosh!'"

"And it was, sure enough; a big brown cuss, nosin' around in the brush like he'd lost something. We loped down toward him, Tony cussin' considerable as we went along."

"I might a-knowed," he growled, "that if I strayed down into this God-forsaken country without a gun I'd meet some varmint that needed killin'. Ain't even got a pistol—and I don't suppose there's a sheep camp within ten miles where we could get one."

"Tony seemed to be real distressed about it. He looked as sorrowful as a cow puncher caught in a storm on day-herd with his slicker in the bed wagon. I tried to cheer him up, but it wasn't any use; he seemed to have a grudge against that bear right from the start."

"We went on till we got right close to him, and he didn't pay any more attention to us than if we'd been a couple of jack rabbits out for a mornin' stroll. Pretty soon Tony pulled up and started to unbuckle his rope strap. "What in thunder you going to do now? I asks. I knew well enough, but it seemed like a fool thing to try."

"I'm going to take a fall out of that coyote-faced son of a reptile if it's the last thing I do on earth," he snaps. "Are you game? A bear ain't got no business prowlin' around this country so bold, nohow. I'm going to tie onto him for luck."

"You'll raise Cain with him—I don't think," I says.

"He looked at me like I'd insulted him, so I didn't say no more. Only I thought to myself, 'Old boy, there'll be something doing around here when you do get your rope on him.'"

"You see, I hadn't figured on doing any fancy work with a rope when we started out that mornin'. I'd piked me a horse that could go out and hit the trail with the best of them; but he wouldn't stand for any rope work. I guess he thought it was degradin' to be made a snubbin' post of. He was a flea-bitten gray, with a Roman nose and big, bulgin' eyes. He had a way of humpin' his back and side steppin' when things didn't go to suit him. Once or twice he's used his influence to try and remove me, and the motions he made was such that all I could do was to pull leather and pray for the end to come quickly. He was sure a corker, and his name was Pop-Eye."

"Tony was ridin' a chunky little chestnut—a mild-eyed little beggar that paced along with his eyes half shut—but he was there with the goods, all right, all right, when it came to doing the tie-down act."

"Tony got his rope fixed and says to me: 'You ride around that way and attract his attention, and when he gets to watchin' you, I'll run in and rope him.'"

"So round I goes. Mr. Bear didn't take notice of me till I got around so that he was right between me and Tony. Then I lets a kiyi out of me, and he come alive. He looked up, and when I let another yell he started for the river, smashin' through the sagebrush like one of the Great Northern;

moguls buckin' a snowdrift; but Red swooped down on him like a hawk after a chicken. Tony got him first throw—you've seen him rope—and turned off sideways. The bear went to the end of the forty foot rope on a high run, and the jerk he got turned him head over heels. He hit the ground with a thump that should have knocked the life out of him, but it didn't, for he got to his feet a little the maddest bear you ever saw, and made for Tony. Twice old Red went to the end of the rope and put him down, and both times Brownie bounced to his feet lookin' for more.

"Tony began to think he was up against it, I guess. He'd thrown a little too big a loop and the bear had got a front foot in it, so he couldn't choke him like he aimed to do; he'd likewise tied his rope hard and fast—bein' from Texas, where such is the fashion—and couldn't turn him loose. They was sure connected up in good shape—red horse, white man, and brown bear all on one string."

"Finally Tony hollers to me: 'For God's sake, try and get your rope on him, Jack. He'll jerk Red down if he keeps up this lick, and it'll be all off with me them.'"

"All right," says I, "I'll try," and starts to take down my rope. Now, you know most all horses is scared to death of a bear. You can't get any ordinary horse near a bear if he's on the windy side, where he can get the scent. Red didn't seem to mind, but then he was an old rope horse, used to goin' up against all kinds of formations. But old Pop—he didn't have no more sense than the law allowed him, nohow—was sure stirred up. As I said before, he had a constitutional aversion to any monkey business with a rope, so when I took mine down, he concluded he had business further up the river, and started to go. I'd a big spade bit on him, though, and managed to persuade him that his business wasn't so extremely pressin'."

"I spurred him up as close to the bear as I could. Brownie was fightin' the rope, yankin' Tony's horse this way and that, clavin' up the earth, and raisin' quite a disturbance. His mouth was all bloody froth from bein' jerked down so much, and he had a savage look in his eye. After considerable dodgin' about, I run old Pop up pretty close to him. Brownie raised on his hind legs kind o' quick, and I let the rope fly and took my turns around the horn—there was no tyn' in mine, you bet! Old Pop-Eye went by him like a shot. If my rope had been a cable I guess it would 'a' broke—he hit the end of it at about a mile-a-minute gait. It snapped like a piece of twine, and one end whacked him across the rump like the flash of a four-horse whip."

