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THE HAPPIEST HEART.

The happiest heart is simple,
None dares to call it wise;
It sees the beauty of its life
With frank and truthful eyes;
It has a knack of loving,
It has a trustful way—
Oh, what a foolish heart is this,
The worldlier people say!

The happiest heart is childlike,
It never quite grows old;
It sees the sunset's splendor
As it sows the dawning's gold;
It has a gift for gladness,
Its dreams die not away—
Oh, what a foolish, happy heart,
The worldlier people say!

—Ripley D. Saunders, in St. Louis Republican.

MUG-BREAD

By C. A. STEPHENS

THAT was what we used to call it at the old home farm—"mug-bread," the best bread ever made. When made and baked just right it is a delicacy. But the making and the baking of it are not easy—and a failure with mug-bread is something awful.

Perhaps the reader may not know it as mug-bread, for that was a local name, confined largely to our own Maine homestead and vicinity. It has been called milk-yeast bread, patent bread, milk-emptings bread and salt-rising bread; and it has also been stigmatized by several opprobrious and offensive epithets, bestowed, I am told, by irate housewives who lacked the skill and genius to make it.

We named it mug-bread because grandmother started it in an old porcelain mug; a tall, white, lavender-and-gold banded mug, that held more than a quart, but was sadly cracked, and, for safety's sake, was wound just above the handle with fine white silk cord.

That mug was sixty-eight years old, and that silk cord had been on it since 1842. Its familiar kitchen name was "Old Hannah." I suspect that the interstices of this ancient silk string were the lurking places of that delightful yeast microbe that gave the flavor to the bread. For there was rarely a failure when that mug was used.

About once in four days, generally at night, grandmother would take two tablespoonfuls of cornmeal, ten of boiled milk and half a teaspoonful of salt, mix them well in that mug, and set it on a low mantel shelf, behind the kitchen stove funnel, where it would keep uniformly warm overnight. She covered in the top of the mug with an old tin coffee pot lid, which just fitted it.

When we saw Old Hannah go up there, we knew that some mug-bread was incubating, and, if all worked well, would be due the following afternoon for supper. For you cannot hurry mug-bread.

The next morning, by breakfast time, a peep into the mug would show whether the little "eyes" had begun to open and peep up out of the mixture or not. Here was where housewifely skill came in. Those eyes must be opened just so wide, and there must be just so many of them, or else it was not safe to proceed. It might be better to throw the setting away and start new, or else to let it stand till noon. Grandmother knew as soon as she had looked at it.

If the omens were favorable, a cup of warm water and a variable quantity of carefully warmed flour were added, and a batter made of about the consistency for fritters. This was set behind the funnel again, to rise till noon.

More flour was then added and the dough carefully worked and set for a third rising. About 3 o'clock it was put in tins and baked in an even oven.

The favorite loaves with us were "cart-wheels," formed by putting the dough in large, round, shallow tin plates, about a foot in diameter. When baked, the yellow-brown, crackery loaf was only an inch and a half or two inches thick. The rule at grandmother's table was a "cart-wheel" to a boy, with all the fresh Jersey butter and canned fruit or berries that he wanted with it.

Sometimes, however, the mug would disappear rather suddenly in the morning, and an odor as of sulphureted hydrogen would linger about, till the kitchen windows were raised and the fresh west wind admitted.

That meant that a failure had occurred; the wrong microbe had obtained possession of the mug.

In such cases grandmother acted promptly and said little. She was always reticent concerning mug-bread. It had unspeakable contingencies.

Our girl cousins, Ellen and Theodora, who lived at the old homestead with us, shared grandmother's reticence. Ellen, in fact, could never be persuaded to eat it, good as it was.

"I know too much about it," she would say. "It isn't nice."

Beyond doubt, when mug-bread goes astray at about the second rising the consequences are depressing.

If its little eyes fail to open and the batter takes on a greasy aspect, with a tendency to crawl and glide about, no time should be lost. Open all the windows at once and send the batter promptly to the swill-barrel. It is useless to dally with it. You will be sorry if you do. When it goes wrong it is utterly depraved.

I remember an experience which Theodora and Ellen had with mug-bread on one occasion, when grandmother was away from home. Aunt Nabbie and Uncle Pascal Mowbray came on from Philadelphia, while she and grandfather were gone.

