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PLOWING IN GEORGIA.

BY FRANK B. SMITH.

Star and Charley are ready—there's nothing to do but go; The wide blue sky and the brown fields call, and the pines are singing low. We're off to the twenty-acre field—it's a good big piece to plow. And the rain's been keeping us a spell, so we're good and ready now!

Up to the edge of the wide plow the twenty-acre climbs; A hooting-bird in the hilltop is straining his rippling wings. We hear him laugh as he swears and sways on the topmost twig of the tree At us three fellows here working hard—old Star and Charley and me!

Lead little brother! We're off to hear the laugh as happy as that! He's making like he's a brown thrush now, and now he calls like a cat. And a catbird answers innocently and he throws back a silver trill, And laughs again as Star and Charley and me go round the hill.

Skip a space of the tough, thick grass, or the earth'll wash away; The yellow jasmine has crept in, and I should we could let it stay. Now, deep in the rich, red earth again—how fresh and good it smells, All blended so in the clear, sweet air with the scent of the jasmine-bells!

Terrace by terrace, up we go, old Star and Charley and me; The furrows, lying in long, smooth curves round the hill are good to see! Maybe it's true that plowing the side of a hill like here's no fun, But I tell you it does feel awfully good when a fellow's got it done!

—Munth's Companion.

"TOM"

BY PRESTON HALL.

GOOD-BY, old fellow! I said, as I stood together on the pier. "Don't neglect to keep me advised on all the news, and don't let her get on your nerves. You may be a good fellow, but you're a bad one." I said, as I crossed the deck of the steamer. "Tom's broad shoulders disappeared among the noisy crew of the ship."

Tom and I were natives of the same village, and had been playmates in our school days, and had been partners in a flourishing business in New York. What is of still more importance—in my story—we had both in the aforementioned school and college periods, been in love with the same girl, round-headed laughing Eve Malloy. Why Tom should have preferred me, I don't know, but I know as a friend, to handsome, debonair Tom Burrington, is of course, a mystery. But so she did, and Tom, the honorable fellow he was, retired from the field and after the usual of a rather unusual amount of courting for Eve was some time quiet. I thought it rather hard lines that after a long courtship, and a marriage, I should be compelled to make a voyage of very uncertain length to South America. But business was imperative, so I bade my mother an affectionate good-bye, and kissed away the tears from sister Nell's cheeks, and the young man apparently all on my side, however. For though I could see that she trembled, there were no signs of tears in her bright eyes. She blushed furiously when I kissed her, and struggled to free herself from my well-meant embrace. But it was like her to fight shy of all such things, and she never yet succeeded in obtaining a willing kiss from me. I had a feeling that was one reason why I set so high a value on them.

"Good-bye, Carl," she said, smoothing back her curly, golden locks. "Just see how you've grown up, and how your nose I'll bet you, unless some fellow I like better comes along, and she tumbled and disappeared within the vine-covered porch."

Her parting words rang in my ears. Oh, what would I have given to know that our separation grieved her one-half as sorely as it did me.

Of course I wrote soon to Eve; and, remembering her ways for feathered pets, I bought—though I had always detested that species of bird, myself—a gorgeous and beautiful emerald parrot, and sent it on as an addition to her collection.

In a few weeks letters reached me from home. One from Eve, quiet, friendly, but I knew her too well to look for any demonstrative endearments or love-like phrases. She acknowledged the arrival of the "rare bird," and was full of thanks for what she was pleased to call my "unselfish consideration of her taste." There was also a letter from Nell.

"Eve is well and glad for her. But she bears the parting bravely. Tom called her last night, and we went over there together."

"At what I could see that it cost her an effort to be cheerful, but she left her face as bright as ever. She was dressed very simply in a white muslin dress, and you can imagine how lovely she looked."

"What work she does for that dazzling rose and lily complexion of hers, and that slim, soft round shape, Tom was provokingly silent when I went into raptures over her on our way home, but I noticed that his eyes never left her for a moment all the evening."

Tom's good, honest, and I should have been madly jealous—but, of course, it was all right. Had I not asked him to look after her? There was that little sting. For Tom, he was strangely silent at home and all matters of business were regularly transmitted. I did not think that Eve's name, or that of sister Nell, was ever once mentioned.

It was fully six months before I could get my business satisfactorily arranged, and I returned home with a heart that fluctuated wildly between hope and despair.

