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SONG OF THE RETREATING RUSSIAN ARMIES.

We're marching on to freedom, in the dark before the dawn;
The shells are bursting round us, and the shrapnel shriek on high.
We're marching on to freedom, through the black and bloody morning;
A crimson thread is in the east, and creeps across the sky.

We're hopelessly defeated; let the joyous news be shouted.
Our armies are in full retreat and soon we shall be free.
Outfought and outnumbered, outfanked and routed,
Three hundred thousand beaten men are singing like the sea.

Our forces fill the valleys full; the plain is overflowing;
Our bayonets clothe the trampled earth like fields of sloping corn.
Above the distant mountain-tops the light is slowly growing;
A scarlet cord is in the east, and soon it will be morn.

O, grave, where is thy victory? O, death, where is thy sting?
We die that Russia may be free; we lose that she may gain.
There's blood upon the road we take, but still we take it singing,
Our triumph is in our defeat, our glory in our pain.

We're marching on to freedom through the blood-red light of morning;
The cannon roar behind us, and the dead are falling fast.
You can see our patient faces, in the crimson of the dawn;
We've suffered through the weary night, but day has come at last.

For we're beaten—beaten—beaten! Let the joyous news be shouted;
We've lost the tyrant's battle now, and soon we shall be free.
Wronged, robbed, oppressed, tormented, imprisoned; exiled, knouted,
A hundred million Russian Slavs are rising like the sea.
—Bertrand Shadwell, in the Boston Transcript.

ELIZA WEBB'S MISFORTUNE

By MARJORIE RICHARDSON.

THE queer little red cottage in which Miss Eliza Webb lived was built in the old New England fashion, with a lean-to and a porch. Behind it grew a row of cherry trees, and on one side ran a picturesque hedge of lilac bushes; but on the right, stretching the entire length of her tiny farm, was a high board fence.

Miss Eliza Webb frowned at the fence and at the great house and stable which loomed up behind it.

These big buildings cut off a large portion of the river view from the red cottage, but Miss Webb could still have seen part of the valley from her windows had that obnoxious fence been removed.

"Insulting!" murmured Miss Webb. "Right down insulting! And just because I told him plain out what I thought of him."

She fixed her eyes on the fence and went on watering the gay nasturtium bed, till little muddy rivulets ran away from it and settled about her slippers feet.

Fifty years before all those broad acres stretching from the lilac hedge across the hills to the little river winding through the valley beneath had belonged to Miss Webb's father. He had often stood on the porch of the red cottage, with his wife and daughter beside him, building air-castles on the very spot now occupied by the great house. But years brought losses to Simeon Webb, and the site of his air-castle had to be sold.

Miss Webb had never greatly felt the loss, however, until this summer, when her limits were defined by the hideous fence, and the hill beyond was cut into for the foundations of the Traffords' house and stable.

Old Mr. Trafford was anxious to buy the land clear through to the lilac hedge. He tried to persuade Miss Webb, into whose hands the property had descended, to sell her small farm, and have the red cottage moved to another spot in the village.

But she refused to consider the proposition, and her refusal was given in such an indignant way that the old man's wrath was roused, and he built the fence out of spite. On Mr. Trafford's side a trolis of grapevines ran the entire length of it, but on hers no trailing vines or flowers covered the rough, unpainted boards.

"Mercy me!" cried Miss Webb, suddenly conscious of the cold stream trickling into her cloth slippers. She held her alpaca skirts high in one hand, and stepped gingerly on to a bit of dry ground.

"Mercy me! I don't know but what I'm losin' my senses over that pesky fence and those toplofty Traffords. They needn't have been so scared. I wouldn't have gone near 'em, fence or no fence. They ain't what I want to see. It's the river and the valley, that I've been used to lookin' out on ever since I was born." She picked up the watering-pot and walked angrily into the house.

That afternoon her theory of the toploftiness of the Traffords was shaken. At exactly 4 o'clock, which was "visitin' time" in Danville, her front gate clicked. Peeping out from behind the drawn window shade, Miss Webb saw young Mrs. Trafford coming slowly up the walk.

