

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$.00 a Year, In Advance.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

Single Copy 5 Cents.

VOL. XVI.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1905.

NO. 27.

THE HUSHED HOUSE.

I went at nightfall,
Came again at dawn;
On Love's door again I knocked—
Love was gone.

He who oft had bade me in
Now would bid me more;
Silence sat within his house,
Barred its door.

When the slow door opened wide
Through it I could see
How the emptiness within
Stared at me.

Through the dreary chambers
Long I sought and sighed,
But no answering footstep came;
Naught replied.

Then, at last I entered
Dim a darkened room;
There a taper glimmered gray
In the gloom.

And I saw one lying
Crowned with heliochrysis;
Never saw I face as fair
As was his.

Like a wintry lily
Was his brow in hue;
And his cheeks were each a rose,
Wintry, too.

Then my soul remembered
All that made us part,
And what I had laughed at once
Broke my heart.
—Madison Cavein, in Harper's Magazine.

that I walked into the old school grounds. I had fully intended to go in next door and call for her, but my courage failed me. I had heard nothing of her for years. Was she dead? Was she living? Was she in her old home, or far away? These thoughts chased each other through my mind, and I dreaded to know.

I was standing at the school entrance, with my hand on the bell, when I heard a door in the next house open and then shut. From that moment I could feel that Julia was near me.

"I beg your pardon," I said, raising my hat, "can you tell me if the school is still there?" pointing to the house.

"It was moved some years ago," she replied, regarding me with the old, steady gaze.

"I was one of the scholars." "Indeed?" She spoke without any further encouragement for me to go on.

"I see the wood has been cut away," I added, glancing toward it. "No; it does not seem to be."

"Where were you ever there?" "Oh, yes, often."

"And is that old dam still across the river?" "I believe it is."

"She looked at me curiously. I went on without waiting for a reply: "Would you mind showing me the way to it?" It is a long while since I was there."

She drew herself up with slight hauteur. Then, thinking that perhaps I was unaccustomed to the conventional ways of civilized life, she said, pleasantly:

"You have only to walk through the wood straight, at the back of the house and you will come to it."

"Thank you," I replied; "but I hoped you would show me the way."

"Miss Julia," I said, altering my tone, "I once met you when I was a boy here at school."

"I knew a number of scholars," she said, more interested; "who are you?"

I dreaded to tell her. "If you will pilot me to the dam," I said. "I will inform you."

She thought a moment, then turned and looked out at the wood. With the quick motion with which she had made the same move as a child, she started forward.

We walked side by side to the wood, through it out on the river bank. There was the water and the dam; everything as it had been ten years before.

"Did you ever try to walk out there?" I asked.

"Once, when I was a child, I came here with a boy, and we walked to where the water pours over. I met with an accident. I fell in."

"The boy overpersuaded you, I suppose?" "It was difficult for me to conceal a certain trepidation at the mention of my fault."

"No, I went of my own accord." "He certainly must have been to blame. He was older and stronger than you."

"On the contrary," she said, with a slight, rising irritation, "he jumped after me like the noble little fellow that he was."

Yet there is a trusting place in the woods, through which we once passed as children, and often afterward as lovers.

There I watch the flecked sunlight, and mark the quietness, and it seems to me that I can "hear the silence."

More than that, I know the pure soul looks at me through her honest eyes.—New York Weekly.

THE JUDGE'S REPLY.

How Peace Was Restored by a Mere Jest.

Judge Emory Speer, who presides over the United States Circuit and District Courts for the Southern District of Georgia, and whose decisions in peonage cases have recently attracted wide attention throughout the country, is the possessor of a nimble and facile wit. In earlier days, before he had attained the eminence, Judge Speer was a politician and a power on the stump.

Shortly after reconstruction he ran against Allen D. Chandler for Congress. Speer was a Republican, and his politics sufficed to bring him unpopularity among a large majority of the white population. It was his wit, his good humor and his unflinching courage that carried him through the campaign without a serious difference, and finally brought him to victory.

