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## PIONEERS.

Strike through the forest to the clearing, strike!  
Blaze the slow trail through tangled bush and briar;  
Pioneers, take prairie, gulch and pike,  
And swing the blows that tingle and inspire!  
Cut greatly onward to the real desire,  
Put all your man in toil,  
And if you take the jungle fierce with fire,  
Soon shall you out upon the placid soil  
Beyond the huge turmoil!

The lassoing branches of the sapling willow,  
The lariat ropes of clinging ivy strands  
Shall be burst through, as when a sea of billows  
Strikes the breakwaters and spreads up the sands!  
Oh, pioneers, to unmann'd seas and lands!  
The world's love pulls you over  
With all the tug of huge and grappling hands  
And all the grip of love! Strike on, earth lover!  
Forever still a rover.

Reach out! The earth is stale where over-lumman!  
Wring off the rime of ages, out the old!  
Be Adam and Eve, O man and woman,  
Start a new world with vigor that will hold—  
And set your lusty children starward goal!  
They cannot fling too high,  
Let for their sake the mighty earth be rolled!  
All naked to the broad, inspiring sky!  
There live, and greatly die!

Huge waters through primordial gulches pour,  
Vast peaks lift through the clouds a sword of snow,  
There lie full valleys and the roaring shore—  
Man only there is lacking! Let him go!  
There start the race that shall stretch out and grow  
And make the whole world over!  
Strike axes, pioneers! Hew blow on blow,  
You vanguard of humanity! Earth lover,  
Forever still a rover.

—New York Sun.

To be mistress of Broadacres. To own the very house and carriage with which Lallie Forrest was riding that minute. To rise higher than the haughty woman who paid her fifty dollars a month for services rendered. To have diamonds and to be able to sign unlimited checks—should she?

If she could only crush down that fierce longing for Duke Rivers—if only—

"We shall be a very pleasant family circle," Mr. Rivers said. "You are aware that Duke and Lallie will be married in a few months, and unless you consent to be my little wife, I shall be very lonely."

He smiled down in her suddenly swift-paling face, and for just one anguished little minute her breath seemed leaving her lungs, her heart seemed as if grasped in a cruel iron hand, and then it was over, and she smiled in answer.

"It is because I cannot comprehend why you should want me, Mr. Rivers! If you really do—"

She had no need to finish her sentence, for Mr. Rivers drew her to him in a sudden, glad embrace.

"My own little love! You never, never shall regret this. If ever a woman experienced what it was to be an old man's darling, it shall be you, my Barbara!"

And, after she had escaped to her room, she walked up and down, up and down with a white, drawn face that would have horrified both of the two men, with her small, fair hands tightly clinched, trying to beat down the jealous longing for Duke Rivers, with his handsome, eager eyes, and thrilling, passionate voice, and masterful way that had completely conquered her.

Once that evening she went up to Mr. Rivers as he sat at an open window, in a pleading little way that was absolutely irresistible.

"Please don't mention our engagement, will you? It will be unpleasant for me—until I get a little used to it. Wait until I tell you, will you, please?"

He caressed the fingers that lay so lightly and coaxingly on his coat sleeve.

"If you wish it so, Barbara. It is fortunate that you spoke so early, for I had fully intended to explain it all to Mrs. Rivers and Lallie Forrest when they have finished their lawn tennis. It is almost too dusky for them to see now."

And, despite the prompt, gentlemanly acquiescence to her whim, Barbara also comprehended he would have preferred it otherwise.

"When they finished their lawn tennis," Mr. Rivers had said; and when they finished it, Mrs. Rivers and Miss Forrest, and Duke, junior, went into the brilliantly lighted parlor where the old gentleman sat, and Duke went straight to the dinky corner in the adjoining room—the music room, and Mrs. Rivers' morning parlor—where Barbara sat in a low easy chair, looking out into the starry darkness.

"I will not intrude, Miss Stanford," he said lightly and half-inquiringly, as he went up to her, so near that he could see her ravishingly beautiful face that was even more glorified by the peculiar shadowy light; and then, catching up one of her hands that lay like a lily petal on the arm of the chair, the selfsame hand his courtly old grandfather had kissed scarcely an hour before, he drew her to him—up from the chair.