"My land! If there ain't the Widow Trafford, the old man's daughter-in-law! Well, she can knock and knock, for all she'll get in here."

Mrs. Trafford was aware of the angry eyes fixed on her from behind the buff window shade, but she repeated her knocks several times. At last, despairing of effecting an entrance by the usual method, she took a step back from the little porch, looked up suddenly at the window, and nodded pleasantly. Then she nodded again.

Miss Webb left the window and stood in the middle of her best room, trembling with indignation.

"Of all the sass and impudence!" she gasped. "I'll have to open the door now, an' she knows it."

With reluctant hands she turned the rusty key.

after the opening was completed she saw Miss Webb come out of her kitchen door with a box of nails and a hammer in her hand.

She listened to the sharp, vindictive blows of the hammer, and reluctantly acknowledged to herself that her last effort, like her first, was a failure.

That afternoon, as young Mrs. Trafford walked in the garden with her father-in-law, he stopped in front of a newly completed trellis, behind which the rejected gate was hidden, and smiled derisively.

"Your friend, Miss Webb, keeps Benson quite busy," he commented. But Mrs. Trafford pretended not to hear.

Three months passed without further intercourse between the great house and the red cottage, and old Mr. Trafford had nearly forgotten his neighbor's existence. Not so with Miss Webb. As the days grew colder, and the light frosts of autumn turned the leaves of the oaks and maples to brilliant reds and yellows, she felt more keenly than ever the loss of her once extensive view.

"I've read somewhere in some book that country people don't care for the beautiful scenery, because they're so used to it," she muttered. "Some city folks wrote that, I'll be bound. 'Tain't so. The trees in the valley all flamin' and yellow used to make me feel so chipper! It's lonesome and smotherin', bein' boxed in like this."

She locked the back door of the cottage, and set out for a half-day's visit to her sister in South Danville. As she walked down the frozen road and passed the end of the fence, she gave a sudden start, and stared hard at the last post. At its foot a little pile of leaves and shavings was smouldering.

An expression came into her face of mingled triumph and hesitation. Then her features settled into a hard smile.

"Traffords' folks is all away to-day, and it's none of my concern. It won't blaze up, anyhow, I guess," she said, half-aloud, and setting her lips firmly together, she moved away.

Mrs. Daws noticed that her sister was strangely absentminded that afternoon. Susy Daws made a cross significantly with her two forefingers and shook her head warningly at her small brothers when they ventured too near Miss Webb's rocking chair.

But Miss Webb hardly noticed them, and even forgot to make her usual comment on "Mandy's slack way of bringin' up children." She fidgeted nervously until it was time to take the 5.20 train back to Danville.

When she stepped out of the car at the Danville station, she noticed with surprise that a little group of her neighbors was standing on the usually deserted platform. Deacon Farrar came forward to meet her.

"Miss Webb," he said, in a sepulchral voice, "somethin' terrible's happened."

"Let me tell her!" cried the deacon's wife, elbowing her way to the front. "A man don't know how to break things to a body. 'Lizy, the Traffords' fence is all burnt down. They think one of the men workin' on the road must have left his pipe on it, and it got set that way. Anyhow, it's gone. And the wind came up to blow, and the house caught, and it's burnt to the ground."

"Land o' Goshen," cried little Miss Foss, the village dressmaker, "she's goin' to faint clean away. I do believe!"

Miss Webb's face had turned white, and she was swaying back and forth with tensely clasped hands.

"Oh," she moaned, "I never thought of such a thing! How could a fence so far off from everything have set fire to the house? And me a member of the Orthodox Church!"

"There, there!" said the deacon, soothingly. "Of course it's a dispensation, Miss Webb, but do try to bear up. It had to be one house or the other. If the wind hadn't changed, the Traffords' house would have gone 'stead of yours."

"The Traffords' house!" gasped Miss Webb. "Do you mean to tell me that it's my house that's burnt down an' not theirs?"

"'Tis so," said Miss Foss. "Didn't we tell you?"

A light came into Miss Webb's eyes and she burst into tears.

