

The Tarboroan Southern

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D. Crockett

VOL. 77. NO. 51.

TARBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1899.

ESTABLISHED 1822

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ON THE HILL

BY A. B.

It was the evening of my arrival and near midnight; but we sat toasting our feet before the grate and talking away as if there were not another day in the calendar.

Miss Judith Hafch had taught me my A B C's good many years ago, and approving me as a girl after her own masculine stamp, had not only shortened to Paul the pretty Pauline by which I was known, but had likewise retained a warm affection for her Tom-boy pupil, which later fact accounts for my traveling a number of miles to pay my old friend a visit.

As I have said above, we were talking. I had just made a remark, and Miss Judith was about to respond, when the parlor door opened with a jerk, and Miss Judith's maid-of-all-work appeared, robed in a blue checked night gown, her pale face set off by a night cap ornamented with a frill which for width and fullness, could not have been excelled.

"Miss Judith, ma'am," she faltered, shivering with cold and terror, "the house on the hill—it's got its queer lights aflashin' an' dyin' about the winders again!"

Miss Judith started to her feet and uttered an exclamation of vexation and disdain.

"It's too bad!" she cried, "Here's my 60-year-old Nancy gone as mad over the ghosts in the house on the hill as the two or three neighbors we are blessed with—or I might better say cursed with," she added, "seeing they have turned Nancy's sensible head! If only I had somebody as fearless as myself to bear company I'd march up there and see what the lights. I know the ins and outs of the house like a book and only need

She paused suddenly, looked at me as if a new idea had penetrated her brain and then exclaimed: "To be sure—to be sure! Why, Paul, you are the very one! Come right away! I'll equip you suitably, as well as myself."

And pushing the trembling, pleading Nancy aside, she stalked, tall gaunt and grenadierlike, from the room, with my willing feet close at her heels.

"We couldn't have had a better night for the work," she said, as we mounted the hill through a tempest of wind and rain. "They won't think about guarding against curious visitors on such a night as this, if they ever do."

"Yes, they, Paul. I don't believe in ghosts and neither do you; so I'll tell you what I do believe and that is that a pack of villains have availed themselves of the ghostly reputation of the house and are at some nefarious work up there, and so I've said to my supine neighbors over and over again. But, dear me, people must believe in ghosts. It's easier, you know, than routing villains."

occasion. Laugh I had to, and laugh I did, in spite of every consideration. But suddenly my mirth was silenced by a low, vehement:

"Paul, you're a fool! See there!" And with no gentle hand Miss Judith jerked my head toward the proper quarter.

"A man!" I whispered, sententiously.

"No ghost!" Miss Judith returned, as sententiously.

Yes it was a man, and my first irrepressible burst of merriment had no doubt drawn him forth. I saw him distinctly, as he stepped from the dimly lighted hall to the porch. He closed the door and traversed the porch from end to end. Suddenly his footsteps ceased, and before we suspected his approach we described his form dimly visible within three feet of our hiding place.

"Down!" whispered Miss Judith. And as we dropped a heavy blow from a cane smote the bushes over our heads.

"Nobody there," growled a gruff voice. "I knew there wasn't, without coming. Just as if anybody would want to traipse up to this haunted old place in such a storm! But Tim's always a-fancying something! And with an added oath he strode back to the house."

Miss Judith drew a deep breath of relief.

"That was a narrow escape, Paul," she said, straightening herself. But I won't scold you, since the fruitless search may result in giving the rascal a greater sense of security. You see there are rascals here," she added; "and we may congratulate ourselves that the suspicious Tim did not make a search here in person. But come, I know of another adroit secret entrance—we won't risk this side of the house again and neither will we be driven off by fear. I'm determined to know what the wretches are about."

I wanted to think, and did not immediately reply. As we reached the door—a low basement one, completely concealed by a tangle of dead vines and shrubbery, which had been allowed to encroach upon it, I turned and said: "Miss Judith, did the name he mentioned impress you at all?"

"No," answered Miss Judith, an astonished inquiry in her voice. "Tim's a common name."

"So it is," I replied; "but it belongs to one uncommon man."

I felt her start, and then she whispered: "Tim Dawson?"

"That's enough!" said Miss Judith in my ear. "Let us go home."

She led me cautiously out of the room and through the basement door. Outside she indulged in a chuckle and to it added exultingly: "I tell you what, Paul; they'll squabble tomorrow night with those who will know where to put them, or my name's not Judith Hafch. Ghosts, indeed!"

And with another expressive chuckle she sat down on the area steps and pulled out her boots saying as she did so:

"Put on your boots, Paul—we can take it easy now. But I expect to be in D— by daybreak. I have plenty of time—can get home, change my clothes and take a cup of coffee before the train passes our station. Tim Dawson's in danger, Paul! The D— authorities will have him in keeping within 24 hours!"

