

CLAMOUR.
I have read so long in the Book of the Brave,
I hear the tramp of their feet
In the quiet village street,
I catch the sound of an echo cheer,
Blown down the night wind, faintly clear,
And the drums' unflinching beat.

I have read so long in the Book of the Brave,
Their flags go streaming by,
Sharp comes the sentry's cry,
The shaded light of my study lamp
Seems a low glimmer from some still camp
Where the sleeping soldiers lie.

I have read so long in the Book of the Brave,
I march where the heroes are;
On my breast I feel a scar,
I turn to gaze on the ravens' night;
The room is cleft by a beacon-light,
And behold—the heroine starts!
—LuLu Wheldon Mitchell, in the Century.

Madame the Countess

A Good Story With a Moral From the Washington Post.

HERE was a reception at the hunting castle of the Prince, the Chateau of Friedberg.

In the grand saloon a bright fire crackled at the bottom of a great chimney, and through the half closed windows the freshness of the moonlight and the murmur of the Bavarian forest entered like a caress. The chase that day had been a fatiguing one, and in the choice circle which gathered around His Highness, the conversation became familiar and without constraint. It was in the midst of this that the valet swung open the doors and announced the Count and Countess of Aleneck, and all heads were turned with eyes full of curiosity. Even the Prince, ordinarily so blasé, sat wondering what might come.

It was the first time that the Count of Aleneck had appeared socially for many years, and many foolish and untrue stories had been circulated about him. He had married, so it was said, but far below him, and lived, retired, on his own estate and yielding only to the formal demand of the Prince, had come to present his wife to the intimate circle of the court.

But what a difference between them! He was a man of noble appearance, of fine face and noble bearing, and she, a common woman, with short hair and a peasant's face, wearing a black dress which fitted her badly, and without taste. The circle which unpitifully stared at her, did not stop to see the rare grace of her eyes, nor the kindness which covered all her features. It only saw the birthmark, written in undeniable traits—plebeian!

She came forward with timidity, made a rustic courtesy, and said cordially, in a high voice: "I thank you for this honor, sir Prince. My husband has always said that we have a most kindly Prince for master. We have named our boy Louis-Ferdinand, out of respect to our Prince."

As she spoke she looked furtively at her husband. Had she said the wrong thing that the room was so silent? He understood the ill-concealed mockery of the company, and felt the coolness of the Prince, who heard the words without reply, and the big slash in the forehead reddened.

Turning to his wife affectionately, he said: "Come, Anna Marie, I wish to show you the park and the hothouses. There are some splendid specimens of cedars and orchids there."

No one detained them. They went out in the moonlight. A silence of stupefaction followed their departure, and then a babel of voices filled the room.

The Prince, slowly, slightly shrugging his shoulders, said: "It is ridiculous." This was the signal, the raising of a latch which opened the door to the torrent of criticism. What a fine opportunity.

"She's no lady." "Poor Aleneck," said another. "Too bad that he seems so satisfied." "Crafty woman, I wonder how she inveigled him," said a third.

Major Xylander, the favorite both of the Prince and Aleneck, answered General Van Orff jokingly. "She is not a woman of quality," the general had said.

"Beg pardon, to me she has many qualities."

"But she is low born."

"Wrong again; she was born in a little village 4000 feet above the sea level."

"Oh, but you are an incorrigible joker. What may her name be?"

"Anna Marie Scholastika Hosi," said Xylander, with as much importance as if he was detailing the complete pedigree of a duchess.

Everybody laughed.

"Now," said the Major, "with the permission of the Prince, let me tell you a story. It reads like a fairy tale, but you may well be assured it is perfectly true. It commences at Sedan where 43,000 dead and wounded strewn the hillsides ofilly and Honig."

"The German ambulance found there that day a man stripped of everything and literally covered with wounds. On being taken to the military hospital, it was weeks before he began to recover, but as his strength of body increased, his intelligence made no progress. He remembered nothing—neither his name, nor his country. In the hospital he was known by his number only—two. Finally dis-

charged from there, his comrades, who baptized him 'Silent William,' made an arrangement for him to go with a workman, a mason, and to work for his living, and he went contentedly to carry brick and cement, happy if the daughter of Salome would bring him the meals which she had herself prepared.