"Because," he went on, in a quick, passionate whisper that thrilled every nerve in her frame, "because I will come to you anyhow. I have been dying of impatience to finish what I would have said this afternoon. Barbara! Barbara! you must love me, you must love me! Will you? Darling, do you?"

Beyond the hopelessness of it, the cruelty of it, seeing that he was engaged to Lallie Forrest, the speechless ecstasy of it all surged like a wave of light and life over her, and—in one, just one little moment of weakness, or, rather, of desperate, reckless longing and heartaching for this handsome pleader, who had no more right to speak than she had to listen—Barbara lifted up her face, which had that in it that made him stoop and kiss the quivering crimson lips, over and over, and held her close to his breast.

Only for one little second; and then she broke away from him with an impatient, despairing little cry.

"No! What good can come of this, even if we love each other? Duke! Duke Rivers, was there ever such irony of fate before! We love each other, and you are to marry Lallie Forrest, while I am engaged to—your grandfather!"

She fairly flung the last words at him, and he looked as if she were speaking random words.

"What are you saying, my darling? I am to marry Miss Forrest? Perhaps people think so, but certainly it is not so, as the lady herself can testify. But I don't understand what you mean by saying you are engaged to marry my grandfather, Barbara."

An anguished little cry came from her lips, and she shrank back into the chair again.

"He asked me, and he said you would marry Miss Forrest—and—and—my heart almost broke, but I told him yes. Duke! oh, for Heaven's sake, don't look at me like that! I loved you so—I love you so!"

For a look of sudden disapproval and gravity was merging into one of scorn and contemptuous displeasure.

"It certainly was a strange way to manifest your love, Barbara; and, see here. Somehow, it has hurt me. I couldn't think of being a rival of—my grandfather's. Let us forget it all."

And he turned away from her, all his feelings in a state of revulsion for this fair creature who would have so deliberately sold herself.

Just then old Mr. Rivers stepped through the door, and went up to her, kindly, resolutely, as one does who feels morally obliged to discipline an erring child.

"Nor could I dream of marrying the woman who is in love with my grandson. Barbara, we have all made a great mistake, but, thank Heaven, it is rectified in time. As Duke said, it will be best to forget it all."

Duke Rivers, however, did marry sweet Lallie Forrest, after all, and a happy match they made of it.

And poor Barbara Stanford? Do you reserve for her censure or pity?—New York Weekly.

## SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

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

### Feeding Roasting Ear Corn.

Corn is often fed to cattle when going out of the roasting ear stage with fairly good results. In investigations made several years ago when comparing corn on a water free basis, that which was not well matured gave about as good results per pound of dry matter as that fully matured. In some sections of the South it is not an uncommon practice to feed corn when passing out of the roasting ear stage to cattle and other classes of stock with results that are in some instances quite surprising. Where grass is abundant it is not necessary that grass be fed in any considerable quantities until later.

Cotton: Cotton seed meal 250 pounds, high grade acid phosphate 400 pounds and muriate of potash 150 pounds. Use at the rate of 300 to 500 pounds per acre.

Potatoes: High grade acid phosphate 350 pounds, muriate of potash 150 pounds. Use at the rate of 400 to 600 pounds per acre.

Liberal applications of a complete fertilizer should be made on all garden and truck crops and on orchards. Use a fertilizer at the rate of 400 to 600 pounds composed of a mixture of 800 pounds of cotton seed meal, 300 pounds of acid phosphate and 400 pounds of muriate of potash.—Professor Soule.

### Black Rust of Cotton.

The North Carolina Department of Agriculture has since September 1 received numerous samples of diseased cotton bolls, showing blackened surface and in many cases having the immature lint exposed and rotten.

These diseased bolls show the presence of the spores or reproductive parts of a parasitic fungus—*Colletotrichum gossypium*. The fungus seems to be spreading in North Carolina and already does very serious damage. The estimated damage now caused is about one-half the normal yield on the infected areas.

