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## WHEN I GO HOME.

By Eugene Field.

It comes to me often in silence,  
When the firelight sparkles low—  
When the black, uncertain shadows  
Seem wreaths of the long ago;  
"Tears with throbs of heartache  
At thrills each pulsive vein,  
The old, unquiet longing  
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,  
And of faces old and strange;  
I know where there's warmth of welcome  
And my yearning fancy ranges  
Back to the dear old homestead,  
With an aching sense of pain;  
But there'll be joy in the coming  
When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music  
That may never die away  
And it seems the band of angels,  
On a mystic harp to play,  
Have touched with a yearning sadness  
On a beautiful, broken strain,  
To which is my fond heart wending—  
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window  
Is the great world's crush and din,  
And slowly the autumn's shadows  
Come drifting, drifting in,  
Sobbing, the night winds murmur  
To the plash of the autumn rain;  
But I dream of the glorious greeting  
When I go home again.

## By Special Desire.

I always thought her a pretty girl,  
and sweet and charming; but, from her own account, there seemed to be so many people in love with her already that I thought personally I should do much better by merely maintaining a friendly interest in her. Besides, I always knew that if ever I did fall in love it would be with quite another sort of a girl—some one who would be much more prepared to render me homage than to expect it as her own due, which was Miss Courtenay's way of going through life. Still, in spite of her many airs and graces, which rather amused me than otherwise, we remained good friends on the whole, and I am sure I gave her no possible excuse for thinking that I was one of her latest victims, for the simple reason that I had not in any sense succumbed to her fascinations, and never pretended to disguise the fact.

I had known her now for quite a long time. I should say it was about six months from our first meeting. At our last meeting, which had been the day before yesterday, I had introduced a great friend of mine to her—Bertie Beauclere. He was a tall, handsome fellow—no brains, certainly, but still the sort of type that I felt pretty sure would appeal to her. She really did seem to take an ardent fancy to him, which was another proof that my estimation of her character was a fairly correct one. I judged her to be frivolous and shallow—a girl to be taken with superficial show rather than a woman to love a man for his sterling worth, which is really the only kind of woman I should ever feel inclined to love myself, for I don't set much store by blue eyes and a pink and white skin. It is the beauty of the heart and mind that appeal to me far more.

I think, as a matter of fact, that there are a good many men like myself, so that, when she used to enlarge to me sometimes upon her conquests, I invariably discounted half she said. I didn't believe she had a tithe of the success she made out. Here was I, for one, quite unscathed. It was really astonishing to me to see the way Beauclere made up to her, and I began to think there might be something in her charm after all. But then, "if she be not fair to me, what care I how fair she be?"

All the same, I felt vexed I had introduced Bertie to her. I didn't want to see her make a fool of my best friend. I didn't want to see her make a fool of herself, either, and the way she encouraged his idiotic compliments was a revelation to me. I had taken it for granted that she was a coquette, but I had never actually seen her in the role before, and I didn't know how these things were done until then, and I learned a good lesson that afternoon. Bertie fetched and carried for her like a dog, and the other men seemed to go down like ninepins, too. I had really meant to look after her a little myself, but I realized my forethought was quite superfluous.

The next day I thought I would call on her and have a quiet chat. I found her in what she was pleased to term her "study." Not having left school long, she kept up an amiable fiction for the benefit of a fond mother and a doting father. I suppose that she did a few hours' daily practising and reading within its sacred four walls.

I always liked to find her in the study. For one thing, it showed, if not a serious bent of mind, at least an effort in the right direction; and, for another, her family never ventured to disturb her there. She said it interrupted her train of thought.

I sat down and, after having helped her with a difficult problem—the same problem, I was fain to observe, which I had tackled for her last time—I began to talk.

"You and Beauclere seemed to hit it off pretty well. I always thought he liked a bit of bluestocking—in fact, preferred brains to beauty."

"You don't think me clever, then?" she asked.

"I didn't say that exactly. I think you are clever in your own way."

"But you think my beauty is in excess of my brains?"

