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## HOW TO THE SINGER COMES THE SONG.

How to the singer comes the song? At times of joy, alone; A wordless tune Caught from the crystal gleam of ice-bound trees; Or from the violet-perfumed breeze; Or the salt-smell of seas In sunlight wattering many an emerald rill; Or the keen memory of a lovely smile.

Thus to the singer comes the song? Gazing at crimson skies Where burrs and daisies On day's wide heaths the calm, celestial fire.

The poet with a wild desire Strikes the impassioned lyre, Takes into tuned sound the flaming sight, And utters with new song the ancient night.

How to the singer comes the song? Bowed down by ill and sorrow On every morrow, The unworded pain breaks forth in heaven-ly singing; Not all too late sharp solace bringing To broken spirits winging Through mortal anguish to the unknown rest— A lyric balm for every wounded breast.

How to the singer comes the song? How to the summer fields Come flowers? How yields Darkness to happy morn? How doth the night Bring stars? Oh, how do love and light Leap at the sound and sight Of her who makes this dark world seem less wrong— Life of my life, and soul of all my song! —Richard Watson Glider.

## The Price of the Purple Belt.

By Carroll Watson Rankin.

"It is not my own poverty," Mr. Baker often said, whimsically, "but Mrs. Baker's wealth that keeps me poor."

This wealth, however, was no tremendous sum. Mrs. Baker possessed in her own right an annual income of three hundred dollars; but modest as this amount was, it certainly made a surprising difference in the Baker family's finances.

Out of this income Mrs. Baker provided each of her three almost grown-up daughters with a monthly allowance, and still had something left for herself. At first this seemed an excellent arrangement; but since neither Mrs. Baker nor one of the girls ever managed to keep inside of her allowance, it proved really a very bad one.

"If it were not for that money," Mr. Baker would say, plaintively, yet with a humorous twinkle in his kind, middle-aged eyes, "I'd stand some chance of being a rich man. Those girls"—to Mr. Baker his wife was still a girl—"never seem to know when they've reached the end of their money, but keep right on spending. Then of course I have to pay for the overflow. Well, I'm glad I'm able to, though I can't help wishing that they were not quite so improvident."

It was really the establishment known as the Bayswater Emporium that kept Mrs. Baker so continuously in debt.

This emporium was a large, glittering and very attractive department store, the only one in the town, although there were plenty of ordinary shops.

Every Monday morning the emporium announced "a grand clearing sale," at which one could buy—but only for cash—five dollar shoes for one dollar and forty-nine cents; genuine graniteware infants' bath-tubs for eighty-nine cents; or dress-goods, well worth a dollar fifty a yard for only half a dollar.

So alluring indeed were these advertisements that whether or not the Bayswater people were well shod, whether or not they possessed graniteware infants' needling baths, or whether or not they had need of dress-goods, Monday morning always found the emporium humming like a hive.

If ever woman loved a bargain sale that woman was Mrs. Baker; and in this respect her three daughters were precisely like their mother.

Early in the month, when the allowance was still intact, the dollar forty-nine articles most attracted the sanguine Bakers; but as the allowance dwindled, the family gradually drifted down to the basement, where one could buy "The Vicar of Wakefield" for nine cents, spoils of damaged cotton at five cents a dozen, or ten-cent defective hooks and eyes at one cent a card.

Sometimes all four of the Bakers went shopping in company; but they liked best to go singly, because in that case, when they returned they could surprise the others by disclosing unheard-of bargains.

Sometimes the bargains were bargains. Occasionally, however, one or another of the Bakers would blunder. When they did, there was no redress, for all over the emporium there were signs that read, unmistakably, "No goods returnable."

On one occasion Mrs. Baker had triumphantly returned home with six suits of bright scarlet underwear of assorted sizes, and a purchase slip that proved that the lot had cost her only two dollars and ninety-nine cents.

