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ADVICE.

It doesn't pay to give advice. Although it costs you little thought, for he who gets it seldom seems One-tenth as grateful as he ought. Unless, when he requires your help. You tell him what he wants to hear. He plainly shows his deep contempt, And listens coldly, with a sneer.

If, on the other hand, you try To counsel what he wants to do, And things go wrong, he'll put the blame, Without exception, all on you. So don't consent to give advice, For, if you do, you're bound to see That he who gets it never is As grateful as he ought to be. —Somerville Journal.

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR

By G. H. COSSINS.

A COLD, dismal morning, the gray mist, rising sullenly from the damp earth, slowly revealing the outlines of a roughly built farmhouse of the usual Australian type. The locality was in the northern part of South Australia, and, as the gray morning light crept slowly over the silent earth, it could be seen that the whole place from farmhouse to fencing was in a state of despair.

Inside the house, in a barely furnished room, a man lay sleeping on a rough bush bed. Presently he awoke, and, stretching his arms above his head, yawned and shivered beneath the coarse gray blankets; with an effort he sat up and stared around; then, as if some notion had jumped into his mind, he threw off the blankets and began, very quietly and cautiously, to dress himself in the rough clothes which lay huddled on the floor.

Having dressed, he took his boots in his hand, and, stepping softly along the cold flagged floor, he left the room, pausing at the door facing the one he had left to listen intently for any sound from within.

Reassured by the silence, he continued his cautious tread till he reached a rough stone kitchen. The room was very bare, and the floor—made of puddled clay—sent thrills of cold through his stockinged feet. Sitting down on an old packing-case, he proceeded carefully to whittle some tiny spars of wood, listening intently all the time. He carried the splinters to the fire-place, and slowly and laboriously built up a fire with chips and gum-roots which lay on the floor. Filling up the battered kettle from a bucket of water, he lifted it on to the fire and stood watching the growing blaze.

A piece of wood crackled, making a slight report; the man started and bent forward in a listening attitude, but as no sound came from the front room his face cleared, and he proceeded with his tasks.

With clumsy hands he cut slices of bread from a rough loaf and laid them on the packing-case which served as a table. Going down on his hands and knees in a corner of the room he burrowed about in a zinc-lined box until he found a small piece of bacon, from which, with infinite care, he cut some rashers.

All the man's movements were stealthy and wonderfully quiet, without apparent reason, and had it not been for the intensity with which he worked the effect would have been ludicrous, but there was something in his restrained actions, in his uncouth endeavors to move noiselessly, and in the sternness of his face, that forbade any idea of laughter had there been an onlooker.

As the light from the rising sun illumined the room it could be seen that he was still a young man, with a face tanned and weather-worn; his curly brown hair and a short beard and moustache of the same color added to his manliness—although he was a handsome fellow enough, except for an expression of care which clouded his face.

When the water in the kettle began to boil, and the fire itself grew into a fierce flame, he took down a battered teapot, and, with many-doubting looks, at last made up his mind as to the quantity of tea he should use. Having filled up the pot with water, he put it to draw in a recess of the big fireplace; then with puckered brows he began toasting the bread before the fire, and presently spread over each slice a liberal quantity of dripping.

Now his task seemed nearly over, for, slipping a pan on the fire, he put the bacon in to fry, and as it frizzled and hissed his face grew brighter. He turned and returned the succulent slices, and, having taken them from the pan, he placed them between two plates and put them before the fire.

With even more caution than before he stepped slowly to the back door and opened it, letting in a blast of cold air. Pulling on his boots, and softly closing the door, he made his way to a ramshackle old shed, whence he soon emerged bearing two eggs. Across the rough, wheel-cut back yard he made his way until he reached what had evidently once been a garden, and here he found a few daisies struggling for existence. Picking them quickly he returned to the kitchen and boiled the eggs in the kettle. Then, with an almost boyish expression of gladness on his face he selected an old tin tray, and, covering it with a clean duster,

spread the meal upon it, placing pepper and salt in one saucer and sugar in another. With the daisies lying in the centre the meal looked fairly tempting, and the clumsy fellow's face fairly beamed with delight as he bore it to the room at which he had listened.