Aunt Nabbie was grandmother's sister, and she and Uncle Mowbray had been talking all that season of coming to visit us. But September had usually been spoken of as the time they were coming.

They changed their minds, however. Uncle Pascal desired to look after some business venture of his in Portland, and decided to come in August.

It was a somewhat sudden change of plan, but they sent us a letter the day before they started, thinking that we should get it and meet them at the railway station.

Now, all dear city cousins, aunts, uncles and the rest of you who visit your country relatives, winter or summer, hear me! Do not hold back your letter telling them you are coming till the day before you start.

Nine times out of ten they will not get it. You will get there before the letter does, and the chances are that you will have to provide your own transportation for the six or ten miles from the railway station to the farm and you will think that distance longer than all the rest of the journey.

Most likely, too, you will find the farmer gone to a grange meeting; and by the time you have sat round the door on your trunk till he gets back at sunset, you will be homesick and maybe hungry.

Also—for there are two sides to the matter—your country brother and his wife will be troubled about it. So send your letter at least a week ahead.

The first we knew of the coming of Uncle Pascal and Aunt Nabbie, they drove into the yard with a livery team from the village; and an express wagon was coming on behind with their trunks.

Besides uncle and aunt, there was a smiling, dark-haired youth with them, a grand-nephew of Uncle Mowbray, named Olin Randall, whom we had heard of often as a kind of third or fourth cousin, but had never seen.

He had never beheld Maine before, and was regarding everything with curiosity and a little grin of condescension.

That grin of his nearly upset us, particularly Ellen and "Doad," who for a hundred reasons wished to make a very favorable impression on Uncle and Aunt Mowbray and all the family. I nearly forgot to mention that Uncle Mowbray was reputed very fussy and particular about his food.

Grandfather and grandmother had set off that morning to attend a conference meeting eighteen miles away, at Turner, and were not coming back

till the next day at night—a thing they would no more have done had they known Aunt Nabbie was coming than they would have set sail for Australia. That visit had been looked forward to for five years.

Our two-story farmhouse was comfortable and big, and we had plenty of everything; but of course it was not altogether like one of the finest houses in Philadelphia. For Uncle Mowbray was a wealthy man, one of those thrifty, prosperous Philadelphia merchants of the era ending with the Civil War. He never let a dollar escape him.

They came just at dusk. We boys were doing the chores. The girls were getting supper.

Theodora had resolved to try her hand at a batch of mug-bread for the next day, and had set Old Hannah up for it.

The unexpected arrival upset us all a good deal, particularly Ellen and Dora, who had to bear the brunt of grandmother's absence, get tea, see to the spare rooms, and do everything else.

Uncle Mowbray looked a little glum. He was tired, I suppose, and disappointed to find the older people away. And then there was Olin, mildly grinning.

His presence disturbed the girls worse than everything else. But Aunt Nabbie smoothed away their anxieties, and helped to make all comfortable.

We got through the evening better than had at first seemed likely, and in the morning the girls rose at five and tried to hurry that mug-bread along, with other things, so as to have some of it for dinner, for they found that they were short of bread.

Ellen, I believe, thought that they had better not attempt the risky experiment, but should start some hop-yeast bread.

Theodora, however, peeped into the old mug, saw encouraging eyes in it, and resolved to go on. They mixed it up with the necessary warm water and flour and set it carefully back for the second rising.

Perhaps they had a little hotter fire than usual, perhaps they had hurried it a shade too much, or—well, you can "perhaps" anything you like with milk-yeast bread. At all events, it took the wrong turn and began to perfume the kitchen.

If they had not been hard pressed and a little hurried that morning, the girls would probably have thrown it out. Instead, they took it down, saw that it was rising a little, and—hoping that it would yet pull through—worked in more flour and soda, and hurried four loaves of it into the oven to bake.

Then it was that the unleavened turpitude of that microbe displayed the full measure of its malignity. A horrible odor presently filled the place. Stale eggs would have been Araby the Blest beside it.

The girls hastily shut the kitchen doors, but doors would not hold it in. It captured the whole house.

Aunt Nabbie, in the sitting room, perceived it, and came rushing out to give motherly advice and assistance.

