

# ROANOKE BEACON.



W. Fletcher Ausbon, Editor and Manager.

FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH.

\$1.00 a year in advance.

VOL. VI.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1894.

NO. 13.

## HOW COULD I KNOW?

So many flowers crushed in that noonday sun,  
How could I know  
That when I trod on one  
And crushed its golden glow,  
Now wandering in dim lowlands brown and  
And  
The faintest, faded blossom would seem dear!  
How could I know!  
There were so many days the sunshine  
kissed,  
When one I gayly missed  
And laughing let it go,  
That in long watches of some solemn night  
Dawn's dulceter ray I should call heavenly  
bright?  
How could I know!  
So many dear ones in those happy years,  
How could I know  
That when I mocked their tears  
And left them, loving so,  
In lonely, barren after-time I'd pray  
For weakest touch of hands I flung away  
How could I know!  
—Fannie Bent Dillingham, in Lippincott.

## AMONG THE ROSES.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAYES.

It was toward the close of a summer evening in New York, and those who imagine that August in a hot city is to be ranked among the intolerables would have been very much surprised could they have seen Mr. Santley Yorke reading the evening paper by his window in the Hotel Veronese, with the cool sea breeze stirring the curtains, and a glass of iced Apollinaris water and a plate of strawberries on the table beside him.

"For real solid comfort," said Mr. Yorke—he was no longer a young man, and had learned to smile at many of the "delusions of earlier youth"—"give me the city, no matter what the calendar is."

He had just folded his paper so as to get at the editorial column, when the bell-boy brought in a telegram.

"Ah!" murmured Yorke, as he perused its contents. "Just as I thought. These women never can let a fellow alone. From Mrs. Dedlock Dolby—to come down to Dolby Beeches at once! Bless her dear little imperative heart! What can possibly have happened? Has Tom committed suicide? Or has Pet fallen in love with a gipsy fortune-teller? Or has the Broker's Bank failed? 'At once!' And when I'm so especially comfortable just where I am!"

But Santley Yorke was a business man, and the Dedlock Dolbys were among his best clients, so that matters ended by his taking the night express to Waxfield the nearest station to Dolby Beeches, where he arrived in the yellow glow of a midsummer morning, very sleepy and somewhat inclined to be cross.

Mrs. Dedlock Dolby—who had a house party of ten or a dozen people staying in a mansion big enough and airy enough for a summer hotel—received him at a private breakfast in her own sitting-room, in a charming matinee of blue muslin and fluttering ribbons.

"It's so kind of you, dear Mr. Yorke!" said she. "But Dedlock is salmon fishing in the Saguenay River, and I did not know what to do, where to turn. Such a dreadful thing, you know—and of course I feel entirely responsible!"

Mr. Yorke stared at her as he took his cup of frothing chocolate from her dainty, ringed hands.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dolby," said he, "but you did not mention to me exactly what had happened!"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? So very ridiculous of me! But I'm so perfectly upset, you see! It's Pet."

"Pet, of course!" groaned Yorke.

"But what of Pet?"

"She has eloped with young Francatelli, the artist!" wailed Mrs. Dolby.

"Not the fellow who is doing the ceiling frescoes for you?"

"Oh, dear, no! He's in society, and his people are very nice, but he hasn't a penny, and Pet—poor darling!—is the worst person in the world to become a poor man's wife. I can't imagine how she even does her hair without a maid—and of course Jenkinson couldn't elope with her."

Mr. Yorke cut his little broiled bird into dainty bits and scattered cayenne pepper over it.

"I always expected Pet to come to some preposterous end," said he. "The Worcestershire sauce, please! And how about Diana?"

"It is a darling!" enthusiastically uttered Mrs. Dolby. "A thousand times wiser than Pet, though she's three years younger. And Di is growing prettier every day. You see, they can't forget that they are my step-daughters, though I've tried my best to obliterate the line of distinction. U is getting to be really fond of me, but Pet never could quite confide in me. Do try some of these grapes, Mr. Yorke! White Chasselas, you know. About Pet: We had a telegram this morning, signed, 'Penelope Francatelli,' so she's married by this time."