"We won't say beauty," I deprecated. "That is a word only applicable to Greek goddesses. But you're certainly sweetly pretty."

"Oh," she said, with her eyes down, "you think me pretty, then?"

"I wasn't giving you my personal opinion," I replied guardedly, "but what seems to be the generally accepted one."

"I don't know so much about that," she said, with a toss of her head. "Mr. Beauclere thinks me quite beautiful and clever."

"Beauclere's an ass!" I said hastily. And then, feeling frightened at the ominous silence which ensued, I enlarged my sentence by adding: "Why, he went down without a degree!"

"Perhaps he didn't want one. I'd sooner have a straight nose than a degree any day," she retorted scornfully. "And scarcely anyone here knows you are a valetudinarian, though I'm sure I've told scores of people."

I rubbed my nose ruefully. I am forced to admit it is distinctly of the forced to admit it is distinctly of the Wellingtonian order.

"It was nice of you to trouble to tell people," I said dubiously. "I'm sure you meant it kindly. But whatever made you do that?"

"Oh, I felt bound to say something in your defence. At that garden party yesterday, as you were walking past, a girl I know said: 'Who is that awkward-looking fellow? Perhaps I'd better not tell you what she thought of you,' she added, interrupting herself. 'It might hurt your feelings.'"

I laughed.

"No. Tell me."

"That awkward, plain looking man, who is going about as if he thought all the women were in love with him?"

I roared.

"Did she think that out loud?" I asked. "I believe I can guess who the girl was."

"No, you can't guess," she said crossly. "because I shan't tell you. Naturally, when I saw the impression you were creating I had to say out loud you were a valetudinarian, as much for my own benefit as hers. It was a sort of excuse for you."

"And did it satisfy her?" I asked, admiring the way she spoke of herself in the third person.

"It was a consolation," she admitted. "I shouldn't have thought Venus stood in need of consolation with Adonis at her feet, not to speak of other admirers."

"You seem to think," she said, pointing, "that I couldn't win love if I tried, or even if I didn't try."

"If one tries," I said sententiously, "one can get most things one wants."

"But of course you wouldn't fall into the trap," she asked merrily.

"Leave me out, please. We settled that question long ago."

"Oh, I'm fairly satisfied with my progress since then," she returned airily.

Her assurance was really amusing.

"You're quite welcome to my scalp when you get it," I returned, smiling.

brown skin. The bright-colored tie, so different from my usual sober tints, raised me in my own estimation, and I sallied forth with a feeling of assurance born of it.

It was still early, and I found her in the study arranging some flowers. My spirits were dashed by her reception of me.

"You don't mean to say you really walked through the town in that tie?" she asked.

"Yes, I did," I said, feeling worried. "Don't you like it? I thought you told me to get a red tie."

"Yes, but I never thought you would for my telling," she returned. "What ever made you do that?"

"Goodness knows!" I responded. Then I laughed awkwardly. "I think I can give you a reason, such as it is. It has just dawned on me. I'm like all the rest, I suppose. I love you!"

"Oh," she said, with a complacent little smile, "that was in the programme I mapped out for you."

"And you'll love me, too, won't you?" I said, coming up to her and leaning my hand on the back of her chair as I put the momentous question.

"Oh, no!" she said, looking down. "I'm not going to love you. That wasn't in my programme at all."

"Couldn't you include it," I said, "by special desire?"

"Whose desire?" she asked quickly. "Mine."

"I don't believe," she said, tracing a pattern on the tablecloth, "that you really do love me."

"I'll try to prove," I said, "only you must give me facilities."

"What do you call facilities?"

"Well," I said, putting my arm around her waist, "this would be one."

"I—I don't mind giving you that one," she said hesitatingly.

"It's quite sufficient," I declared, "to encourage me to take the rest."—San Francisco Bulletin.

## A WEIRD TALE.

Englishman's Story of a Warning Brought in a Growsome Way.

This strange experience happened some 15 years ago to a very intimate friend of mine in Gibraltar bay, not far from where he often lives. I had the story from his own lips.

