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## SUPPOSE YOU TRY SMILING.

Your burden is heavy, I haven't a doubt,  
But others have loads they must carry  
about.  
And they are not whining.  
Some people are glad if but half of the way  
Lies out of the shadow, or part of the day  
They see the sun shining.  
Suppose you try smiling.  
I know you are lonely, but other hearts  
ache,  
And bravely refuse to be bitter or break  
Because of life's sorrow.  
They think of the joy in the land far away,  
And hasten the slow passing hours of today  
With hopes of tomorrow.  
Suppose you try smiling.

This funny old world is a mirror, you know,  
Turn its way with a sneer, or face of a frown.  
And you will see trouble,  
But meet it with laughter and looks full of cheer,  
And back will come sunshine and love true  
and dear,  
Your blessings to double,  
Suppose you try smiling.  
All places are open to those who are glad,  
Too many lack courage, too many are sad,  
Those near you need cheering,  
So sing with your burden, the way is not  
long,  
And if you look upward your heart will  
grow strong,  
And skies will be clearing,  
Suppose you try smiling.  
—Youth's Companion.

## ANGLING FOR A RISE.

Hilda Joicey and Amy Evershed were bosom friends, according to the standard of bosom friendship that obtains between girls in their early twenties. They made a point of seeing each other twice or three every day, and spent most of the remainder of the twenty-four hours in writing each other effusive notes. Neither had a secret from the other. Their whole converse, viva voce or by letter, was one perpetual interchange of mutual confidences. Had you breathed to them the hint that this excess of fondness was bound to be followed, sooner or later, by reaction—that the pace, in fact, was too warm to last—they would have resented the ridiculous suggestion with mingled indignation and amusement. And yet the reaction was even then impending; the little rift within the lute was a-see at hand; and—as you will probably not be surprised to hear—a man was the cause of it.

The man in question was Reginald Smart-Shryke, the eldest son of a neighboring squire, and heir to five or six thousand a year. For some years he had been friendly with both girls. But it was Hilda Joicey with whom he ultimately fell in love, to whom he proposed and by whom he was accepted.

So far all was well. Amelia Evershed betrayed no sign of jealousy. On the contrary, she congratulated her darling Hilda warmly on the engagement.

But I must get on to the little rift within the lute which I have spoken of as impending. It came about in this way: Hilda was one afternoon pouring into Amelia's receptive ear all sorts of intimate confidences in relation to her wooing by Reginald Smart-Shryke.

"And when he takes me in his arms and kisses me," she cried, "oh, Amelia, when he takes me in his arms and kisses me!"

"Is it—er—very nice, Hilda?"  
"Nice? It is heavenly. He does it so beautifully—with such—such—I do not know how to express it—but there's an eloquence about it that—"

"Just so," Amelia nodded, knowingly. "To kiss like that isn't a thing that comes all at once, either. It wants practice. And you are very lucky, my dear girl, in possessing a lover who has had such practice, and thus acquired the art of kissing really well."

"Nonsense! You are quite in error," protested Hilda rather sharply. "I am Reggie's first love. If I were not, indeed, I should have had nothing to say to him. I am not the sort of girl, as you know very well, who cares to be one of a multitude. I must be either a man's first and only love, or nothing."

"Is that so? Well, I confess you surprise me," rejoined Amelia, raising her eyebrows. "For my part, I'd much rather be a man's last love than his first. In fact, it's only his last love that ever comes to anything. His first is usually dissipated on some impossible person. It is with them that he gets the practice and experience, by which he learns how to make love and kiss effectively, and—"

"I really think you must have gone mad, Amelia."

"Oh, nonsense. It's like golf or croquet. There's no fun in playing with a beginner to whom you yourself have to teach the rudiments of the game. Give me a man who knows as much as, or more about it, than I do!"

"And how much do you know about it, pray, considering that you never have never had any experience of a lover?" demanded Hilda, with all the superiority of an engaged girl.

Amelia Evershed smiled, enigmatically. "Oh, I know what I know," she said. "I've had my little experiences with men, in a probationary sort of way, just to keep my hand in against the time when Mr. Right (as servant-galldom styles him) comes along. Whenever an opportunity has come my way, I have seized it, and made the most of it. And I always found (which brings me back to where we started) that those men who had previous practice and experience made much the best lovers. Bumblepuppy at bridge is bad enough; but from Bumblepuppy in love-making—may the saints deliver me!"

"Have I not spoken good practical sense? Would you find your Reggie's going so acceptable if he were not an

expert at it? You know you wouldn't."