"She it was who took him under her protection, and finally refusing all other (and many of them advantageous offers of marriage), went one day to the church with 'Silent William,' and they were married."

"William has need of me," she said, 'more than the others.'

"The village was indignant."

"Some years passed. 'Silent William' carried, day by day, his loads of masonry and Salome did her full part with her vigorous arms in earning the bread for the family growing up around them. And so it might have gone on.

"But one wintry day, when the wind and rain were impetuous, William's work was to carry his load up a high scaffolding. The other men had taken refuge from the storm, but he kept on. At this moment Salome, who had come with his dinner, terrified at an unusual gust of wind, cried:

"William! William! In the name of heaven, descend quickly!"

"He turned to her as he heard her cry, and, mistaking his footing, slipped and fell. He was quickly carried to the hospital, and hovered many days between life and death. The whole village, hearing the news, openly congratulated Salome on the approaching decease of her husband.

"Far better for him and for you," said they.

"One day when she arrived at the hospital she found the bed empty. Another room had been taken for him. They took him there that morning. Was he dead? Her heart leaped to her throat. Coming to the door indicated, she knocked and was met by an old man of noble appearance, who said briefly that his son was sleeping, and received no one. Salome answered humbly, she did not seek the son of monsieur, but her husband, William Hosi.

"He tried to make her story short, but a voice came from the room. 'Let her enter, father; she is the good wife of the late William Hosi.'

"With a cry of savage joy the woman rushed to his side, threw herself on her knees beside the bed and cried out between laughter and tears, 'My God, I thank Thee! Then, raising her eyes, she was confronted with the change in his countenance. The nobility of his face had returned to him, his energetic will, his brilliant eyes, his imperious voice, the joy of living, had come back again. Even her boy, Sopher, trying to hide in the skirts of her dress, sobbed out: 'Father is not father now. He has changed.' When 'Silent William' reflected on what had passed, he could now remember the attack on the hill, atilly, but the other life, as a mason, lay hidden under a shade, only the love of Salome and that last call for pity which brought about the fall from the ladder remained and the doctors declared that this had in some sort re-established the life which was lost at Sedan.

"One never knew what passed that morning between the two, but the first words of Salome, when she came to understand all that had happened, was:

"And now you have no more need of me, William, adieu." And she got up from her knees to go.

"Ah, well," said Major Xylander, with a careless air, "it is certain if the Count of Aleneck had repudiated his wife Salome, whom I must call now Anne Marie Hosi, his savior in those years of distress, now that he had come to his own, the humiliation of this evening would have been saved him."

The signal for supper was now given. The lackeys opened the doors, and all prepared for the somewhat ceremonious entry into the grand saloon.

When Maximilian d'Aleneck and his wife reappeared, calm but very pale, all eyes turned to them again.

Then His Highness, the Prince, stepping forward to Anne Marie, offered her his arm, and said with a gracious smile, so all could hear:

"Madame the Countess, will you do me the honor?"

Wiles of the Taxidermist.
These are busy days for the taxidermist, and his little tricks are the amusement and amazement of the amateur hunter. A successful gunner brought in a beautifully-marked wood-duck and wanted it mounted. "Save me the body," he remarked, after the preliminaries were settled. "Impossible," said the taxidermist. "See this table. It has arsenic on it, and I am afraid some of the poison might adhere to the flesh; you are poisoned, I am blamed. It would not be safe to give you the body." That stereotype reply usually results in the customer yielding the point—and the duck. The latter is either eaten by the taxidermist and his family, or he passes it along to some friend with his compliments. The experienced hunter lays down the law: "See here; no fooling. Skin my duck on a piece of clean paper and send me the body. D'ye hear?" There is no further controversy.—New York Press.

Considerate.
He was the most awkward dancer at the swellest ball of the swell watering place, and she the most graceful. After they had literally bumped their way through a waltz she smilingly remarked to a group of admirers that she had danced since she was a little tot.

"Don't be discouraged," he answered in a kindly tone, "you'll get the knack of it yet."—Detroit Free Press.

NORTH STATE NEWS

Occurrences of Interest in Various Parts of the State.

