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## THE MAN THAT BLOWS HIS BUGLE.

The man that blows his bugle, you may not admire his style; You may claim he is conceited and condemn him all the while; You may term his method brazen or may even call it "brass," And the language that he uses you may designate as "gas." You may disapprove his manners as you pass them in review, For no gentleman would burrow to the deeds that he will do, But I think I ought to mention, for to me it's very clear, That the man that blows his bugle is the fellow that we hear.

I've known some men whose bugles made a cracked, discordant note, Somewhere between a peacock's yell and anthem of a goat, And the people who first heard it always seemed to shrink and quail, While they said, "Of course he's bugling, but he ought to be in jail." But these men kept blowing, blowing, till the anxious, hurried throng Said, "There must be merit in it or they wouldn't blow so long." So they sort of paused to listen to the discords that they made, And the men that blew their bugles won the game that they had played.

This world is not exceeding wise; we're not so very clear If it's a heavenly anthem or a discord that we hear, And so we listen vaguely to some bugle as it yeils In a doleful jubilate that its owner's glory tells; And many an artist's honored because his bugle blew, And many a poet's lauded for his self-laudation, too, Oh, I tell you o'er and o'er, for I've watched this earthly groove, That the man that blows his bugle is the fellow we approve.

Don't deem me pessimistic, for this thought in me has birth, That somewhere is a standard that will place us at our worth, Our human judgment ereth, and we're apt to judge a bird By the feathers that it wears, though we shouldn't, I have heard, And while this fact is still a fact we'll be inclined, I know, To "size" the bugler's merit by the vigor of his blow, And so I'm still insisting, for to me it's very clear, That the man that blows his bugle is the fellow that we hear.

—Alfred J. Whitehouse, in Sunset.

## The Adventure of "Lone Boy."

By FRANKLIN WELLES GALKINS.

WHEN he was yet a small lad he had earned the name of "Lone Boy," because of solitary tramps which took him a long way from his own Sioux village. He was, in fact, best content when wandering among the breaks and canons of the Smoky Hill River.

At eleven years he met with an adventure which gave him another name among his people.

He had learned to set snares for wild animals, and one day discovered the fresh path of a doe and two fawns, which were in the habit of going to drink at a certain point on the river.

After several attempts Lone Boy succeeded in snaring one of the fawns. But when he came up with his game a pair of bald eagles had already attacked and killed the fawn.

The young Sioux was very angry. He had intended, if he should take a young deer alive, to carry the animal home for a pet. For some time he had known where this pair of eagles—at least, as he believed—had their nest. He had indeed planned to watch the growth of the young ones, and to lie in wait to shoot them upon their first unwary descent from their aerie. It was sometimes quite easy to secure the much prized tail feathers of the bald eagle in this way.

However, there was always the risk that another hunter might be on the watch, and so secure the prize at the opportune moment. Upon reflection, Lone Boy determined at once to attempt a capture of the young eagles, and so to revenge himself upon the parents birds for the killing of his young deer.

More than once, from an opposing height, he had marked the position of the eagles' nest. The huge pile of sticks was built upon a cleft rock near to the top of a cliff which overhung the sandy bed of a canon.

This cliff was nearly a half-day's journey up the river, but Lone Boy set out at the coyote's gait, and before noon had reached the crest of the height directly above the nest.

Here he seated himself beneath a pine and watched. Presently he saw both the old eagles sail away into the blue ether.

Then Lone Boy rose and began the descent—a perilous business. Hitherto he had refrained from attempting it only because of the apparent impossibility of bringing the birds back, even should he succeed in reaching their perch. Now he had determined to descend upon them if he could, and to pitch them off into the canon, where he could pluck the coveted feathers at his leisure.

To go directly down the face of the ledge was impossible; so he made his way along the seams and crevasses of the crowning rocks, keeping in view as much as possible the top of a leaning pine which stood beside the eagles' nest.