But subsequently, much to Mrs. Baker's consternation, her family, from Mr. Baker down to the boy, aged nine, flatly declined to don scarlet underwear at any price.

So Mrs. Baker bought moth-balls at the drug store, had them charged to the family account, and packed them with her too vivid bargain in a garret already overflowing with unfortunate purchases.

At another time, carried away by the excitement of the bargain moment, she bought a bird-cage.

"But," expostulated Mr. Baker, "we haven't any bird!"

"It was only nineteen cents," explained Mrs. Baker, plausibly, "and Mrs. Blanchard said she paid two dollars only last week for one just like it at the bird store. We might get a bird."

"But," Br. Baker reminded her, "we have two cats."

"So we have," admitted the bargain hunter. "I'm afraid I forgot that." It was Caroline's purchase of a belt, however, that made the greatest impression on the Baker family, and, incidentally, on the family's pocket-book.

Of the collection spread on the emporium's bargain-counter that day, the belt was the undoubted gem. Every one of the Bakers conceded that it was a beautiful belt for the price, which was nine cents.

"Yes," said Caroline, proudly exhibiting the exquisite bit of soft, silk-lined leather, "just nine cents. See how soft and flawless the kid is. Anne. Look at the workmanship, mother, and see how dainty that kid-covered buckle is. I know it was worth much more than nine cents originally. To me, Ada, it suggested violets, laces and luxury. It's much more than a mere belt—it's a girdle for a princess."

"But," objected Ada, "look at the color! It's purple."

"That's the only drawback," said Caroline. "I haven't a single thing I can wear with it."

Indeed, investigation proved conclusively that not one of the Bakers possessed a single garment that could, by any stretch of imagination, be called purple.

"That belt is too pretty to be wasted," said Mrs. Baker, economically. "We'll watch the sales and perhaps we'll find a lavender shirtwaist."

The buyer for the emporium, however, must have had an antipathy to lavender, for although he bought lavishly of every other hue, he purchased nothing that would harmonize with the somewhat unusual shade of the belt. This forced the Bakers to buy whatever lavender articles they needed from regular shops at regular prices; and because the ever-hungry emporium claimed all their ready money, they were compelled to have their purple purchases charged.

First, there was a French flannel waist from Hill & Winter's; but this garment proved not good enough for evening wear, so Mrs. Baker sanctioned the purchase of a lavender silk bodice that matched the belt most beautifully, both in texture and shade. But both these bodices proved too heavy for indoor wear, so two thinner, unlined waists were added, because Mrs. Baker was unable to decide which of the two was the prettier.

"The easiest way to settle it," she said, "is to buy both."

But when Caroline tried them on with all the skirts the family possessed there was not a skirt that harmonized with any one of the becoming waists.

"I'm like a violet from the waist up," objected Caroline, looking down at her best brown skirt, but the rest of her looked like a common clay flower-pot.

"You'll certainly have to have a purple skirt," decided Mrs. Baker.

In all Bayswater not a single ready-made purple skirt could be found, so although it cost rather more than Mrs. Baker had expected to pay, the indulgent mother purchased several yards of the only piece of goods—a heavy, smooth-finished cloth—that matched the belt.

"I've never had prettier clothes," said Caroline, spreading the newly finished skirt out on her bed and placing the silk waist and belt beside it to get the effect. "Of course I'll have to have lavender ribbons; every other color does go so abominably with any shade of purple."

"What are you going to do for a hat?" asked Anne, half-jealously fingering the purple billows on Caroline's bed. "You can't wear a red hat with a violet gown."

"Why, so she can't," agreed Mrs. Baker. "You'll have to get yourself one, Caroline. Go to Madame Duval's for it, dear. We have an account there."

