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IF THE SHADOWS FELL NOT.

If the shadows fell not-Oh! where were the

stars, The gems of the sky and the night? If the shadows fell not, would the pale, gold-

en moon Flood the earth with its rich, mellow light?

Oh! where were the sunsets unblazoned in glory-

Wrought vivid in nature, in song, and in story-

If the shadows fell not?

If the shadows fell not-Oh! where were the tears.

The crystals of love and of woe? They would vanish with smiles born of sym-

pathy sweet. And its words whispered softly and low;

Oh! where were the heroes, the martyrs and Sages.

The deeds of the noble, the wisdom of ages, If the shadows fell not?

-Mary Emelyn McClure,

WAS nineteen.

and pretty Lois

Tanner was three

years my junior.

Sweet sixteen ! Is

there in all this

world anything

sweeter? There

may be other

Sweet Sixteens,

but the compara-

tive degree of the

AS IT OFTEN HAPPENS.

BY W. J. LAMPTON.



adjective in this connection has grown rusty from long disuse and Sweet Sixteen remains positive in kind and superlative in degree.

And Lois Tanner was sixteen. From the first day of our meeting -we were the children of wealthy parents and were summering by the sea-some intangible influence, some inexplicable force seemed to draw us to each other and to run the lines of our lives parallel. For two years we had known each other, and one dayit was the third summer after our meeting-we sat on the rocks by the shore and as the waves beat in rhythmic measures upon the silver sands stretching out at our feet, I looked into her sweet blue eyes and knew that Lachesis as she drew two threads from Clotho's spindle was twisting them into one cord, forever indivisible.

father-in-law under any circum. stances."

> "Papa isn't so awfully bad, Jack," the said in extenuation of the paternal there I was, and-but where was Lois? veakness.

"I never thought he was, either, until you told me what you have." I admitted. "But, Lois," and I grew hard again, "you must know that no father who regards the future happiness of his daughter can take the position he does and assume to dictate the course of two lives which in the nature of things must be independent of his."

"Papa says your papa said the same thing and agreed with him thoroughly," she replied, arguing as women do.

"Lois," I said in my firmest tone, 'don't speak to me of your father again. If you do I shall be tempted to do him some bodily injury."

The dear little woman laid her hand on my arm restrainingly and smiled with such irresistible sweetness that I even forgot the wound my father had given me.

"Let it go, dear," she pleaded. They have forgotten they were ever young."

The shadows were growing into a deeper purple and the waves took on the mellower shades of the evening sky. The night wind, just rising, tossed Lois's golden hair about her smooth, white forehead, and the pink of the sunset brought a rosier glow to her cheeks. I brushed my hand across my eyes and looked into her face.

"Do you remember what I said a few moments ago?" I asked, returning | for Mattie Swann, even if you do like to the previous subject.

"What did you say?" she replied, frembling a little, I thought, for she surely could not have forgotten so NOON.

"I said, darling"- it was the first time I had ever called her that, and it almost frightened me-"I said that there was one thing I had not learned

in the last two years, and that was to love you better than I did when I first met you. Do you thinkI should have learned ?"

"Perhaps, Jack," she blushed, "if you had, you would have gone ahead

wouldn't have a man like he is for my | shadows had gone, and why it was the waves looked so cold and crnel and clammy. They were the same shadows and the same waves, and Fifty yards up the shore and hurrying along as if she were afraid of twilight ghosts or other strange inhabitant of the crepuscular air. I looked over my shoulder nervously, and all around, and shivered. What it was I don't know, but on the instant, I called to her and went after my call as fast as I ever ran after a football. "Lois, Lois," I kept on calling, but

she gave no heed. Her face was set away from me and she was going with it rapidly. But not so fast that I could not catch her in the next fifty yards or so.

"Oh, Mr. Belden," she said in a tone of pretty surprise as I came up panting by her side, "how you frightened me. I had no idea you were on the beach this evening.

Think of that, and still her father having the temerity to talk about puppy love. If that wasn't full grown mastiff sarcasm, I'd like to know what it was. But I was not to be thwarted by a woman's whim now, any more tuan 1 was in the beginning.