"I tell you Reggie is not an expert—he has had no previous practice in making love," exclaimed Hilda, almost crying with indignation at the idea.

"No?"  
There was a note of amused incredulity in the interrogation. Moreover, brief as it was, it seemed to Hilda to be pregnant with sinister meaning.

"I don't understand you, Amelia," she flashed out. "You are hiding something from me. You know nothing against Reggie?"

"Against him? Far from it. I know nothing about that handsome and eminently agreeable young man but what is entirely to his credit. If he has practised and made himself perfect, that is all in his favor. And you, who have entered into the fruits of his practice, ought to commend him for it most of all."

"I tell you, again, he has never practised. You have no right to say such a thing. You know he hasn't, Amelia."

"Do I?"  
Amelia smiled provokingly, as she uttered these two words, with the air of one who could, and she would, throw a good deal of light on the subject under discussion.

"What are you driving at, Amelia? You must tell me what you mean by these odious covert insinuations. Do you know of any girl to whom Reggie has made love before he became engaged to me? If so, who is she? I insist on a plain answer."

"Oh, nonsense, Hilda," interposed Amelia, with amused contempt. "Don't make such a ridiculous fuss about nothing. Talk about a storm in a teacup! This is a veritable hurricane in a tumbler. Your Reggie has been like other young men, that's all. Leave it at that, and don't talk any more rubbish about insisting upon particulars. For one thing, I don't admit that I know any particulars. For another, if I did, I shouldn't tell tales out of school. \* \* \* And now, let us change the subject."

But Hilda was not in a frame of mind in which she would acquiesce in being thus cavalierly put off.

"You do know something," she cried, furiously, "and you shall tell me, Amelia."

"I shan't," said Amelia Evershed, pursing up her lips, with a determined air.

"You shall—you shall, I say," ejaculated Hilda, more and more furious. "My dear child, do keep calm. I absolutely decline to say any more about the matter. More especially as I have promised—, but there," she broke off, hastily, with some slight appearance of confusion, as though she had been almost betrayed into making an unguarded admission, "let us consider the subject finally closed."

But Hilda's keen perception, rendered keener by rabid jealousy, had not missed Amelia Evershed's hastily checked slip of the tongue, with its attendant signs of confusion, and with eyes blazing and cheeks aflame she was down on it like a thousand of bricks.

"Minx! Traitor! I see how it is. Reggie has—has—been making love to you!"

"Pshaw! What has put such a foolish notion into your head?" replied Amelia, with affected amusement at the absurd imputation.

But she avoided looking Hilda in the face as she said it, and Hilda was not slow to mark the omission.

"It is true. I can see it is true," she cried, in furious accents. "Deny it, madam, if you can."

posed her most faithful and devoted friend. She saw her lover's heart stolen away from her, and her whole life laid waste and desolate by the serpentine wiles of that diabolical mix. All this she saw, and a hundred other things besides.

When Hilda came down to tea she found her brother Philip just returned from business. He saw at once by her red and swollen eyes, that something was the matter. He asked her what it was. Then out it all came. "All," do I say? Yes, far more than all.

Philip, who was a good brother, was greatly aroused and perturbed by the tale of his sister's wrongs.

"Something going on between Smart-Shryke and Amelia Evershed," he exclaimed. "Tut-tut! It—it is too outrageous. I can—can—hardly believe it either of him or of her."

"But it is true!" cried out Hilda, clenching her hands excitedly, "she as good as confessed it to me. I don't blame Reggie so much—disloyal and perfidious as he has been. It is more that snake Amelia's fault than his. She has beguiled him to his downfall, like her congenial prototype in the Garden of Eden."

After tea, Philip put on his hat, and, with a determined air, sallied forth.

Hilda had no doubt from his manner that he had gone to demand an explanation from Reginald Smart-Shryke.

It was three good hours before he came back. Hilda looked up at him anxiously.

"Well?" she inquired.

"It is all right," answered her brother, smiling.

"What do you mean by 'all right'?"

"I mean it is as I half suspected from the first. There has been an egregious mistake. Amelia Evershed doesn't care twopence for Smart-Shryke, and there has never been anything between them."

"Reggie has told you this?"

"No; I haven't seen Smart-Shryke. I have been to Amelia's. She has told me."

"Ah! I'm astonished at your having done that, Philip; still more at your having allowed yourself to be deceived by that mix's plausible and interested lies. For, of course, she would tell you that she was innocent. But—"

"Half a moment, Hilda. She has not only told me that she cares nothing whatever for Smart-Shryke, but she has also given me incontrovertible evidence of the fact."