"In that case," said Mr. Yorke, "there's nothing to be done that I can see."

"But it's such a comfort to have one's family lawyer to consult with!" said Mrs. Dolby, enthusiastically. "And now you're down here, you'll stay for a few days? Dedlock will return in a week, and I want you to break the news to him. Do stay, Mr. Yorke!"

Do stay, Mr. Yorke, pleaded a sweet voice behind him; and he turned to see Diana Dolby, a beautiful young brunette, with a complexion like creamy velvet and large, melting eyes. "Pet and Felix Francaletti have hopelessly disorganized all our plans, and we must have some one to help us out."

"Even such an old fellow as I am?" laughed Yorke, holding the slim, little hand a second or two longer than was absolutely necessary.

Di cast a sweet, sidelong glance at him, full of bewildering, jetty light.

"Oh, you're not so very old," said she, demurely; and Yorke relinquished his clasp.

Yes, he was certainly verging toward forty, and Di was only seventeen!

Mrs. Dolby laughed; as if it were an excellent joke.

Mrs. Dolby, he remembered, bitterly, was always lacking in tact and sense. What was there to laugh at?

All the rest of the house party, however, welcomed him rapturously, and in spite of himself he was drawn into the vortex of merry-making.

Mrs. Appleby, a plump widow, who had once flirted with him in the long ago before she married the defunct Appleby, showed a remarkable anxiety to pick up the thread of sentiment just as they had left it in the old days, and, to avoid her rather passees smiles, Yorke found himself unavoidably forced into the younger circles.

And it was surprising how heartily he enjoyed it!

"Really!" cried Mrs. Dolby, one morning. "Tableaux! After Mrs. Appleby and I went up stairs last night? What did you have, children?"

"Oh, lots of lovely things," said Cecile Montpensier. "The 'Huguenot Lovers,' of course, and the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' and a delightful little private theatrical—'The Lovers' Decision.' Mr. Yorke was Peter Prim, and Di was Keturah Posey, and Jack Thorpe was the clergyman who married 'em. He did look so clerical in mamma's white China crape shawl."

"Why didn't you call us?" chirped Mrs. Appleby, archly.

"We didn't want any old people," explained heedless Di; and then she remembered herself, and colored redder than any rose in June. "That is, of course, we knew that mamma had a headache."

Miss Montpensier relieved the embarrassment of the situation by suddenly striking the grand opening chords of the "Washington Post March" on the piano.

Mrs. Dolby laughed. Mrs. Appleby turned away with a malicious toss of the head.

"That minx," said she to herself—"I'll teach her a lesson or two!"

The next afternoon she seized the fortunate opportunity when Diana had gone into the rose garden to gather roses to decorate the drawing-room for the evening's dance.

"Oh, you are here, are you?" said she. "Let's go into the summer house and rest."

But Di was not pining for a tete-a-tete with the frisky widow.

"I must cut these roses," said she. "Mamma is in a hurry."

"But I want to speak to you, Diana."

"To speak to me? What about?"

Di's scissors gleamed nervously among the rose-stems.

"It's very particular—business—indeed," said Mrs. Appleby, holding her parasol so that the sun should not rudely touch her well-powdered cheek.

"A great secret."

Diana lifted her large melting eyes.

"What can you possibly mean," said she.

"I have never told a soul about it," said the widow. "But such a thing happened once at a house where I was staying before dear Appleby died, and the judge decided that it was a genuine ceremony."

The roses fell in a crimson drift on the grass; the basket rolled away.

"What are you talking about, Mrs. Appleby?" cried Di, all in a flutter.

"Nothing," said the widow, vindictively, "except that you're really, legally married to that New York man!"

"I?" echoed Di. "Married?"

"He can insist upon it if he chooses," announced Mrs. Appleby. "A man twice your age! And I must say, Diana Dolby, that you richly deserve this awful doom, flirting and carrying on as you have done. Yes, I must reiterate that it serves you right!"