General Cotton Market.
Galveston, steady 6 1/2
New Orleans, easy 6 1/2
Mobile, firm 6 1/2
Savannah, quiet 6 1/2
Charleston, quiet 6 1/2
Baltimore, nominal 7.00
New York, quiet 6.85
Boston, quiet 6.85
Philadelphia, quiet 7.00

Charlotte Cotton Market.
Middling 7 1/2
Tinges 6 1/2 to 7
Stains 6 1/2 to 6 7/8

Tragedy in Raleigh.
Raleigh, Special.—A little before noon Thursday one of the most beloved men in Raleigh, James H. Alford, almost seventy years old, was shot down and fatally injured in his printing establishment by R. D. Bynum, a man of 35 years, one of his partners in the job printing business. Alford died Thursday night. The other partner of the firm of Alford, Bynum & Christophers, namely, Charles D. Christophers, was present and witnessed the shooting. The front door of the establishment is closed, and the terrible affair occurred in the printing room, which is separated from the front office by a door.

Bynum is a hard drinker, and has been on a debauch for some days. It is stated that he went into the place and began to curse Mr. Alford, and then made a motion as if to pull a pistol from a hip pocket. At this Alford moved towards him, and then, according to Alford's statement, Bynum rapidly shot three times. The pistol must have been held very close to the body. Powder burns show where two bullets entered the right breast, one bullet remaining in the body and the other going upward and smashing a shoulder blade. The other bullet seems to have missed its mark. The old men fell between the cases, Christophers falling to stop Bynum from leaving the place, evidently fearing that the drunken man would shoot him also. It seems that only one or two persons heard the noise of the shot, but did not locate it. Bynum walked out of the front door and along East Hargett street. His dishevelled appearance led one or two persons who passed him to ask him what was the matter. He replied in a drunken voice that he did not know, or something to that effect, and went on to the corner, turning down South Blount street a few blocks from the capitol building. The first man who got into the inside of the place was led to enter by the appearance of Christophers, who in his shirt sleeves and his shoulder covered with blood, ran out the front door. The man who entered aided Christophers and some others who came in in removing Alford to the office.

North State News.
The State has granted charters to the Tar Heel Company, Greensboro, a social club of which Spencer Blackburn, A. E. Holton and other prominent Republicans are members. The capital stock being \$5,000. To the Independent African Methodist-Episcopal denomination, head-quarters at Winston-Salem, the purpose of which is to establish churches, missions, schools, etc., and push the work of that denomination generally; to the W. J. Revis Manufacturing Company, of Wilmington, which will manufacture sash, doors, blinds, etc., capital stock \$25,000; to the Gray Manufacturing Company, Gastonia, capital stock \$150,000, to manufacture fabrics of cotton and other textile. Geo. A. Gray, Joseph A. Separk, and C. J. Husk are the stockholders.

State Superintendent of Schools.
Joyner has issued a circular letter to the county superintendents, calling their attention to the unsafe condition of the school houses in regard to their liability to fire. He says many of the new houses are fitted with terra cotta pipe, which cause twenty per cent. of the fires in the State, according to the report of the insurance commissioner.

Tragedy at Thomasville, Ga.
Thomasville, Ga., Special.—After killing his mother-in-law, Mrs. W. H. Parrish, making a desperate attempt to kill his 18-year-old wife and shooting himself twice with a Winchester rifle here, J. B. Barrow is lying in the City Hospital in a precarious condition closely guarded by officers. Barrow is an engineer on the Atlantic Coast Line. He is 38 years old, and had been married but two years. His wife was 20 years his junior. Domestic infelicity is said to be the cause of the tragedy. The verdict of the coroner's jury does not say whether murder was committed or the killing was accidental.

Attempt to Wreck Train.
Richmond, Va., Special.—An attempt was made Sunday night to wreck a passenger train at the ore-pounding mill, 12 miles west of Tazewell. A fishguard was laid on the rails, and the forward truck of the engine was thrown from the track. Fortunately it was running slowly. While the damage was being repaired investigation showed another fishguard and a large rock on the track just ahead.

MAKES A GOOD REPORT

Corporation Commission Gives Out Usual Statement.