So the hat, the ribbons and some gloves were added to Caroline's purple wardrobe. And because the cloth skirt seemed heavy with the silk waist Mrs. Baker bought sufficient crepe de chine to make an exceedingly dainty evening skirt for Caroline. Then, too, quite by accident, the Bakers came upon an amethyst hat-pin, some violet stick-pins, and some lavender silk

stockings, all of which matched the purple belt so well that it seemed a shame not to buy them. Thus the belt, instead of proving the finishing touch that a belt usually is, became the foundation of an entire wardrobe.

Shortly after the first of the month Mr. Baker, with the family bills spread out before him on the library table, made some figures on a slip of paper. His eyes twinkled humorously, and from time to time he looked up at his family. He looked as if he had something to say, but was of two minds about it.

"Caroline," he said, presently, "how much did you say you paid for that purple belt?"

"Just nine cents, father," replied Caroline.

"It was a genuine bargain," added Mrs. Baker.

"I'm not so sure of that, either," returned Mr. Baker. "I don't think that Caroline gave the proper figure, either."

"Why, father!" exclaimed Caroline. "I did. It was exactly nine cents."

"No, my dear," said Mr. Baker. "Unless there is more to come, it was precisely fifty-nine dollars and fifty-four cents."

"Why, father!" gasped the girls.

"Why, William!" gasped Mrs. Baker.

"Yes, my dears," returned Mr. Baker. "Of course there may be items that haven't been included in these bills; and in any case, you must understand that I'm not finding fault,—indeed I like my girls to look like animated pansies,—but as nearly as I can discover, the price of that little belt to date stands thus:

1 belt	\$ .09
1 lavender silk waist	4.50
1 flannel waist	4.00
1 muslin waist	2.00
1 dimity waist	1.75
4 1-2 yards purple cloth	9.00
9 yards crepe de chine	11.25
Miss Bay, to making skirt	5.00
1 hat	7.00
Extra violets for same	1.50
Lavender ribbon	1.20
1 pair lavender hose	1.40
1 amethyst hatpin	1.50
3 violet pins	.75
Violets from florist	1.50
	\$59.54

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Baker. "I did think," said Caroline, reflectively, "of asking for a lavender parasol, but now I shan't. I'm afraid the belt wasn't much a bargain after all."

In the end, however, it really proved one, as Mr. Baker was the first to admit.

For every Monday after that, when the Baker family flocked to the Bayswater Emporium sales, each one unconsciously fell into the habit of asking herself a searching question before purchasing any bargain, however tempting. The question was this: "Is it a purple belt?" The contemplated purchase proved in so many instances to be a purple belt that in time the original girde actually paid for itself and even went a long way toward keeping the Baker family within its income.—Youth's Companion.

### How It Worked.

"When I first came to Kansas and found that the State had no grand jury system I thought surely I was beyond the limits of civilization," said Col. Bill Hackney the other day.

"So I immediately became a reformer and started an agitation for a law creating grand juries. I was sent to the Legislature two or three terms and at each session tried to get a grand jury law through, but failed. Then I went to the senate for a couple of terms and kept up my fight, but failed."

"Then as a member of the third house for a couple of terms I threw my influence in favor of a grand jury bill every time one showed up. Finally after seventeen years of ceaseless toil I was amply rewarded. A grand jury law was passed. I went home happy. I had helped to do something to protect the rights of the people."

"In order to see how the thing worked the people of my own county, where the agitation had been the fiercest, had a grand jury called and I was the first man indicted. I was accused of being an election.—Kansas City Journal.

### Hints to Public Speakers.

Never refer pitifully to the poor. This brands you at once as a demagogue. Never say anything respectful of corporate wealth. In so doing you lay yourself open to the charge of being a hired man.

Never use slang if you want respectable people to take stock in you. Never use pure English. The masses hate priggishness.

Never talk straight to the point. You will be accused of taking yourself too seriously. Never tell funny stories. They lead to the suspicion of chicanery.

Never praise "our forefathers." Ancestry pride is disgusting. Never appeal to the "sturdy immigrant" leaven in our midst. It irks the old families.—Newark News.