For some lengths of his body the descent was easier than the lad had thought, and he was already calculating with much satisfaction that he could really bring those young eagles up, one at a time, when he came to a horizontal crevasse which he knew to be the main obstacle to success.

Eagerly he stretched his length upon a sharp crown of rock and peered down upon a shelf some yards below, where the leaning pine had its root. Near the tree was a heap of sticks, bones,

feathers and refuse, and two great squabs of birds, feathered yet downy, sprawled upon the pile.

It was such a little way to drop, and yet, crane his head as he might, Lone Boy could see no shrub nor projection which he might lay hold upon.

He crawled along the rim of the crevasse, looking down from every possible point of view; but everywhere the incline dipped inward, the edges of the rocks projecting like the rim of a basin above the eagles' aerie.

Finally, almost despairing, the lad let himself down, clinging with both hands to the edges. Then cautiously he felt with his moccasined toes the face of the ledge, seeking for some niche or coign of vantage.

While he was thus dangling over the rim of the ledge he heard a shrill, piercing scream directly overhead, and looked up to see both the old eagles hovering along the scarp, not a bow-shot above his head.

One of them had poised, flapping its great wings, the tips of which almost brushed the rocks, and he could see the craned neck and angry red eyes of the bird as it stooped for a swoop.

The lad made a frantic effort to draw himself upward, and in the same instant the eagle shot downward like a hurled missile, with a hissing scream that set Lone Boy's nerves all a-tingle.

He had drawn himself half-way up, and was about to fling a knee upon the rim of the rock when he got a fierce buffet from the eagle's wing. He was flung backward, and his hold upon the rock was broken.

Like a falling stone he dropped to the shelf below, and would have tumbled headlong into the canon but for the friendly leaning pine, which stretched some limbs across the path of his descent.

For a moment Lone Boy hung, clinging to these boughs, half-suspended over the depths; then he scrambled to safety under the sheltering pine. He did this just in time to escape a fresh onset from one of the eagles, which swooped at him, screaming wrathfully.

The leaning pine had grown a network of small limbs, and its foliage was very dense. Crawling under the drooping boughs, Lone Boy was able to hide himself completely even from the keen eyes of the eagles. Yet the birds continued to wheel about their aerie, noisily excited for a time.

The lad lay very still within his shelter, peering from under cover at the pair of newly fledged eaglets, which had flopped awkwardly off their pile of sticks when the intruder dropped upon their perch.

These young birds now hugged the rock ledge with bodies flattened and wings drooping, evidently much depressed by the descent of this strange creature and by the worried screams of the parent birds.

However, as Lone Boy continued in hiding, the old eagles became calmer, and after a time seemed to have forgotten altogether the cause of alarm. They finally sailed away in search of fresh prey.

Lone Boy now crawled cautiously out of his hiding place. His first move, boy-like, was to pounce upon the young eagles, giving them no opportunity to flap off their perch and into the canon.

In a brief time, sitting astride the two, the lad had cut strings from his buckskin leggings, and made fast a leg of each bird to pine shrubs which grew close to their nest. He tied them

just far enough apart so that they could not become entangled.

When this was done, he began to take account of his situation; and very soon, upon keen scrutiny of the ledge above and below, he discovered that without rescue by some passing hunter or person in search of him, there could be no hope of escape.

He was trapped as the wolf is trapped, or even as he had snared the fawn. The narrow shelf upon which the eagles' nest had been built, and from which the leaning pine had grown, was only some ten steps in length, and but a pace or two in width at the widest. It was a hollow trough, enclosed by a basin-like rim, and was filled with pine cones, needles and other rubbish. And this little shelf suspended in mid-air was half a bow-shot above the bottom of the canon.

In vain Lone Boy scanned the face of the ledge from which he had dropped. There was no possible hand-hold within reach, and the bushy pine had leaned so far out to catch the sunlight that its flimsy tops came nowhere near the rock dim above.