When the telepathic experience occurred he had not been long in sunny Spain. Behind him, in Bonnie Scotland, he had left his young bride till he should get settled down in his new climate and occupation. He was going one day about his work, as usual, buoyed up with the prospect of meeting soon his loved one (for she was then on her way out to him, on board a steamer which must now be skirting the northern coasts of Spain), when suddenly he experienced a strange sensation, heard his wife's voice wailing, and saw, as he thought, her form all dripping and wet.

Instantly he felt as if some terrible calamity had happened. And sure enough, in due time, the telegraph brought the sad news that, at the very hour of his strange experience, the ship in which his wife was outward bound had struck upon the rocks, hundreds of miles away, and all on board had perished.

How, almost frantic with grief, my esteemed friend, accompanied by another acquaintance, went north and searched for days for his wife's body amongst those washed ashore by recurring tides on that Spanish coast is apart from our purpose. But he told me all with his own lips.

I have never been a believer in spiritualism, have never seen anything in tabierapping and suchlike, except to laugh at; yet I think the correct attitude to take up to well-authenticated telepathic experiences as distinct from spiritualistic humbug, is Hamlet's in his conversation with Horatio:

"O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!"

"And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

—Correspondent of the Weekly Scotsman.

Boyish Aptness of Hiram Maxim.

When Sir Hiram Maxim, the famous inventor, first left school he was employed as a carriage painter, and his ability with the brush was plainly shown by an incident which occurred one afternoon. A man called to see his employer while the latter went out. On his return Hiram informed him of the visit.

"I forgot to ask his name," the boy said, "and so I drew that," pointing to a sketch on a board.

So life-like was the hasty sketch which Maxim had done that his employer at once recognized his visitor.

—London Tit-Bits.

Boston Man's Ways.

Skinner—I say, Smarte, can you give me change for a dollar bill? Smarte—Upon one condition, my dear fellow. You must give me the dollar bill.

### SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

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

#### A Pig Hospital.

A correspondent of The Southern Ruralist tells his methods with pigs as follows:

With a large herd of Berkshires it is necessary to have a hospital where you can place those that get hurt or need treatment for scours, whooping cough, constipation and other ailments that pigs are subject to just as are members of the human family. The hospital should have several wards so that each trouble can be treated after its kind, but in each ward there should be a low, flat box kept supplied with charcoal, ashes, salt and a little lime, for more pigs are troubled with indigestion just as people, than with any other trouble and the above prescription is a fine alterative and does more to strengthen and improve the digestive organs than anything I have ever tried. Pigs, like some people, will sometimes gorge their stomachs and thereby thwart digestion and be "off their feed" for weeks, hence it is very important to feed a pig only as much as he will clean up at once, but he should be fed four to six times a day according to the age and digestion. Never, under any circumstances, feed pigs under ten weeks of age sour milk, nor should their dams have it, for it is certain to bring on scours. After they are three months old there is nothing better for them than milk with white shorts. Bran is fine for cows and matured hogs, but not fit for pigs. An old doctor, and a mighty good one, who had retired to his farm, and lived adjacent to me, told me thirty-five years ago that he had found out what gave pigs the blind staggers, set them crazy and often killed them, and that it was nothing more than jumpson seed that they would eat in the fall of the year after they had finished up the wheat stubble and succulent bites of clover, then why let the miserable weed go to seed? Pull it up by the roots when the ground is moist, do this every season for two years and you are done with it.

Pigs are sometimes farrowed with but one opening in rear and that intended for the discharge of water but strange to say that one opening acts for the discharge of both liquid and solid, and I have had such pigs to be the finest and most thrifty of the litter, but of course they are only fit for the pork barrel and should never be allowed to mate with the boar.

The first case I ever had of this I shipped the pig, which was a very handsome one, to a doctor, and his close observance of such things soon brought to light the trouble which he reported very promptly and to which I responded at once with another pig, and told him to eat the first one at my expense. I have a case of this kind now, from an imported sow, by an imported boar, in the fattening pen, and he, she or it is the most voracious "grower" thing you ever saw. It is a common thing for one testicle only to be visible. I had a case lately where neither was visible and a decided depression occurred where there should have been just the reverse, but when he was butchered they both were formed and fully two inches from their natural position. Sows are nearly always bred entirely too young, this early breeding diminishes the size of the dam and also of her progeny. A sow should never be bred under ten months of age, and it is much better to wait until she is twelve months old and well matured, then, and only then, can you expect to get best results.

