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SONG FROM AN UNFINISHED DREAM.

Hope, the great explorer,
Love, whom none can find,
Youth, that looks before her,
Age, that looks behind,
Joy, with a brow like summer's,
Care, with wintry pate,
Masquers are and nummers
At Life's gate.

Power, with narrow forehead,
Wealth, with niggard palm,
Wisdom old, whose hoar head
Vaunts a barren calm;
Haughty overcomers,
In their pomp and state;
Masquers all and nummers
At Death's gate!

—William Watson, in Saturday Review.

The PARIAH of GREYHORN

By G. W. CARVER.

ANDY considered it especially unjust that he should be confined in the heated and choking atmosphere of the loft on that particular morning. He had planned a fishing trip along the foamy brown stream under the alders; but no sooner had he finished milking the cows than his father had sent him to the barn loft with instructions to shift some of the hay from the untouched left mow to the depleted right.

A silly piece of work it seemed to Andy, a mere pretext to keep him from the brook; but he knew better than to discuss the matter with his father. A long, lank, red-haired man was Ellis Macomber. There was no smoke to his temper; just clear flame. And nothing was surer to rouse it than to grumble over one's work. The Macombers changed hired men frequently. The swallows rumbled in and out of the loft door. The sunlight smote the hay dust into golden life. Grip, Andy's dock-tailed mongrel, whined and panted mostly near the head of the stairs. The swallows and the whining and thoughts of happy, roving hired men filled Andy with muttonous fushes; but he was a Macomber twig, after all, although not fully inclined in the way his father meant him to grow. So, although the dust reddened his eyes and blisters bit into the palms of his hands and his arms ached with the eternal jab, heave and toss, he stuck silently to his job.

Presently he saw his father come rapidly round the corner of the chicken yard. He looked up grimly at his son. "Has the dog been with you all the morning?" he asked.

"Yes, since 6," said Andy.

"That's well—for him. Come along with me if you want to see a sore piece of work. Maybe it'll bring home to you the mischief of harboring a rascal cur."

They picked up Mert, the new hired man, on the way.

Ellis, Mert, Andy and Grip, the dog alert, snuffing the wind, yet keeping shrewdly in the background, crossed in Indian file the shaggy orchard, the wet meadow, where the bobolinks were singing, and ascended the sudden shoulder of the sheep hill pasture.

At the summit of the rise Macomber stopped and pointed toward a clump of feathery fingered little pines.

The two white bodies made a tragic patch on the bright, bare hillside. Their long, silky fibrous hair was blown about as if by the breath of fear, and dabbled with the stain so grimly vivid.

"Come back here, you brute!" said Macomber, sternly, as Grip crept forward, the wiry hackles rising on his neck. "You'd like to worrit 'em, too, I've no doubt."

"Not he," said Andy, spiritedly. "It's the scent of something besides blood that makes him act that way."

He went forward and bent over the dead sheep.

"No dog did it," he said. "Come and see for yourself." Under the long coats of the Merlins the flesh was slashed in deep, true furrows. The head of one was bent back at a sickening angle that showed the neck had been broken; but the throat, the invariable point of a sheep-killing dog's attack, was untouched.

"Bear!" announced the hired man, with excitement.

That a bear had done the mischief Macomber was at last compelled to believe. No dog of any breed known to him could have so mauled his victims.

The village soon learned that this was no chance raid. Four days later Judson Appleyard's flock was attacked and a fine ewe dragged into the woods, where they found a crow perched on her moist bones. It was at the Merton homestead that the murderer next appeared, and here he was seen in the high-handed assault. As old Grandad Merton described him, no bear had ever been quite so black or so huge before, and to cap the climax there was a slash of spectral white on his broad breast.

"When you see a bear marked that way," old Merton quavered, convincingly, "you can make certain he's a killer."

Science does not support old Merton's theory. Experience, as taught as that most bears are timid and clownish creatures, who seek a living along the line of least resistance; but through some hereditary taint or some unfortunate twist given his nature when young, the pariah of Greyhorn proved a most cunning and determined sheep-

like somber exclamation points. The vast uplift of rock had always seemed to Andy more mysterious and awe-inspiring than its wooded brothers. It was in its grimmest mood now, its tip shrouded in a gray sea of storm clouds.