If within a very few days some one should pass within hailing distance, there would be a chance of rescue; otherwise not.

Again the lad crawled within the tent-like shelter of the pine, where for a time he watched the uneasy eaglets flop about and peck at the annoying strings which hampered them. Toward night the old eagles returned, and one of them bore a cock sage-grouse in its talons.

Lone Boy was near to laughter when the dead bird was deposited upon the nest, for the tied eaglets struggled spitefully, jerking the quarry back and forth, flapping their wings, and pulling against each other for possession. In the meantime the old eagle sat with a solemn look of inquiry upon its face, and finally flew away, croaking in apparent disgust.

The boy crawled from hiding. Some of that grouse he must have, and he secured the leg and a portion of the breast for his supper. This, of course, he was forced to eat raw.

That night he slept fitfully, and before morning his throat was parched with thirst. When an eagle brought a rabbit to the aerie, and he had secured a portion, he was unable to eat more than a mouthful or two. So he lay within the pine's shelter, watching the eagles, and listening for any stir of life which should betoken a hunter within sound of his voice.

The eaglets had grown sullen pulling at the strings, and each lay or sat upon its own side of the nest, sourly dozing, except when a parent bird appeared. Then there were strange contortions of the body, with wings raised aloft and gaping red maws. Lone Boy now noted, too, that the old birds fed their young separately, apparently accepting the situation without further inquiry. After bringing some small bird or animal, either eagle would sit for a time perched and preening, upon some near-by crag, wholly oblivious of its rapacious, gorging offspring.

Watching these birds, Lone Boy retained his interest in life for another sun; then the fever of thirst consumed him. For several days he lay under the pine in a semi-conscious state. Half the people of his village might have passed through the canon looking for him, and he could not have heeded, much less have answered, their calls.

Then, on a cool morning, when a heavy dew was glittering upon the pine needles, he came suddenly into possession of his faculties. Feeling strangely light of head and body, but with every sense alert, he came out from hiding.

He felt as if waking upon air, and stood upon the rock rim, looking down into the canon, feeling that he was quite capable of jumping down there upon the sands without taking hurt. If only he might jump far enough! He looked down at his hands and bare arms, which appeared to be nothing but skin and bone, and a startling thought came into his mind.

Why not take the young eagles and jump! They would help to bear up his lightened weight!

No sooner thought than put in execution. He turned to the eagles, untied the hissing, pecking birds, now almost full-grown and full-feathered, and cut the thongs which bound them. They flapped their wings strongly, and nearly wrenched their legs out of his weak hands.

Then, in a sudden, desperate rush, he bore them over the verge of the rock shelf and dropped into the spaces of the canon. Down, down, they dropped, the boy's arms wide-spread and the eaglets flapping their untied wings.

The descent was appallingly swift, but the vigorous efforts of the birds carried the trio forward in a slant which plunged them into the sand at the canon's bottom. Lone Boy staggered to his feet, alive and whole.

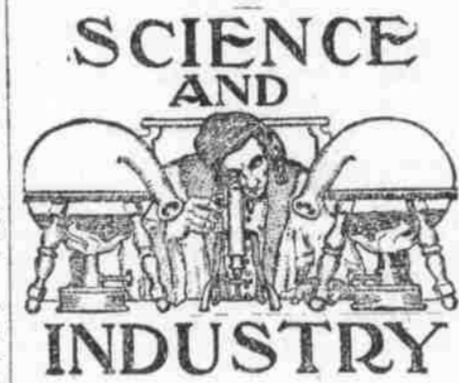
Still dizzy and feeling very queer, the lad saw the earth spin round him for a moment. Then again tying the eaglets' legs, he staggered to the river bank, a half bow-shot's distance. There he quenched his thirst after the cautious manner of his kind.

A half-hour later he was able to visit a patch of ripe raspberries, and despite his swollen tongue, to eat heartily of the luscious fruit.

