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## THE SOUL'S WOUNDS.

"A fool he was, and he took his Soul  
Within his hollow hands;  
He took his Soul and smoothed its calm,  
And loosed its strained bands.  
"O, Soul!" he cried, "you bear the stain  
Of chain-gyves interwoven!  
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:  
"It was the friend I love."  
"O, Soul, you have a flaming brand  
Burned on your nakedness!  
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:  
"That was a pure caress."

"O, Soul, a fissure shows your heart  
Like wound of bloody sword!  
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:  
"That was a friendly word!"  
"O, Soul, you shrink within my hand,  
I scarce see where you be!  
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:  
"A woman pitted me."  
"The Fool laid down his Soul and wept,  
And knelt him down beside;  
He soothed and questioned all the night,  
No Soul of him replied."

## BETHUEL BARSAND'S BEAR HUNT.

By L. J. BATES.

**A**BOUT seventy years ago the Barsands, with three other families from western New York, began a new settlement in one of the then new Northwestern States.

Bethuel Barsand was a strong man, forty years old, one of the "grip-tight, hold-fast" breed, well fitted to hew a civilized farm from the savage wilderness, except that he was no hunter or woodsman—merely a hard-working, self-trained farmer-mechanic. He did not even own a rifle, which most pioneers consider the primal necessity. But an ancient flint-lock musket, captured from the British by his father in one of the Canada border campaigns of the War of 1812, served his needs.

Mrs. Barsand was a strong woman, one of the tireless pioneer home-makers. In a new country, where nothing could be bought and everything had to be home-made, the women, no less than the men, had to be strenuous.

For many weeks, however, Mrs. Barsand had been compelled to rest two hours every alternate day, huddled over a fire with ague chills. She cheerfully said this gave her system a necessary chance to pause and consider itself. The ague was slowly wearing off, for it was now late summer, and the first frosts of autumn usually ended malaria for the year.

While languidly eating her supper of plump wild pigeon, floating in its nourishing broth, hot Johnny-cake and butter, luscious wild blackberries with cream, and a fragrant wild herb tea, supposed to be remedial for chills, prepared by her daughter Marian, Mrs. Barsand remarked, tentatively:

"I believe I should feel well as ever if I could have three or four meals of real meat. Just think, Bethuel, we've been here over a year, and in all that time we haven't tasted a bit of real meat except salt pork."

"Why, ma?" said Jason, a sturdy boy of fifteen. "Why, we've had venison, bear, coon, rabbit, squirrel, wild turkey, partridge, quail, wild pigeon, wild duck and five or six kinds of fish, till we're almost tired."

"All these are only game; they're not real meat, such as ma means," said Marian.

"Let me kill a chicken or pig for you, dear," said Bethuel, eagerly.

"No, I don't crave chicken or pig, and we can't afford to kill chickens or pigs this year. Maybe it's only a sick appetite, but I keep thinking how good that bear ham was which Mr. Crumly gave us last fall, and I wondered if you could spare time to go bear-hunting and get us some. Next thing to beef-steak, it seems to me bear steak would do me most good, and come nearest to real meat. I know you probably couldn't get a pound of beef or mutton if you should search every settlement within a hundred miles. Settlers in a new country don't kill any stock so long as it can be of any other use, and not even pork till late November."

"Why, Harriet, you know I'd spend time hunting for anything you think you'd like. Bear isn't generally thought of all like beef, but your craving it is a good sign—it shows your ague is quitting; it's a sign that bear ham is what you ought to have, and have it you shall. But don't be disappointed if I fail to get it right off. 'Tisn't quite the bear-hunting season yet, but in a week or two we'll have 'em coming right here after green corn. A man may hunt and hunt, and not see a bear in a month, though they're all about, unless he meets one by accident—which generally happens when he'd rather not and hasn't any gun."

At daybreak Barsand entered the woods with his old musket loaded for bear—seven buckshot on top of nearly an ounce of rifle powder! Barsand always over-loaded, and his idea was that bear required an especially big charge.