"Oh. Lois, Lois," I pleaded, though I puffed as I did so. "We are not children to let a trifle come between us and our love. You know I love you and I know I love you. It was because I love you so that I grew wild with jealous; when you spoke of Verder. I don't care a rap of my finger Charlie Verder."

"Mr. Belden," she began vey stifly -"Call me Jack," I cried with all my feeling come again. "Call me Jack, as you have always called me."

"Perhaps I'd better," she said coldly. "You have acted so childishly that Mr. seems scarcely an appropriate title.

"You shan't talk that way to me, Lois Tanner," I exclaimed as I stepped in front of her and blocked her path. "I have done wrong and I apologize humbly for it. Now as a lady you cannot do otherwise than accept it."

"I accept the apology, and pray,

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

SHOULD HORSES BE SHOD?

This depends on the use they are put to. If it is to work in the field on soft ground, shoes are worse than useless and an unnecessary expense. But for work on hard, gravelly roads or on stony ground, where the hoofs are subjected to much wear, it is better to put shoes on the animal. A shoe should be flat, and fitted to the foot without cutting down the heels, and wholiy without calks, which too often cause lameness by throwing the foot out of the natural level, and thus cause strain on the joints .- New York Times.

HOW TO BENEW OUR LAWNS.

Sow the lawns with compost of ashes, salt and phosphates, or for that matter nse any rotted compost you can get. Make use of old plaster, lime, decayed chips, muck. Then in the spring, just as the grass is starting, put on a drag and severely drag back and forth both ways. Sow in clover and grass, or whatever seed you choose and drag again. It looks as though you were doing destructive work; but you will find that you have torn out weeds, loosened matted roots, broken up moss spots, and left the soil loose for aeration. It is best to manure our lawns that cannot be plowed occasionally with only old, well rotted manure, with ashes and cotton-seed meal. Some weeds cannot be eradicated by dragging. Wild carrots can be kept out by pulling twice a year. Coal ashes help immensely to keep the soil loose and moist, and enable manures to work beneficially .- New York Independent.

STRAWBERRIES.

Spring is the best time to set out strawberry plants, and the work should be done as soon as the ground is in good condition for working, which will be when it is free from frost. The sets should be runners from last year's growth. The best time for planting is late in the afternoon. This allows them time to recover before being exposed to the rays of the sun. In setting out the plants care should

be taken to prevent their getting dry.

pay for itself in increase of growth at A Man Who Dives Sixty Feet Into Seven this critical period.

Greater in number than any other class, yet the farmer is subject to lawmakers who ignore his existence. He labors hard from one year to another, trusting to a power that controls the price of his "labor and the product of his toil."

BEACON.

Grow early truck this year. It will be a long time before the spring market is as well supplied as the fall. A great many farmers grow crops for the late market, which makes competition keen and prices low. Asparagus and strawberries, that can be sold in spring and early summer, pay much better than what is raised for the fall and winter market.

To destroy bugs in seed peas put the peas in water and the bugs and injured peas will rise to the surface. Skim them off and destroy them. Pour off the water and spread the peas to dry. Peas that have been attacked by weevil should not be used for seed, not only because such seed will not germinate, but also because more weevil will be produced to attack the

Scalloped Apples---Butter a pudding dish and put a layer of peeled sliced apples in the bottom. Sprinkle with sugar, a very little flour and cinnamor and some bits of butter. Fill the dish in this manuer and bake one hour. covering the dish to prevent burning on the top. Serve cold or hot.

Corn Cake---One cup of yellow corn meal, one cup of wheat flour, one cup of sugar, one cup of sour cream or one cup of milk, and three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful of salt, two unbeaten eggs. Bake twenty minutes.

Glazed Sweet Potatoes --- Bake the potatoes for one hour. Pare them, cut in halves, or, if large, in quariers, dredge with flour and lay them in a pan, flat sides down. Spread over them some melted butter and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Set the pan in a hot oven for twenty minu'es, to brown slightly.

Feet of Water.

NO. 47.