She rose and marched off through the wind and storm, determined and triumphant; and more than that, she proved herself a prophetess.

Robbed the Grave.
A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver, of Philadelphia, is the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters'; and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim. No one should fail to try them. Only 50c, guaranteed at Staton & Zoeller's drug store."

New Soil Science.
The great problem for the farmer is how to produce the best possible crops at the least possible cost. Artificial fertilizing is essential to successful farming. Instead of a farmer buying a manipulated fertilizer because some other farmer has recommended it, a study of plant life and a knowledge of bacteriology so far, as plant life concerned is the only way to farm intelligently and therefore economically and successfully.

"In recent years," says the Scientific American, "bacteriological science has proved beyond the possibility of cavil that in the great cycle of change, from the organic matter in the soil to the elaborate products which are absorbed by the roots of the plant, the bacteria of the soil are the great, and indeed the only agents employed."

It is now a proved scientific fact that the decomposition of organic matter in the soil is due to bacterial action and to the action of various crops of soil organisms. It is also a proved fact that the wart-like excrescences on the roots of leguminous plants are the camping grounds of myriads of bacteria which possess the property of being able to absorb the free nitrogen of the atmosphere and render it favorable for the use of plants. This science has also shown that caustic lime will destroy the nitrifying and other advantageous soil organisms, whereas carbonate of lime is highly beneficial to them, and, in fact, where the greatest numbers and greatest activity, it is absolutely essential to the due discharge of their function. Therefore, the bringing about in the soil of those conditions which favor the development and action of those nitrifying and other advantageous organisms is the great aim and end of scientific fertilizing; for the farmyard and artificial manures applied to the soil are not taken up direct by plants, but go in the first place to feed the crops of soil bacteria, which in turn provide the highly elaborated material to be absorbed by the roots of the plants. For several years it has been held as a proved scientific fact that the oxidation of organic matter in the soil, which was formerly held to be a purely chemical change, was due to the action of soil bacteria.

Some eighteen years ago, the two founders of what is called "New Soil Science" were interested in the study of soil bacteriology; one of them was John Hunter, and the other Professor M'Alpine. The discoveries of Pasteur and other investigators as to the paramount importance of having the right crops of yeast plants in the production of beer was doubtless the means by which Mr. Hunter was

A Thousand Tongues
could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard st., Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this royal cure: "It soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the universe. So will everyone who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the throat, chest or lungs. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Staton & Zoeller's drug store; every bottle guaranteed."

led to recognize the equally great importance of having in the soil the right crops of soil bacteria. The nodules on the root of the Leguminosae were first investigated, and as a result Messrs Hunter and M'Alpine demonstrated the fact that the bacteria and these root nodules did possess the power of absorbing the free nitrogen of the atmosphere and render it available for the use of the plant. They then proceeded to carry out a series of investigations in regard to the nitrifying bacteria. At an early stage in their work they found there were several well-defined sets of bacteria concerned in the work whose final end is nitrification. They succeeded in isolating and cultivating the nitrosifying germ and they also isolated what they believed to be the nitric germ, but in the case of the latter they were for a time puzzled to find that they could not, from it in any ordinary culture media, produce nitrates. Finally they remembered the plant by which Napoleon was able to secure from the old mortar in the Paris stables a supply of nitrates for the manufacture of gunpowder. They accordingly added a small supply of this lime in the form of mortar to the culture media, with the result that the nitric germs produce nitrates quickly. The experimenters thought that the old dressings of hot lime were a mistake, but that a small annual or biennial dressing of lime compost to the surface soil was essential in successful and scientific fertilizing.

Naturally their views were bitterly opposed, but at last the time came when the doctrines of the New Soil Science could be tested under the "most favorable conditions." The post of land agent on Lord Rosebery's estates becoming vacant, a pupil of Mr. Hunter's named Drysdale, was appointed. The latter commenced experimenting on a small scale with various fields, and with such satisfactory results that Lord Rosebery decided to extend the work. In 1895 a well equipped experiment station was established on his lordship's farm at Dalmeny Park, with Mr. Hunter as scientific adviser. The results of the experiments were carefully tabulated and would fill a good sized volume. With a moderate dressing of farmyard manure supplemented with 4 cwt. of ground lime, followed by 1 cwt. of superphosphate, 1 cwt. of fermented bones, 2 cwt. of kainit and 1 cwt. of ammonium sulphate, the Dalmeny home farm produces crops which are the admiration of all.

The "Dalmeny Experiment" are of far-reaching importance. There are now, at least six lime works which are kept constantly at work grinding lime owing to the ever-increasing demand for that substance, and the scientific authorities who had at first considered the new soil science as a heresy have been obliged to admit that nothing succeeds like success.