A half-eaten rabbit, which he had

kicked off the eagles' perch, still further renewed his vigor, and after a half-day's rest he was able to go slowly homeward, dragging his captives after him.

At the Brule Sioux village, in honor of this exploit, he was named Wambii Yuza, Catches Eagles, by which name he is known to this day.—Youth's Companion.



### SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

Is the sense of smell excited by gases or particles? According to Dr. John Aitken, an English specialist, gas is the fundamental basis of the sense of smell.

Glass bricks, a German product, are translucent, but not transparent, and possess the advantage of being acid-proof and of harboring no disease germs.

The celluloid wind screens of automobiles give great risk of fire. Very fine copper gauze is said to have proven a satisfactory substitute, being easily seen through and non-inflammable, while it does not crack like celluloid.

Silver has been thrown out by volcanoes in two instances recorded by J. W. Malet. Ash from an eruption of Cotopaxi in 1885 showed one part of silver in \$3,000 and that ejected in 1886 by Tungurague, in the Andes of Ecuador, contained one part of silver in 107,200.

Electrical currents constantly traverse the earth in a general but varying direction from northwest to southeast, at an angle of about seventy degrees with the geographical meridian. A Belgian astronomer, M. Guarnit, contends that these currents are due to the action of the sun and the earth with its atmosphere as a gigantic dynamo, the sun being the magnetic inductor and the earth the revolving armature.

Some months ago a well-known railroad company experimented with a train of steel cars to determine their value in cases of collision. The test was such as might have occurred through accident; that is, no special conditions were provided to mitigate the force of the impact to which the steel train was subjected. At a speed of about fifty miles an hour the steel cars were thrown into collision with other cars. The result was the emergence of the steel vehicle in a comparatively uninjured state.

In the rabies treatment of Tizzoni and Bongiovanni, Italian physicians, radium has had effective action both upon the virus and the animals. Exposure to radium rays has converted the virus into very active vaccine, protecting animals against deadly inoculations with virus; and exposures of several hours daily for six days, begun from ten to 100 hours after inoculation, have reduced the fever and caused the recovery of the animals experimented upon, while all untreated animals similarly inoculated soon died.

### An Architectural Wonder.

Agra, where the Prince and Princess of Wales stopped the other day, is the second city in size and importance in the northwestern provinces of India. Of local wonders there are many, chief of all being, of course, the Taj Mahal.

This mausoleum was commenced in 1630 by the Emperor, Shah Jehan, as a tomb for his favorite queen, Arjuman-Bano. Her body was brought to Agra, and laid in the garden where the Taj now stands, until the famous mausoleum was complete.

Some authorities set down its cost at 18,500,000 rupees; others name a considerably higher figure—as much as 30,000,000 rupees. It is certain, however, that a great deal of the cost remains unpaid to the present day.

There were originally two doors of solid silver, but these were taken away and melted by Suraj Mall and his sons. The Taj and its surroundings are unequalled in beauty, a poem in marble. The heroic size, the wonderful contrast in colors in the materials employed, the setting of noble trees, sweet shrubs and clear water all form a combination that one would seek in vain elsewhere.

### Odd Walking Match.

Recently a turkey and a goose were matched to walk a race of 100 yards in London. There was great excitement, hundreds of people witnessing the affair. After one false start, the goose got well away, leaving the turkey at the post, and, following his master in good style, won easily amid great applause. Before and after the race the goose, with a box on his back, collected money for a local hospital.

