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NO. 37.

MAN WHO WORKS AND GIVES.

There is a hope for the man on the long, steep hill

Who is toiling to find success;

Deep in the whirling eddying stream
Of striving humanity lies
The smold'ring flames that will glow and

There is hope for the man who uses his will

In the struggle and strife and stress.

There is hope for the man who will banish

And bend to a wiser plan, If, shoulder to shoulder, he stands with pluck, And gives to his fellowman.

gleam Like the light from famished eyes, When fanned by desire, ambition and

And give to your fellowman.

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"She was white's a sheet She seemed to waver when she

got inside the door. I took a step toward her 'n' put out my arms. She looked at me, then she come to me, an' "She didn't make a sound for a long

finally, was:

"'I was with Tom Merle in his new house last night.'

"She gave a little cry 'n' clung closer. "'Did he tell you?' she arst.

"'He didn't tell me anything much; only he's rich now.'

"Why didn't he tell? Why didn't he tell? she cried out.

"I wouldn't help her. I felt cruel. I wanted to kill her. After a long time in high spirits at supper. I wondered she lifted her head from my breast 'n' stepped away from me.

"I jest stood with my arms hangin" down 'n' looked at her. It's terrible to love anybody's I loved her then. "'I'm goin' to marry Tom Merle,' she

said. "'Because you want to be rich?"

"'Yes."

"My throat was so dry I had to be silent. I wasn't going to plead with her. I couldn't do it.

"As soon as my voice came I said 'I guessed I better be goi. . I turned. drawn up over my ears, thinkin', thinkstumbled onto my bat that I'd dropped on the floor. I stooped to pick it up. Somehow I was blind 'n' couldn't seem to see the door. When I did get my hand on the latch she said:

" 'Alf.' "She was standing right there, with

her eyes on me. " 'Shall you marry Merle?' I arst.

"She twisted her hands together. She opened her lips; but I didn't hear what she said.

"'Shall you marry Merle?' I said

"She nodded her head.

"I opened the door 'n' I got into the street some way.

"All the way home I had a powerful wish to kill Merle 'n' Ruth, 'n' then myself. I'd strangle them, 'n' then put a bullet into my head. I went over 'n' over it. I was so took up with my thoughts I didn't git out at the right deepo, but was carried past, 'n' had to walk ten miles home. When I dld git home I went right to bed 'n' slept like a log all night.

"Next day I couldn't work hard nough. I was thankful to God that I stopped thinkin' of stranglin' them

"But at the end of a month when Merle 'n' Ruth was married 'n' went to live in their new house, another idea come into my mind, 'n' I couldn't git it

"You see it's for this idea I begun to tell you this, 'n' I didn't mean to make a love story out of it, but it kind of seems as if I had; 'n' I hate love

"I used to drive by the Stearns house, as we called it, twice every day. Sometimes I seen Ruth in the yard with Tom, but she never looked round,

though Tom used to swing his cap 'n' eall out:

" 'Hullo, Alf!' "You see he didn't know I had any serious feelin' 'bout Ruth. I don't think nobody did, but Ruth's mother. I

never reckoned even her father knew. 'It was tough when I'd see um there's I went by. "One time when Tom come out to

send a package by express, when he do? Awful fire! The Stearns house handed up the bundle, something come into my mind so strong I'd like to have

toppled off my seat. "I s'pose I'd borne things 'bout's long's I could.

"I would burn down that great Stearns house. I wouldn't see it no longer. I didn't care who burned in it.

I would do it. "You can't think what a queer kind of a joy that thought gave me. P'raps you'll say 'twas' a hellish joy; p'raps twas. Anyway I didn't think of anything else all the way over 'n' back with the stage. It was jest's if I had found a prize, or something like that. I never thought about its being wicked or a crime or anything of that kind. I was swallered up in the idea. I

pluck, And the words, "I will, I can't;" Let these be your tools for success-not

-Milwaukee Sentinel.