Half an hour of scrambling up the low, broken ledges brought Andy to the rocky face he had marked the day before. A wide V-shaped fissure yawned at its base. The rubble before it was trodden into a sort of macadam. The dry, gray rib-bone of a lamb lay at one side, and Andy's sharp eyes detected some coarse black hairs clinging to the edges of the opening.

He cocked the rifle, and stooping somewhat, walked slowly into the fissure. It ran back straight and gradually increasing in dimensions for a surprising distance. In the half-darkness Andy made out several dim galleries leading into the main cave, but investigation convinced him that the bear had not passed through them.

Presently Grip, the silent, made a little, low gurgling in his throat. He brushed by Andy's legs and went gallantly to the front, mincing like a cat, but his long lower jaw worked, and two threads of saliva dripped from it.

Andy smelled the rank, stinging odor himself, and his heart beat more rapidly. He ordered Grip to heel in a stern whisper, and pulling a bit of candle from his pocket, lighted it with fingers that were not quite steady.

Holding his hat behind the flame and the rifle under one arm, he walked gently forward, until a deep, inquiring rumble satisfied him that he had gone far enough.

He moved the light, and it struck two green, steady sparks out of the darkness ahead. Then he placed it upon the floor, and stood with rifle ready and straining eyes. About the greenish dots he presently distinguished the outlines of a black, snarling face, and lower down a vague whitish mark.

The pariah glared at him with a grinning snarl, and then retreated softly round a sudden twist in the gallery.

"No going round there for me," thought Andy. "Old sly-boots might get me at uncomfortably close quarters."

He unwrapped the cotton from the wicked little dynamite cartridge and set it gingerly in a cleft in the rock floor. Then he held the candle to the snaky fuse. It ignited, and a tiny spark began to crawl spirally down the coil.

Catching Grip by the collar, Andy hurried back toward the entrance. The dog was reluctant to leave, and at times Andy had to drag him along by main force. Excited as he was, he paid no attention to his surroundings until all at once he brought up against a dead wall.

For the first time he noticed how absolutely dark was the place. Releasing Grip, he swept the wall with an anxious hand. He was in a cul-de-sac at the end of one of the smaller side galleries.

For a moment he hesitated, chilled by the thought of the small red spark crawling inexorably on its errand. Then, clutching Grip, he ran stumbling down the passage.

He came out into the main chamber, recognized it by its width, and turned to the right. The fuse had been cut to burn ten minutes. How much time he had wasted or how far away lay the entrance he could not tell.

It seemed any time, no time, since he had left the pariah's lair. Rocks that he had not noticed before rose maliciously in his path and sent him sprawling. The loose rubble slid like sand under his feet, and he caromed against the walls, cutting his hands and bruising his shoulders.

Then, with a great sigh, he felt the air sucked inward. The next instant it was belched forth with a shaking roar, and he was flung forward upon his face with a force that stunned him.

An anxious whine and the swab of a wet tongue convinced Andy that he was still alive. He got up feebly, half-choked by the gaseous and earthy air.

Leaning on Grip, he staggered forward and stumbled over the rifle. Apparently it had sustained no injury. He set the hammer at half-cock, and using the gun as a staff, soon reached the entrance.

He sat down on a flat rock and lifted his face to the cooling rain that fell in long, steely lines. Shaken and dizzy, he did not notice the pariah as he stuck his jank-muzzled, wavering head from the fissure, until Grip, scenting the wild-beast smell, sprang up with a furious challenge.

Andy stared at the pariah, too astonished by the bear's escape to think of shooting. Fortunately the pariah was not feeling very well. He was more dazed than Andy. With eyes half-closed and mouth open he swayed drunkenly and inhaled greedily the revivifying air.

It seemed like taking an unfair advantage of the great beast to kill him in his helpless state, but to spare him meant the death of many innocent, necessary sheep.

The range was too short to admit any inaccuracy of aim. The bullet passed directly to the brain, and the pariah sank down quietly, dead across his own threshold.—Youth's Companion.

Consul Liefeld reports 41,928 students in German universities.

For Children Home

THE LITTLE BROWN LEAF.
A little brown leaf, as it fell to the ground,
Sighed, "Now what good can I be?
My service is over, for summer has fled,
There's nothing to do but to cover my head
Under snow. Ah, poor little me!"

But it fell on a flower and kept it from frost.
The whole long winter through;
So that down on the ground, as way up on the tree,
The little leaf spent its life cheerfully,
Doing the best it could do.

—Little Thomas Elder, in Youth's Companion.