## The Farm

### Experience With the Cream Separator.

I have a neighbor who has long insisted on the usual way of setting his milk in a cool house and skimming it for butter-making. He used a Babcock cream tester and found that his milk from the cow averaged a butter fat test of 4 1/2 per cent., which he knew ought to give him in three days over fifty pounds of butter. But he got only twenty-eight pounds of butter out of it. He had an excellent, cool milk-house, and let the milk stay before skimming it till it was becoming sour, and as he fed the skim milk to pigs and calves, when sour it gave them the scours. He finally came over to my house one evening and asked me what was the trouble and wanted my experience. I told him that I quit the old way of setting and skimming milk three years ago and now use a cream separator, and that I find that it increases the cream and butter a great deal, but not quite as much as he has been losing, but enough to pay for a separator in a little time. But I want to say also here, that I have found the sweet separated milk even a bigger thing than more cream and butter, to feed calves and pigs while it is sweet and good. I would never think of going back to the old way of skimming, nor to feeding sour milk.—I. H. Jason, in Indiana Farmer.

### The Farm Ice House.

Every farmer should have a supply of ice. There are but few localities where ice cannot be obtained with but a short haul.

An expensive house is not necessary, as all that is required is a building with sides and roof, situated on ground well drained.

The blocks of ice should be cut of a uniform size with smooth edges, so that they will pack closely. The best tool to cut ice for small houses is a cross-cut saw with one handle removed.

There should be no floor under the ice. A thin coat of sawdust or chaff should be spread on the ground and the ice packed in even layers, leaving a space of a foot all around, which should be packed full with sawdust or chaff.

To keep well the ice should be at least eight feet deep, exclusive of a foot or more of sawdust or chaff, which should cover it.

Plenty of ventilation should be furnished, being careful not to have a too free circulation of air.

In taking out the ice, care must be taken not to dig out holes in the ice, but commence at one side or corner and remove a cake at a time until a whole layer is taken out, and at all times see that the ice is well covered.

When neighbors are close together, it is an excellent plan for several to go in together and put up an ice supply, as the larger the quantity packed in one house the smaller the per cent. of waste. It would certainly be economy to build a company ice house at a place of supply so as to save the expense of hauling in putting up.—National Fruit Grower.

### Grain Separator.

The keen competition which is making itself felt in practically every article of manufacture which is brought on the market to-day has had the effect of taxing human ingenuity to the utmost in order to invent and devise new machines and apparatus which will lessen the cost of production in large manufacturing plants.

An Ohio man recently patented a machine which performs two operations at the same time—the cleaning and separating of grain. The grain is placed in the hopper in the usual manner and motion imparted to the driving

wheel, which causes the chaff shoes and the air-blasts to rotate. The grain passes from the upper chaff-shoe into a sieve, all the larger particles of dirt being thus eliminated. It next passes to the screen directly in line with the air-blasts, and any dust or dirt remaining is blown out by one of the air-blasts, the chaff being discharged at the rear of the machine. The grain finally reaches the separator and is separated into two grades, the larger grain remaining on the top screen and passing off at one side of the discharge

chute. The smaller grain passes through the upper screen of the separator on to a lower one, and is deposited on the opposite side of the discharge chute. Means are thus provided for collecting and effectively separating the grain from the chaff and foreign matter, as well as separating the cleaned grain into grades.—Indianapolis News.

Value of Clover.

Clover.—A species of grass, in which the leaf is divided into three or more lobes with an oblong bloom of a red color. When green, is used by the farmer as pasture. This grass in the first bloom is cut and cured, and then stacked or mowed away in barns as hay. It is a food for fattening cattle, hogs and horses. It is indispensable to the average farmer of Indiana, as a fertilizer, pasture and hay. The seed is obtained from the second cutting, and if clean will bring from five to seven dollars per bushel. It will easily yield one bushel per acre. There is a great demand for the seed, it is used in the dye houses. The blossom is used, as medicine.

The proper time to sow seed for a good stand of clover, about the middle of March. Scatter fifteen pounds to the acre, with soil in good order. The new or first blooms of clover when wet will float the stock. The gases from the wet bloom cause the swelling. The bloom of the small or the white blossom will cause horses especially to slobber. If it was not for the clover grown in old Rush, her corn crops would soon fall below the average.—M. H. P., in Indiana Farmer.