This talk about practically starving a sow for one, two or three weeks just after farrowing is all wrong; there is none of them that would not be improved, and their pigs too, by moderate feeding of shorts and bran mixed with greasy water, commencing eighteen or twenty-four hours after farrowing. A sow would become so nervous and ravenous as to trample to death and possibly eat her young if starved as some recommended. Of course you should commence with one-fourth feed first three days and then gradually increase it for ten days, after which time give her all she will clean up four times a day. After just two weeks, in cold weather, you can let her have a moderate ration of corn night and morning. About the third week her pigs will begin to nibble at this. I write this from thirty-five years' experience. I have told you before in this paper how to get the pigs to eat mush at about four weeks of age.

Cholera or Swine Fever.

During these times when science is heading a fast-moving procession of advancement, and unexplored subjects being made paramount issues among the leading scientists of our country, it is well that the Southern breeders get into the "band wagon" and accept those discoveries that will tend to keep down diseases and thus save their herds. Along the medical line, especially, has the advancement been very noticeable. Of course these discoveries

are largely for the benefit of the human and not the hog. This is a rule which works only one way—some people are like the hog, but the hog is not like some people. Some few practical discoveries I have made in regard to diseases of the hog which may be of value to the Southern breeders, are as follows:

Several years ago when a hog was taken sick the people rapidly came to the conclusion that the disease was cholera, now it is swine fever or pneumonia. If you will study the disease you will find they are the same. Swine fever or pneumonia is just a forerunner of the dreaded cholera. Hogs are affected in a dozen different ways. The disease very seldom comes in the summer, the first symptoms appearing generally with the first cold spell in the fall, and is caused by the hog first taking cold. They sometimes run at the nose, while others will refuse to eat. Others will swell up in the joints and get down so they can't walk, some will have such high fevers that the hair will come out and they will simply dry up on foot; some will have blind staggers and die with fits and some will lose their ears. This can all be avoided if you will begin right and at the proper time. Your herd should be given your attention at all times. You should have a nice, warm place for them to go at will and sleep, but be sure you do not let too many bed together.

During my experiences along this line a large number of farmers have called on me for assistance when the disease broke out in their herds. In each instance, I have found the fault to be with the owners, in not having suitable accommodations for their stock. Most of them have their hogs in a large lot with only the "pale blue" sky for shelter. Keep them clear of vermin, give them good food and the profits you will reap will be surprising.

Several years ago our country abounded with thick forest trees which furnished shelter for our stock, but the woodman's axe has robbed the lazy breeder of this commodity and he must seek shelter or suffer the consequences. A hog that has a good, warm shelter, with nice clean bedding of straw, will live and thrive off just half the food that would be required to keep the hog which runs at large and goes to sleep when the sun goes down, and is forced to back up against a cold, Northern blizzard. I have often been asked the question how I made my hogs grow so fast. The secret of my success is simply the above remedy. No man can have a nice herd and see them about once a week. I have had hogs to die just adjoining my premises and would never have a sick one.

I do not deny that swine fever or pneumonia has not appeared in my herd; it has, but by close attention I have been very successful, losing only a few small pigs. I doctor my small pigs through their dams. A sow that is in pig at the time she has swine fever or pneumonia will stand the disease better than the other hogs, but their pigs will nearly always come dead, with no hair; she will carry them, however, to the full time.

Every breeder has a remedy, which he rightfully thinks is the best. The remedy, however, is not the most important. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Study this and make it practical; you will profit. More hogs die to-day from lack of attention than any other cause. I trust what I have written will be of practical benefit to some breeders.—Thomas B. Carney, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

#### Mock Orange on Home Grounds.

What sort of a home is it that does not have a mock orange or syringa bush? Lilacs and mock orange are the two flowers that do most to fill the whole world with fragrance and make June the most intoxicating month in the year. If you want the most fragrant variety of mock orange get the old-fashioned kind. A much showier, but less fragrant kind, has flowers an inch and three-quarters across, and of a purer white. It is also a more graceful bush; the old kind is rather stiff.