Where to look Barsand did not know. At first he wandered aimlessly about the clearing. Then he remembered that bears like blackberries, and he went off to where an old windfall made a large opening in the forest. It was piled with fallen trees and brush, and thickly bordered with tall black-berry bushes loaded with ripe fruit. Surely there should be bears here, and there would have been if Barsand had come earlier. A number had breakfasted here at daylight, and retired after sunrise to doze away the hot hours. Perhaps if a dog had searched the great piles of brush logs in the windfall he might have started a bear or two; but Barsand discovered nothing larger than rabbits.

Next he went to a ravine, where there were wild plums just ripening. Bears had been there, as even a green-horn could see. There were big footprints on a patch of sand; but Barsand could not trace them, or judge how fresh the tracks were, or where they went.

He next visited a huckleberry swamp, where he wandered about a long time. Only a few huckleberries were ripe, but bears are fond of them, and the swamp looked to be a good place for bears. But he found none, and ceasing to expect bears, he sat down to lunch.

Before him was a small, shallow pool a dozen feet across, dotted with little weedy hummocks. Beyond the pool thick patches of huckleberry bushes, taller than a man, covered thirty treeless acres.

While Barsand was eating, two bears emerged from behind the huckleberry thicket in front of him across the pool! They appeared so suddenly and silently that Barsand sat and stared. The two were playing with a frog, which tried to escape into the pool. One bear pinned the sprawler lightly under a fore paw, while both grinned to see the victim squirm. The first bear lifted his paw, and the frog leaped.

Down came the paw, but missed, and the other bear caught the leaper with his teeth by one hind leg, where at the first bear struck angrily at the second. This made the second bear stand up and growl, with the frog dangling comically from his mouth.

Barsand laughed; and immediately the two bears stood like statues, peering at him.

Barsand now suddenly remembered his gun. He grabbed it, aimed and fired as quickly as his confused faculties would work. The overloaded musket belched like a volcano. Barsand nearly turned a backward somersault; a cloud of smoke rolled across the pool. Both bears yelped and vanished.

Barsand rose slowly and dubiously, and felt of his right shoulder, as if to reassure himself that it was still there. Finding it merely bruised, but not kicked completely away, he picked up his musket and examined it, to see if it was burst anywhere. It was not. Then he was recalled to the bear business.

Something was struggling and groaning behind the huckleberry thicket across the pool. Perhaps he had a bear! Without pausing to reload, or even to go round the pool, Barsand dashed recklessly through it, stepping upon its reedy hummocks. The third hummock turned under his foot, which slipped into the water, and he sank knee-deep in mud. He fell forward; the musket flew to the firm ground beyond the pool; his hands plunged over wrists into the mud, and he was soaked from feet to head. He laughed as if amused at another's blundering mishap, saying to himself:

"Well, of all the fool performances I ever saw, that was the worst!"  
As he struggled up, his hands pulled out of the mud with difficulty, and his feet sank as they felt his weight. In a moment he found that he could not pull out either foot; any effort only sank them deeper. He did not laugh now, but realized his peril with a thrill of fear. Alone, without hope of rescue! His family would not know where to look for him. Fast bogged beside a swamp infested by wolves and wildcats, he was doomed to death unless he could free himself before night-fall!

Barsand now lay flat, breast down, and stretched, reaching for the nearest bushes. He touched one. Pulling it bent others toward him. Soon he had a grip on several stout enough to bear the strain of a strong pull. By skilful effort he was able gradually to straighten his legs and feet, gaining enough to reach more and larger bushes. With his knife he cut bundles of brush, and thrust them under his body and legs as far down as he could reach, until he sank no more, besides having some support to help his body muscles pull. Thus, inch by inch, he drew forward, his movements making the water somewhat softer the dense mud. But this was very slow work, requiring a nice balance and much patient repetition.