Berlin has a newspaper exhibition showing 6,000 different periodicals.

### SOUTHERN BEAR DOGS.

SORT OF HOUND IT TAKES TO HUNT BRUIN.

Peculiar Breed of Dogs Raised by Hunters of the Unaka Mountains—Story of Old Jude, a Famous Fighter, and Her Last and Most Desperate Struggle.

Mr. Marshall W. Bell, a young attorney of Cherokee county, North Carolina, while in Charlotte, told a Charlotte Observer man an interesting story of a breed of bear dogs that has been in his section of the state for decades.

"Black bears abound in the Unaka Mountains, which form a part of the Great Smokies, and lie about 'the Divide,' between the Tellico river on the one side and the Santeetla and Big and Little Snowbird creeks on the other," said Mr. Bell.

"Mr. J. H. Dillard and others killed seven bears last season, some of which weighed close to 500 pounds. This year, however, Bruin seems to have disappeared from our country; the chestnut crop was a failure and it is generally believed that the Graham county bears have migrated to the Mississippi River bottoms; old hunters claim that they do occasionally when mast is scarce. But this year is an exception; we usually have plenty of bears."

"The Platt bear dog is a growth; he has been in the making for many generations, and is just about as good as there is in the business. Mr. Jack Dillard of Murphy, my home town, is a bear hunter, and he keeps a pack of the famous Platt dogs."

"Old man Platt, the originator of this breed, lived in the Balsam Mountains. In looks and appearance the dog is like a massive cur of the most repulsive sort. He will not run anything but a bear and a coon, whose scent is something alike. The average one weighs from ninety to 110 pounds, and his body is knotted with muscle, and his most striking quality of character is grit, pure grit of the finest grain. He will fight to the death, and against great odds. He never gives up even when overpowered."

"If you meet him in the road he will give you what belongs to you if he is not interfered with in any way, but will take care of himself if forced to do so. There are two ways to deal with him; let him alone or kill him as quick as possible. If you would strike him use a handspike and back it with every bit of physical force that you can muster. He is a solemn sort of dog, and makes but few friends. If you trespass on his rights you must kill him."

"Jude, old Jude, was a typical Platt bear hound. She was kept by John Denton, whose home was on a creek in a wild section of the mountains. She whelped a litter of puppies. It required days of searching to find her little ones, which had been deposited in a hollow log in a dense thicket of laurel. Like a lion guarding her young, old Jude watched her babies and it required strategy to get them to the house. Denton tried to take the little fellows while Jude was here, but he soon saw that to undertake to steal cubs from a bear. Therefore the next time Jude came up for food Denton tied her and then fetched the puppies in. Yes, sir, old Jude had a call from the wild."

"The story of Jude will suffice to show up the Platt dog in the best light. She was a fine individual. One day when in her prime she led a race after a 500 pound bear and held him at bay until a hunter came and shot him. This is the time she came near being killed. The hunt was on Steel Trap ridge, that leads to Snowbird Creek, in Graham. The dogs struck the trail early in the morning and ran it until well up in the day, when the bear made a stand after a lively run over the mountain knobs and through coves. The pace was fast and hard for Bruin; he could not stand it. Being pressed by the hounds, he stopped, backed against a tree, and made ready to fight. At the baying of the dogs some hunter slipped up within rifle range and fired a shot into the bear. Old Jude knew well what to do when the bear turned on her. She had the courage to attack him, but her training was such that she made it warm and unpleasant for the grouchy old animal without closing in on him."

"While the other dogs charged at his head she would approach him from the rear and nip his hind legs. At this Mr. Bear would wheel around and snap at her, but she would not be there. She knew how to get out of the way. The teasing, biting and harassing was kept up and the skirmishing fight made so fast and furious that it took the breath out of the bear. The dogs are taught to do just that sort of fighting until the gunner arrives and does his part, which is to wound the animal so that he cannot get away."