I had received no letters from home for six weeks, and the last was a hasty little note from Nell, hoping I would soon return, but making no mention of a man of more sanguine nature would have said that "No news is good news," but my dark temperament forbade the worst.

I stopped a day in New York, but Tom, who did not expect me till three days later, was not at the office. He had left for the coast, the head of the line, and I was sorry to see him go. I had a feeling that I had not the pleasure of possessing him.

I secured a seat in the upper cabin of the decks were damaged, and soon became aware that these two girls were seated on either side of the window behind me. Now and then, various familiar names saluted me as they chatted together. At last Eve Malloy was mentioned, and you may be sure I pricked up my ears.

"Her devotion to that Tom of hers is just perfectly ridiculous," exclaimed my sweet voice. "He goes everywhere with her, and I've heard that she actually kisses him—before folks, too. You wouldn't believe it, but she knows how she got him, I should think that she'd have a little more delicacy."

"Kids! kids! repeated the other in a tone of mingled amazement and disgust. "Well, that's more than I could believe of."

It was more than I could stand, too. With a muttered exclamation, which I will not repeat here, I roused myself from my seat, fearful of hearing still more dreadful developments, and spent the remaining three hours till our arrival in the city, wondering on the way, "Eve Malloy, my affianced wife, spoken of publicly in connection with 'that Tom of hers'?" So she was "devoted to him," was she? Was known—O horrors!—to have "kissed" him! To think of that, when my utmost coaxing and blandishments could never win the faintest caresses from those false lips.

"Fie, fie, fie!" I exclaimed, "because of you, in that mad hour, I foreswore all faith in women forever more."

The house was closed for the night when I reached home, but mother came down at my well-known knock.

"How pale you are, my dear boy," she said, looking at me sharply after the first raptures of maternal welcome was over. "You look quite worn out. I declare, I never saw you with such a haggard face. Now, I shall make you take a good long rest before I'll let you go back to that horrid business again."

"I would not let her say that, and the next morning, when I unexpectedly came upon the dear girl in the hall, she almost fainted with delight. Well, as my rate, I was sure of my love. Her first remarks were, like mother's—'How pale! How worn!'"

"And now," said she, as she finished her breakfast, "I must run right over to Eve's with the news—or do you wish to go?" and she turned to me.

"No," I said, briefly; "I shall not go."

Nell looked surprised, but she swung on her garden hat, and ran up the village street.

"Have you seen Tom Burrington lately?" I asked mother.

"Not for over a week," she replied. "Not for over a week! If he had been in the place yesterday, do you think you would have known it?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, quietly.

"But the clerk told me he had gone into the country, and where else do you think he'd be?"

"Oh," said mother, smiling, "he frequently goes up to Kingston; maybe he is there now. I am sure he is not in our village, for he always comes here for his first call."

"All right, I'll fancy Eve Malloy could tell a different story. So he comes here, does he? I marvel at his impudence. Then my thoughts turned to 'hisness.' Of course I could not remain in partnership with a man who had become my deadly enemy, as I now regarded Tom. I concluded to write him a letter explaining my views in very plain language."

On my way to the postoffice, which should I see coming toward me but Tom, himself. A pleased smile lit up his face as he recognized me.

"The hypocrite! the scoundrel!" I cried, between my teeth.

"Why, what's the matter, Carl?" he exclaimed, as he came near enough to read the expression of my face. "Are you ill? Has anything happened?"

"How dare you speak to me?" I cried, furiously raising my cane, as though to strike him. "Villain! Traitor! Liar!"

Tom started. "Bless my soul, the fellow has lost his wits! he's stark, staring mad!" he exclaimed. With a parting scowl I passed on, not deigning further words. As I emerged from the office, I glanced up the street and saw Tom enter Eve's gate. I could have killed him on the spot! My blood boiled, my brain whirled. I resolved to cool the fever that raged within me by a long walk, and struck off into a lonely lane. How many miles I kept up that steady tramp, I know not, but I came to one resolution—to go and see Eve, and denounce her to her face; then—well, Heaven alone could tell the sequel!

It was twilight when I walked up the little familiar path, and entered the vine-covered porch, where I had had the last glimpse of Eve. The front door stood open, no lamps were yet lit, all was still. I walked boldly to the little parlor. The room was shadowy and dim, but over in the bay window, the big bay window among whose vines and flowers, and hidden bird-cages I had proposed and been accepted, a white-robed figure stood leaning against the window frame. She was sobbing—I could not be mistaken—sobbing softly to herself.