WHY THE HORSE WHINNIED.
Adelaide was tired of shopping. Stores are so large, and there are so few places where a girl can sit down to rest. If mother had been shopping in the toy department, it would have been different; but sheets and pillow cases are stupid, though necessary. So mother left Adelaide at father's office, while she went back to the shops and sheets and pillow cases.

Father is an editor, and he sits at his desk writing, writing, always writing. When Adelaide was younger, she supposed he was doing his writing lesson as she did twice a week; but now she knows that he writes down all that happens the world over, so that the printers may know what to print in the columns of the evening paper.

When one calls on father, one must sit very quietly by the window looking at pictures in papers and magazines or cutting them out for paper dolls. One must not interrupt father unless it is absolutely necessary—like a cut finger or a pin that hurts—and one must never, never fret, not even if it is a quarter of an hour past luncheon time.

This morning Adelaide seated herself

"O father," cried Adelaide, "he has been teasing for a year for the longest time, and I heard him; but I didn't know what he wanted, because I couldn't see him or the pears, either. You poor horse, how dreadful to have all that smell and not a single taste!"

"What would we better do about it?" asked father, smiling.

Adelaide considered.

"You know, father," she said, "that while you drink your little cup of coffee that is just like my doll's cups, I have a glass of milk and a banana or an orange or a peach."

Father remembered.

"Now, I think I will have a pear today, and if you would just as lief, I will have it now and give it to horse because he wants it so badly."

Father said he was feeling rather rich to-day and perhaps he might afford to treat both the horse and Adelaide to dessert. He bought two pears of the fruit seller—they were two for five cents—and Adelaide took one of them by the stem and held it up to the horse. He pushed out his lips as horses do and seized the fruit in them. While he ate it, he blinked at Adelaide in a contented fashion. After he had eaten the second pear and Adelaide and her father were walking on, he whinnied again, but this time the whinny said, "Thank you."

"Didn't he enjoy them?" said Adelaide.

"I guess, if you really feel rich enough to afford it, I will have a pear myself while you drink your doll's cup of coffee, instead of a banana or an orange or a peach."—Mary Alden Hopkins, in Congregationalist.

YOUNG ALFONSO A SCHOLAR.
Speaking of King Alfonso, it is said that his may rightfully be called the best educated head that lolls under the weight of a crown. He knows French, he knows Italian, German and English, and speaks his own language with



A MISTAKEN INTENTION.
He sent his photo to the maid—
It was a joke divine.
But that is why she threw him over—
She thought that he had meant it for
A comic valentine.
—Judge.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.
First Boy—"Pop's going to lead the simple life."
Second Boy—"What's he doing?"
"He's given away all his private cars to the poor people in the neighborhood."—Life.

TRUE.
"If you go any deeper," said the patient bald-headed man to the mosquito, "I'll smash you."
"If you do," sang the tormentor warningly, "your blood will be on your head."—Smart Set.

THE PROCRASTINATOR.
"Betty, why do you sit up at this late hour of the night darning your stockings?" said mother, sharply; "don't you know it's 12 o'clock?"
"Oh, yes," laughed Betty, "but it's never too late to mend!"—Detroit Free Press.

SEEMS TO BE TRUE.
Man—"A being of uncertain worth, the less he has, the more he owns the earth."
Woman—"A creature, a blessing, a sage, will stick to the truth till it comes to her age."—Staunton (Va.) Leader.

JUST ABOUT.
"Been to lunch?" asked the first St. Francis guest.
"No, to luncheon," replied the second St. Francis guest.
"What's the difference?"
"Oh, about \$4.85."—San Francisco Chronicle.

AN EXPERIMENT.
"A New York beauty doctor was arrested the other day."
"What for?"
"He seems to have doubted the old proverb that beauty is but skin deep, and removed the patient's skin in order to test it."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

UP TO HER.
Her Father—"Young man, my daughter tells me you kissed her last night."
Kidder—"Well, if she wants to go around bragging about it, it ain't any of my business."—Brooklyn Eagle.

AT THE SEASHORE.
"We don't hear much about the new woman these days, do we?" mused one of the veranda rockers.
"No," said the one next to her, "and we don't want to. What we are interested in just at present is 'new man'."—Detroit Free Press.

A BARGAIN.
"Well—Isn't she a peculiar girl? She wouldn't look at him when he was rich, but now, after he's lost all his money, she accepts him."
"Belle—Well, you know how crazy every woman is to get anything that's reduced."—Catholic Standard and Times.