"On this particular day old Jude was at her best. She drove hard in the chase and kept the younger dogs hunting to keep up with her, and in the round-up battle she did clever work. She so directed the fight that not a single dog got hurt until after the shot, the signal to close in, was fired. The bear was kept busy."

"A hunter heard the change in the

cry of the dogs and knew that his time had come. He beat his way among the laurel until he got close enough to do effective work with his trusty rifle and pulled down. The aim was accurate, but the fall did not strike a vital spot. But the moment the dogs heard the crack of the rifle they closed on old Bruin and fought to kill. In the very first round two dogs were killed outright. As the bear fell he grabbed old Jude and bore her down with him; the bear fastened his jaws in the small of her back and tore off the flesh to the hollow, but she kept on fighting until she was so maimed and weak that she could not raise her head to take hold.

"Round and round the dogs and bear went, cutting and tearing at each other until they were 100 yards from the place where the fight began. The bear was tired-out by the time the hunters got to him. When the boys had gathered at the scene of the death old Jude was missed. Her friends went in search of her, and found her in what they considered a dangerous way. One of the party made a litter of his trousers and carried her close to the dying bear and stretched her on the ground. Seeing the bear jerk, she crawled, dragging her mutilated parts, and took hold of the bear. She was game to the last."

"Jude was carried down the mountains to her home, a place twelve miles away, and nursed. She partially recovered, but remained a cripple the rest of her life."

"Watch and Jolly, the present leaders of the pack, are grandsons of Jude. They are great dogs of their kind. They had a terrible fight once, and it was weeks before they were well again. Those are great hunts the boys have after Bruin on Santeetla and Snowbird creeks in Graham. Bear hunting is a little too strenuous for people down this way, but the good men of Cherokee and adjoining counties like it now and then. President Roosevelt would do well to pay Messrs. Dillard and Bell a visit. They have the game and hunters, as well as the dogs."

### BLUE VESSELS BRING STORM.

Maine Salts Look Upon Them as Regular Weather Hoodoos.

When the weather is contrary and ugly and a fog blanket hangs closely over the water the old salts of the Maine coast look around to see if there is a blue schooner in sight. Should a vessel painted any shade of blue be in the harbor the old-timers grunt in a satisfied way and remark that it is no wonder the weather is bad. The blue schooner is considered a rank hoodoo, and is cursed roundly every time she puts in an appearance.

The schooner Donna T. Briggs is regarded as a sure-enough herald of bad weather, for not only is she painted blue, but she is also a three-masted, and when she appeared in Portland harbor recently, on passage from Bangor to New York, all hands in the fleet anchored there concluded that they might as well turn in and have a good sleep. They knew what was coming, and it came—easterly winds, snow and fog. Said Captain Baker of the little schooner Wild Pigeon when he made out the color of the Donna T. Briggs:

"There's a blue schooner! That's what's making of this weather, and you won't see no change till she gets out here. A blue schooner is a hoodoo, anyway, and you won't find one cap'n in a hundred that'll paint a vessel that color. Once in a while you will see some blue hatch coamings or a little blue striping, but it ain't popular."

"I remember once that Cap'n Eben Lewis of Boothbay Harbor was going to take a new schooner built somewhere down east, and when he went aboard he found they'd painted the hatches blue."

"Here," he says to the managing owner, "you turn to and paint some other color on to them hatches, or you'll get another man to go in this vessel."

"They painted them hatches a good, brilliant, Fourth-of-July red, and the vessel allers had good luck. 'Nother cap'n was sailing on the poop of his vessel, watching a crew come over the side. The last man to show his head over the rail had a blue chest, and when the cap'n see it he yelled:

"Here you, leave that blue box on the wharf, or get back there yourself; blue don't do on this vessel!"

"The man had to go ashore ag'in and shift his damage into a bag, and then he was all right."—New York Press.