The spores or so-called seeds of the fungus live over winter in the diseased bolls and stalks of the preceding crop usually left in the field. The spores undoubtedly live upon the seed stored in barns and cotton gins. When this seed is planted or when infected seed is planted upon infested soil the fungus starts growth along with the seed and grows up through the young plants, eventually coming to the surface of the stalks and forming black patches on stalk and boll. Great damage is done to the growing crop by the threads of this fungus choking the sap vessels of the leaf-stalks, thereby causing the leaves to fall off. When young bolls are seriously infected they stop growing, open and expose the immature lint which soon rots.

The only practical remedy for this disease is to rotate crops so that cotton will not come upon the same land oftener than once in three years. Seed cotton should never be taken from the piles at gin houses. The seed should always be carefully selected from healthy and prolific plants in the field. Such selection, together with a proper rotation, will prevent the loss now caused by the disease and will at the same time improve the strain and increase the yield of the crop.

The use of fungicidal sprays upon cotton is not recommended.—Gerald McCarthy, Biologist N. C. Dept. Agriculture.

### Sowing Rye.

Rye is a crop that grows on poor land and it does good work in the way of holding plant food that might leach away during the winter months, and it is also effective in keeping the soil from washing away when the heavy winter rains come on. Rye is not only a good crop in the way of looking after the physical condition of the soil, but it is one of the best grazing crops that we have for winter and spring months. We are putting our rye in as convenient at this season of the year. Our practice is to use the disk harrow so as to break up the top of the soil, thereby making a good seed bed, and then seed this land to rye about the rate of one bushel per acre. As a rule we have the rye to follow corn. After the corn is either shocked or put into the silo, we get the land in condition and seed the rye.

We have a few lots, however, that go to rye for the grazing of our hogs in winter. About an acre lot was seeded the first of August, and then three or four lots will follow so as to have an abundance of green grazing for the large and small pigs. Rye can be pastured, or it can be left standing until it gets to be a foot, or even two feet, above the ground, when it can be mowed and every day a small quantity given to the work stock or cattle or hogs. This method of handling rye crops is known as sowing, and it has many friends who prefer to cut the rye and haul it to the barn, where it is fed rather than have it grazed from the field. Still it makes no difference as to the method of using the crop. Every farmer should have his rye field for furnishing green food during the winter months and spring, when no other kind is available. I find for our work rye an invaluable aid, and we could not think of farming without having fifteen or twenty acres each year for this purpose. Whoever tries this system becomes a friend to it, and finds it helpful and a good means of carrying on the work and providing an abundance of food for all classes of farm animals; and we should also bear in mind that livestock farming is profitable only with an abundance of good food.—C. W. Burkett, in the Progressive Farmer.

### Use Potash and Lime.

Nearly all of the soils of the South will be benefited by the use of lime, and especially those on which potash is liberally used, as it seems evident from the analysis of many Southern soils that there is not enough of that element present to enable potash to give its most satisfactory results. The principal crops grown in the South and the kind and amount of fertilizer best adapted to their use follows:

Corn sorghum and the coarse fodder and grain growing cereals: Cotton seed meal 300 pounds, nitrate of soda 150 pounds, acid phosphate 350 pounds and muriate of potash ten pounds. Use at the rate of 300 to 500 pounds to the acre.

For wheat and other small grain-bearing cereals use the same mixture but at the rate of 150 to 350 pounds.

## - A Great Mistake -

BARBARA STANFORD moved about the sunny room, arranging a vase of fresh May blossoms here, a challenge of house flowers there; adjusting the lace curtains so that the westerly sunshine fell in on the India matting as through a veil—making a dainty shimmering shadow of the apple trees as the wind swayed their blossoming branches.

She was the most strangely beautiful woman Duke Rivers had ever seen, and as he sat on the veranda outside the French windows, smoking a cigar scarcely less delicately fragrant than the sweet May day, and watching all her graceful movements, every one of which was a poem of itself, he was thinking how it happened that this glorious, enchanting creature had become an inmate of his grandfather's house; and wondering, even more surprisingly, that she was still free, with that ravishing beauty and fascination of hers.