The Corporation Commission this evening gave out its report to Governor Aycock, for the present year. The report says that during the year there were 380,310 miles of main line of railroad in operation. The gross earnings were \$20,387,940; operating expenses, \$12,848,929, net income from operations, \$7,539,011; net increase, \$1,065,173 over last year's operations. The railroads employed 15,205 persons and 120 persons were killed in the movement of trains. Of these two were passengers and 39 employees; 4,930,095 passengers were transported; 335 complaints were made to the commission, nearly all of which were disposed of.

North Carolina is the only State in which railroads are required to permit first and second class fares for passengers, and the laws were so amended as to require only one fare that could certainly be made lower than the present first-class fare of 3-1-2 cents. The average rate per passenger mile on the leading roads in the State was about 23 cents. The number of banks has increased from 155 to 192. Four banks were put in receivers' hands.

EARNINGS AND EXPENSES.
The Corporation Commission's report says the earnings of railroads during the year were: Atlantic Coast Line, \$5,234,869; Seaboard Air Line, \$3,721,713; Southern Railway, \$9,594,053; miscellaneous roads, \$1,837,305. Total, \$20,387,940. The capital stock of all the roads is \$63,390,350. Taxes paid were: Atlantic Coast Line, \$219,397; Seaboard Air Line, \$127,940; Southern Railway, \$278,446. Total, \$626,283, and by miscellaneous roads, \$51,492, making a total of all roads, \$677,775. The number of employees is Atlantic Coast Line, 4,909; Seaboard Air Line, 2,207; Southern Railway, 5,038; miscellaneous roads, 8,051. Valuation for taxation is as follows: Atlantic Coast Line, \$24,454,014; Seaboard Air Line, \$12,500,000; Southern Railway, \$26,310,589; miscellaneous roads, \$6,216,370; telegraph, telephone, street railway and express companies, \$5,061,052; total, \$74,542,026.

Penitentiary Report.
The penitentiary directors Monday evening filed their report with Governor Aycock, showing a net surplus of \$132,868. Included in this are \$60,000 in penitentiary debt bonds purchased by the directors. Other assets, consisting mainly of cotton, are estimated at the present market value, several crops being left out of the estimate so as to offset any further slump in cotton. But for the slump the surplus would have been \$150,000, the directors state. They recommend that \$50,000 debt bonds they hold be devoted to the establishment of a reformatory for young criminals. The Governor approves this recommendation. The prison and its various branches are in good physical condition and the past four years were unmarked by any epidemic, small or great. The order was good, generally speaking, the convicts have behaved exceptionally well, this being due to strict discipline and kind and considerate treatment. There are now hospital wards for white and negro convicts. Many improvements have been made in the convict quarters at the State farm. The latter yielded great harvest.

Creditors Want Receiver.
Greensboro, Special.—In the United States Court here Judge Boyd heard a creditors' petition for involuntary bankruptcy filed by Walter Swink, of Concord, and S. M. Swink, of Winston, attorneys for the creditors of D. P. Dayvault & Bro., wholesale and retail merchants of Concord, Coolemees and Gold Hill. The petition states the assets of the firm to be \$100,000; liabilities \$150,000. Judge Boyd ordered a subpoena to issue the parties to appear here Jan. 27 to show cause why they should not be declared bankrupt. Pending a hearing, T. D. Marvel, of Concord, was named as receiver, filling a bond of \$10,000.

Chadwick Couple Meet.
Cleveland, O., Special.—Sheriff Barry and Leroy S. Chadwick arrived here Sunday from New York and were driven at once to the county jail where a bail bond for \$10,000 was furnished for Dr. Chadwick's appearance in the Criminal Court next Tuesday, when he will be given a preliminary hearing. The bail bond was signed by Virgil P. Kline, counsel for Dr. Chadwick, and also by P. Dawley, counsel for Mrs. Chadwick. These formalities being completed, Dr. Chadwick was admitted to the woman's department of the jail, where he held a long conference with his wife.

Steamer Blown Up.
Hamilton, Bermuda, By Cable.—The steamer Galia, from Hamburg for Havana, has arrived here with the survivors of the crew of the Norwegian bark Arpesia, Captain Jensen, from New York, Dec. 9, for Cotte. The Arpesia was blown up at sea by the explosion of her cargo of naphtha, and eleven of her crew were killed. Seven of the crew, who were saved, were landed here Monday night.