There is a pool of black water twenty-four feet in diameter and seven feet deep in the middle, tapering to two feet of depth at the edges. Before the diver appears a party of clowns play around the pool. A stream of water gushes up from a pipe standing in the middle, and the fountain is radiant in greens and reds and blues. The pipe falls over, and three men drag it away. Louis Golden marches confidently to the edge of the pool. He watches the men with a great deal ol care as they take away the pipe. If they should forget to remove it the consequences might be serious. A boat lies at one side of the little lake and a cance rocks at the other. There is a log floating near by. The dwer thrusts one foot into a sling at the end of a long tackle, and a gang of men walk away with the rope. Up, up, up he goes, as if his journey would never end.

Now the diver stands upon a plank stretched between two of the iron trusses that support the root of the building. He looks no bigger than a ten-year-old boy. One of the clowns looks up at him and yells through his curved hand, "All clear below!" His voice has the sound of a dirge.

The diver then poises himself on tiptoe. Twice he bends his knees swiftly. as if trying their suppleness. Then he stretches his arms horizontally and moves them with the movement of flying. He leans far forward-further -further-further---and then launches himself from his foothold. Ilis body seems to lie flat upon the air. Swifter and swifter it flies. Within a few vards of the water the hands meet above the man's head. He bends forward a triffe. In this position he crashes into the pool, just at the middle of it, plunges to the bottom, and goes to the furthest wall. Suddenly doubling, he comes to the surface, swimming in the opposite direction, and the crowd makes up for its lost hearts by clapping hands furiously .-Harper's Weekly.

Music Dreve Him to Suicide.

crop,

RECIPES.

In early youth, how far the eyes, undimmed by years, can see into the future, and how keen is young love to decipher the handwriting on the wall.

"Lois," I said as we sat there in the fading twilight, "do you know how long we have known each other?"

"Does it seem long, Mr. Belden?" she replied with a cov little smile.

"It has been two entire years, Miss Tanner," said I, falling into her mock formality of manner.

"And one learns a great deal in two years," she added.

"In one direction I have learned nothing Lois," I said with a quietness, I did not feel.

"Why, Jack," she exclaimed, "I don't see how you could stand still." "But I have," I insisted.

"How?" and her eyes looked her guilelessness.

"In loving you, Lois," I broke forth. "I couldn't love you any more in a thousand years, than I loved you after our first meeting."

"Oh, Jack," she cried nervously, "what made you say that?"

"Why shouldn't I say it?" I answered with a dogged resolve not to be put down by any woman's whim.

"Because, Jack," she said very earnestly, "papa has been saying all along that you and I were together too much, and the first thing the family knew there would be a case of puppy love to cure."

"Did your father say that?" I asked with the anger showing in my face.

"He did, Jack, and he says-"

"Well, I don't want to hear what he says, or has said or will say," I inter rupted. "If he says anything like that he doesn't know what he is talking about and hasn't the most remote idea of what a man truly in love with the one woman in all the world for him, feels."

"He ought to know something about it," Lois said nesitatingly. "You know, Jack, he has been married three times."

"That's just it." I growled ; "he's prown callous. He thinks because I am not a hundred years old I don't know my own heart and am irresponsible into the bargain. If it weren't for you, Lois, VI added, ameliorating my wrath to/ a slight extent, "I

me in the class.'

"Oh, Lois," I began to say, and then began to stammer and grow red in the face. I could feel the blood fly along my neck, and my hands shook so I could not have put them out to her if she had asked me to. I had never spoken of love to a woman, and now my inexperience was painful to

me. I knew that the brave man could win a triumph now, but I was not brave. On the contrary, I was a coward, an arrant coward, and in my fear slipped down off the rock, where we had been sitting, and walked out upon the sand.

"Where are you going, Jack?" she called to me. "I don't want to be left here all alone. I'm sure Charlie Verder wouldn't treat me like that."

That was enough to set me wild. Verder was the one fellow I dreaded, and he hadn't known her six months, either. I went back to the rock and stood at the foot of it, just near enough to touch the hem of her gown -such a sweet, white gown, with a bit of blue showing through it as the blue sky peeps in and out from the fleecy white clouds.

"Do you like him?" I asked, sullenly.

"Not any more, I guess, than you like Mattie Swann," she retorted, with a perk of her nose and a shake of her fluffy hair.