WHO DID

BY MARIE LOUISE POOL,

KNEW where she was, to didn't know I was a bad kind of man. y our uncle's; 'n' I went Everybody'd have said there wa'n't a likelier feller in the likelier feller in the whole town. I

never once thought of resisting the when she come into the temptation; it didn't seem a thing to parlor where I stood waitresist. "I didn't want to see anyone. I wanted to be by myself 'n' to think it

"It was a joy to plan over 'n' over how I'd do it. I thought of a good many ways; but I was goin' to take time. As for me, I couldn't speak. I time 'n' not decide on any one way was jest as sure then's I was afterward | right off. I set the night jest ten days that I never should hold her in my shead. I'd do it on the midnight bearms ag'in. The first thing I said, tween the 11th and 12th of the month. Jest as soon as I'd settled that I begun

to be cheerful. "The days before the 11th went like a flash, I tell you. When the time come I didn't know any better way me. than to git into the suller with some kindlin's and kerosene. I knew how,

for I had examined. "The wind begun to rise when the sun set. That was good for me. I was why mother kep' looking at me so. She said my eyes didn't 'pear jest right to her. I laughed to myself when I went upstairs to bed that night, at 9 o'clock.

"How the wind whistled about 'n' how the pine trees lashed theirselves! I thought I'd have a nap 'fore 12. I had put the kindlin's 'n' the oil all ready in the woodhouse 'g'inst I needed 'em.

"With such a plan in my head, would you thought I could slept? I didn't, at o'clock, 'n' clear's a bell. first. I lay in my bed with the clo'es I don't know how plan seemed to satisfy me. I kep' thinkin' how Tom Merle looked when I seen him last. I wondered if he'd be burned to death, he'n his wife. What if he sh'd die. 'n' I should save his wife? But I didn't reckon on that. The wind kep' right on, shrickin' like a thousand wild beasts. My bed kinder

way I went to sleep thinkin' jest how I'd creep out, so's not to rouse mother. worked like a tiger for the last two or three days, 'n' hadn't slep' any. *Well, I didn't wake up till there was a strip of sunlight lying right across my bed. The sun had been up a half-hour. I couldn't make it out. I was stoopid. I threw my feet outer bed 'n' sat star-

rocked, 'n' it rocked me to sleep. Any-

in'. How could I have slep' so? "There wa'n't a bit of wind stirrin' now. I hurried on my clo'es, 'n' the first thing I did was to go out to the shed. My kindlin' 'n' my oil-can wa'n't

"I stood lookin' at the place where they'd been. There were marks of muddy feet, 'bout half dry, 'n' there was my rubber boots, splashed 'n' half dry, too. It had ben rainy lately, 'n' the roads was full of puddles.

"I was pretty down. I didn't feel's if I was sure of anything.

"I was leanin' up against the wall in the woodhouse when I seen mother go 'cross the road to our neighbor's for the milk.

"When she come back she looked at the open door with her tin quart in

her hand. "'I didn't know's you was up,' she said. 'Did you hear nothin' in the night?

"'Nothin' but wind,' I answered. "'That's what I told um,' she sald; it blew so we couldn't hear the bells if

they'd ben under our noses." "It always took so long for her to come to the point. "'Bells?' I said. I wanted to shake

her. I begun to tremble. "'Yes; they rung both the meetin'house bells; but, land, what could they burnt to the ground in no time in such a gale. The work of a incend'ry, they say. I'm goin' to get breakfast right away. Don't see to your hosses till

you've et.' "She went in, 'n' I heard her settin' the table. I didn't move till she called me; 'n' then, instid of goin' into the kitchen, I went up-stairs 'n' sut down on my bed. I couldn't seem to sense things. The Stearns house burnt down! And I didn't do it! Who done it? Yes, who'd got ahead of me 'n' done it? I cep' tryin' to think clear, but I couldn't.

"I heard mother call me again; then she come up the stairs. I was so tried with her I could have pushed her 'way; but I didn't stir.