VALUABLE CANINE.
"Henry," said Mrs. Peck, "Mr. Smith's dog came very near biting me this afternoon. I was awfully frightened, and it's up to you to do something about it."
"I will, my dear," replied Peck, "I'll see Smith the first thing in the morning, and if he doesn't ask too much for the dog I'll buy him."—Chicago News.

AT TIMES.
Musical Lady—"I have been told, professor, that I have a voice of great carrying power."
Erratic Professor—"Yes, I noticed that."
Lady—"Did you, really? When did you discover it?"
Professor—"The day you called me up over the long distance telephone."—Detroit Free Press.

PICTURE PUZZLE.



He that riseth late must trot all day and shall scarce overtake his business at night.—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

FIND AN EARLY RISER.

with the muckage bottle and the big desk shears and some lovely tissue paper rescued from the waste-basket, to make a dress for a lady doll cut out of a magazine. As she sat there working, she heard a horse whinny in the street below. Some whinnies mean, "Please, master, I'm tired of waiting here." Others are "How-d'you-do's" to passing horse acquaintances. Adelaide wondered what this one meant.

She colored the lady doll's eyes blue and her cheeks red with father's colored pencils. Then she heard the horse talking again. The window was so high and the sill so broad that she could not see down to the street below. She wished she knew what the horse wanted. All the time Adelaide was making the lady doll's gown—blue with a white yoke—that horse whinnied.

The dress was just finished—it was lovely!—when father laid down his work, got up from his chair, and asked: "How about luncheon?"

The nicest part of visiting father is going out to luncheon with him. One goes to a funny little restaurant where instead of pictures on the wall are framed signs reading, "Oysters," "Chicken Salad," "Coffee Rolls," and names of other delicious dishes. One sits at a little round table with father, and orders either from these sign-pictures or from the bill of fare, which is fine print and harder to read.

So when father laid down his work, got up from his chair and said, "What about luncheon?" Adelaide quickly laid down her work, slipped out of her chair and replied, "Oh, yes."

They went down in the elevator and through the large hall. As they reached the sidewalk, that same horse whinnied again; and this time Adelaide knew what he was talking about, for she could see him. Just out from under his nose a fruit vendor had set up a stand of pears, large and yellow and fragrant.

commendable precision. He never travels without a pocketful of Goethe, Schiller and the unfamiliar Grillparzer. Horace is his favorite classic, whose odes, many of them, he has set to pretty Spanish.

But this is not all. King Alfonso is fond of mathematics. He revels in logarithms. It is a matter of grave concern to him whether the line A B equals the line C D. History he is on the most intimate terms with, and it is said he can take up a pencil any day and draw.—Philadelphia Record.

Webster's Bill That Grew.

Daniel Webster was never noted for attention to detail in business matters. His well-known failings were often taken advantage of by unscrupulous creditors, who gave no receipts for paid bills, simply because they were not demanded. Webster was well aware of this, but it seemed to trouble him very little.

On one occasion a creditor presented a bill which seemed familiar, and Webster asked: "Isn't this bill pretty large?"

"I think not," replied the maker of it, confidently.

"Well," said Webster, handing over the money, "every time I have paid that bill it has seemed to me a trifle larger."—Boston Herald.

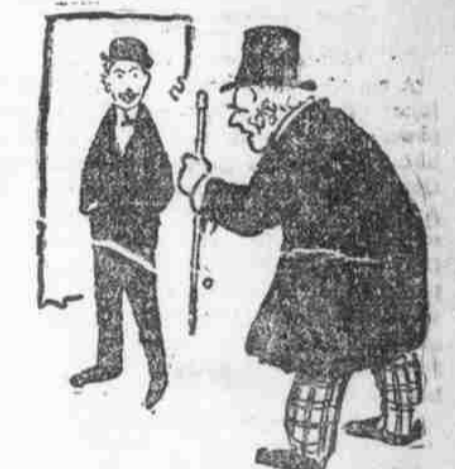
A Sassy Usher.

A Brooklyn young man took his best girl to church, and as he reached a partially empty pew he turned to the usher and asked:

"Do you suppose we could squeeze in here?"

"You might be able to," replied the usher, politely, "but I would advise you to wait until you get home."—New York Press.

Another attempt is to be made to bore the Rocky Mountain range west of Denver.



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