"Oh, Tom," I heard her murmur at last, "you love me, do you not?"

I clenched my fist. Where was Tom? In the darkness I could see no more, but her own. Before I could move, however, a harsh voice cried forth:

"Tom loves you, Tom loves you!"

The next moment it added:

"Carl loves Eve," and followed up the announcement with a discordant cackle that set my teeth on edge.

"No, no," she cried, mournfully. "Carl does not love me. Carl has forgotten me!"

I could keep silent no longer.

"In Heaven's name," I cried, "what is the meaning of this?"

Eve turned, started wildly, and with a shrill scream, fell fainting at my feet.

In an instant the room was filled with a crowd of children and servants. Eve's father and mother appeared on the scene, and a general hubbub ensued in the midst of which an immense green and gray parrot, coolly issued from its cage and, perching on the centrepiece table, loudly announced:

"Tom loves Eve! Carl loves Eve! Carl and Eve are going to be married!"

"Here, Nancy, put that noisy Tom in his cage, and run for smelling salts," commanded Mrs. Malloy.

So that was Tom! That croaking, green and gray abomination my deadly rival!

The rest of my story is soon told. Explanations, apologies, forgiveness, reconciliation all round.

But after Eve and I were married, I had that odious parrot transported to my house, though I am not nearly so jealous as I used to be. I do not want to see any wife lavishing devotion and kisses on an unapprovable, feathered biped, when there is a human being at hand who could enjoy a good deal more of that sort of thing than he is ever likely to get.

Tom's frequent visits to Kingston are accounted for by the presence of a little brunette, whose big brother wants to marry sister Nell—New York Weekly.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



WASHING LAMP CHIMNEYS.

Wash lamp chimneys in good hot suds, drain a little and dry with a clean cloth. You will find if you do not rinse them they will have a much better polish.

DRESSING A CHICKEN.

A method I much prefer to my old way of "dry" dressing on a platter. Fill a dish pan half full of so of water, put the singed chicken in it, take a sharp knife and do the work quickly and neatly. When through there will be no slime or blood on hands or chicken. Both are comparatively clean.—Mrs. R. B. N., in the Home.

FOR THE LAUNDRY.

"A Professional Landress" says: Wash and dry your fabric cloths and napkins, and instead of starching and sprinkling each piece, as it is ready to be ironed, dip it into boiling water, run through a wringer tightly set, and wring it dry. This will give a beautiful gloss and just "body" enough to prevent limpness. Napkins should be ironed full size and loosely folded by hand—no creases being ironed in. Tablecloths for ordinary use may be folded once loosely and rolled on a large roller, the fold being ironed out when needed.—The Edmonson.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Coffee Creams—Boil together without stirring two cups light brown sugar and one-half cup clear, strong coffee until it thickens. Take from the fire and stand the vessel containing it in a pan of cold water. Beat the mixture rapidly until it is thick and creamy. Pour into buttered tins, and when cool enough mark into squares.

Beef Tea—Take two pounds of lean beef and cut it into bits. Put these in a quart jar and fasten the top on well. Stand it in a dish of cold water, which gradually bring to the boiling point; then let it simmer three hours. Take it out, press through a sieve and strain it; add a little salt and serve with crackers toasted brown. This is a powerful stimulant, but is best thought by physicians to contain little nourishment.

Ripe Tomatoes, Pickled—Wipe carefully the neck of smooth ripe tomatoes and pick them into jars; sprinkle them as they are packed with one cup of pickling spice. Scald one gallon of vinegar enough to cover the tomatoes; strain and pour over the tomatoes; cover closely and let stand three days. Pour off the vinegar, scald and return to the tomatoes. After three days repeat the process, then set aside for six or eight weeks.

Grape Juice—To each quart of grapes add a pint of cold water. Simmer until the seeds will separate easily from the pulp. Drain through a bag of cheese cloth for twenty-four hours. To this add two-thirds of a cup of granulated sugar for each quart of grapes as first mentioned. Let it come to the boiling point, or until you can see the liquor move. Put while hot into bottles or quart glass jars and seal airtight. To make bottle airtight, brush over the corks (which have been out of square) with melted paraffine.—Mrs. C. E. W., in the Home.