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Humanity in War.
Much has been said of the increased humanity in war since the days of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when quarter was seldom given; when cities were sacked, and non-combatants slain in cold blood. Probably the largest explanation of this is the more universal use of firearms and their increased range and accuracy. Before firearms were so universally used and had become so effective as to make hand-to-hand fighting obsolete, individual combats were the rule with sword, ax and dagger, and such methods of warfare made the professional soldier a literal butcher, to whom the murder of non-combatants was a natural pastime. Probably if armies fought hand-to-hand and foot to foot today, as they did in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, cities would be sacked and non-combatants murdered because the very method of fighting created a type of military hardihood that was sure to incarnate ferocity as well as valor. It will be noticed that war did not greatly increase in humanity until firearms—both musketry and cannon—were brought to a point of effectiveness which made them the potential forces that decided a battle. So long as firearms were only a powerful adjunct, but not the chief reliance of armies, a deal of wanton cruelty and deliberate ferocity was wreaked upon non-combatants. In the sixteenth century the terrible Spanish infantry continued to do most of their fighting at close quarters—with sword, ax and halberd—and were a most brutal and licentious soldiery after battle. In the seventeenth century, while larger use was made of cannon and musketry, the victory was generally decided by hand-to-hand combats between infantry armed with spikes, together with strong bodies of cavalry.

So long as pikemen, halberdiers

and cavalry were the deciding forces of battle, of course the average soldier remained a bloody-minded, ferocious brute—worse after battle than before. The battles of the Thirty Year's War were decided by close fighting of this sort; so were the battles of Cromwell, and in this system of warfare refusal of quarter was not unusual, and butchery of helpless foes in captured towns was not uncommon. In the eighteenth century Marlborough's battles were decided by great bodies of cavalry, and so were those of Frederick the Great.

Napoleon massed artillery, which made his battles destructive, and used cavalry with great effect upon a shattered or flying foe, but a reduction of hand-to-hand fighting chiefly to the cavalry by the substitution of infantry armed with muskets for the pikemen and halberdiers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries made the temper of the average soldier more humane, so that the sack of cities after they had been stormed was the exception and not the rule. But to the enormous increase in the range and accuracy of cannon and small arms which has been reached since the Napoleonic wars is due the increased humanity of war; for it has made infantry and artillery the chief forces of an army and made hand-to-hand fighting by cavalry with infantry almost obsolete, for today no cavalry can hope to reach a line of infantry or battery of artillery in condition to break up the infantry or capture the battery.

In the Napoleonic wars, cavalry not seldom rode down infantry and sabred artillerymen at their guns. In our civil war General Forrest and other General Sheriden fought their "cavalry" as mounted infantry, and that is the way that General White, in Africa has used his cavalry to a considerable extent. Even in the comparatively open country of Europe, cavalry today is chiefly the eyes of an army, and does not pretend to charge infantry or artillery, as in Napoleon's day. Furthermore, with the increased range and accuracy of firearms, the percentage of loss is far less than in Napoleon's day. It is far less even than it was in our Civil War of 1861-65, for, since that date, very great improvements in the range and accuracy of cannon and small arms have been made. The losses in the Franco-German war were severe at Gravelotte, but they were not equal to the losses of the Union and Confederate armies fighting in a rough country with comparatively short-range firearms.

The losses in South Africa today are severe, but they do not equal in severity the losses of the Franco-German war. With every improvement in the range of firearms since Napoleon's day, the percentage of loss has decreased. Humanity in warfare dates back to the time when the use of firearms became universal enough and the range long enough to make hand-to-hand fighting for the most part either obsolete or of minor consequence.

In modern warfare between civilized nations few men are ever killed with the bayonet. The difference in personal humanity between a soldier who, in hand-to-hand and foot-to-foot fighting habitually kills an individual foe, and a soldier who fires at a line of the enemy wrapped in smoke, or shells a line two or three miles distant, is the difference between the humanity of war today and the inhumanity of its education when every soldier knew that he had killed his individual foe. Briefly, we say that war in a large sense owes its increased humanity to the universal use and improvement of small arms and cannon. The great Admiral Nelson's last prayer, as recorded in the last entry in his diary before going into battle at Trafalgar, was: "May humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet."—Portland Oregonian.

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Statement from Senator Clark.
"It is a fact which cannot be questioned," said Senator Clark of Montana, last night, "that not one member of the Montana Legislature who is alleged to have been bribed ever cast his vote for me for the position of United States Senator, with the exception of a single man, who voted for me from the first and who upon the floor of the joint convention denounced the man who charged him with being bribed as a liar and a scoundrel. Further than this, if the investigation into my election is pressed, it will afford me great pleasure to repel, by every member of the Legislature, if necessary, who cast his vote for me, the charge that the member did not do so freely, voluntarily, and without any inducement whatever offered by me."—Washington Post.

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