By and by a new peril interrupted. A large moccasin snake—one of the most venomous of American serpents—appeared in the pool, swimming across directly toward Barsand, who writhed partly about and tried to scare off the terrible intruder with a bush. But

moccasin snakes are densely stupid and persistent creatures. It stopped, looked, proceeded and stopped again, barely a yard from Barsand's face.

With great caution and nerve he slid the large end of a stick under its middle, gave a quick, violent flit, and flung the writhing horror forty feet away. It did not appear again; but for a long time he fairly sweated with a miserable fear lest the silent death should steal upon him from some unguarded quarter, perhaps swimming beneath the surface of the muddied water, where no vigilance of his could detect its approach.

It was sunset when Barsand finally drew himself out upon land firm enough to walk on. His whole soul sang thanksgiving, which he had no time to express then. First he cleaned himself of the clinging mire, using water from the pool. His powder having kept dry in its horn, he reloaded his musket, not too heavily this time. Then he went to look for his bear, having heard no sounds from the thicket.

Barsand found one bear dead, big enough to weigh quite two hundred pounds. It took him some time to disembowel the game. Then he partly dragged, partly carried the carcass round the pool to the solid ground of the forest, intending to take it home if it required hours of toil. But it was the slipperiest, worst weight to manage he had ever attempted, and his right shoulder was painfully lame; and the way was rough, and night had fallen, and he was very tired. Moreover, ominous sounds were rising from the swamps—the screams of wildcats, the howling of wolves, and other savage cries.

By the time he had made a furlong by a series of exhausting lugs, a fierce outburst of snarls told him that wolves and lynxes were fighting over the entrails of the bear, and soon he heard others prowling all about him in the woods. He might now skin the bear, and carry away the skin and hams, perhaps, but he was determined not to yield any part of the prize which had cost him so much. He wanted it all, especially its valuable fat.

Luckily Barsand carried a spare flint for his musket and a bit of punk. With these he struck a fire, which blazed in a bed of dry leaves. Presently he had a great dry log on fire. He meant to stay there all night beside his bear if he had to, although he knew his family must be now growing anxious about him.

The fire soon began to run through the woods over the thin carpet of dry leaves. By the time an acre was lighted, every wild creature had fled to swamps, marshes and damp places. Forest fires were light in those times. They did not harm to green trees or bushes, because the forests were regularly burned over every year, allowing no accumulations of inflammable material. Circles about the settlers' clearings had already been burned early in the season.

Having rested long enough to regain some of his spent strength, Barsand resolutely lugged his bear a third of a mile farther, in several separate efforts so exhausting as almost to discourage even his obstinate will. While sitting to recuperate again, he thought he heard a far-off faint shout. Rising, he heard it again plainly, answered it, and was answered; and presently Jason and the dog Sharp came running to him.

The family had become uneasy at sunset. When the twilight faded into dark, Mrs. Barsand grew nervous. They all had proper faith in Barsand's ability to take care of himself, yet they all gradually worked themselves into an unusual worry. Finally Jason thought of trying if Sharp would track his master, since the dog had shown so much disappointment when refused permission to accompany him.

Arming himself with a light axe and a tin lantern with a venison tallow-dip candle, the boy set out, holding the dog in leash with a buckskin thong. Sharp took scent and followed his master's trail about the clearing, until it turned off to go to the black-berry patch. Here Jason saw in the sky the glow of the fire, and correctly reasoning that it must have been set by his father, hurried straight for it.

A few minutes of work with the axe sufficed to cut two long poles, to fasten their butts a foot apart and their tops a yard apart, with four cross-sticks, and to tie the bear firmly upon them. Lifting the butts and letting the limber tops trail on the ground, the two dragged the weight at a moderate walk. By midnight they had the carcass home safely hung up.