"Thank Heaven!" she sobbed.

"She went clean out of her mind," said the deacon's wife, afterward. "I never before in my life saw 'Lizy shed a tear."

A few days later young Mrs. Trafford drove over to Mrs. Daws' in South Danville, and asked to see her sister. Miss Webb came down at once to the best room, where her visitor was waiting, and as she entered she held out her hand.

Mrs. Trafford took it cordially, although with some surprise, and they sat down side by side on the haircloth sofa.

"I have come," said Mrs. Trafford, gravely, "with a proposition from my father-in-law, which I hope you will accept. I need not tell you how sorry we both are for your misfortune, and especially that it should have been caused by our fence. But since that is the case, Mr. Trafford is very anxious to rebuild your cottage on the same site. And I can assure you that the fence has gone forever," she added, with a smile. Miss Webb had been fumbling in her pocket all the time Mrs. Trafford had been speaking, and she now held out an envelope, stamped and addressed to Mr. Trafford.



HOW BERRY CROPS ARE MADE.

Everyone who has had experience in growing berries knows that the crops that are grown at the least expense per quart are those that yield the greatest income per acre if the crop itself is of good quality. It does not pay to grow poor berry crops, yet sometimes the seasons are unfavorable and it is impossible to produce good crops even with wise provision and the best of care. Humus has a great deal to do with the ability of the soil to retain moisture, and it often contains plant food in most excellent forms. Stable manure in moderate quantities, where the soil is not naturally filled with humus, will supply this important element of success. Crops of clove or cowpeas plowed under will do it also. The very biggest and best berries are often found where the plants grow wild with their roots imbedded in soil that is almost half composed of leaf mold.—National Fruit Grower.

FERTILIZING ORCHARDS.

If one is willing to fertilize the soil in his orchard he should be willing to apply such fertilizers at the proper time. While the usual fertilizing of trees with commercial fertilizers has no objection, the same cannot be said of the use of stable manure under some conditions, which is the fertilizer generally at the command of the farmer. It is generally understood that severe pruning in the spring causes heavy wood growth of the tree and heavy fertilizing with stable manure in the beginning of the growing season has a like effect.

If the orchard is not growing rapidly enough by all means fertilize, so as to get the necessary wood growth, but if the trees are all right in this respect, but are not fruiting properly, it is evident that they are making wood growth at the expense of fruit buds. Obviously, the remedy is to fertilize after the growing season, for the wood growth is practically over. Fall manuring in any considerable quantity is not advisable, for it excites a growth of wood which is not desirable at a time when the trees are preparing to rest.—Indianapolis News.

FERTILIZING PEACH TREES.

The peach is somewhat sensitive to overfeeding with nitrogen or ammoniacal manures. Trees grown near barnyards shoot out very vigorously at first, but the tissues seem to degenerate rapidly, forming gum pockets and exuding large quantities of gum. The trees have been observed by large peach men to suffer from winter killing and in extreme cases are often killed outright. An application of nitrate of soda at the rate of 300 pounds per acre in one case noted by the Department of Agriculture retarded the ripening time of peaches two weeks.

Peaches regularly ripen on the poor knolls and hilltops earlier than in adjacent valleys or pockets a few feet away, where seepage nitrogen affects them. The latter are also more subject to certain fungi. The proximity of an old stable was in one case the cause of the fruit being belated, and while the trees and fruit were larger, the latter was inferior in color and quality. In a series of tests the fruit on the trees moderately supplied with nitrogen was brighter in color, sweeter and finer in texture, and only slightly smaller. In fact, the peach is healthiest and yields the best fruit in soils which for other crops would be considered deficient in nitrogen.

The plum in this respect behaves very much like the peach, especially the Japanese varieties. Two plum trees were given six pounds of nitrate of soda—which is a large application—strewn in a circle around the trees about equal to the spread of the branches. It was applied after the growth had started and while growth was moderately stimulated during the season and they appeared to be all right in the fall, they were killed, root and branch, the following winter, though adjacent trees were entirely unharmed. On account of this sensitiveness to nitrogen, skillful peach and plum growers are always very cautious in the use of nitrogenous fertilizers, especially stable manure.—Guy E. Mitchell.