Fruit Jams—Jams are made either with large fruits cut in small pieces, or with the small fruits whole. The fruit should always be boiled in water before the sugar is added, but it must not be too thick, or it will scorch almost at once, and so be entirely spoiled. Acid fruits require more than pound for pound, else they will not keep at all. In putting up jams it is better to use small glasses, as this prevents the frequent opening that may spoil a larger quantity before it can be used.

Mayonnaise—When preparing a mayonnaise, always make the sauce as short a time before it is wanted as possible. For this sauce, however tenderly made, has a tendency to rancidity, which grows as it is exposed to the air, says the Indianapolis News. So if the mayonnaise has to wait, keep the same closely stoppered in a wide-mouthed, but airtight bottle, and only add it to the dish at the last moment, or if it is to be used in a salad, mix the mayonnaise, add to the latter, when making it, half a pint of not too acid apple to each gallon of mayonnaise sauce, and when this is set on whatever is to be masked with it, finish it with a good covering of olive oil to make it perfectly airtight. When served mayonnaise is to be used, say for a cold Sunday supper, mix a half cup of cold water with the salad dressing, and run another layer of apple over the top of this, and it will then be airtight and the sauce will not deteriorate, even if it waits till next day.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

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

The Cost of Ignorance.—Ignorance and the lack of information has cost the Southern farmer many dollars, and in many ways. First because we have not had the practical, chemical knowledge of our soils. We have spent millions of dollars in supplying our land with fertilizing material that they were not deficient in. For instance, some of our lands are well supplied with nitrogen or ammonia, especially after certain crops have been grown the previous year. Others contain potash or lime, or acid phosphate. Still, as a rule, the farmer will buy a complete fertilizer for his crop, which only certain material is needed, thus spending large sums of money for material with which his soils are already supplied.

We have wasted time and money in poor preparation of the soils for our crops, and in the improper cultivation of same.

The lack of knowledge in judging live stock and the proper care of same has also been expensive to the Southern farmer.

Another thing that has cost the farmers of our State enormous sums of money is the habit we have of going from home to buy our mules, hay, corn, meat and other things we could so easily raise at home; for instance, Edgecombe County raised last year about 35,000 bales of cotton that sold for about one million dollars, and she spent the same year for mules, meat, hay, corn and fertilizers about three-fifths of this whole amount, or \$600,000. Not only did we pay out this large amount for something we could have raised at home, but the over-production of cotton cost us nearly an amount equal to this, the difference in price we could have gotten had the cotton crop been reduced sufficiently to have enabled us to raise these things at home.—E. L. Daughtridge, in the Times at Farmers' State Convention, Raleigh, N. C.

Fertilizers for Small Grain.—In the old days when a new ground was cleared every winter, the farmer would use fresh manure as a fertilizer with grain, food for his wheat. He generally gathered corn, as early as possible and sowed it with wheat, plowing in with tongue or shovel plows. A two-horse brush or harrow was run over the land to smooth the rough places and knock down the corn stalks. That was the old method and good crops were made on the virgin soil. But the new ground days are over and our small grain has to be made on land devoid of humus to a great extent. Some kind of fertilizer is necessary to make a good yield. Stable and horse manure is the best application, but no farmer has enough of that. Cotton seed applied at the rate of twenty to thirty bushels to the acre is excellent for wheat or oats. That is very expensive, however, for thirty bushels of seed at twenty cents would buy 600 pounds of standard fertilizer, or about 500 pounds of cotton seed meal. It is not well to make a heavy application of nitrogen in the fall, especially the quick kinds, such as are generally used in the high grade and high priced fertilizers. Ammonia when quite soluble is best in the winter and much may be lost by leaching and evaporation. Apply only manure and phosphoric acid in the fall.

Farmers should mix their own fertilizers. When they buy them mixed they pay \$2.50 to \$3.00 a ton for the mixing. Buy fourteen per cent. phosphoric acid and eight per cent. muriatic of potash. If the acid is in "good heart" as it is called, and there is humus enough in it to keep it in good condition, use the following for wheat: 1000 pounds fourteen per cent. phosphoric acid, 1000 pounds muriatic of potash.

The analysis will be 2.8 and 3.75 and the cost of a ton will be \$15.30 cash. It requires little time to mix it. If the land has little nitrogen add to the above about fifty pounds of nitrate of soda, or 300 pounds of cotton seed meal. If the wheat is yellow and not growing well when the first warm days of spring come, apply fifty to seventy-five pounds of nitrate of soda and run a smooth harrow or weeder over it. For oats put in with a double in the open furrow, mix the following: 1000 pounds fourteen per cent. acid; 1000 pounds muriatic of potash; 400 pounds cotton seed meal.