#### Pruning Grapevines.

The pruning of grapevines consists in cutting back the right amount of the current season's growth—the amount which experience says a grape of a certain habit of growth and certain amount of individual vigor should respond to properly. The pruning of grapes is a simple matter when their habit of growth is understood. We prune either to check or stimulate vigor, to encourage fruit production, or, on the other hand, to discourage it.—The Garden Magazine.

A portion of the wall which was built around old London by the Romans is now being destroyed by builders.



LASTING RELIEF.

J. W. Walls, Superintendent of Streets, of Lebanon, Ky., says: "My nightly rest was broken, owing to irregular action of the kidneys. I was suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition. I took Doan's Kidney Pills and experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney Pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., proprietors. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

The man who does not fear failure seldom has to face it.

#### Ladies Can Wear Shoes.

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Total package Free by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

In Norway servant girls hire for half a year at a time.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic, 25c. a bottle.

London, England, lays out for poor relief \$22,000,000 a year.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Exsler, Vanburn, Ind., Feb. 19, 1900.

Stealing bicycles has become prevalent in Birmingham, England.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Washford's Sanitary Lotion. Never Fails. Sold by all druggists, 5c. Mail orders promptly filled by Dr. E. Detton, Crawfordville, Ind.

A diamond mine in South Africa yielded \$523 every minute last year.

An Ex-Chief Justice's Opinion.

Judge O. E. Loshare, of Georgia, in a letter to Dr. Biggers, states that he never suffers himself to be without a bottle of Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial for the relief of all bowel troubles, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, etc.

Sold by all Druggists, 25 and 50c. bottle.

Marketing Potato Crops.

In line with the classic case of the oyster shippers, cited by President Hedley of Yale University in his book on Railroad Transportation, is the case of the Aroostook potato growers brought by President Tuttle of the Boston & Maine Railroad before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce. Nothing could better show how a railroad works for the interest of the localities which it serves.

A main dependence of the farmers of the Aroostook region is the potato crop, aggregating annually eight to ten million bushels which find a market largely in Boston and the adjacent thickly settled regions of New England. The competition of cheap water transportation from Maine to all points along the New England coast keeps railroad freight rates on these potatoes always at a very low level.

Potatoes are also a considerable output of the truck farms of Michigan, their normal market being obtained in and through Detroit and Chicago and other communities of that region.

Not many years ago favoring sun and rains brought a tremendous yield of potatoes from the Michigan fields. At normal rates and prices there would have been a glut of the customary markets and the potatoes would have rotted on the farms. To help the potato growers the railroads from Michigan made unprecedentedly low rates on potatoes to every reachable market, even carrying them in large quantities to a place so remote as Boston. The Aroostook growers had to reduce the price on their potatoes and even they could not dispose of them unless the Boston & Maine Railroad reduced its already low rate, which it did. By means of these low rates, making possible low prices, the potato crops of both Michigan and Maine were finally marketed. Everybody eats potatoes, and that year everybody had all the potatoes he wanted.

While the Michigan railroads made rates that would have been ruinous to the railroads, had they been applied to the movement of all potatoes at all times, to all places, they helped their patrons to find markets for them. The Boston & Maine Railroad suffered a decrease in its revenue from potatoes, but it enabled the Aroostook farmers to market their crop and thereby to obtain money which they spent for the varied supplies which the railroads brought to them. If the making of rates were subject to Governmental adjustment such radical and prompt action could never have been taken, because it is well established that if a rate be once reduced by a railroad company it cannot be restored through the red tape of Governmental procedure. If the Michigan railroads and the Boston & Maine Railroad had been subjected to Governmental limitation they would have felt obliged to keep up their rates as do the railroads of France and England and Germany under Governmental limitation and let the potatoes rot.—Exchange.