He sat quietly in the comfortable chair, his handsome blue eyes growing warm and eager as they followed the girl from place to place; and then, when she sat down a moment at the open piano and struck a half-dozen preliminary chords before she sang an aria from "Traviata," he flung away his cigar, and went in through the window, to meet her luminous eyes as she stepped beside the instrument.

"Don't stop, Miss Stanford. You always stop as soon as I come in."

He dropped his handsome head a little nearer her; she laughed, and deliberately arose from the piano stool.

"Do I, really? You know, Mrs. Rivers would be very much displeased to hear me sing—for anybody."

"And if my august sister-in-law should be guilty of such poor taste—what then?"

Barbara walked slowly toward the open window, where the declining sun shot its almost level rays full into her grand young face—a face so exquisite in its health, and purity, and rare beauty that even the searching only added to its charm.

As Rivers followed her, with intense reproach in his eyes, she lifted her own to his again, fairly dazzling him with their splendor.

"What then?" she would gracefully give me my cove, Mr. Rivers."

"Would she? Would she, really? Then sing to me, Miss Stanford, so I can take you myself."

Barbara laughed.

"How generous you are! And I never had such a delightful position as here at Broadacres. Please do not forget I am not independent, like Miss Forrest. I am not that fortunate lady, remember."

"It is not at all likely that I shall forget you are not Miss Forrest," he said, eagerly. "You are something far more enchanting and beautiful than she—or any mortal woman."

He was looking straight in her face, watching the brief little flush that so seldom disturbed its pale fairness. Even now she took no notice, apparently, of his intenseness.

"Well—Miss Forrest is the most favored woman I ever saw. She is rich, and her own mistress, and—"

She hesitated, in her pretty, graceful way.

"And what?" he asked, tenderly.

"That is enough, I am sure," she added, lightly.

"Is it enough, Barbara? Would riches and independence be all the goods of the gods you would ask?"

Somehow, their talk was growing very confidential; somehow, Duke Rivers was realizing that this woman with the wine-brown eyes, and drooping lashes, and perfect hands was creating a delicious, intoxicating havoc in his heart—this exquisite creature whose name was Barbara Stanford, and who was a hired servant in his grandfather's homestead—a paid attendant on his elegant, aristocratic sister-in-law's caprices—this lovely creature fit to be crowned and throned.

A light flashed up in her eyes at his

words, and then her lids drooped swiftly, letting the long, thick lashes lie on her cheeks like a shadow.

"It would not be enough, Barbara—I know that. With such a woman as you, love should be lord of all—such love as I—"

A mischievous little face suddenly thrust itself in between the lace curtains.

"Please, Uncle Duke, mamma says, will you please come up to her room? Miss Forrest is there, and they want you."

Somehow, it made a break in the harmony. Somehow, after young Duke had vanished again and they two were left standing along together, the thread of their conversation would not be taken up again, and it was Barbara who dissipated the rather awkward embarrassment of blank silence that fell upon them.

"Happy Miss Forrest!" she said, with a laughing little grimace that showed to perfection her small, strong teeth, white as milk, and her exquisite curve of lips and play of dimple in cheek and chin.

He shrugged his shoulders and went out; and Miss Stanford stood several minutes just where he had left her, a grave, thoughtful look coming into her eyes, a compressed, almost merciless expression gathering on her finely closed lips.

Then she heard voices from some one descending the stairs, then Lallie—or, as she was always called, Lallie—Forrest came down, followed by Mrs. Rivers and Duke, and Barbara stepped away from where she was, that they might not see her, yet where her eager, jealous eyes could watch Lallie Forrest's sweet, serious dignity of manner as Duke Rivers walked beside her to the carriage that had just driven up to the mount, and was in waiting.

Five minutes later, before the carriage was lost to her gaze down the shady turnpike, old Mr. Rivers came in—a fine, handsome, courtly old gentleman of sixty, whose eyes lighted at sight of her, as he went across the room to where she stood.

"Well, my little girl! It is within one minute of the time when I said I would come to hear you tell me whether or not you would accept an old man's love, and his name, and his home. Barbara! my darling, may I hope?"