Mix thoroughly and apply 200 to 300 pounds to the acre. Applying 200 pounds to the acre the cost will be about \$7.50. If the oats are not making vigorous growth in March apply fifty pounds of nitrate and run a smooth harrow over them.—Charles H. Scarborough, in the Times at Farmers' State Convention, Raleigh, N. C.

Many farmers work hard all summer and raise fine crops and have as good a crop as soon as crops are laid by they stop all manner of work. In a short time all vegetables are overgrown with grass and weeds and brush

for want of attention. I know farmers now (and unfortunately their name is legion), who have from this sort of neglect lost all their vegetables and now their wives are put to it to find something to cook. Now this ought not to be so. Work while you work; play while you play, is the way to be cheerful, happy and gay, but too much of it will put you on short rations.

No one likes to see the young and old folks enjoy themselves more than I, but there should be moderation in all things. Have hours to work and hours to play.

Now begin to cultivate your turnips. Those tomato vines that have fallen down and died with bushels of neglected tomatoes on them, can be cut off, cultivated and maimed suckers will put up from the roots. These will bear a crop of late tomatoes. Some will get ripe before frost. Then take all green ones that are grown or nearly so, wrap them in paper and lay them on a shelf. They will ripen. In this way I have had ripe tomatoes Christmas day. I have treated mine so two weeks ago, or a part of them, at least. They are now blooming.

Work out your celery and begin to earth up slowly. Work your parsnip and carrots and beets. Look after your Irish potatoes. If they are on the ground take up and put them in the house till cold weather, then keep them away for the winter. Look after your small fruit vines or bushes and flowers.

Your cows now should be fed with plenty of succulent food and some grain, too, or they will lose their flow of milk.

That pork will be higher goes without saying, so push your hogs, varying their food, using corn, peas, and sweet potatoes alternately.

With plenty of fine fruit, vegetables—peas, beans, green corn—both fresh, canned and dried, poultry, eggs, pork and beef, with fresh and salt fish, well cooked and prepared, what more could the President of the United States, or any of the crowned heads of the world, ask—except the dowager Empress, who perhaps would like a few rats and some birds' nests for dessert?

No reason why the farmers who raise everything should not be the best fed people on earth; so don't neglect your opportunities.—J. H. Parker, Perquimans County, N. C., in Progressive Farmer.

Harvesting and Shredding Corn.—With six years' experience in cutting and shredding my corn, and being asked questions very often in regard to the matter, I have decided to ask you to publish through your valuable paper a few thoughts of my experience.

First—Don't cut your corn too green. Wait until the corn is thoroughly ripe. The shocks should be somewhat yellow and the fodder thoroughly ripe. Let it stand a week longer than most people would if they were going to plow the fodder.

Two—Shocking is a matter that must be well considered. Do not have shocks too large or too small. If your corn is very large stack put about 100 stalks to a shock; if medium, 125 stalks; if small, 150 stalks. This will cause your corn to cure better than in larger shocks, but do not make them too small, for they will not stand up well.

A grand help in shocking corn is to take a 2x4 scantling fifteen feet long, nail two legs four feet long to end of it, let the other end rest on the ground, bore one and one-half inch auger hole through the fifteen foot scantling about twenty-four inches from the legs, put something like an old fork handle in the hole, then set your corn about in the four spaces and your shocks will stand up much better than to shock it without anything. Take a rope about twelve feet long, tie a ring in one end of the rope, put it around the shock, draw it very tight, and then tie the shock with binder twine about middle way between the ends of shock, and also near the top.

Let your corn stand from five to six weeks in the field, giving to the weather. It is better to shred it as you haul it, as it says handling it so much.

Now as to the grain in harvesting your corn. I can cut ten acres of corn, shred it, put the rough feed and corn in the barn for about one-third less than to gather it in the old way. I have doubted the quantity of rough feed, and I find that the shocks will yield out eighty per cent. of this feed, which gives me thirty per cent. more than I would get if I should plow the fodder. I also save thirty-three and a third per cent. in hauling thirty per cent. in value of rough feed and get better and better corn than if I should plow the fodder.—M. E. Blacklock, Norwood, N. C., in Stanley Enterprise.