"Evidence? What evidence?"

"She has promised to marry me."

"Why did you make me so unhappy by all those false insinuations against Reggie?" cried Hilda Joicey at the next meeting with Amelia Evershed, shedding tears of mingled reproach and joy upon the other's bosom.

"Why did you pretend that he had been making love to you? You did it in jest, I suppose—to get a rise out of me. But it was a cruel, cruel joke, oh my Amelia."

"I did it, I confess, to get a rise, but not out of you—out of some one else," said Amelia, smiling.

"Out of whom, then? I do not understand you."

"Out of that very procrastinating admirer of mine, your brother Philip," said Amelia Evershed.—Truth.

**Troubles of a "Faculty Wife."**  
The wife of a young instructor who has \$800 to \$1000 a year must do her own housework, and can hardly offer her friends even tea and thin bread and butter. She is probably gently bred, often college trained, almost always plucky and independent. Even if she could leave the baby, she will not, after the first year or so, accept a great deal of hospitality while the pleasure of returning it is entirely out of reach. Nor is there in this any commercial element of social barter. She simply knows that friendships may be spoiled by having all the favors on one side, and wisely avoids the danger. She keeps her friends, and has, probably, a pleasant neighborhood life, but that does not prevent her missing the larger opportunities. Carried on in various lines, this certainly makes a "difference," and the difference is felt the more keenly just because of the general democracy of sentiment, and because a faculty of say 250 members may easily embrace all the degrees between a two-maid establishment with wine-cellar attachment, and a no-maid establishment with corn meal mush for dinner and salt-cellar attachment.—The Atlantic.

**An Indian's Love for His Dog.**  
Colonel Holden of the Fort Gibson Post, who sympathizes with everybody in hard luck, printed this letter from Richard Benge, a Cherokee, whose pack of trail hounds has often made music among the Fort Gibson hills: "Will you please let me have a small space in your paper? I won't write much. I just want to tell you old 'Drum,' my good old dog, is dead. He died of I don't know what—only he just got sick and died. Poor old Drum is dead and gone where all good dogs go. I feel sorter lonesome since old Drum died, for I've only old Spot and Mues left. Old Drum was the best. When he barked you knowed it was a 'possum or a coon. Old Spot is all right, but he won't bark, just wags his tail."—Kansas City Journal.

## ANIMAL TAMING SECRET

BY NO MEANS THE MYSTERIOUS ART SOME PEOPLE THINK.

Wild Beasts and Birds Quick to Discover When the Law Protects Them.—Ability of Animals to Take Care of Themselves When They're Hunted by Man.

"The taming of animals, and especially our common birds and mammals, is by no means such a mysterious art as many persons suppose it to be," said G. Alden Loring, who has served as field naturalist for the United States Biological Survey and the Smithsonian Institution. "Most animals respond quickly to kind treatment."

"Once assured of our friendliness they seek our company, build their homes near ours and visit our grounds in search of food. Sometimes they become so confiding that they enter our houses, take food from our fingers and even perch on our hands."

"But if we hunt them and do all we can to destroy them their attitude toward us is just the reverse. They take to the open fields and forests and are ever on the alert for danger."

"Probably there are no better illustrations of the ability of some animals to take care of themselves once they understand that we are their enemies than the cases of the red fox, woodchuck and common crow. Here we have three creatures that have been persecuted from the time when the country was first settled, yet within the last decade, despite the wonderful improvements in firearms, traps, etc., their numbers have not become smaller in the least, while others of greater strength but weaker minds have been exterminated."

"What has been the result of the warfare against these animals? It has served to make them specialists in the art of self-preservation, and today Br'er Fox and Jim Crow have the reputation of being two of the smartest creatures living."

"It might surprise many of the Central Park visitors to know that the little bunnies that take nuts from their hands and perch on their shoulders while eating them are so fearful of man in many other parts of the country that without the utmost stealth and caution the hunter cannot approach within shooting distance."

"Why are the squirrels so tame in Central Park, and so shy in other places? Simply because they are fed in one place and hunted in others. If the Central Park squirrels were hunted, they, too, would become wild in a remarkably short time."

"To a certain extent the same is true with all animals—we make them our friends or our enemies. That animals are quick to discover and take advantage of a closed season has been proved by the deer in the Adirondacks and the Western States. All the guides and mountaineers who live in a deer country must protect their gardens with wire netting, else the deer would soon ruin them."