No Need of Thanks.

An elderly clergyman who attended the Baptist ministers' meeting last week told of an occasion during the last winter when the joke was on him. It was a very cold day, and the sidewalk was being slippery, the clergyman had some trouble in walking. When he came to the steps of his residence he tried to climb them, but was unable to do so because of the thick coating of ice. A little boy passing along the street lent his arm to the old man, assisting him to the top step, and then was about to run away, when he was called back and thanked. "Oh, don't mention it," said the boy. "I am used to that. My father comes home that way almost every night."—Philadelphia Record.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

Rotation of Crops.

There are various methods of increasing the yield of crops besides tillage and the use of fertilizers; and one of the most important of these methods is crop rotation, or the growing of different kinds of plants on the same land from year to year instead of taking the same kind of crop continuously from the same land, and that some crops will not grow well after others, and that some kinds of plants actually grow better immediately after the land has been occupied by certain other kinds. For example, red clover ceases to thrive after wheat; also wheat seldom does well when sown after barley.

All plants remove from the land more or less of the fertilizing matters when carried off from the land. But all plants do not carry off the same kind of fertilizers, nor do they carry off the same amounts. All plants do not draw equally upon the fertilizing ingredients of the soil. For instance, one crop may consume a large amount of nitrogen, another may exhaust the soil in phosphoric acid, while still another may require potash. However, all plants require some of these three ingredients, but in different proportions. "Root crops," for example—such as potatoes, beets, turnips, etc.—need a liberal amount of potash and phosphoric acid. Forage plants—corn, for instance—needs nitrogen to produce the leaves and stems, while cotton requires a small amount of nitrogen and potash, but a liberal supply of phosphoric acid, which goes to form seed and lint. Hence it is obvious that some plan of rotation should be adopted in order to prevent the land becoming deficient in some one or more of these essential elements.

The following rules for rotation may be of advantage:

Such plants as tend particularly to exhaust the soil, like grain crops, should only be sown on fertile land, and they should not exceed one another, but may best be followed by plants that are less exhausting.

On heavily manured fields, such crops should be planted as can bear the most fresh manure, while less exhaustive plants may follow.

It is generally advantageous to alternate crops that have top roots with those that have spreading roots.

No two crops favorable to the growth of insects and fungi should be permitted to succeed each other. It is very essential in many cases to change the crops frequently to hinder the increase of these pests. There are various insect injurious to grain which would increase to an alarming extent if the land were devoted exclusively to grain crops year after year. But when a crop of beans or turnips followed a grain crop, the whole tribe of grain insects may perish or disappear from the field. The clump-foot, or as is sometimes commonly known, the "big root" in cabbage and collards, in like manner prevent their continual cultivation on the same land. Farmers and market gardeners in vicinities near cities would be glad to grow cabbage year after year upon the same land, but they cannot because of this disease.

One form of rotation of crops commonly practiced in this State, and in most of the Southern States, is the growing with reference to their manurial value. Red clover or cowpeas sown in spring, or rye sown in fall and plowed under when it has made a fair growth, are the most common methods of green manuring. By this method we largely increase the vegetable matter in the soil, and this much improves the physical condition of the soil.—L. M. Oden, A. and M. College, West Raleigh, N. C.

Utilizing Sorghum For Silage.

Sorghum will make a very fine quality of silage if properly managed. One of the best varieties to grow is the Red-head, because of the stout, stiff nature of the stalk. It stands up much better than the Amber and some other similarly stalked varieties, and yet is not so coarse but that it is readily eaten by livestock. Plant the sorghum in rows about three feet apart, using about twelve pounds of seed per acre. Cultivate as an ordinary corn crop and cut when ready for the silo with the corn harvester. Do not cut for silage, however, until the heads are matured and the seed is virtually ripe. Most persons who attempt to use sorghum for silage cut it too green and make a serious mistake by so doing. Sorghum holds its juices with remarkable tenacity, and owing to the considerable amount of saccharine matter contained makes an unusually fine quality of silage. You may plant sorghum anywhere from the first of May to the first of June. Fairly early planting is advisable, as it gives the plant longer to mature. It is claimed by many, as you doubtless know, that sorghum is hard on the land, but in proportion to the yield obtained it is not harder than