Having placed the tray on the floor, he opened the door; he drew the rough blind from the window. A young girl of about three or four-and-twenty was lying in the bed. Her face was very wan and white, and she breathed heavily in her sleep. At the noise she woke and uttered an exclamation.

"Now then, Annie," cried the man, with assumed roughness, "it's past seven o'clock! Where's my breakfast?" "Oh, Tom, I am so sorry, dear!" the girl said sorrowfully. "I've overslept myself, but I'll be up in a minute." And she spread out her arms to kiss him as he bent over her.

"Will you, wife?" he said, huskily. "I guess you will do what I tell you, and that is lie down at once, you little baggage." She looked at him inquiringly, with a feeble smile on her thin face. He went to the door and reappeared with his burden. Then she burst into tears.

"Oh, Tom," she cried, "how good you are to me! Oh, how good, Tom!" "Shut up," he said in affected anger, "and eat every bit of that breakfast, or I'll lock you up in here all day."

And the girl, smiling through her tears, tried hard to swallow the food, while her lips quivered, and she muttered: "Oh, Tom! How good you are!" With a happier face he went back to the kitchen to get his own breakfast.

"She'll have a good rest to-day, anyway," he muttered to himself, as standing by the small window he ate his meal. Having finished his hastily eaten food, he hurried back to his wife. "Annie, my girl," he said, gently, "I want you to do me a favor—will you promise?"

"Not to lie in bed, Tom," she said, pleadingly. "I can't bear that you should wait on me, dear, and I feel so much better to-day—the breakfast was so good."

The man looked at her in silence for a moment.

"I'm going to the settlement, dear, and there's nothing to do in the house. Promise me to lie in bed till I come back. It's a wet, miserable sort of morning, and you'll be better in bed."

She saw he was in earnest, and nodded cheerfully.

"Very well, Tom, I'll have a long rest. The breakfast was so good, you dear old clumsy thing! Did you use all the bacon, Tom?" she added wistfully.

"Not half!" he said impatiently, as if knowing what was coming.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she cried. "Have you had nothing but bread and tea?"

"I had an egg, and that's all I wanted, Annie girl, and now I'm off, so good-by!"

He kissed her tenderly and went out of the room and out of the house, into the fine, soft rain that was falling steadily. There was no dog to bark a welcome; a rusty old plow lay near the shed, but there was neither horse nor cattle about—no living thing except four or five fowl; the whole place was lonely and deserted.

The man looked at his surroundings with a scowling face.

"What a home for Annie!" he muttered, "and to think that for three years I've sown and waited and waited, and no rain came, and now, when I've no seed wheat, the rain has come."

He held out the box. "Maybe your wife would fancy them; they're no good to me," he added hastily as the other made a gesture of dissent.

"I can't pay for them, Myles. My rent is over two years in arrears; I've no stock, no crop in, and we are nearly through our provisions!"

"So bad as that?" the other ejaculated. "What'll you do?"

"What can I do? I can't get work—the squatters won't give work to a miserable failure like me. I can't go away, I've no money, and, if I had, what could I do?"

"Well, take that box anyhow, man," said the storekeeper, tendering it again.

And, as he watched the other's retreating form, he sighed heavily.

"Who was that, dad?" cried a girl, peering into the store from an inner room.

"Tom Weston—he's on his last legs now; no crop in for want of seed wheat, no cattle, and behind with his rent! Poor fellow, I pity him and his young wife."

"We're nearly as bad, dad."

"Yes, in some ways, but we've got health, and anyhow I can get a job somewhere, and so can you, Mary, till times get better; but that poor girl was never strong, and I guess she'll not live long."

Weston walked doggedly home through the mud and slush, the rain, which might have meant so much to him had he been able to sow any wheat, falling steadily the whole time, and drenching him thoroughly.

He tried to assume a brighter look as he entered his wife's room, but the loving eyes saw through his disguise at once.

"Oh, Tom, there were no letters, after all!"

"Only this," he replied gloomily as he drew out the large official envelope he had received. "Another letter from the commissioner, informing me that the rent is in arrears, and must be paid, or the matter will be placed in the hands of the public attorney! I know as well as if I had read it!"