On one occasion when the young candidate was addressing a very democratic and hostile audience, a brawny countryman was observed fighting his way through the crowd to the speaker's rostrum. It was evident that he had spent the preceding night with John Barleycorn, for his clothes were rumpled, his hair dishevelled and his face of a fiery red that rivalled the noontide sun in brilliancy. Shaking a belligerent fist under the nose of the orator he exclaimed:

"Sir, you are a demagogue!" The crowd howled, but Speer was not disturbed. He waited for the noise to subside and then, with a smile and in a tone of entire good humor, rejoined:

"And you, sir, if you would wrap a few wisps of straw about you, would be a demagogue!"

The delighted audience roared with appreciative laughter, and the discomfited patriot slunk away. It is said that in no voting precinct of the district was Speer's majority larger than that in which this happy retort was made.—Saturday Evening Post.

Remarkable Pennsylvania Pond.

Lying between two hills not far from Hughesville is a small body of water known as "Converse's ice dam," or "fish dam," that is so full of the fluky tribe that apparently it is impossible for a fish five inches long to swim straight.

The small fish are on top and the large ones below, and in order for a fisherman or fisherman to get the bait down to the big fellows it is necessary to make a hole in the water and carefully drop the hook down through the wriggling mass.

On June 1 Mrs. Irvin Converse and Miss Gladys Koch were at the dam making determined efforts to hook some of the under ones. The little fellows on top, however, made such fierce attacks on the bait that their hooks, time after time, were instantly cleared as soon as they touched the water. Many of the little fellows were pulled out in order to make room for the hooks, but the task had not been accomplished when the reporter left the scene.—Williamsport Sun.

Criminal Bronco Busting.

There are several ways of breaking a bronco to the saddle, of which the most rational and least used is to begin with the young colt and accustom him by slow degrees to halter, blanket, bridle and saddle. The usual practice of the Indian is to choke the pony into temporary submission and then ride and beat him until his spirit is broken. Starving the pony into good behavior is an even more brutal method of subjugation, which, although occasionally employed with especially "mean" subjects, is deservedly unpopular, and a cowboy could adopt it at the cost of his reputation among his fellows. In this process the pony is tied to a stake and starved, until from sheer weakness he accepts food without lashing out with his heels. While yet feeble from starvation he is gradually trained with a sack to bear burdens, and familiarized with saddle and bridle until, when his strength returns, he forgets that he has never been regularly broken.—Country Life in America.

A Cute Oklahoma Woman.

The women of the Yankee States may think that they are clever at driving bargains, but the claim is made here now, without evasion or equivocation, that in Guthrie lives a woman without a parallel for commercial wit. Several months ago she entered a large department store in New York City to buy a yard of silk, which the clerk told her would cost her thirty-five cents. Her purchase left a remnant of one and one-half yards. The clerk suggested that she buy the remnant.

"What will you take for it?" asked the Guthrie woman. "Twenty cents, Madam," replied the clerk politely. "Well, I'll take it, but you can keep the yard you've just turned off." The clerk was staggered for a moment, but appreciating the humor of the proposal smilingly made the exchange. Not the least merit of this story is that it is true.—Kansas City Times.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

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

Alfalfa as a Pasture Crop.

Alfalfa may be pastured by all classes of live stock, but it is not good practice to pasture the plant too closely, for its nature of growth is different from the grasses, as it grows from terminal and lateral buds and not by increase in the length of stem and blades as with the grasses. This is a very important difference and explains why the close grazing proves injurious. It should never be grazed when the ground is frozen or wet, for the treading of the crowns will certainly result in their destruction under these conditions and then the compacting of the soil is a serious objection in itself. It should not be grazed closely at any time, for the gnawing down of the crowns will often result in their destruction. Where alfalfa is pastured it should be run over with a mower to even up the growth and preserve a uniform condition in the meadow. Alternating pasturing with hay making is not seriously objectionable, but alfalfa is so valuable for hay, soiling and green feed that it is doubtful if it will often be well to pasture it in the Eastern States, where the difficulty of establishing it is very considerable.

Soil Inoculation For Alfalfa.