"'Alf,' she said, 'the coffee's gittin'

cold. I s'pose you're struck all of a heap. So be I. They say there wa'n't nobody killed; but Tom Merle resked his life, 'n' got awful hurt gittin' his

wife out. Come, the coffee'll be spiled." "She would stan' there till I started, n' I had to go down 'n' drink the coffee. But I couldn't eat, 'n' I couldn't even try. Mother kep' sayin' 'twouldn't help noth' not to eat; 'n' she didn't wonder I was struck of a heap.

"Jest as I couldn't bear it no longer, n' had shoved back from the table, the outside door was opened, 'n' Bill Gurney come in.

"He looked at me as if he was surprised to see me, somehow. Bill was the constable in our village; but I didn't think of that then.

"Mother offered him a cup of coffee, but he said he was in a hurry, 'n' they wanted me down there, noddin' toward the settlement.

"I slipped on my coat 'n' was ready. Mother begun to question him 'bout the fire; but he couldn't stop to talk.

"I thought 'twas mighty odd he should put his hand through my arm as we walked down the road, but I let him. I didn't speak nor he didn't, till jest's we turned onto the main street. Then he looked at me so strange, 'n' his voice shook a little as he said:

"'I never was so sorry to do a thing in my life, Alf. I don't understand it. don't understand n. i hope somethin'll come out. I can't believe it.'

"I told him I didn't know what he was talkin' about. "He shut his mouth tight and didn't

say anything more. "You better believe I grew more 'n'

more dazed. "I saw a crowd round where the Stearns house was.

"Some of the men left 'n' come along with us, all of um lookin' curiously at "What do you think it all meant?

"They'd took me up for settin' that fire; 'n' me asleep in my bed all night. "I felt exactly as if I'd done it. But I hadn't, you see; had I? 'Fore God, I can't to this day git to the rights of that question.

"They'd found my tin can 'bout a rod from the fire. It had my name scratched on to it so's the grocer'd know it when he took it to fill it.

"Worse'n that; I was seen with a bundle of wood 'n' that can goin' into the back gate of the Stearns place 'bout an hour 'fore the blaze come out. 'N' I was seen runnin' across the fields toward home. It was moonlight by 12

"I was in my shirt-sleeves 'n' trowsis. 'n' no hat, when I was seen last. My hat was found near the house that was burnt. It was my bat, no mistake.

"I remembered the half dry mud on my boots that were kicked off in the

"What do you make of it? It was a clear case enough. I hadn't no defense. How could I have? I got a lawyer jest to please mother-she was bout wild. But my lawver couldn't do much. He tried to git up an entenuatin' plea that I did it in my sleep; "You see, I was dead tired. I'd but folks wa'n't goin' to swaller no such stuff as that. How could I blame 'em? I didn't.

"It was proved as plain as day that I set fire to the Stearns house, an' I had to go to prison.

"I never seen my mother after I was sentenced. She had a fever an' died. That took hold of me for a spell; but it wore off some.

"You see I never said a word to anyone how I'd planned to burn that house till years after. Do you think I did it? You do? Well, I expect I did; but it was unbeknownst to me.

"A minister told me the guilt was on my soul when I planned it. I dunno bout that. But let it go. We can't know the rights of it.

"I must tell you what happened after

I'd ben in prison a year. "I was told to go into the visitors' room as some one wanted to see me. I didn't guess who it was. There sat a woman with a thick veil on. If her veil had been twice as thick I should have known the turn of her shoulders. kinder excited. Seein' me she stopped | The sight made me faint. I leaned up against the wall. I didn't try to speak. She didn't speak either, for several minutes. She got up from her chair 'n' stood holdin' onto the back of it.