Sent to Reformatory.
Roanoke, Va., Special.—In the county court at Tazewell Court House, Leander Cruey and Estill Burgess, aged respectively 18 and 15 years, were tried on the charge of wrecking a Norfolk & Western passenger train on the Clinch valley division a week ago by piling rocks and wood on the track, and were sentenced to the State reformatory, where they are to stay until they are 21 years of age. No one was seriously hurt by the derailment of the train.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES

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

Cheap Feed For Milk and Butter.
H. G. D., of Roanoke, writes: "Please tell me the best feed for cows to produce milk. Do you advise feeding cottonseed meal, and in what quantity?"

Answer: The very best food for a dairy cow is good bluegrass. You can produce milk more cheaply in this way and with less trouble than by any other means. Of course, bluegrass is not available all the year, and for the winter feeding of the cow some substitute for grass must be found. The dairy cow gives her best results when receiving a succulent ration. For this reason silage is considered one of the best winter feeds for cows.

Silage, as you know, may be made from corn, sorghum, cow peas, clover or other farm crops. The greater part of the silage used is made from corn. This is because of the large yields obtained, and the economy with which the crop can be produced. When the corn is well eared and glazed, and some of the lower leaves beginning to fire, it is in condition to be put in the silo. The silo may be constructed on the same principle as a water tank. The idea is to exclude the air and prevent fermentation. The green corn is cut up fine and run into the silo and packed down firmly, and will then keep for long periods, and can be fed to cows as needed.

When silage can not be had, roots are often used, but root crops can not be produced as economically in the South as silage, and the climate does not favor their growth as much as it does further North. It will pay you to have a silo, if you are feeding a considerable number of cows.

If you are without a silo, the question resolves itself into some method of feeding economically at the present time. If you can obtain an abundance of corn stalks to be shredded or cut up, this will furnish a fairly good roughness for your dairy animals, provided you feed along with say twenty pounds of fodder, ten pounds of good clover hay besides some wheat bran and cottonseed meal. In order to make the shredded stover more palatable, it may be sprinkled with water and the meal scattered over it and the whole mixed together with a fork. This will necessitate the animals eating up much more of the shredded stover than they otherwise might do; and the production of cheap milk and butter depends very largely in making the cows consume a considerable quantity of dry roughness, which always provides the cheapest part of the ration. If you cannot obtain corn stalks, you can, of course, feed your cows on mixed hay and grain. This is often an expensive ration. If with your mixed hay you can secure some clover or cow pea hay, it will provide a better variety for the cow.

As to the concentrates, you may feed wheat bran at the rate of six to eight pounds per day for each thousand pounds of live weight, and to this you may add two to four pounds of cottonseed meal. Cottonseed meal may be fed with perfect safety in reasonable quantity to dairy cows, and as it is so rich in protein, an element which the cow requires for the economical production of milk and butter, it furnishes a cheap and excellent supplementary concentrate to wheat bran. If wheat bran costs you more than \$25 a ton, you can feed one-half corn and cob meal and one-half cottonseed meal. In this case you would not feed over six to eight pounds of the mixture per day to a thousand-pound cow. If you find it difficult to secure corn meal, you can use one-third wheat bran, one-third middlings and one-third cottonseed meal to advantage.

The amount of grain that should be fed to a cow will depend on her milk flow. If she is giving three to five gallons a day, she should be fed liberally twelve to fifteen pounds per day. One must use judgment in feeding a cow, and no definite rules can be laid down. Where the cow is giving a small flow of milk, six to eight pounds of grain per day would be sufficient. Corn and other fattening grains should not be fed as the sole concentrates to dairy cows.—Andrew M. Soule.

Corn Stalks on Land.
Now, if you will permit me a small space, I will give some farm experience. The crops are all gathered and stored away; the harvest was a bountiful one for we who tried to help ourselves, and we should all be thankful to our Lord, the giver of all blessings, for such favors. Wheat and rye are sowed, and now is the time to start out for another crop.