Each of their three neighbors received a generous gift of bear meat. The skin and a liberal supply of "bear grease" were a valuable acquisition for Barsand, besides making him the beginning of a reputation as a hunter. Mrs. Barsand, fed on bear steaks, missed all but a mere hint of her next chill, and became within a fortnight as healthy as she had ever been; and in a month Jason could relate more about bears than any natural history yet printed.—Youth's Companion.

The average value of the foreign automobiles imported into this country during the first four months of 1905 was \$3700.

San Francisco is endeavoring to legislate steam whistles out of existence.

## SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

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

### Preparing Land For Alfalfa.

R. J. C. Franklin, writes: "I have about three acres of land which I desire to seed in alfalfa. For the past four years I have been seeding this down to crimson clover in the fall, turning this under in the spring and planting corn. The land is medium stiff with clay subsoil. I would like your advice how to proceed to get the land in alfalfa. I have another piece of land that has only been in cultivation since last year. Last year it was seeded to cowpeas and in the fall to crimson clover, wheat, rye and oats. Would you advise seeding this land to alfalfa?"

Answer—It would be well for you to turn under the crimson clover on the land intended for alfalfa, plow it down deeply, work carefully, and seed to cowpeas as soon as possible. Plow under these about the first of September, and subsoil at the same time, going down as deeply as possible behind the turning plow. You can not get too much vegetable matter and nitrogen in the soil for alfalfa nor make the land too rich. When you sow the cowpeas you might make an application of 200 pounds of sixteen per cent. acid phosphate and fifty pounds of muriate of potash, and repeat this application when you seed the alfalfa. Sow at the rate of twenty pounds of seed, and inoculate either by soil or artificial cultures as you see fit. After the alfalfa is up a light application of nitrate of soda, say, fifty pounds per acre, will be beneficial. Do not clip or pasture the alfalfa during the fall. If a good stand is obtained it may be cut for hay the next year when just coming into bloom. If it seems sickly and is yellowish in appearance, clip frequently throughout the summer.

The other piece of land which you intend to put in alfalfa should be treated somewhat the same. If it is poor it is hardly worth while to sow alfalfa on it until it has been made rich and freed of weeds, for weeds constitute one of the most serious drawbacks to alfalfa culture. If you do seed to alfalfa sow the cowpeas at once and plow them under and treat as already outlined. If conditions are unfavorable for seeding in the fall it would be better to again sow the land to crimson clover, or some other winter growing legume and break up early in the spring and seed the alfalfa at that time. If the ground is dry and the season backward the alfalfa will not germinate and make a good stand before cold weather comes on, and it is hardly worth while to seed it, as it will be almost certain to result in failure.—Professor Soule.

### Inoculating Land For Cowpeas.

E. A. S. Richmond, Va., writes: "I would like some suggestions as to what would be the best way to inoculate 600 acres for cowpeas."

Answer: Peas often do fairly well without inoculation, as the seed is large and very often covered with the bacteria which produce the nodules for this particular crop. When grown on poor land the first year, however, they are likely to show a large number of nodules, and therefore inoculation is a matter of some considerable concern. We would be glad to send you the inoculating material from the station if it were possible for so large an area, but it would cost you considerable, and it is likely that you could arrange to get a few loads of earth from a field which grew the peas successfully last year, but you should be certain that the peas formed a large number of nodules. Get about 200 pounds of earth for each acre you intend to sow in peas and mix with the seed and drill together, or you could broadcast the earth over the land and then go ahead and seed the peas. One hundred pounds of earth are often considered sufficient, but it is better and safer, as a rule, to use 200 pounds. You could probably get the earth at a lower cost than we could furnish you the material, and it is doubtful if we could undertake to furnish enough for 600 acres, as the demand on us for small amounts is very great, and we are having great difficulty in getting out enough bacteria for the principal leguminous crops to supply the needs of the small farmer. Soil inoculation is safe and is recognized as effective and under the circumstances I feel justified in advising strongly the importance of inoculating your land for black peas.—Andrew M. Soule.