His wife kissed him as he bent over her.

"I've been very good, Tom, and had quite a long sleep; I really feel quite strong."

"You don't fool me like that, Annie," he said, "I know your little game. You want to get up and work, that's what you want to do—but you just won't, so there. I'm going out to get in some more wood, and we'll have a big blaze in the kitchen; when it's quite warm you shall get up and sit there for an hour or two, but you must not move about."

"Oh, you tyrant!" she said, quaveringly.

Weston only laughed grimly and went out, carefully closing the door behind him, and made his way to the scanty woodpile. He had only just got to work when he heard his wife's voice scream:

"Tom! Tom! Tom!"

In a minute he was back, and bending over the bed again, speechless with agony.

She held up the despised letter with a shaking hand.

"Oh, read it!" she cried.

One look at her face had told the man that the news was good. Smoothing out the crumpled and blurred letter, he read it rapidly, and the lines seemed to leave his face one by one.

"Thank Heaven!" he said. "Oh, my darling, it has come at the eleventh hour!"

The letter was from Annie's father—the father who had closed his heart and home against her when she married, but who now wrote in kindly terms, granting the forgiveness which she had asked for so often in vain, and imploring her and her husband to return to England and brighten his old age with their presence; the draft inclosed was, he said, to help them if they stood in need of any little comforts for their return journey.

"Comforts!" cried Tom. "It's necessities we want, and we'll have them now, darling!"

They spent two hours in the warm kitchen, and Tom, almost for the last time, busied himself in preparing some of the little delicacies the good-natured storekeeper had pressed on him for his wife.

"He shall never regret it," Annie said when her husband told her how the things had been forced on him. "We will do something for them in return."

"We will, indeed," assented the man.

"But, oh, Tom, how could you be so careless? The letter was from the general postoffice, inclosing father's, because it had been in the sea water when the mails were being transhipped and the envelope was almost destroyed; it's a wonder we ever got it!"

Already the color seemed to be creeping back to the wan cheeks, the young eyes were brightening at the prospect of seeing her old home again.

"Tom," she whispered, "we shall see it all again, just think of it! The lanes, the hedgerows, the farmhouses and the old village—and father!"

And they did.—New York Weekly.

Manchuria is gaining by the war. The Chuo-Shimbun estimates that fully 100,000,000 yen, or \$50,000,000, of Japanese money had been disbursed in Manchuria up to the middle of April.



SUGAR.
An urchin one day stuck his tongue through a hole in a bar'l called the *borgue*.
But a bee lit on it,
And the boy had a fit,
And loud was the song that he sung.
—Houston Post.

THE OLD STORY.
"I," announced Pa Twaddles yesterday, "am going to get a new set of false teeth."
"I wish you wouldn't," sighed Tommy T., wearily. "Ma'll be cutting down your old ones now an' makin' me wear 'em!"—Cleveland Leader.

FEMINE INTUITION.
"A woman should know without asking whether her husband is happy," said the modest wife.
"I can tell," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "When Charley comes home late to dinner and can't speak above a whisper I know the home team has won another game."—Washington Star.

HARD TO PLEASE.
He—"Then I am to understand that you have given me the mitten, as it were?"
She—"You have said it."
He—"And is this all?"
She—"Of course it is. What more do you want—a pair of socks?"—Columbus Dispatch.

A GUARANTEE.
"I don't believe in valentines," said Miss Cayenne.
"Why not?"
"If a man really loves a girl he will be willing to take a chance on making his avowal in his own handwriting and over his own signature."—Washington Star.



"He tried to keep a straight face."—Life.

DREAMS OF SUMMER.
"Really now," remarked the observer of events and things, "when you are shivering with the cold at night, with your head partly covered and your feet not at all, wouldn't you just love to hear the music of a summer mosquito as he approached and kissed your frozen nose?"—Yonkers Statesman.

HA! HA! HA!
"I'm undecided," said the dressy man, "whether to get white flannel or linen trousers this summer."
"Well," remarked Jokeley, "there's two things I'd never have for trousers."
"What? Flannel and linen?"
"No, a coat and vest."—Philadelphia Press.