Between every sentence she paused, as if for a reply, but Di kept supremely silent. She was slowly gathering up her roses into the pink-ribboned basket once more.

"What have you to say for yourself?" viciously demanded Mrs. Appleby, giving the girl's shoulder a little shake. "Answer, you pert minx!"

"Let go my arm!" cried Di. "And I'm not a minx!"

"You're married—yes, married to that old man!" hysterically cried the widow.

"Well, what if I am?" retorted Diana, driven at last to some active response. "He's as handsome as Apollo and I like him. And I'd as soon be married to him as not. I never did care for boys. Go away, Mrs. Appleby, and leave me to finish picking my roses."

"You bold girl!" fluttered the exasperated widow. "Never did I dream you would face it out like this. But if you will solemnly promise never to speak to him again I'll say nothing of this dreadful complication to any one else. Promise, Diana!"

"I won't," cried the girl. "I won't, I won't!"

Just then Mrs. Appleby's maid was heard shrilly calling for her. She darted one venomous glance at Di and vanished among the trailing briars of the roses.

Diana sat down among her flowers, and began to cry. She had been plucky enough under fire; but now a strange bewilderment came over her—a terror for which she could not account—and she started nervously as a rustling sounded from the summer house beyond.

Could it be possible that some one was there?

A strong, shapely hand put aside the fringes of the hammock suspended there—a man's figure came down the steps and plunged into the fragrant wilderness of the rosery.

"Di!" said Santley Yorke. "My little pearl among pearls! Look up and say the enchanted words again. You do like me? You would as soon be married to me as not?"

"She—she drove me to it!" faltered Di.

"Yes, the first time. Now let me win you to it the second time. Look into my eyes, sweet Di. Speak from your heart."

And there, among the roses, pretty Di lifted her shy glance to his face and uttered the dictates of her girl heart.

"I like you, Mr. Yorke. I would rather be married to you than not."

He took her lovingly in her arms.

"Then I'm not such an old dog, after all?"

"You're just right," she whispered.

"But is it true? Are we really married?"

"No, dearest, we are not married. All that is only Mrs. Appleby's hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. But we will be married."

"Mr. Yorke—" began Di.

"Try Santley, darling," he interposed.

"Stanley, then. How came you to be in the summer house?"

"Why, I was lying in the hammock looking over my mail, when, all of a sudden, I heard Mrs. Appleby scolding you. Was it very wrong to listen?"

"It was quite right," said Di, emphatically.

So there was a second wedding in the Dedlock Dolby family that summer. And Mrs. Appleby is no longer on the list of visitors at Dolby Beeches. —Saturday Night.

## A Model State Camp.

The great State of New York, as befitted her rank among her sister commonwealths, and profiting by the experiences of the railway riots of 1877, was among the first to undertake the placing of her militia forces on a basis of efficiency, and to hold the troops in preparation for the sterner duties of the soldier. The establishment some years ago of the State Camp at Peekskill has proved the main factor in the surprising improvement in soldierly qualities and the high state of discipline which are now characteristic of the National Guard of the State. It would be hard indeed to find a more picturesque site or one better adapted for the purpose than the plateau on which the camp is pitched. Situated right at the entrance to the gorge of the Hudson Highlands, on a flat-topped promontory jutting out from the high hills surrounding it on three sides, the canvas of the tents, creamy white in the bright sunshine, gleams in contrast with the dark verdure beyond, while, stretching in a like expanse to the heights on the opposite shore, the broad river curves, disappearing around the rocky bluffs to the north. On two sides smooth parades stretch to the edge of the grassy plain—ideal drill-grounds for any branch of the service, horse, foot or dragoons; and the surrounding country, wooded and hilly, crossed by winding roads and dotted with clearings, offers opportunities for manoeuvres and exercises in minor tactics.