While many of the principles connected with soil inoculation are not well understood, it is generally recognized as necessary to add cultures of desirable bacteria to soils where they do not already exist. This may be accomplished in one or two years; either by means of artificial cultures or by the use of soil from fields where alfalfa has been grown successfully. Probably the method of soil inoculation is the most certain. In fact, it has been tried with uniformly good results. It is very important to make certain that the plants growing in the soil to be used are well supplied with nodules. Alfalfa does not produce nodules as freely as cowpeas and soy beans, and it will be impossible to discover the nodules by pulling up the roots. To see them it is necessary to take a shovel or spade and dig deeply into the soil, lifting the roots gently and separating the earth therefrom. The nodules will appear as little whitish, rounded balls on the feeding roots and occasionally on the main tap root. Make certain that the nodules are present in the soil to be used as the medium of inoculation and your chances of success with alfalfa will be greatly increased. One to two hundred pounds of soil to the acre will be sufficient to secure inoculation. Mix with the seed or scatter broadcast over the land and work in with the harrow or sow through the fertilizer attachment of any ordinary grain drill. Inoculation is always best accomplished before seeding, and larger amounts of earth will render inoculation more certain. It is often very difficult and expensive to obtain earth because of the scarcity of alfalfa fields, and the objection on the part of farmers to digging up the soil. Most persons who have it for sale ask \$1 a hundred pounds for it and the freight in addition makes it a considerable item.

In sections of the country where alfalfa has not been cultivated patches of sweet clover (*Melilotus alba*) or burr clover (*Medicago maculata*) may be found. Investigations made at the Illinois and North Carolina stations indicate that the bacteria which live in association with these plants are similar or identical with those found in the nodules on the roots of alfalfa, and that soils taken from fields where either one of these clovers has been successfully grown will inoculate land intended for alfalfa. In many places burr clover is grown with profit as a winter pasture, and if alfalfa is sown on this land the following year it should be well supplied with the necessary bacteria. Sweet clover might be sown on land where difficulty has been experienced in getting alfalfa, for owing to its hardiness, it would often succeed where alfalfa would fail, and thus pave the way for the successful inoculation of the latter crop. One serious objection to sweet clover is the fact that it seeds very freely, and unless carefully clipped so as to prevent seeding it may become a weed pest. As it is a biennial it can be destroyed by vigorous clipping for two years.—Professor Soule.

Proper Direction of Corn Rows.

An important matter that has never been settled is whether corn rows should run north and south or east and west. Some contend that north and south rows give the stalks more sunshine; that run the other way the whole field is more or less shaded except the most southerly rows. Others contend that the rows running east and west give the rows the needed protection against hot winds and burning sunshine. Perhaps it would be better to disregard the cardinal points and plant as indicated by the "lay of the land," unless the land is quite flat. There is more in the cultivation than in the direction in which the rows are laid off.—Farm and Ranch.

Plant Raspberry Plants in the Fall.

The principal advantage in setting raspberry plants in the fall is that they are in their place ready to grow as soon as the season opens. Raspberry plants start to grow early in the spring and it is an item to have them in their place when the season opens.—Southern Fruit Grower.

AN ACCIDENT AND ITS SEQUEL.

By KATE RATHMORE.

REMEMBER

it as well as if it were yesterday. The carriage stood at the door, and I was to go back to school for the spring term.

My mother gave innumerable instructions, smoothed my collar, and adjusted my cap on my head properly, then gave me a kiss and stood looking wistfully at me as I went down the walk and got into the carriage.

A month or two later—it was in June, I think—after a hard struggle one afternoon with some figures, all about a ship and a cargo and the profit and all that, I went out to join the other boys.

When I reached the playground they were gone, and there was nothing for me to do but amuse myself as best I could.

I strolled about the house with my hands in my pockets—which my mother had told me distinctly not to do—and, suddenly remembering her instructions, took them out again; then, for want of better amusement, I began to whistle.

Next to the school there was a pretty cottage separated from the school-house by a board fence. The two houses were not a hundred feet apart, and I could look right through under the trees, and there on the tennis ground stood a girl a trifle younger than myself, looking straight at me.

Now, when a boy suddenly finds himself observed by a girl, he feels somewhat queer. I remember that very well. My hands went right into my pockets, but remembering that that was not the correct thing to do in the presence of a girl, I took them directly out again.

Then I concluded that it would be a good way to show how little I was embarrassed by turning around up my heel, a movement on which I greatly prided myself. After that, I don't remember—it was so long ago—what new capers I cut. But one thing is very certain. I was soon hunting for something I pretended to have lost in the grass beside the fence.

"If it's your knife you've lost," I heard a musical voice say, "it isn't there. I picked up a knife there a week ago, but it was all rusty and no good."