"The things he did to me was a caution. I'd slacked the reins when I took my turns, and he'd got his head. The hoochee coochee and the Boneless Man's performance wasn't a circumstance to the motions he went through. Say, I was beat across the back with the cattle! The horn flew up and poked me in the solar plexus, hard! I was slammed around like a salt shaker that won't work. Finally my feet come out of the stirrups and I sailed through the atmosphere much the same graceful way a sack of potatoes does when you chuck it out of the mess wagon. Then the earth rose up sudden and put me out of business."

"When I came to I was lyin' in the shade of some cottonwoods, somethin' wet droppin' on my face. I was kind o' dazed at first, and then I remembered the bear. I looked up and Tony was standin' over me, jigglin' water out of a tin can on to my head. There was a girl standin' there, too, lookin' at me sort of anxious. I couldn't make it out at all."

"Where in blazes did she come from?" thinks I.

"Then I says to Tony, who'd quit sloppin' water on me when I opened my eyes: 'Well, what about it? How'd you make out with that bear?'"

"The girl giggled then, and Tony's face looked like you'd slapped it—it got so red."

"I sat up then and looked around. I thought I was dreamin'. Tony's horse and a couple of other cayuses—one of 'em with a side-saddle on—was standin' near. A little piece away—not more than fifty feet—was our bear, sittin' contentedly on his haunches watchin' us; a little kid about ten years old sprawled on the grass holdin' the end of Tony's rope, which was still around Brownie's neck."

"I began to ask questions then, and there was explanations till further orders. The girl's folks had settled on the lower end of Sun Dance that

spring. One day there comes a Dago down the river with a dancin' bear and a hand organ on a scow. He was headed for North Dakota, but his plans and his scow was both upset when he struck Sun-Dance."

"The rapids was too much for him. He and his bear got out, with the assistance of the girl's father and brothers, and the scow and the hand organ stayed in. Havin' lost part of his stock in trade he sold the bear to the girl's father and went overland; he didn't hanker to keep his hand organ company."

"The bear was a regular pet—just like a big overgrown dog. They used to let him run around most of the time, and once in a while he'd ramble off up the flat huntin' roots and berries. It was him we'd been havin' such a rip-roarin' time with; and that's him you see now, sashayin' around at the end of the house."

"Tony rounded up old Pop while I was recoverin', and then we hit the trail for camp. We told the Professor a little tale of woe about not findin' any horses, and how my horse got mean and fell with me—to account for me bein' skinned up so. It went all right at the time, but that little brother of her's—measly little cuss!—gave the whole deal away to one of the boys who strayed down that way a few days after. Maybe you think them horse jinglers didn't guy us! The roastin' we got was somethin' to be remembered."

"Tony took his horses home when round-up was over, and then come back and went to work for the Professor. He like to rode a good string of horses to death runnin' down to Sun-Dance; but he got the girl, all right, all right. She says she married him out of pure sympathy; he felt so blamed mean about ropin' a bear—a bear that was called Cupid at that!"

"It seems to me," I ventured to suggest, "that you deserved a little sympathy yourself."

"I did," Jack assented, mournfully, "but Tony—the son-of-a-gun!—he beat me to it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

HAS FONDNESS FOR SNAKES.

Little Pennsylvania Darkey a Fanzle to Naturalists.

Prof. H. A. Surface, State Economic Zoologist, has found the "Boy Snake Charmer of Harrisburg," according to a dispatch from the Pennsylvania City.

The other day Prof. Surface was engaged in sorting snakes for his new volume, "On the Snakes of Pennsylvania," when a little black face appeared in the doorway and a squeaky little voice asked:

"Is heah wheah de snak man lives?"

The professor thought a moment and then said that he was the man who was looking for snakes.

The little fellow beamed and asked the professor if he would let him see some of his snakes.

"Certainly," said the professor, and he went to his collection, where a lively rissing viper and a large black snake were coiled up. Both of these snakes are perfectly harmless, but the boy did not know it. He was delighted over the snakes and the squirming and twisting of their beautiful bodies seemed to charm him.