Hard work is done at the camp; there is but little leisure, and the militiaman's time is fully occupied. At five o'clock, with the boom of the morning gun and the sonorous rolling of the drums beating reveille, the camp awakens to the work of the day, and the long streets of tents swarm with men, as at the call for assembly the companies spring into ranks, and the monotonous tones of the sergeants' voices are heard calling the roll.

Then, as the ranks are broken, the reports are made, and the soldiers scatter to make the rough camp toilet and prepare for the morning drill soon to follow. At 7.30 the drums over at the guard tent rattle "Peace upon a trencher," and the companies swing off with measured tread to breakfast in the mess-hall, from which they return to police the quarters and place everything in apple-pie order. —Harper's Weekly.

## Issued Once a Year.

Apropos of curious newspapers, the Esquimaux Bulletin is certainly the most curious in the world. It is printed at Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska, in latitude fifty-four degrees forty minutes, and claims to be the only journal published within the Arctic Circle, while it is issued only once a year.

This little paper is printed on stiff white paper, on one side only, the size of the sheet being twelve by eight inches. It is printed not from type, but by the hectograph process, and contains a variety of news, arranged under different heads. In mirthful imitation of the daily papers in other localities, it triumphantly carries at the head of its columns the legend, "Largest Circulation in the Arctic," and also the additional boast of "Only yearly newspaper in the world." The Esquimaux Bulletin is in error, however, in assuming this sub-title. Has our contemporary seen a copy of the Atmaghlint?

That is also a yearly paper, and it is published in about the same latitude as the Esquimaux Bulletin, at Goothaab, in Greenland. A Parisian journal, the XXe Siecle, appears once a year, but that is only to secure the right to the title when the twentieth century becomes a fact.

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

### THE BENEFIT OF BRUISING OATS.

If all oats could be run through the mill it would make better feed for horses. The reason has been given many times. Both the grain and chaff digests better, and the indigestible woody fibre of both being broken admits of the action of the stomach more freely and fully. Careful feeders of horses know that in feeding oats, especially the whole grain, much depends upon the nature of the hull or chaff. It is not always the heaviest grain that gives the best results. That which is much above the standard weight has most often a rough, gritty chaff, which so acts on the stomach as to expel much of the grain in an indigested state. The hull, however soft in texture, is laxative, and a modern degree of laxativeness is beneficial, especially to breeding animals, but there is no gain in passing through the heaviest grain in a nearly whole state. Better use a light grain, which will be more thoroughly digested. It is commonly supposed that the oats which sell for the highest price is the best feed, but it is not always the case. —Farming World.

### USE OF INSECTICIDES.

Farmers' Bulletin No. 19, issued by the Department of Agriculture, gives some directions concerning the preparation and use of a few of the insecticide agents having the widest range and attended with the greatest usefulness, economy and ease of application. There are constant calls for information of the character contained in the Bulletin, and the effort has been made to give in a concise yet complete manner the best methods of preparing and applying the remedies suggested by which the best results can be obtained.

The overwhelming experience of the past dozen years, the Bulletin says, makes it almost unnecessary to urge on the ground of pecuniary returns the adoption of the measures recommended against insects. To emphasize the value of such practice it is only necessary to call attention to the fact that the loss to orchard, garden and farm crops frequently amounts to from fifteen to seventy-five per cent. of the entire product, and innumerable instances could be pointed out where such loss has been sustained year after year, while now, by the adoption of remedial measures, large yields are regularly secured with an insignificant expenditure for treatment. It has been established that in the case of the apple crop spraying will protect from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of the fruit, which would otherwise be wormy, and that in actual marketing experience the price has been enhanced from \$1 to \$2.50 per barrel, and this at a cost of only about ten cents per tree for labor and material.

The cotton crop, which formerly, in years of bad infestation by the leaf worm, was estimated to be injured to the extent of \$50,000,000, is now comparatively free from such injury, owing to the general use of arsenicals.