"As soon as the hunting season opens and several shots have been fired few deer are seen near houses, and from that time until the season closes they are as shy as hawks."

"To appreciate fully what can be accomplished by protecting animals we have only to turn to the Yellowstone National Park and compare the habits of the animals living there with the habits of their kin who live in the country just beyond the boundaries of the park. Most striking of all is the change that has occurred in the habits of the bears that have become Uncle Sam's wards."

"The sportsman who has hunted bears in the Jackson's Hole country, just outside the park, knows that Bruin is one of the most difficult of all large game to approach. Both his sight and his hearing are defective, but if you wish to get within rifle shot of him you must take advantage of the wind, else he will surely get scent of you and your chances of seeing him again that day, unless you have a pack of good bear dogs, is small indeed."

"But in the Yellowstone Park, where hunting has not been permitted for years, the bears have lost all fear of man. They have become so tame that it is one of the sights of the park to visit the garbage dumps near the hotels and watch the bears feeding in the evening."

"Some of the huge good natured brutes get impatient as the wagons carrying the refuse barrels approach, and without waiting for the drivers to dump the barrels climb into the back of a cart and in their efforts to appease their hunger tip over the barrels, with results that do not add to the dignity of their appearance."

"Yet the park bears do not attack man—newspaper stories to the contrary notwithstanding. The worst sin charged against them is the occasional mixing up of a camper's outfit during his absence."

"Other animals in the park are almost equally tame. Mountain sheep saunter up the slopes as the tourists approach, occasionally pausing to look back. Large bands of elk divide in order to let the stages pass, and

on the parade ground of the fort and the lawns about the hotels mule deer feed without displaying the least sign of timidity.

"In Biscayne Bay and on Lake Worth, Florida, the winter tourists have recently begun to feed the scaup ducks that winter in the South in immense numbers. It is a common sight to see small pleasure craft passing in and out among the flocks, the tourists tossing bits of food to the ever watchful birds which scramble for it. Sometimes they even swim alongside the boats and take food from one's hand."

"These, remember, are the same ducks that a few months later will be on their way to their Northern breeding grounds. Ask a hunter on Long Island Sound how close you can get in a skiff to a flock of scaup ducks. He will tell you that if you succeed in sculling within long shooting range of a flock once out of twenty attempts you will be doing well."

"Last year a law went into effect that prohibits the shooting of ducks after the first of January. The result was that in many of the small villages situated on streams and rivers ducks spent the winter within a stone's throw of houses along the bank and in many instances the residents actually fed them."

"Circumstances sometimes cause a bird or a mammal to commit acts that it would never do under more favorable conditions. For instance, last winter severe cold weather closed Cayuga, Seneca and other lakes in New York State and deep snow covered the ground."

"The gulls were compelled to seek the open rivers, and the crows came to the bars and the suburbs of the cities and villages. The pangs of hunger seemed to dull their sense of fear to such an extent that they were willing to risk being killed rather than starve."

"An animal loving Justice of the Peace who lives on the banks of the Susquehanna River in a village up the State came to their aid. From December until the weather moderated he ran a free lunch counter on the edge of the ice within fifty feet of his house, and fed several crows and a flock of gulls that called daily for their meals."

"But it is not necessary to wait for cold weather to tame animals. Any one living in the country can, by placing food at a distance and gradually bringing it nearer and nearer the house, draw the birds and animals close to his sitting room window. Then by patient waiting a few of them, the chickadees, white breasted nuthatches and squirrels, can be enticed into the house, to be educated further, according to your will."

"If you befriend the birds and mammals in this way you will soon discover that much heretofore inexplicable influence over animals is simply the result of kind treatment and knowledge of their habits."—New York Sun.

**HOW CHOCTAWS HUNT DEER.**  
Hounds Run Animal to Cover and Indian Kills it With Stone.

A better illustration, according to the primitive methods of the Choctaw Indian hunters could not be given than the following story, as told by eyewitnesses of the feat:

A squad of hunters had been hunting nearly six hours one day, just before the first fall of snow. The mountains and valleys were covered by a heavy frost. A deer which had evidently been shot had just passed down the mountain and headed for the creek half a mile below. The hunters followed the scent as fast as possible.

Reaching the heavy growth of brush and trees which swept the bank of the stream, they saw a young Indian riding right toward the creek. Several hounds were baying, and when they approached closer they saw that the dogs had run the deer to cover. He was a beauty, and presented a grand sight as he backed into the creek from the great red rocks, with the pack of hungry Indian dogs following him and barking loudly. The Indian quickly sprang from his pony and picked up a stone about the size of a baseball. He drew back deliberately, just like a crack baseball pitcher, and then hurled the stone through the air.