" 'Take off your veil,' I said; 'n' she "God! what makes a man love so? There she was very white, 'n' lookin' at

me with them eyes that killed me. "'I couldn't help comin', she said. 'It's ben the one thing I've wanted to do since you've ben here. - I wanted to tell you I knew you done it, 'n' I didn't blame you. Yes, you done it;

'n' I forgive you.' "Her eyes kep' on me so's I couldn't be rough's I'd meant to be. "'You forgive me?' I said. "That's a queer thing for you to come to me to

say. "'Yes,' she repeated, 'I should forgive you anything you did. 'Tain't likely I should expect you to forgive me. I can't ask it-I can't ask it.' "Her voice began to quiver. She

stopped. She turned her face away. "I stood up there like a stake stuck in the ground. All I could do was to look at her. I didn't reckon I should ever set eyes on her ng'ln. And I ain't. "What was the use of tellin' her that I didn't do that deed; leastways that I didn't know I done it? I knew in my

heart I had planned and meant it. "After a while she said she must go,

SOUTHERN . FARM . NOTES.

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

Seed Corn and Cotton Seed. "Line upon line and precept upon

precept.

Every year about this season we urge upon our readers the importance of careful selection of seed for next year's planting, but we now have thousands of readers who did not see The Progressive Farmer and Cotton Plant at all last year, and it will not hurt the other thousands to jog their memories about this important matter.

Two or three weeks ago we had an excellent letter from Prof. Massey on field selection of seed and corn, and another important letter from Mr. George Allen on selection of cotton seed. Let us again call attention to Mr. Allen's plan for improving the yield of cotton, for it is for our great Southern staple crop that our farmers select seed most recklessly. Says Mr.

Allen: "Before sending pickers into the field, the owner should pass through every row and tie a strip of white cloth (say six inches long by half an inch wide), on a top limb of every stalk worth saving for seed, that is, those most productive, earlest in ripening, and having the largest, bestformed, and most numerous bolls. Send a trusty woman ahead of the pickers at each picking time, with instructions to pick only from marked stalks. Carefully spread the seed cotton until end of season, and be present when it is ginned in December. Pay for these pickings by the day and

not by weight." If one farmer does not need enough seed to justify him in asking the ginner to keep the seed from this superior cotton separate from the rest, let bim join with his neighbors who select the best cotton from their fields, put al! together, and gin for all at one time. The United States Department of Agriculture says it is best not to select seed from the first or last picking; the second picking is best.

Farmers show more auxiety to get a good quality of seed corn than of cotton seed, but even here their efforts are often misdirected. It is customary to go into the crib before planting time and pick out the largest ears, and while this method of selection is better than none at all, there is yet a better way. For the variety making the biggest ear may be by no means the most productive variety. Quite probably it was the only ear on the stalk, while a slightly smaller ear which you have rejected may represent a two-eared or three-eared variety-the stalk having these two or three smaller ears shelling out a much larger quantity of corn than the stalk with only one big ear. Suppose, for example, that stalk No. 1 has one large ear with 1000 grains. Stalk No. 2 has two ears with 600 grains each-1200 grains as large as those on stalk No. 1. Stalk No. 3 has three ears-averaging 450 grains each-1350 grains as large as those ou No. 1 or No. 2. It is very easy to see from which of these three stalks your

seed should be saved. The right policy then is to go over your field now and select your seed corn for next year, taking the stalks whose combined output is largest, whether the output be the yield of one, two or three ears. If you do not haul up your own corn, possibly the best plan is to go over the fields at the proper time and cut off the selected ears with about a foot of stalk above and below the ears. These can then be distinguished from the other ears when the corn is hauled up, and the seed corn piled to itself to be shucked

and shelled whenever you please. This work will require a little time and attention, but it will bring you handsome returns when your corn and cotton crops are gathered next fall.

Heaves or Asihma.

J. P. P .- Can you tell me what to do for my mule? She coughs badly before or about day every morning; rarely ever coughs during the day. Her wind is all right. She is fat, in splen did health and a splendid mule, about twelve years old. I have a few times heard a rattling in her throat. It don't hurt her at all to work. Is a horse subject to asthma?