other crops. Sorghum has some manifold advantages over corn, as it will grow better on thinner land, as it is harder and more vigorous and therefore withstands drought better, and as a rule it will outyield corn. In other words, where ten tons of corn are put in the silo per acre, you can count on from thirteen to fifteen tons of sorghum. Sorghum can be handled as easily as corn, and will keep just as long if not put up too green. If placed in a rotation so as to come on the land once in five years it will not injure the ground. It would be a mistake to attempt to grow sorghum year after year on the same land, unless it were possible to plow under some crop like crimson clover, and apply heavy amounts of phosphates and potash each year. By utilizing sorghum for silage on many Southern farms and growing some peas for hay, the crop can be fed as grain and the shredded stover and pea hay used as dry roughness and a much larger number of animals maintained than is the general practice at the present time.—Professor Soule.

The Cabbage-Louse.

The cabbage louse, having safely passed through an unusually hard winter, is now satisfying his ravenous appetite at the expense of cabbages, turnips, mustard, etc.

This insect must not be confused with the harlequin bug or with the common cabbage worms. The cabbage louse is a very small, gray, soft-bodied louse that gathers in great numbers on the leaves and stems of the cabbage and does damage by sucking the sap from the plant.

On account of the fact that it sucks the sap, instead of eating the leaves, it cannot be fought satisfactorily by using Paris green or other similar poisons.

Last year we had experience with this insect, and found a very simple and effectual remedy. Ordinary laundry soap, dissolved in water at the rate of one and one-half pounds to four gallons of water and applied thoroughly with a spray pump, will certainly kill them. If the soap be cut into thin pieces and boiled in two gallons of water it will quickly dissolve, when cold water may be added to make the four gallons. It should then be applied while still warm.

It may not be altogether easy to make a thorough application. When the plants are badly infested the leaves become very much curled, so that it is difficult to reach the lice. Here we see the advantage of making the application early, before the leaves get curled. But even if they are curled it is quite practicable to have a boy, barefoot and with sleeves rolled up, to accompany the sprayer and rapidly turn the leaves from side to side while the application is being made.

If taken in time, one application will usually be sufficient. Otherwise, it may be necessary to give a second treatment a week or ten days later.

By following these directions many thousands of plants were saved last year.—Franklin Sherman, Jr., Entomologist, Department of Agriculture, Raleigh, N. C.

Cheapest Way to Get Flowers.

We want shrubs on every home place in America because they furnish more flowers for less money and care and for a longer period of years than any other plants. True, some trees have big flowers and lots of them, but they are higher up in the air, while a bush is just where you can see it and smell it. Shrubs are more permanent than "perennials," and they are nothing like the other annuals are. You plant trees for posterity, but shrubs for yourself, also. You get flowers the second year, if you pay a decent price, and if you go away for a summer, the place does not look like an abandoned home. The plain truth is that a home without shrubbery is all wrong. Shrubby is just as necessary to a place as clothing to a man. Nine times out of ten the straight line where a building meets the ground should be hidden by shrubs.—Garden Magazine.

Feeding Value of Corn and Cob Meal.

There is no reason why corn and cob meal should not be fed to cattle, sheep and hogs. It can be fed to these classes of stock without regrinding, though better results will as a rule follow regrinding, as the particles are finer and more quickly acted upon by the digestive juices. In a finely ground condition the sharp particles of the cob are not so likely to injure the digestive organs. One of the great advantages of grinding the grain and cob together is that it lightens the grain which is rich and heavy and not always thoroughly digested and assimilated. Corn and cob meal will, of course, give better results as a rule when fed in combination with other grains, and if used for young and growing stock a liberal amount of some concentrate rich in protein should be incorporated in the ration.—A. M. Soule.