It struck the deer squarely between the eyes and down the animal fell in a foot of water. Like a cat, Quick Eye, as the Indian was called, rushed to its side and pulled the dogs off. The stone had done its work. As though it was a usual occurrence, the Indian picked up the carcass, tossed it over his shoulder and carried it to his horse, after which he rode toward his home.

**Feddler and the Forum.**  
J. W. Whitaker, a tiller of the soil, left two weeks ago to study under the guidance of a noted lawyer. After being back some time and failing to get a case went to the farm again, fully convinced that there is more fodder in the fields than in the law biz.—Ezel Evolution.

## THE POINT OF VIEW.

They sat before the kitchen range.  
The corn was bobbing in the pan,  
She was a sweet and loving lass,  
He was a brave but bashful man.  
For full a year on her he'd called  
And looked the love he bore the maid,  
But still it seemed he never would  
Declare himself without her aid.

So weary of the long delay,  
A hint resolved to give to him,  
She said, "Look at the frisky corn!  
I do declare it's poppin', Jim!"  
"It's poppin', poppin', Jim! Dear me,  
What is it tellin', don't you know?"  
He blushed and rose, "I guess," said  
"It's tellin' me it's time to go!"  
—Henry Waldorf Francis, in Woman's Companion.



## FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

"I'm sorry she refused, old man."  
"How do you know she did?" "Everybody says she's such a sensible girl."  
—Cleveland Leader.

"Did I understand you to say they are related?" "Merely business way. He married into family."  
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"So Multim, the trust magnate, retired from business, has he? Much do you suppose he cleaned?" "Everything in sight but his rec."  
—Chicago Tribune.

"There is no short cut to fame, marked the Wise Guy. "How a the upper cut?" suggested the SI Mug, looking up from the soap page.—Philadelphia Record.

"I feel the poetic fire," he "That's all right," replied his but it won't do for warming purp. Better go out and order a ton coal."—Atlanta Constitution.

"What is your preference for national plant?" "Well, if the lar mark is to be our national si think our national plant should be mint."—Baltimore American.

Overheard at Palm Beach.—Newrich—Is your husband fond piscatorial pursuits? Mrs. M. quick—No, he spends all his tin fishin'—Philadelphia Record.

The Rejected—Do you refuse on account of my poverty or on count of myself? The Rejected Neither—it's wholly on my own count.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Of course, Rounder led a very life." "Yes; he's going from bad worse." "Ah! you haven't h then, that he's not expected to l." "Yes, I have."—Philadelphia Pre.

Mr. Stoptate—Oh, Miss Tere that air you just played takes back to my mother's knee! Tersleep—Will she spank you staying out so late?—Cleveland L. er.

"Well, well, there goes Miss St. When I saw her last she was pa as a bachelor girl. That's her ho "All that's changed now. She dro the hobby for a hubby."—Philade Press.

"Yes, de professor an' me pl a duet on de organ wunst." "Y "Yes, me. When I stopped, stopped." "But you don't know key from another." "Sure not, de pumpkin!"—Cleveland Plain a. er.

"Sometimes," said uncle Eber, 'pears to me like a reformer wa 'o deshere people dat has to talk hours an' a half to 'spress one o' d commandments. An' dar warn' dispute 'bout dat in de firs' place Washington Star.

"You said some time ago you going to retire from politics." " answered the man with a good "but the statement attracted so attention I concluded I could, where I was without being notl.—Washington Star.

"Here is another question ought to be brought before Congr said the earnest citizen. "My sir," answered Senator Sorg, "Congress now has all the ques it can take care of. What it n is some answers."—Washington

"These editors are hard to ple "What's the matter now?" "They to send back my stuff because couldn't read it. "You ought to typewriter." "I did, and now they it back because they can read "What's a fellow to do?"—Philde Ledger.

"The boss insists upon our em ing his son here, and it's as much can do to keep him idle," said the editor. "Idle?" remarked his fr "You mean busy, don't you?" "I don't. If I kept him busy it would three or four other men busy co ing his mistakes."—Philadelphia P.

**His Lurid Style.**  
The Lady Interviewer—And brought that lovely parrot from the fated ship? What a beauty? Do talk at all?

The Sailor Man (embarrassed)—E—yes, quite a bit, mum, but no publication!—Brooklyn Life.