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MAN WHO WORKS AND GIVES.

There is a hope for the man on the long, steep hill
Who is toiling to find success;
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
luck.
And bend to a wiser plan,
If, shoulder to shoulder, he stands with
pluck,
And gives to his fellowman.
Milwaukee Sentinel.

WHO DID IT?

BY MARIE LOUISE POOL.

“I KNEW where she was, to
my uncle’s, ‘n’ I went
straight there.
“She was white’s a sheet
when she came into the
parlor where I stood wait-
in’. She seemed to waver when she
got inside the door. I took a step to-
ward her ‘n’ put out my arms. She
looked at me, then she come to me, an’
I held her.
“She didn’t make a sound for a long
time. As for me, I couldn’t speak. I
was just as sure then’s I was afterward
that I never should hold her in my
arms ag’in. The first thing I said,
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
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 goin.’ I turned.
I stumbled onto my hat 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:
“‘All.’
“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
loud.
“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 get out at the right
deep, but was carried past, ‘n’ had to
walk ten miles home. When I did get
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 stranglein’ them
two.
“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
out.
“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
stories.
“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’
call out:
“‘Hello, Alf.’
“You see he didn’t know I had any
serious feelin’ about 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
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 any-
thing 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

cold. I s’pose you’re struck all of a
heap. So be it. They say there wa’n’t
nobody killed; but Tom Merle risked
his life, ‘n’ got awful hurt gittin’ his
wife out. Come, the coffee’ll be spilled.
“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.
“‘Just 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 sur-
prised 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.
I don’t understand it. I hope some-
thin’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
me.
“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 to-
ward home. It was moonlight by 12
o’clock, ‘n’ clear’s a bell.
“I was in my shirt-sleeves ‘n’ trowis,
‘n’ no hat, when I was seen last. My
hat was found near the house that was
burnt. It was my hat, no mistake.
“I remembered the half dry mud on
my boots that were kicked off in the
woodhouse.
“What do you make of it? It was a
clear case enough. I hadn’t no de-
fense. How could I have? I got a
lawyer jest to please mother—she was
‘bout wild. But my lawyer couldn’t
do much. He tried to git up an exten-
uatinn’ plea that I did it in my sleep;
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 ‘n’ died.
That took hold of me for a spell; but it
wore off some.
“You see I never said a word to any-
one 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 been 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.
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
did.
“‘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 been the one thing I’ve wanted
to do since you’ve been 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 for-
give 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 ag’in. 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 thou-
sands 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 memo-
ries 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, earliest in ripen-
ing, and having the largest, best-
formed, and most numerous bolls.
Send a trusty woman ahead of the
pickers at each picking time, with in-
structions to pick only from marked
stalks. Carefully spread the seed cot-
ton until end of season, and be pre-
sent 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 him
join with his neighbors who select the
best cotton from their fields, put all
together, and gin for all at one time.
The United States Department of Agri-
culture says it is best not to select
seed from the first or last picking; the
second picking is best.
Farmers show more anxiety to get a
good quality of seed corn than of cot-
ton seed, but even here their efforts
are often misdirected. It is custom-
ary 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 big-
gest 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-earred
or three-earred variety—the stalk hav-
ing 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 on
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 Asthma.
J. P. P.—Can you tell me what to
do for my mule? She coughs badly be-
fore 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 sub-
ject 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 unnutritious food and keep-
ing a horse in a dusty atmosphere or a
badly ventilated stable produce or pre-
dispose to heaves. 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 in-
curable. It therefore is advisable to
use every precaution to ward off the
impending attack. Feed so as never to
overload the stomach, taking care to
feed regularly three times a day. Al-
low a little sweat, clean bay, then

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



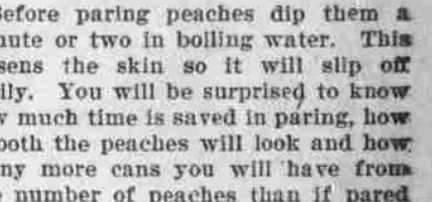
MUSTARD PLASTERS.
In making mustard plasters use lard
to mix it with instead of the whites of
eggs, and it will not blister, as must-
ard plasters usually do. Use just
enough lard to make it spread easily.
Then spread thin on brown paper;
paper is preferable to cloth.—The
Home.

BAKING LAYER CAKE.
When baking layer cake, instead of
putting thin paper in the tins and
leaving 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 capac-
ities; learns its capabilities and how to
maintain sufficient heat with the
least consumption of fuel. She makes
an intelligent use of the proper utensils,
consults tastes and yields to prefer-
ences, 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
dish with care, watchfulness and
thought. A bad cook is a wasteful, ex-
travagant cook, and bad cooking will
spoil the most expensive material,
while good cooking will make of cheap
pieces food that is both nourishing and
appetizing.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES



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 well-
greased 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 cin-
namon. Place in the oven and bake
until a nice brown. Have ready some
whipped cream, sweetened and flavo-
red 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
Home.

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 vessel—
the cabbage being just moist; but if
there is a little water, drain, and sea-
son the cabbage with salt, pepper, a lit-
tle butter, and, if liked, one teaspoonful
of vinegar; serve very hot.

Fruit Rolls—For use with either
fresh or canned fruits. Stir one table-
spoonful each of butter and sugar, and
one tablespoonful of salt into one pint
of scalded milk; when cooled to luke-
warm, add half a cake of good yeast,
dissolved in one-fourth cupful of water,
three cupfuls of flour stirred in gradu-
ally—enough to make a drop-batter.
Set away and let rise until light; then
stir in one-half cupful of butters
creamed with one-half cupful of sugar,
and add sufficient flour to make a stiff
dough. Knead 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
peach, or any preferred fruit which has
been stewed or sweetened; bring the
corners of the square to the centre,
press them together 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.

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 out-
side with plain lumber; that is, with-
out 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 some-
thing 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 bet-
ter than when kept in any other way.
Have taken them up in mud and had
them kept perfectly.—Thomas L. Hin-
son, Monroe, N. C.

Rust in Cotton.
To S. H. Boswell, Asheville, 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 appli-
cation of a fertilizer containing a lib-
eral percentage of potash. Hence the
liberal use of potash to soils known to
be subject to rust of cotton is exten-
sively practiced. My own belief is
that the cause is not yet fully under-
stood. I believe that rotation of crops
and liberal fertilizing with a properly
“balanced” fertilizer is the proper
course to pursue.—Professor Soule.

Plan For Small Farms.
The Warrenton Record believes that
now is a time for small farms, and
makes the following sensible editorial
observation:
“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
three or four would under the old
system. This will mean larger profits
at less expense and less labor.”