### Destroying Sassafras Sprouts.

W. L. C. Stevensville, writes: "I would like to know how to kill sassafras sprouts. I used lime and have succeeded in getting red clover on part of it, but the sassafras seems to get thicker each year. I have heard that common salt would kill the stuff, and I fear if I put it on thick enough to kill the sassafras it would kill the trees."

Answer—The most effective method of destroying sassafras sprouts that has come to my attention is through

the use of a very heavy strong plow that can be run at a depth of ten or twelve inches in the soil so as to effectually get under the roots and tear them out and bring them to the surface. If necessary put on four mules, and run the plow so as to cut and tear the roots loose in the soil. Then, if you will run a heavy harrow over the land, or better still, some form of cultivator that has curved teeth on the same principle used in many corn cultivators, you will be able to gather the roots together in bunches on top of the ground, and after allowing them to dry awhile you can burn and destroy them effectually. Of all the methods I have ever seen and tried this has proven to be the most satisfactory, and I am sure it will work well under proper conditions, for I have seen a number of fields literally infested with sassafras cleaned up as suggested.

Lime and salt will not destroy sassafras roots from what I know of this pest, and I agree with you in believing that if enough lime were used to be of service that it would be more or less likely to injure the trees growing on the land.—A. M. Soule.

### Improving Corn by Selection of Seed.

H. C. R. Claxton, writes: "I would like to know what you think of the value of seed selection for corn."

Answer: There is no doubt but that the yield of corn can be increased through judicious selection so as to obtain a strain that will be more prolific than many varieties now grown. In experiments I have made I have noted that where 8000 stalks were planted to the acre not more than 6000 ears were sometimes harvested; whereas, in other plots with an equal number of stalks as many as 9500 ears were harvested. It is easy to see, therefore, that some varieties are more prolific than others, and as a matter of fact, there are quite a number of stalks in practically all corn fields which are barren. These stalks are large enough to produce a heavy ear and would often do if the variety were selected so as to avoid any sterile stalks. Corn breeding may be compared in importance to animal breeding; just as striking and valuable results can be obtained by giving care to selecting desirable strains of corn as have resulted in the systematic effort to develop a trotter of phenomenal speed in America. The analogy in the two instances is complete and would answer your question as fully as pages of facts of similar importance.—Professor Soule.

### Low Headed Trees.

The old style orchard was often high headed, with the limbs well up out of the way. The idea was to train the tree so high that teams could be driven under and to keep the limbs above the reach of cattle. Now that these items are of less importance to most orchardists the tendency is in the opposite direction, until J. H. Hale asks pertinently: "What's the use of a trunk anyway?" It may be said in favor of the low down tree that the fruit may be picked at considerably less cost and is not so likely to be blown off by the wind. Spraying is also less difficult. It is in many ways the better tree for those who do not cultivate directly under large trees and who keep cattle away from the orchard. In a row of the summer apples the trees were cut back much shorter than in many orchards, consequently the limbs are sturdy enough to hold the fruit without bending. These trees averaged about four cases to the tree. The trees branch out about eight or ten inches from the ground.

### Keep Ducklings Dry.

It is claimed that the Pekin duck will thrive well without ponds. It is true that the ducklings can be more easily raised away from ponds or streams than when allowed to have access thereto, but this is due to the fact that most of the ducklings are hatched with incubators during the winter season, when the cold waters of the pond would chill them and cause loss. Young ducks will thrive better if they are kept away from the ponds until they are well feathered, but despite all claims in favor of the Pekin ducks as being adapted to dry locations, my experience is that the adult ducks are more contented when they have a pond. Like all aquatic birds, they enjoy the water, and they will thrive on an open field away from water (except for drinking), yet they give the best results when they have the privileges of a pond.

### Remedy For Potato Bugs.

Here is a true and tried remedy to use for potato bugs: Take the boughs of the cedar tree, limbs and all, cut them up and put into a pot and boil for two hours. When cool apply with a broom on the potato vines. The writer has tried the above receipt, and it killed or made the bugs move from his patch.—Toik County News.