And it chanced that while Theodora was confidentially explaining it to her, the kitchen door leading to the front piazza opened, and in walked Uncle Pascal, and Olin behind him. They had been out in the garden, looking at the fruit, and had come back to get Aunt Nabbie to see the bees.

When that awful odor smote them they stopped short. Uncle Mowbray was a fastidious man. He sniffed and turned up his nose.

"Is it sink spouts?" he gasped. "Are the traps out of order?"

"No, no, Pascal!" said Aunt Nabbie, in a low tone, trying to quiet him. "It is only bread."

"Bread!" cried Uncle Mowbray, with a glance of rank suspicion at the two girls. "Bread smelling like that?"

Just then Ellen discovered something white which appeared to be mysteriously increasing in size in the shadow on the back of the kitchen stove. After a glance she caught open the oven door.

"It was that mug-bread dough! It had crawled—crawled out of the tins into the oven—crawled down under the oven door to the kitchen floor, where it made a viscous puddle, and was now trying, apparently, to crawl out of sight under the woodbox."

Aunt Nabbie burst out laughing; she could not help it. Then she tried to turn Uncle Mowbray out.

But no, he must stand there and talk about it. He was one of those men who are always peeping round the kitchen, to see if the women are doing things right. But Olin scudded out

after one look, and the girls saw him under the Balm of Gilead tree, shaking and laughing as if he would split.

Poor Doad and Nell! That was a dreadful forenoon for them. As youthful housekeepers, they felt themselves disgraced beyond redemption. In three years they had not recovered from it, and would cringe when any one reminded them of Uncle Mowbray and the mug-bread.—Youth's Companion.

DREAM SERVED AS A WARNING.

Premonition of Danger Undoubtedly Saved a Life.

One of the most striking instances of a warning dream was the story narrated of the late Lord Dufferin, which is, to the best of our knowledge, quite well authenticated.

Lord Dufferin was staying at a country house in Ireland; and early one morning he heard, or dreamed he heard, a sound of wheels approaching the main entrance. He naturally hurried to the window to see what was afoot; and was not unnaturally surprised to see a hearse drawn up before the door of the mansion. He especially noted the driver's face—a very unpleasant one of a smooth pasty complexion. He concluded that a servant must have died suddenly and that the coffin was being removed at this unusual hour in order to cause no shock to any of the guests in the house.

As nothing was said about the matter in the morning, he made up his mind that he had dreamed the whole affair, as was probably the case. Lord Dufferin naturally thought no more of the matter until one day, during his residence in Paris, when he had occasion to visit a friend in one of the large hotels, and approached the elevator to be conveyed to his friend's landing.

What was his horror on recognizing in the elevator attendant the hearse driver of his vivid dream! Declining to use the elevator, he left the hotel, and shortly afterwards he heard that the same day the elevator had broken down, and the sinister attendant was among the killed. Subsequent inquiries revealed the fact that there had certainly been no nocturnal visit of a hearse to the Irish mansion.

Blew Taps at Grant's Burial.

The Fourth Cavalry Band at Fort Riley claims the oldest enlisted man in the United States Army. He is Sergeant Hardy, a trumpeter, who has been in the army thirty-six consecutive years. That he is retained beyond the age limit fixed by law is due to a special act of Congress permitting him to remain in the army. Sergeant Hardy was the trumpeter who blew "taps" at the burial of President Grant.

The Journal is reminded of another man who has been in Uncle Sam's service far beyond the limit fixed by law. In 1900 Gov. Stanley and the party sent to meet the 20th Kansas at San Francisco were entertained on the battleship Iowa one day. The party were on the top of the turret with Captain Goodrich when a stoop-shouldered, slouchy-looking man moved along the deck below, apparently grumbling at all sailors and marines who got in his way. His coat sleeves were marked with gold braid (service stripes) half way to the shoulder. "Who is that?" asked one of the party. "Why," said Captain Goodrich, laughing, "that is the real commander of the ship. At any rate, I believe that he considers me as a more or less superfluous figurehead." And then the captain explained that the old fellow was a boatswain, the highest non-commissioned officer in the navy. "He is a type of the old seadog now almost extinct," continued the officer. "He has the same relation to a ship's crew that a first sergeant has to a company in the army. He was with Farragut at Mobile Bay. He is retained in the navy by reason of his exceptional skill in gun practice and his ability to train a gun crew."—Kansas City Journal.