When Dr. Surface's attention was diverted to another part of the room the negro had reached into the box and took out the hissing viper, and followed this by lifting out the black snake, which coiled about him. He was fondling the snakes when Dr. Surface turned and the boy was apparently not a bit afraid.

The boy's name is James Dean and he is a familiar object on Harrisburg's streets, clad in a red sweater, short trousers and shoes that have seen better days. He wears neither hat nor stockings. At the meeting of the Harrisburg Naturalists' club, Dr. Surface took "Jimmy" Dean as an object lesson and the little fellow handled the snakes as if they had always been his playmates, much to the astonishment of the members of the club.

Wonders of Botany.

The wonders of botany are apparently inexhaustible. One of the most remarkable specimens is the Mexican maguay tree, which furnishes a needle and thread ready for use. At the tip of each dark green leaf is a slender thorn needle that must be carefully drawn from its sheath. At the same time it slowly unwinds the thread, a strong, smooth fiber attached to the needle and capable of being drawn out to a great length.

WHEN THE PETALS BEGIN TO FALL.

When the petals begin to fall,
When the curling edges fade and wither—
When the hue and fragrance go together—
Tell me, what is back of it all?
When the perfectness—the glory
Fades—and the wasting leaves that we
treasure;
That count for pain or that count for
pleasure—
Tell me then the rose queen's story.

"In the morning, passing me by,
In the noontide to see me die,
In the evening, with touch of tenderness,
Press and kiss me—proving my perfect-
ness."

This the rose queen's answering call,
When the petals begin to fall.
—George Herriot.



"Say, pa!" "Well, what?" "Why does that man in the band run the trombone down his throat?" "I suppose it is because he has a taste for music."—Town Topics.

"I'm afraid, Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, rather sadly, "that I shall never meet you in the better land." "Why? What have you been doin' now?"—Pick-Me-Up.

To be resigned to fate, 'tis true,
We'd feel less hesitation,
Were fate not almost certain to
Accept the resignation.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Church—"Science is a great thing. I see they have a method for changing the shape of a man's nose." Gotham—"Oh, well, a good, warm game of football could nearly always do that!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Tom—"So Miss Turner refused you, eh? Did she give any reason for doing so?" Jack—"Yes, indeed; two of them." Tom—"What were they?" Jack—"Myself and another fellow."—Superior (Wis.) Telegraph.

Hoax—"My wife went out to shop to-day and lost a pocketbook containing \$20." Joax—"Did she lose it going to the stores or coming back?" Hoax—"Going; I said there was money in it, didn't I?"—Philadelphia Record.

She was a medical student fair,
He was a fellow whose life was sped;
She looked him over and hummed a tune,
And then—well, then she just cut him
dead.
—Houston Post.

Johnny—"Pa, which is the index finger?" Pa—"The finger you point with—the forefinger. And I suppose the third finger of your mamma's left hand, the one which she wears her rings on, must be the table of contents finger."

First Hoho—"The woman at the house on the hill wanted to know when I took my last bath." Second Ditto—"You ought to have told her that although we had to beg our food, we hadn't got so low as to have to do our own washing."

Husband—"Do you know that every time a woman gets angry she adds a new wrinkle to her face?" Wife—"No; I did not; but if it is so I presume it is a wise provision of nature to let the world know what sort of a husband a woman has."—New Yorker.

"Skorcher must be getting weak-minded," said the first automobilist. "I haven't noticed it," replied the other. "Why, he told me he stopped his auto once yesterday because there was a pedestrian in his road." "But I believe the pedestrian had a gun."—Philadelphia Press.

Miss Passay—"She talks so outrageously. She told me I was nothing but a hopeless old maid." Miss Pepprey—"Whew!" Miss Passay—"Now, wasn't that unkind of her?" Miss Pepprey—"It certainly was rude. Still, it's better than having her tell lies about you."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Brown—"I say, old man, who's that very plain elderly lady you were walking with—now sitting here?" Smith (the impetuous, who married money)—"Oh, that's my wife." Brown—"Your wife! But (lowering his voice) she has only one eye, and so awful—I beg your pardon—but—" Smith (pleasantly)—"You needn't whisper, old man. She's deaf."—Punch.

Curious Fish.

The oldest inhabitants of the New York aquarium are the striped bass, which have been there for ten years, having been placed in one of the floor pools before the building was opened to the public. In May, 1894, fifty-five specimens, weighing from a quarter of a pound to four pounds, were secured, thirty-seven of which have survived. Most of those that were lost died in the first year, and in the last four years not one has died.