### Question of Age.

H. A. Buck, who looks after the interests of the Pennsylvania Railroad in San Francisco, was calling on Prof. Jenks, of Cornell, at the St. Francis Hotel the other day. They were exchanging railway and airy sallies, and beclouding the ambient atmosphere with much smoke, when a brass-buttoned bellboy cut short their banter by handing the Cornell professor a card.

"Pardon me a moment, Harry," said Prof. Jenks, as he proceeded to read an inscription on the card. It read:

"Some years ago, on the occasion of a visit to Alaska, I enjoyed the pleasure of meeting your father, and I would be deeply sensible of the privilege and honor of shaking hands with his son."

"How old was the man that sent up this card?" asked Prof. Jenks of the bellboy.

"About thirty, sir," said the bellboy.

A thought clouded the brow of the professor for a moment. Then he wrote something on the back of the card and handed it back to the bellboy. The something on the back of the card read:

"My father died thirty-seven years ago. If you have any other good reason for wishing to see me I should be pleased to have you come up."—San Francisco Chronicle.

### Clocks Repaired at Home.

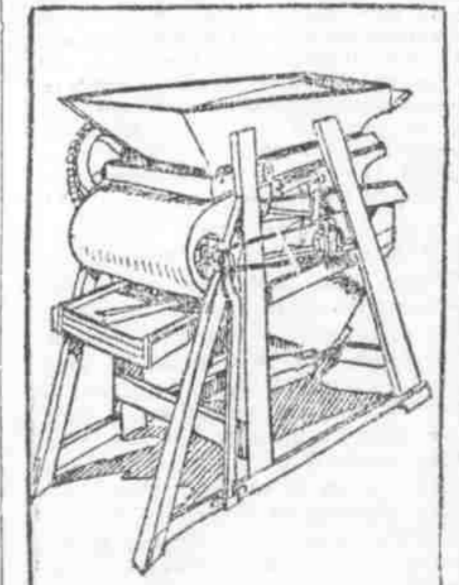
The itinerant clock mender is abroad in the land. He may be known by his regalia and his trade cry. You may be a little uncertain as to the latter, but you can never be mistaken in regard to the former, which consists of a clock buckled on to the middle of his breast. He says something that sounds like "Ooo-ee-ah-ee-oo," which, translated, means, "Clocks and watches to mend."

"I used to keep a little shop down in Fulton street," he said. "I spent half my time waiting for somebody to bring me something to do. They didn't bring it, and I started out to look up work for myself. The trouble is that people will fool along with a disabled clock or watch and tinker with it themselves when they wouldn't think of experimenting on anything else whose construction is not half so delicate. It isn't that they don't want to spend the money for repairs; they dread the trouble of packing up the clock and taking it to a shop. If somebody will just come to them he will get the work all right. My method of drumming up trade may not be so dignified as sitting in a shop all day, but it pays a heap better."—New York Press.

### How the Kaiser Travels.

The German State railway is much tempted to encourage the Emperor to travel as often as possible, for each journey he takes is a considerable sum in the pocket of the nation. His Majesty travels in great splendor. As a rule there are two special trains, one for the Emperor and one for the Empress. These are the property of the Prussian State, but the traveling expenses are paid by the Emperor himself. The court trains are charged at the same rate as ordinary special trains. Thus, the journey from Berlin to Elbing, near the northeast frontier, costs rather over \$1500, and the same fee is, of course, charged for the return journey.—Chicago Journal.

The Great Salt Lake, in Utah, is now crossed by a trestle bridge over twenty miles long.



Cleans and Separates the Grain.

wheel, which causes the chaff shoes and the air-blasts to rotate. The grain passes from the upper chaff-shoe into a sieve, all the larger particles of dirt being thus eliminated. It next passes to the screen directly in line with the air-blasts, and any dust or dirt remaining is blown out by one of the air-blasts, the chaff being discharged at the rear of the machine. The grain finally reaches the separator and is separated into two grades, the larger grain remaining on the top screen and passing off at one side of the discharge