### The English Girl.

The last decade, says the Bombay Times of India, has witnessed no more striking development in England than that of the young English girl who, thanks to her broader education and indulgence in outdoor sports and games, is now become a veritable Diana. While still barely in her teens, she towers above her mother, and in passing along London streets one is again impressed by the number of tall, vigorous girls who in point of physique put their male contemporaries into the shade.

### Among Friends.

"Whew! What, Little Brown engaged? That proves what I've always said, that no matter how plain and bad-tempered a girl may be, there's always a fool ready to marry her. Who's the poor man?" "I am!"—Life.

### A UNIQUE MARKET.

All Kinds of Arctic Animals For Whole.

The world's unique game market is in Fairbanks, Alaska. If you will the trouble to examine the latest of the vast and valuable North territory purchased by Uncle Sam from Russia in 1867 you will find Fairbanks is on the Chitana river the rich Tanana district, of which is the thriving metropolis. It is close to the Arctic circle, and in common with other communities in the valley of the Yukon has an average temperature of about ten degrees below zero during the months of November, December, January, February and March. At intervals of the long winter season the thermometer goes as low as 75 degrees below the zero mark, but such an extreme temperature is not absolutely necessary for the successful operation of the Fairbanks game market, though, it is true, the intensity of Arctic cold is the chief factor in establishing and maintaining the distinction in its game market. It is almost impossible to suggest that the market is as it is, does only during the months named, is spared the expense of artificial refrigerating apparatus. Now, here is where the novel comes in. Instead of skinning the animal and curing up the carcass as in ordinary, everyday market, the moose or the bear, as the case may be, is simply stood up of floor of the market, which is located in one of the principal buildings in town, and allowed to freeze solidly in thirty minutes after it was killed. The low temperature that continually prevails permits the keeping of the game in this shape for months, stretch, as once the carcass is there there is no decay until the first weather is over.

One may enter the market and a bear steak cut from bruin, who occupied a particular corner of the establishment, looking for all the world as if he were alive, for 3 months; or a haunch of venison; the deer that has been in a corner for an equally long period of time, a choice cut of the moose or the kingly caribou that has been making lifelike poses in sections of the market. Or, if a mountain sheep or a goat that fancy craves the same opportunity offered for selection. They appear just as they did in life, the person who visits the place the first time is apt to imagine himself in a menagerie rather than a market.

The flavor and quality of the under such conditions is said unexcelled. The freezing process the length of time that is also elapse between the killing and of the animal seem to impart flesh a tenderness and ripeness characteristic.

The market attracts attention to location by placing on the street before its door, just as the sign puts out his wooden Indian, a moose, a stag or some other from its stock in trade. Last the same bear was used for five months was then cut up into steaks and pronounced to be the most delectable that had ever been eaten in Alaska. That is famous for its well-steaks.—San Francisco Chronicle

### Moving Midnight Crowd in L.

"When the half hour of night comes in London, the world's metropolis begins busy, for then is the time that places of public entertainment emptied of great throngs of women," says F. B. Binney. "When these crowds reach the there is begun the copper's cry, 'Move on!'"

"They are a patient, good set of officers, but the movement is one that must be obeyed to stand and watch procession of humanity but gave me the word and I had to move."

"Splendidly dressed women status was not at all doubtful to their homes, for they were familiar with the law to need attention from the police, more freedom and personal liberty London than anywhere, but a duke may loiter if told to do so. By 1.30 o'clock the immense throng which blocked the streets and has disappeared and the city flows seems as deserted as a town."—Washington Post.

### Clean Sweep.

The observer on Mars turned great telescope toward the planet and exclaimed, "By the rings of Saturn! I claimed, excitedly, 'there great upheaval down there! Our sister planet is losing its crust.'"

"No, no," replied the Mars-fancier, "that is merely the passing draft of the earth's breeze."

Thirty years ago a citizen of rarity.