If any of you intend to raise corn on land that was in corn last season, I will tell you how I treat stalk land if you wish to get rid of the stalks. Do not burn them, as the manner of some is, but take a good sized one-horse turn plow and run two furrows in centre of middle, turning the dirt each way toward standing stalk (I mean second furrow in bottom of first furrow) as deep as one good mule can pull well. Then cut stalks down with hoe or scythe and lay each row of stalks and all weeds and grass in this furrow. Then turn on one furrow from each side with a large two-horse plow. Then let it stand until planting time, while the high ridge stands up and a small bar between and the furrows open. The cold, hard freezing will reach deeper in the ground than if plowed level.

At planting time, use a long, straight plow with two mules drawing it. Run one furrow on each side of ridge where stalks were buried, but do not turn them out. Then with two mules turn out remainder of old ridge. Now take cutaway harrow and cut down the ridge to the desired height. Plant on or just beside of stalks and you will make corn if you cultivate well.

Now as to the inoculating material sent out by the Government last spring for cow peas, I received a package and used it on black cow peas on land that was in rye. Turned stubble, harrowed and sowed with drill, some treated and some untreated, and found no improvement by inoculating, but the dry weather caused rather late sowing. Now I sowed land in wheat; will notice the same plants of land to see if any benefit to wheat crop or not. Hope to hear from some others who used the inoculating material.—R. C. Whitener, Burke County, N. C., in the Progressive Farmer.

Reclaiming Land.
A considerable per cent. of the best arable land in the South is to-day almost entirely unproductive. It is those lands lying along rivers, creeks, branches, that have been cleared of their forest growth and have been cultivated but for some reason have been allowed to grow up in weeds and bushes of one kind or another. Nearly all of this land is rich and if put in first-class shape would produce a bale of cotton or fifty bushels of corn without any manuring. Most of this land, all is set in Bermuda grass, and if nothing else, but if it had possession there would be a most magnificent pasture or meadow capable of producing \$50 worth of beef, pork or mutton to every acre of it. If used only as a meadow it would yield from two to five tons of the best hay in the world. It is a pity these lands are not put in condition to do their best for they would be the most profitable part of the farm. It is true it would take a lot of hard work to get them back in perfect shape, a lot of moving, grubbing and chopping that the average farmer is not able to bestow upon it. It would pay well to clean up all patches even along the branches and creeks. Such as are not set in Bermuda could be used for sugar cane, if desired. There is so little good land on the farm to-day the best should certainly be reclaimed with as little delay as possible.—Florida Agriculturist.

The Market Fowl.
Mr. P. H. Jacobs, editor of the Poultry News, crowds a large amount of sound common sense into a very short article as follows:

The market fowl is an insignificant object with those who advocate the standard, and they boldly proclaim their destestation of any mongrel grade, or breed that is not recognized by what they term the "infallible guide" to success with poultry. Our standard friends may be sound enough on the standard requirements, but we will say to them that when they begin to build up the breeds according to the standard by pulling out the pillars that support the poultry structure the falling ruins will crush them as well as those whom they despise. Like Samson, they will die with the Philistines, for the foundation of the standard breeds is the market poultry. But for those who "keep chickens" the fancy breeders would have no markets for their productions, and admitting that they displace the scrub altogether they must create newer kinds or find the markets all supplied. The question as to the profitability of a breed and its use as a "thing of beauty" must be discussed in its plainest sense. To retain the standard and keep up the purity of the breeds it must be demonstrated that profit is sure to result, and unless that is done the labor will be but thrown away.

The Best Pullet.
If a pullet has been early and carefully reared, its most prolific season is its first winter. The second year, as a whole, is quite as profitable, however, because the fowl eats less than when growing, and the first half of its first year there are few or no eggs, while laying is maintained all through its second year.—Professor Thomas Shaw.

News of the Day.
The ministers des finances at Athens, Greece, will receive proposals for furnishing a yearly supply of cigarette paper to the Government monopoly administration.

Current Events.
N. L. Penn, the last lineal descendant of William Penn, is dead at Hartford, says the Boston Globe. He was once the leader in the most exclusive circles in Philadelphia. He fell in love and married. When a few years later his wife and her baby died together the world seemed to drop out from under him and he lost all interest in it. His body will be sent to Philadelphia for burial. Thus ends the noble line of Penns.

Physicians live longer than other professional men, their average lease of life being over 60. Only 7 per cent die of tuberculosis, which shows that they guard carefully against infection. Over 40 per cent die of nervous breakdown or heart trouble.