Facts of like import could be adduced in regard to many other leading staples, but the foregoing, the Bulletin says, are sufficient to emphasize the money value of intelligent action against insect enemies, which, with the present competition and diminishing prices, may represent the difference between a profit or a loss in agricultural operations. —Washington Star.

### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Dollars and cents as well as humanity demand that live poultry have plenty of room when shipped.

It is cheaper to keep up the flow of milk than to get it back after "the cows have dropped in their milk."

Have the hen house ventilated so well that the chicks will stay in it instead of seeking the trees for roosting places.

Better have no grease than too much about the lousy chickens—two drops about the head is enough to kill the lice.

Don't give your horse any food for an hour after a hard drive nor for two hours after particularly exhausting him. Then water twenty minutes before feeding.

There are very few good horses in this country, and, while the general horse market is bad, first-class, low-down, heavy draught horses will now sell for a good round price.

"Do not crowd poultry in the shipping coops" is an injunction repeated every day along South Water street, Chicago, by the dead fowls that are thrown out of the coops as they arrive.

Lambs up to the age of fifteen months or two years are much more susceptible to the attacks of internal parasites than older sheep because of the softness and juiciness of their tissues.

Vitals and drink are what poultry need, especially drink, these hot days. Give twenty fowls a gallon of water at six o'clock in the morning and see how little will be left in the dish at 6 p. m.

The sheep is the only animal that furnishes material year after year, during its life, to clothe the human family, and finally cheerfully gives its body as a most acceptable article of food to its owner.

Unless compelled to raise money by the sale of clips, we would advise putting the wool in a clean, dry place, and quit worrying about it. This is no time to sell wool; it is a time to hold on; after the elections are over values will advance.

Be sure to sow rape on well-prepared soil at any time up to August 15 for the lambs. It grows in six weeks and makes the most complete and reliable pasture for lambs, for ewes being fitted for the ram, and for sheep to go into winter quarters successfully.

### RECIPES.

Peas a L'Anglaise—Boil the peas until tender, drain, and put them into a saucepan, allowing an ounce of butter to a pint of peas. Set on the stove, stir gently till thoroughly hot, add a little chopped parsley and the yolk of one egg, and serve.

Veal Cutlets—Roll in bread crumbs, and fry slowly until browned. When done, pour the following sauce over them and serve: Sauce—One large teaspoonful of tomatoes, one teaspoonful of butter rubbed together, a little salt, a dash of red pepper. Cook five minutes.

Bouchees of Eggs—Bake some puff-paste, patty cases large enough to contain one egg each. When sufficiently baked, take out the inside and, a few minutes before sending it to table, break one egg, well seasoned, in each of the cases; put them in the oven, and, when the eggs are set, dish up on a napkin and serve.

Asparagus Salad—Boil the asparagus until tender, drain and put on the ice, when very cold serve with a French dressing poured over it, or if you prefer serve the dressing separate in a gravy boat. If the salad is to be eaten at a one o'clock dinner, it will be necessary to boil it early in the morning, as it takes it some hours to cook.

### Sickened of the Scalpel.

An extraordinary event led Lassone, physician to Louis XVI. of France, to abandon his anatomical studies. While selecting from among some dead bodies a suitable subject for dissection, he imagined that one of them showed doubtful signs of death, and sought to revive a life which was perhaps not extinguished. His efforts were crowned with success. He cured the man, and as he was poor nourished and supported him, but the idea of having been on the point of committing a crime so affected Lassone that he felt himself unable to pursue his accustomed labors, and from that time forward the study of natural history and chemistry took the place of that of anatomy. —New York Advertiser.

### A Woman's Reason.

Lady Doctor—"In my opinion, with strict adherence to the principles of treatment which I shall recommend, there is every chance for our patient's recovery, hopeless as his case may seem."

Chorus of Consulting Physicians—"But what are your reasons—why do you think so when we have all given him up?"

Lady Doctor—"Oh, er—er—er—"

—Pack.

It is estimated that in our line and labor would lose some \$1,000,000 were all railroad woods blocked by a strike.

ROSE & DAY