COMING TO HIM.
"She is very rich, but she has a violent temper. Why, she throws anything she can lay her finger on at her husband."
"Why doesn't he leave her?"
"Because he's hoping that some day she'll forget herself and throw her money at him, too."—Detroit Free Press.

GOOD SIGN.
"There's only one good thing about that young puppy that came to see you last night," said the irascible father, "and that is he's healthy."
"I'm surprised to hear you admit that much," replied the dutiful daughter.
"I wouldn't except for the fact that when you get him in the hall last night I heard you say, 'Oh, George, how cold your nose is!'"—London Tit-Bits.

NOT THE SAME.
"Oh, yes, he's tender-hearted. I really believe if a beggar approached him and he had no money about him he'd actually take off his coat and give it to him."
"Well, I'm not tender-hearted, but some of those nifty beggars make me feel like taking off my coat and giving it to them—good and proper."—Philadelphia Press.

Berlin railways are running special "tree blossom" trains to the outlying districts to enable town dwellers to enjoy the spring flowers and foliage.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

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

Nitrogen Fertilizer.

Maryland station experiments with nitrogenous fertilizers are published in a bulletin that discusses the early use of nitrogenous fertilizers, the importance of nitrogen as a plant food, loss of nitrogen from the soil, general conditions indicating the need of nitrogen, quantity of nitrogen annually removed from Maryland farms, the origin and supply of nitrogen in soils, nitrification, sources of nitrogen, the use of the free nitrogen of the atmosphere by plants, and artificial inoculation.

The object was to compare different times of applying nitrate of soda, just before planting with or without lime, and one-half before planting and one-half at a time of most active growth, to test the comparative effects of nitrate of soda and sulphate of ammonia and of lime applied with mineral sources of nitrogen, to compare nitrate of soda combined with sulphate of potash with nitrate of potash, to compare different sources of organic nitrogen, including dried blood, raw and dissolved hair waste, bone tankage, dried fish, cottonseed meal and stable manure, and to test the effect of treating hair and leather waste with acid.

The materials were applied in amounts supplying thirty-two pounds of nitrogen per acre. The crops for which data are given are corn, wheat and hay.

The results in general favor the application of nitrate of soda before planting rather than after the crop is partially grown, and indicate that a topdressing of this substance pays well as a rule on wheat which for any cause, either poor land or from late seeding, is backward in the spring, although its use is of doubtful benefit on land which is well supplied with plant food.

Nitrate of soda gave uniformly and decidedly better results than sulphate of ammonia, both with and without lime.

Nitrate of potash gave better results than nitrate of soda combined with a potash salt (sulphate), but the advantage was not great enough to warrant the difference in cost which usually prevails.

The organic sources of nitrogen were not as active as nitrate of soda. Of the three principal forms tested blood stood first as regards effectiveness, leather second and hair last.

About Autumn Chickens.

Raising fall chickens, to some extent, is a pretty general custom, and a good one, too, we think. But, our observation is, that as a rule they are started too late in the season—the setting of hens, we mean. For, like spring hatches, the earlier ones are the best.

Most people wait until September to set fall eggs, when the best time is six weeks earlier. In fact, the chicks that come out between the twenty-fifth of July and the first of September make the best progress, the most rapid and the largest growth. Last year we set eggs from the first of July until the first of October with a view of raising late chickens; and the truth is, that, while the July and early August hatched chickens size up in weight, etc., almost with the spring hatched, and are still developing, those that were hatched in September and October are noticeably smaller—the eggs from the pullets being decidedly undersized. Plumage plays an important part in the matter of growth with the late-hatched chicken, and the chick that comes out early enough to get a fairly good coating of feathers while the weather is still mild, will continue an uninterrupted growth during the winter; while those that are hatched so late as to be still unfeathered when the chilly blasts begin to blow will still be undeveloped when the spring shall have come again, for it is certainly up-hill business for an ill-feathered chicken to make rapid growth in cold weather.