"Then you like him pretty well," I said, in worse humor than ever, and quite insistent upon magging her all I could.

"Perhaps I do," she snapped, "and if I do, I'm sure he's a very nice fellow.'

"Not any nicer fellow than Mattie Swann is a girl," I put in as mean as I knew how.

"Well, I don't care," she said, as she slipped off of the rock and touched the sand as lightly as a thistle down. 'I'm going home, and when you get me to come away off down here in this lonesome place again at this time of day, or any other time, I think you'll know it."

Then she started off along the beach toward the row of cottages. It was a mile or more, and I thought I would keep within call, so I let her get some distance ahead of me. I poked along behind, gazing out to sea and wonder. ing where all the beauty of the purple let that end the matter."

"No, it shall not. I insist upon your accepting the apology and the apologizer as well. I want you Lois, and that's what I started to tell you down there on the rocks. Answer me now with only the sea and the sky and the sweet twilight as witnesses."

I was about to take her hand and more tenderly urge my claim to an answer, when she gave a slight scream and sprang to one side as if she had stepped on a mouse in the sand.

"Look there," she whispered, pointing to a couple seated on an old spar half in the sand, and which until then was not visible. I looked and paw Verder and Miss Swann, very close together and talking earnestly.

"Let them be witnesses also, if they will, darling," I sa'd bravely, and this time I took her hand in mine.

But it was too dark for them to see, and when Lois and I walked by them in the duskier shadows of the later evening, she had promised to be my wife, and though the great sun of the heavens had set over the world and the earth was full of shadows, the greater sun of love had risen in our hearts and they were filled with the light inextinguishable.

That was a dozen years ago, and today Lois is the proud and happy mother of three of the prettiest and sweetest children in the world except four that I am the proud and happy father of.

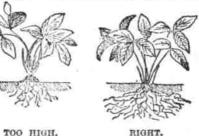
She is Mrs. Charles Verder and Mrs. Belden was Miss Swann.-Detroit Free Press.

A Mountain Sinking Into the Earth.

Dashebel Naibo, the "Sinking Mountain," an isolated Algerian peak, now only about 800 feet in height, is known to be slowly but surely sinking out of sight. In the time of the Cassars it was 1400 feet, or nearly twice its present height. There are several sections of Algerian soil where the earth's crust is known to be very unstable. Near the "Sinking Mountain" there is a large clear lake called Fezzara, which is said to have riser over a large city which sunk in the year 400 A. D .- St. Louis Republic.

There are 13,000 medical students in the United States, according to latest estimates.

The roots should be spread out much like a fan, if possible, and the hole



should be dug sufficiently deep to receive them. The accompanying illustration shows the defective and proper methods of setting. After planting, the soil should be pressed firmly against the roots.

While strwberries will grow almost anywhere, yet to obtain the highest development proper care and fertilizers must be given. Among the latter, potash is particularly acceptable. and the muriate is about the cheapest is required for successful dairying or stock-raising, there is no secret in the cultivation. One of the main things to remember is that even more than most other fruits the strawberry is chiefly water in a highly attractive and palatable form, and there is much more profit in it than in those crops which reduce the fertility of the land. -New York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

It is said that wood ashes, when brought in direct contact with potatoes, will cause scab.

For a few rows in a garden the pianting of onions sets may be done carefully, but where they are grown extensively the rows are made shallow and the sets scattered along the row without regard to their position in the POWS.

Give more air to the hot-bed. Plants that have made rapid growth may be transplanted to cold frames, to allow them more room, and make them hardy and stocky. Water hotbed plants carefully, so as not to allow too much.

Look out for drouth. It often does a great deal of harm and retards strawberries and early crops at the time when they need water the most. A pump operated by wind or steam will supply water enough to more than

Tomatoes and Rice---Wash a cupful of rice. Have two tablespoonfuls of butter over the fire in a frying-pan, and when very hot stir the rice in it. Stir it continuously until it is a golden brown, when add to it a cupful of tomatoes. Stir it well, cover and let it cook gently until the rice is tender. Add salt and a little pepper.