Answer-Heaves is also called "broken wind" and "asthma," the three names denoting the same affection. The disease is usually associated with disorder of the function of digestion, or to an error in the choice of food. Feeding on damaged hay or straw, too bulky and innutricious food and keeping a horse in a dusty atmosphere or a badly ventilated stable produce or predispose to heave. Horses brought from a high to a low level are predisposed. A cough is usually the precursor, or first symptom. I have little doubt that your horse is developing this disease, which, when fully established, is incurable. It therefore is advisable to use every precaution to ward off the impending attack. Feed so as never to low a little sweat, clean have then at less expense and less labor."

water and then oats (shelled). Boiled flaxseed mixed with a little bran at night is good to keep the bowels regular. Pulverize and mix four ounces each of saltpeter and copperas and two ounces of nux vomica. Divide into twenty-four doses and give one every night in a bran mash. Always water before feeding, or as above directed, and not within an hour after. Do not put to work within an hour after eating a full meal. The above course of copperas, salt peter and nux vomica may be given until the ten ounces are exhausted; then skip two or three weeks and repeat the course .- Professor Soule.

Dysentery in Poultry.

Often during the heated term, and in the early autumn, there are hens in the flock that take a disease of a wasting nature; they have a watery discharge that later becomes greenish, their combs and wattles lose their redness, soon they become listless, will not eat, waste away in body, and finally die. It is not very contagious, seldom becomes epidemic, and is not cholera. It is dysentery, and if taken in time may be cured.

Last summer we had two or three fowls affected in this way-in fact we have a few most every year, but we rarely lose any of them because of prompt treatment after the following manner:

In the first place, we put the afflicted bird to herself and put some blue stone (sulphate of copper) in her water. Not much of it-just enough to turn the water a brackish color like stagnant water-say a piece as large as a bullet to a half gallon of water. This makes of the water an astringent tonic. Then we give her parched corn meal with red pepper well stirred in it moistened with thin gravy, or olly water from beef stew. This heats her intestines and checks the inflammation, and is strengthening. If she is so weak she will not cat, the water and the food is put in her mouth, the latter in the form of pellets as large as she can swallow.

Two or three days of this treatment there is dysentery of this kind in a brood of young chickens, they are put in a dry place with the mother and cared for in the same manner .- Southern Cultivator.

Success With Sweet Potatoes. As I have always had good success

in keeping sweet potatoes, I will give methods of putting away. I built a small house, planking it up on the outside with plain lumber; that is, without tongues and grooves, and banking the earth around the house to keep the water out. I put oak leaves in the house to put the potatoes on. We cover the tubers all around and over with the leaves, but not until there is danger of the weather becoming too cold for them without this. Until the approach of very cold weather we spread over them an old quilt or something similar, using the leaves when it becomes quite cold. South end of house is open all the time. By this method our potatoes are easily housed, they get thoroughly dry, and handy to get at, and are much sweeter and better than when kept in any other way. Have taken them up in mud and had tnem keep perfectly .- Thomas L. Hinson, Monroe, N. C.

Rust in Cotton,

To S. H. Boswell, Ashville, Ala.-You ask if I "know of anything that will stop the rust in cotton," etc. My answer is that I know of no remedy that will cure the disease in cotton which we call rust. It is not a fungus disease, as some have supposed, but is caused by some peculiar condition of the soil. Many suppose that it is caused by lack of potash in the soil, and the remedy proposed is the application of a fertilizer containing a liberal percentage of potash. Hence the liberal use of potash to soils known to sively practiced. My own belief is that the cause is not yet fully understood. I believe that rotation of crops and liberal fertilizing with a properly "balanced" fertilizer is the proper course to pursue,-Professor Soule,

Plea For Small Farms.

now is a time for small farms, and makes the following sensible editorial

"With us the day of big farms, where hundreds of acres are in cultivation, is past, and this is the day of small farms. Here and there farms will be run on a large scale, but the tendency is toward the small farm of from one to two horses, cultivating from ten to fifty acres. The small farm means intensive farming. The aim of the small farmer is to improve his land so that one acre will produce more than overload the stomach, taking care to three or four would under the old feed regularly three times a day. Al- system. This will mean larger profits

HOUSEHOLD

MUSTARD PLASTERS.