For she had bewitched him, and—all his magnificent fortune, his princely home, the grand old name, the unsalable position as his wife and mistress of Broadacres, were lying at her feet, to be taken or—rejected.

It was a wonderful streak of fortune, and Barbara had told herself so, over and over, in the twenty-four hours since Mr. Rivers had made his offer of marriage to her.

A wonderful piece of good luck, only—handsome Duke had been nearer the truth than even Barbara had dared whisper to herself when he had said that for such as her love should be lord of all.

And she never could, by any possibility, care for Duke's grandfather, with all his courtly manliness, and his riches, and his position, because—she loved the grandson, the magnificent young fellow who was confidently expected to make love to, and marry, Lallie Forrest.

And Barbara felt a great, wrenching pain at her heart that was a strange commingling of anger, and disappointment, and jealousy, and misery, as she imagined Duke and Miss Forrest off riding together in the sweet May sunshine.

Mr. Rivers gently interrupted her wandering thoughts.

"Well, Barbara! Remember I have been patient for twenty-four hours, and now I want to know how it is to be. Child, can you let me have you for my blessing, my treasure? Can you come to me and love me with all your fresh, young heart? Because, unless you can, dear, I would rather you would frankly tell me what will be a sore distress to me!"



The bicycle industry is still flourishing in Great Britain. One firm of makers has just placed contracts for a new building amounting to over £35,000.

Peat was used exclusively as fuel on Swedish railroads during the past year, the custom being to mix it with half its weight of coal. This mixed fuel has proved satisfactory for freight service.

The clock in the tower of the New Naval College, at Dartmouth, which will be opened shortly, will mark time as kept on board ship, striking eight, six, four bells, etc., and will be the only clock of its kind in England.

The storks which spend their summers in Austria-Hungary and their winters in India and Central Africa are also marvelous travelers, and make their journeys twice a year in unbroken flight each time. From Budapest, in Hungary, to Lahore, in India, is 2400 miles in an air line, and the storks make the journey in twenty-four hours.

A great deal of attention has recently been drawn to the experiments of Mr. John B. Burke, of the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, England, where, by putting radium into tubes of sterilized bouillon, he has produced puzzling phenomena which have been regarded as possibly indicating the spontaneous generation of living organisms out of non-living matter. Every known precaution was taken to exclude living germs, yet under the apparent influence of the radium bacteria-like forms developed in the tubes.

### On Time.

War correspondents would have us believe that the entire proceedings of the Japanese army in the recent war form a kind of exalted bookkeeping. Not only were victories won, but they were won at the specified moment.

The New York Times says that a certain colonel had sought Field Marshal Oyama, and asked permission to sacrifice himself and his command by capturing a certain redoubt.

"Which redoubt?" asked Oyama.

The colonel told him.

Oyama consulted his notes.

"My brother," said he, "such glory is not for you. It has been assigned to another. Besides, it is early dawn now, and that redoubt is set down to be taken at 10.30."

The redoubt was captured on time.

### A Wise Child.

Mr. Joseph Mordecai, the well-known portrait painter, tells in M. A. P. a quaint little story in connection with one of his best subject pictures, the "Murder of the Princes in the Tower."

One day in his studio he was discussing the progress of the work with a brother artist, and observed that he found it difficult to get a suitable man to sit for the principal murderer.

"I want a villainous, horrible looking fellow," he said.

At these words one of the little princes, a diminutive model with an angel face, looked up from the couch where he was lying beside his brother, and piped:

"Please, sir, I wish you'd have my father. I'm sure he'd just suit you."

### Odors of the Mountains.

If you notice a strong spicy and "woody" odor about any woman these days, do not imagine that she has adopted a new perfume. It is balsam that you smell, for the lady has just returned from the Adirondacks and brought with her a balsam pillow as a souvenir of her stay in the mountains. Of course she jammed the pillow into a corner of her trunk when she packed up to come home, and equally, of course, the strong smell of balsam permeated everything. It is as much a mark of the returning vacationist as is the coat of tan.