"Oh, never mind," I said, looking up into two eyes peeping out from a sun-bonnet; "it wasn't much of a knife, and I've got another."

"Are you one of the boys at the school?"

"Yes."

"What class are you in?"

"The fourth."

"Do you study geography?"

"Yes."

"What's the capital of Austria?"

I scratched my head.

"I don't remember that," I admitted, reluctantly. "I'm first rate on capitals, but I can't recollect that one."

"Why didn't you go off with the boys?"

"I was behind with my sums. I suppose they've gone to the river. I like the woods pretty well; they're full of squirrels."

"And lizards," she added. "I'm not afraid of lizards. I suppose you're afraid to go there."

"No, I'm not."

"If you want to go there now, and are afraid, I don't mind going with you, just to keep off the lizards and things."

She looked wistfully out at the wood. I can see her now leaning on her wicket, deliberating—if such a process can be called deliberation where the conclusion was determined—the straight, lithe figure poised between the racket and one foot, one little leg crossed on the other—peering out at the forest.

Suddenly, without any warning, she dropped the racket and started for the wood.

not hear it. I stood a moment hesitating.

"Come, let's go," I said, starting forward.

"Julia," I heard again, more faintly than before.

I hurried on, fearing she would hear the voice and turn back.

Presently we emerged from the wood and stood by the river. I was familiar with the ground, and led my little friend directly to the dam.

"Most of the boys are afraid to walk out on that dam," I said.

"I'd be afraid."

"But you're only a girl; a boy oughtn't to be afraid." With that I started boldly out, occasionally standing on one foot, and performing sundry antics to show what a brave boy I was. Then I retraced a few steps and called to her to come.

"Oh, no," she said; "I'm afraid." "Afraid! You little goose! With me to hold on to?"

Between her fear and a disposition pliable to a boy older and stronger than herself, it was not long before I was leading her out on the dam.

"Don't you see it's quite safe?" I said.

She shrank back as I led along. I determined that she should go to a point where the water poured over a portion of the dam lower than the rest. I turned my back to step up on the post. It was but a moment. I heard a cry, and saw Julia in the flood.

The expression that was in her eyes is to this day stamped clearly on my memory—an expression of mingled reproach and forgiveness.

I could scarcely swim a dozen strokes, but not a second had elapsed before I was in the water.

I swam and struggled and buffeted to reach her; all in vain. An eddy whirled me in a different direction. My strength was soon exhausted. I was borne down the river, sinking and rising, till I came to a place where I caught a glimpse, as I rose to the surface, of a man running along some planks extending into the river, and raised above the water on posts. My feet became entangled in weeds. I sank. I heard a great roaring in my ears, then oblivion.

When I came to I was lying on my back. I remember the first thing I saw was a light cloud sailing over the clear blue. There was an air of quiet and peace that contrasted with my own sensations. Then I saw a man on his knees beside something he was rubbing. I turned my head aside and saw it was a little figure—a girl, Julia. She was cold and stark.

My agony was far greater than when I had plunged after her into the stream. Then I hoped and believed that if she were drowned I would be also. Now I saw her beside me lifeless, and I lived.

Then some men came, and the man who was rubbing Julia said to them: "Take care of the boy; the girl is too far gone." They took me up and carried me away, and laid me for a while on a bed in a strange house. Then I was driven to the school.

The next day my father came and took me home. I was ill after that, too ill to ask about Julia, but when I recovered what a load was taken from my mind to know that by dint of rubbing and rolling, and a stimulant, she had been brought to and had recovered. I also learned that the man who cared for us had seen Julia fall and had rescued her. When I saw him running along the planks it was to his boat chained to the end.

That summer my father removed with his family to Western Pennsylvania. He was obliged to wait some time for my recovery, but at last I was able to travel, and left without again seeing the little girl whom I had led into danger. I only heard that I had been blamed by everyone.

Ten years passed, during which I was constantly haunted by one idea; that was to go back and find Julia and implore her forgiveness. The years that I must be a boy and dependent seemed interminable. At last I came of age, and received a small fortune that had fallen to me, and, as soon as the papers in the case were duly signed and sealed, I started.

It was just about the same time of the year, and the same hour of the afternoon as when I first saw Julia,

We did not part after that for another ten years, which she spent as my beloved wife. Then she left me to go whence I can never recall her.