In view of these facts, we advocate early autumn and fall hatching, for one early August brood is really worth two hatched as late as October. Another thought, the person who aspires to raise chickens for market now, should hatch them off as soon as possible. It is possible to begin now and raise a number of late chickens up to the frying size, and market them long before the season is entirely gone. Hatched by the middle of August or first of September, they would have eight to ten weeks in which to grow while it should be mild and pleasant. Indeed, as we view it, based upon past experience, now is an auspicious time in which to hatch and develop early autumn chickens, either for market, or for utility at home.—H. B. Geer, in Southern Cultivator.

Whole Milk Calves Profitless.
Of course when there is no sale for cream or butter it is no expense to raise calves on a whole milk diet. But on the other hand, there are many others doing very much the same thing

as is described in the following from the Family:

An object lesson in daily management was furnished me recently, which helps to prove a common error among a certain class of farmers. This farmer sold to the butcher two very young calves that had been with their dams getting all the milk for seven months. They weighed a little over 1000 pounds and sold for \$31. The farmer was pleased with the transaction, and remarked that he was making some money. Upon investigation I learned some facts which will illustrate what I have in mind. The cows were good grade Shorthorns, above the average as milkers.

They were fed on fine blue grass pasture, and I estimated that while these calves were following them they gave at least fifteen pounds of milk each per day for the seven months' period. Thus the two calves consumed at least 6300 pounds of milk, which at a very moderate estimate would have been worth \$30 to \$34 if sold at the shipping station in the form of cream. It is not surprising that the calves were very fat, fed on such expensive feed. At a moderate estimate and with good care the farmer should have sold at least \$25 worth of milk and cream from each cow and raised a calf worth \$10 on the skim milk, or as much profit from one cow as he received from the two.

This is but a concrete example of what is taking place on hundreds of farms where the old idea is still held that it pays to raise calves by giving them the entire milk of the cow. One of the greatest profits to be made from the combined dairying and veal raising is because of the fact that skim milk will produce calves of almost as high quality as will whole milk and at a greatly reduced cost.

Preparing Land For Corn.

L. G. B. Catawba, writes: Where I turn under rye and crimson clover for a corn crop and then use forty to fifty bushels of rock lime to the acre would 300 pounds of sixteen per cent. acid phosphate do. Expect to work the same land in corn again next year.

Answer: You are certainly preparing your land well for corn by plowing under rye and crimson clover. Crimson clover is to be preferred because it is a leguminous crop and will thus add largely to the available supply of nitrogen in the soil.

By rock lime you possibly mean the ground rock before it has been burned. Caustic lime is much more effective and is to be preferred on that account, and I do not presume there is very much difference in the cost of the two. Fifty bushels of rock lime is not a heavy application, however, as it becomes very slowly available in this form. Twenty-five bushels of burned lime will be a good application and it should not be made more than once in three to five years. Three hundred pounds of sixteen per cent. acid phosphate is a liberal amount to use of one of the very necessary elements needed in a corn crop, for you recognize that phosphorus has largely to do with the formation of grain, and as a rule there is not very abundant supply of it available in our soils. You might add fifty pounds of muriate potash to your mixture with advantage for corn.

While land treated as you propose will grow good crops of corn for several years it is not advisable to bring corn on your land year after year unless it is absolutely necessary. Put it down in clover and grass for a year or two and then grow some other cereal, such as wheat, oats or barley, and give it a rest from corn, and the land will continue to improve and grow larger crops from year to year.—Knoxville Journal.

Feeding Grain to Horses.

Many horses have a bad habit when fed oats, shelled corn, or dry ground feed, of filling the mouth with the food and then turning the head away so that much of it drops out upon the ground and is wasted. On a large farm where all the grain is home grown, and there are chickens running at will through the stable, the real waste is not great. But in the case of those who have to buy all their feed and whose chickens can not pick up the dropped grain, the loss is a serious matter.

We know a case where the loss has been prevented by putting the feed into a nose-bag and slipping the cord over the head back of the ears. The bag used in this case is a regular feed bag such as is used by draymen and teamsters in cities to feed without unloading. They are made of heavy canvas with a wooden bottom, there are holes in front for ventilation while the horse is eating. They can be bought at any harness store for about seventy-five cents. It is a little more trouble to feed in a bag than just putting the grain into a box, but the saving is ample pay for all the trouble.—Florida Agriculturist.