In making mustard plasters use lard to mix it with instead of the whites of eggs, and it will not blister, as mustard plasters usually do. Use just enough lard to make it spread easily. Then spread thin on brown paper; paper is preferable to cloth.-The

BAKING LAYER CAKE.

When baking layer cake, instead of putting thin paper in the tins and tearing the cakes in getting it off, or using a knife and breaking the cakes in getting them out, try turning them upside down on a buttered sheet of paper with a damp cloth laid over the hot tins. The cakes will come out whole without the least trouble.-The Home.

WHEN PARING PEACHES.

Before paring peaches dip them a minute or two in boiling water. This loosens the skin so it will slip off easily. You will be surprised to know how much time is saved in paring, how smooth the peaches will look and how; many more cans you will have from the number of peaches than if pared in the old wasteful way.

"A GOOD COOK."

A good cook studies the range she is to cook on, familiarizes herself with its drafts, dampers and heating capaclties; learns its capabilities and how to maintain sufficient heat with the least consumption of fuel. She makes in intelligent use of the proper utensils. consults tastes and yields to preferences, and tries to suit the tastes of those for whom she works. She never "guesses," but carefully measures, and follows directions. She begins her preparation in time, and does not have to rush things at the galloping point in order to have dinner on time. Her stove is never red-hot on top, nor her. cooking utensils burnt out because of too great heat. She "puts brains in the pot with the meat," and seasons every fish with care, watchfulness and thought. A bad cook is a wasteful, exravagant cook, and bad cooking will spoil the most expensive material, usually effects a complete cure. Wh-n | while good cooking will make of cheap pieces food that is both nourishing and



Quick Biscuit-One quart of flour, teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one of lard; add milk till it can be stirred with a spoon; gently place one tablespoonful of the mixture at a time in a floured or wellgressed tin so they will touch; bake in a hot oven, and they will rise and be

found fine, and are quickly made. Baked Apple Dessert-Select as many smooth, tart apples as are required. Wash and remove core. Fill the hole thus made with sugar and a little cinnamon. Place in the oven and bake until a nice brown. Have ready some whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla; lift the apples out in dishes and pour the whipped cream upon them. Northern Spy apples are very good for this purpose.-The

Smothered Cabbage-Cut a hard. white head of cabbage almost as fine as for slaw; put into a frying pan or pot that is not greasy, add a little water and cover closely to keep in the steam, and cook until done, which will be in about thirty minutes. See that water enough is kept in the vessel to prevent burning, and if water must be added, let it be boiling; but remember that but very little water is needed. as the cabbage must be cooked by steam. When done, if you have been careful, there will be no water in the vesselthe cabbage being just moist; but if there is a little water, drian, and season the cabbage with salt, pepper, a litbe subject to rust of cotton is exten- the butter, and, if liked, one teaspoonful of vinegar; serve very hot.

Fruit Rolls-For use with either fresh or canned fruits. Stir one tablespoonful each of butter and sugar, and one tablespoonful of salt into one pint of scalded milk; when cooled to lukewarm, add half a cake of good yeast, dissolved in one-fourth cupful of water, The Warrenton Record believes that three cupfuls of flour stirred in gradually-enough to make a drop-batter. Set away and let rise until light; then stir in one-half cupful of butter creamed with one-half cupful of sugar, and add sufficient flour to make a stiff. dough. Knend until smooth, and when again light, roll out and cut into squares of about four inches; on the centre of the square lay half a large pench, or any preferred fruit which has been stewed or sweetened; bring the corners of the square to the centre, press them fogether lightly, leaving space where the fruit shows; lay them close together, and when again risen, bake in a quick oven. A meringue makes them nicer.