The day of paper collars passed away some years ago, and though paper is used to-day in many more forms than were ever dreamed of a few decades back that cheap articles of haberdashery has almost disappeared from the market. But there is promise, chronicles the Washington Star, that it will have a worthy successor in the paper sock, which is the latest novelty to be ground out of the pulp mill. The mechanism has been perfected to produce a paper yarn of such consistency that it is capable of being woven kind. If given as much attention as into fabrics soft enough for wear. A special merit is the cheapness of this newly devised material, socks being produced at a retail price of about three cents a pair. At this rate there is no reason why the whole world may not be supplied with foot covering. At three cents a pair the bachelor's life will become gladsome and happy. It is said that substances cau be used in the preparation of this material to make the socks so imprevious to water that they can stand several washings before falling apart. This, too, is a great boon. May the three-cent paper sock have a ready market! May it be followed by a ten-cent paper shoe!

> There is still money in real estate in New York City, as is shown by a transaction of two young brokers, Flake and Dowling. Last December they bought the old building on the southwest corner of Nassau and Liberty streets for \$934,000. They sold out the property recently to a syndicate for \$1,150,000; a profit of \$300,000 in three months is not so bad.

"The advantages of kissing," says Dr. A. E. Bridges in the British Medical Journal, "outweigh its infinitesimal risk; for it provides us with microbes useful for digestion." Even the strongest advocate of kissing will admit, opines the New York Tribune, that this is a somewhat grewsome and unpleasant view of osculation.

The music made by a Salvation Army band in a London street was not appreciated by a gentleman who lived in a house near by. He sent a request for the band to stop. It was unheeded and the gentleman cut his throat. - Chicago Times-Herald.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

THE BUCKEYE STATE CONTRIBUTES THE STORY OF A VETERAN'S SEARCH.

Yow Fred Taylor, a Member of the Gallant 189th N. Y., V. I., Finally Found What He Has ; ought Since the War Closed,

(From the Ashlabula, Ohio, Beacon.)

Mr. Fred Taylor was born and brought up near Elmira, N. Y., and from there enlisted in the 189th regiment, N. Y., V. I., with which he went through the war and saw much hard service. Owing to exposure and bardships during the service, Mr Taylor contracted chronic diarrhea, from which he has suffered now over thirty years, with absoiutely no help from physicians. By nature he was a wonderfully vigorous man. Had he not been, his disease and the experiments of the doctors had killed him long ago. Laudanum was the only thing which afforded him relief. He had terrible headaches, his nerves were shattered, he could not sleep an hour a day on an average, and he was reluced to a skeleton. A year ago he and his wife sought relief in a change of climate and removed to Geneva, Ohio; but the change in health came not. Finally, on the recom-mendation of F. J. Hoffner, the leading druggist of Ge..eva, who was cognizant of similar cases which Pink Pills had cured, Mr. Taylor was persuaded to try a box. "As a drowning man grasps a straw, so I took the pills," says Mr. Taylor, "but with no more hope of rescue. But after thirty years of suffering and fruitless search for relief I at last found it in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The day after I took the first pills I commenced to feel better, and when I had taken the first box I was in fact a new man." That was two months ago. Mr. Taylor has since taken more of the pills and his progress is steady, and he has the utmost confidence in them. He has regained full control of his nerves and sleeps as well as in his youth. Color is coming back to his parched veins and he is gaining flesh and strength rapidly. He is now able to do considerable outdoor work.

As he concluded narrating his sufferings, experience and cure to a Beacon rep Mrs. Taylor, who has been his faithful hel meet these many years, said she wish add her testimony in favor of Pink Pills "To the pills alone is due the credit of rais ing Mr. Taylor from a helpless invalid to the man he is to-day," said Mrs. Taylor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor cannot find words to er press the gratitude they feel or recommon too highly Pink Pills to suffering humani Any inquiries addressed to them at Genev O., regarding Mr. Taylor's case, they w cheerfully answer, as they are anxious that the whole world shall know what Pink Pilis have done for them and that suffering humanity may be benefited thereby. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the ele-

Dr. whitness Plats Plats contain at the dre-ments necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicina Company, Schenestady, N. T., for 50 cents per box or six boxes for \$2.30.