Many Millions of Stars.

It has been stated that, with long exposures 134,000,000 stars can be photographed. Chacornac has computed that with a telescope of great power the aggregate number visible in the whole sky is 77,000,000. Proctor said that in Lord Rosse's great telescope at least 1,000,000,000 stars would be visible if they could be counted. The latter estimate is probably excessive and we may conclude that approximately there are 100,000,000 stars in the sky.

ANTIDOTES FOR POISONS.

Knowledge That May Be Useful in Case of Accidents.

As any member of the family may take poison by mistake, the following list of poisons and their antidotes ought to be kept where it may be immediately referred to in case of an accident of this kind:

Carbolic Acid: Sweet oil, melted lard, or castor oil. Alcohol, in doses of from one to two ounces, may be given with good results, if given immediately after swallowing the acid. Tincture of Iodine: Flour or starch water, drink all the stomach will retain, if much iodine has been swallowed.

Opium or Morphine: Black coffee, in full doses; keeping the patient awake if possible.

Phosphorus from Matches: Magnesia in large amounts.

Paris Green and Arsenic: Lime water, white of egg, milk.

In all cases administer the antidote freely.

An emetic may be given if the patient is seen early. A tablespoonful or two of ground mustard in a half pint of warm water answers well for this purpose. In every instance of poisoning a physician should be summoned; the above suggestions are offered to help before his arrival.

In making poisonous disinfecting solutions some coloring matter should be added to distinguish the solution from plain water. A little indigo will answer well for this purpose.

A 1 to 100 solution of corrosive sublimate (bichloride of mercury) is made by adding a half ounce of the chemical to four gallons of soft water. This solution should be kept in glass or earth containers, as metals destroy its disinfectant properties, and the container will also be injured by chemical action.

Some of the most dangerous chronic diseases are so insidious in their onset as to easily reach an advanced stage before being recognized. Any persistent pain, or discomfort, should always be a sufficient cause for a thorough physical examination by a physician.—F. W. St. John, M. D., in Farm Journal.

The Rue-Anemone.

Under an oak tree in a woodland, where The dreaming spring had dropped it from her hair,
I found a flower, through which I seemed to gaze
Beyond the world and see what no man dare
Behold and live—the myths of bygone days;
Diana and Endymion and the bare
Ethereal beauty of the boy whom Echo wooed,
And Hyacinthus, whom Apollo dewed
With love and death, and Daphne, ever fair,
And that reed-slender girl whom Pan pursued.

I stood and gazed, and through it seemed to see
The Dryad's feet dance by the forest tree,
Her hair wild blows; the Faun, with listening ear,
Deep in the bosage, kneeling on one knee,
Watching the wandered Oread draw near,
Her wild heart beating like a honey bee
Within a rose—all, the myths of old,
All, all the bright shapes of the age of gold,
Peeping the wonder worlds of poetry,
Through it I seemed in fancy to behold.

What other flower that, fashioned like a star,
Draws its frail life from earth and braves the war
Of all the heavens, can suggest the dreams
That this suggests, in whom no trace of man
Or soul exists; where stainless innocence seems
Enshrined, and where, beyond our vision far,
That inaccessible beauty which the heart
Worships as truth and holiness and art
Is symbolized; wherein embodied are
The things that make the soul's immortal part?
—Lippincott's.

Reckon We'll Git Thar Yit.

He wuz always a-sayin', when trouble come roun',
"I reckon we'll git thar yit!
Ain't enough rain for a lily to drown—
Reckon we'll git thar yit!
Its' jest human natur' to growl an' complain;
Wather have sunshine than oceans 'o' rain;
It's spite o' wild weather, I'm tellin' you plain,
Reckon we'll git thar yit!"

An' we carried that counsel the rough way along—
"Reckon we'll git thar yit!"
It lightened the burden—made sorrow a song—
"Reckon we'll git thar yit!"
He wuz only a toiler in bloom an' in light,
With Hope's star a-shinin', full blaze, in his sight;
But he locked to the light, friends—he looked to the light—
"Reckon we'll git thar yit!"
—Frank Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

When holiness is all nonsense to a man honesty is apt to be all moonshine.