CLEANING SILVER.

Silver if lying near gutta-percha gets tarnished very quickly. If put in a pantry where gas is used it should always be kept well wrapped up in chamois leather.

### SERVING ASPARAGUS COLD.

When asparagus is to be served cold as a salad, boil and drain as usual, and after draining let cold water run gently over the stalks to keep them firm and fresh looking.

### TO CLEAN OUT CORNERS.

A flat paint brush is a handy household utensil for cleaning out troublesome corners. When too worn for this purpose, it is more convenient than anything else for applying stove polish especially in the ornamental parts of a stove.

### KILLING OFF INSECTS.

In the war with insect life, kerosene is a sure weapon of defense. If the kitchen table is seized upon by roaches, and used as a nest for their eggs, do not burn it up after ineffective scrubbing and scaldings. Put it in the yard and soak it with kerosene. Not an egg will live. In like manner treat any insect infested furniture.

### EGGS A LA MARTIN.

Have ready a dish that can be put into the oven and baked. It should be like a deep, ordinary soup-plate, without the wide rim. It is easy enough to find plenty such at any store. Have it heated, but not too hot. Put into a small saucepan a tablespoonful of flour (or more, if it is preferred thicker), and then very slowly, after the flour is well mingled, a cup of milk or cream. Then add four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Stir well, and when thoroughly heated pour into the dish you have ready, and with great care (so as to keep the shape) drop into the mixture four eggs. The ordinary dish will hold about four eggs and look well, but it may be possible to feed larger ones. Put at once into the oven, and when the eggs are set serve at once. A few bits of parsley make the dish look more inviting.



RECIPES.

Rice Egg Balls—Boil hard six eggs, remove the shells and put through a sieve with an equal amount of boiled rice; season with salt, pepper and butter; form into balls, dip into raw eggs, then into bread crumbs and fry in hot fat; drain and place on small pieces of buttered toast. Serve hot.

Chocolate Biscuits—Beat the yolks of four eggs, adding to them one tablespoonful of grated chocolate, two ounces of flour and four ounces of sugar; beat thoroughly and then add the whites of the eggs, beaten very stiff; place on buttered paper on a flat pan in small spoonfuls and bake in a quick oven.

Rice Bread—One cupful of cold boiled rice, one cupful white Indian corn meal, one cupful wheat flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, two eggs, half teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one cupful milk. Mix the dry ingredients, add beaten eggs mixed with milk and the melted butter, pour into shallow, greased pan. Bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

Salmi of Chicken—Put a tablespoonful of clarified beef dripping into a saucepan, and when it bubbles up over the fire add three or four thin slices of bacon and let the whole fry until nicely browned, mixing with it a tablespoonful of flour and a glassful of flavoring extract. Turn in a little at a time, a cupful of hot water. Season with salt, pepper, a dash each of allspice, cloves and cayenne and a spoonful of lemon juice. Cut the chickens, which you have parboiled, into large pieces, and cook them in the sauce for an hour and a half. When done nicely, arrange on a platter, pour sauce over them and garnish with rounds of lemon and French fried potatoes.

Olive and Tomato Jelly—Put half a can of tomatoes in an agate stew pan, add one bay leaf, three cloves, one blade of mace, small slice of onion, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne or paprika; cover the pan and let simmer fifteen minutes; soak one-third box gelatine in one-third cupful of cold water; when it has soaked one hour add it to the tomatoes, stir until gelatine has dissolved, then rub through a strainer and add two tablespoonfuls of taragon vinegar; rinse tinplate moulds in cold water; stand in the bottom of each mould three olives that have been pitted, standing them upright; pour in a little jelly, and, when hardened, add enough jelly to fill the mould; serve on a lettuce leaf and garnish with mayonnaise dressing, putting a little on top of each jelly.