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HE ALWAYS TOLD THE TRUTH.

By Anne H. Woodruff.

He was not very quick to learn,
Nor "promising," as was said;
He was not of a brilliant turn,
Nor one to "go ahead."
Defects—if they must be confessed—
In plenty had the youth.
But this one virtue he possessed—
He always told the truth.

In every way he seemed below
The average of boys.
In intellect, and "push," and "go,"
And all that youth enjoys;
But no one ever doubted him.
Because they knew, forsooth—
Yes, even those who flouted him—
He always told the truth.

"Uncouth" and "awkward," how it hurt
When on his ears it fell!
Who could the fact not controvert,
Was sensitive as well.
But one there was who sympathized,
Who knew right well the youth—
His mother this great comfort prized—
He always told the truth.

A slow but steady plodder, he,
Along the path of life;
In business ever seemed to be
Behind-hand in the strife;
But then he won his fellows' trust,
They honored him in sooth—
The man unlearned, but noble, just,
Who always told the truth.

—Ram's Horn.

For the Sake of David.

By Grace Terry.

ON DAVID, it strikes me
that you are out a great
deal of late. I don't ap-
prove of boys of your age
being out evenings; it leads
to bad company, and bad
company leads to all kinds of badness.
I hope you don't spend your time at the tavern?

"Son David," a broad-shouldered six-
footer, smiled a little, and colored a
great deal at these words, which were
delivered with a precision and a sol-
emnity of look and tone that made
them doubly impressive.

"There's no occasion for any alarm,
father; I keep very good company.
And as for the tavern, I haven't set
foot in it for six months or more."

About the usual hour, David laid
aside his book, and putting on a clean
collar and a linen coat, fresh from the
hands of Aunt Betsey, sauntered down
toward the village. This had been his
custom for several weeks past, and the
old deacon shook his head with a per-
plexed and somewhat troubled air.

"I suppose the lad finds it rather dull
here," he mused; "the house is lonely."

And, as he recalled the light of a
certain bright eye and a sunny smile,
what he had thought of doing "for the
sake of David" seemed a not unpleas-
ant thing to do for his own.

"I think I'll go and consult Parson
Dunlow," thought the deacon, who, like
the generality of mankind, having fully
made up his mind on the subject, de-
termined to seek advice, not for the
purpose of gaining any additional light,
but to strengthen and confirm his own
opinions.

The worthy deacon bestowed quite as
much time upon his toilet before leav-
ing the house as did "Son David." And
if a glimpse of the sprinkling of gray
in the hair that he brushed so carefully
away from his temples made him some-
what doubtful as to the result of his
mission, it was but for a moment.
Ought not any woman to be proud of
the honor of becoming Mrs. Deacon
Quimby, wife of one of the most
wealthy and influential citizens of the
place, even though his hair might be
a little frosty and his form not so erect
as when he departed on the selfsame
errand thirty years before.

In the weekly prayer meetings, of
which he took the lead, the deacon
often called himself "the chief of sin-
ners," "an unprofitable servant," and
the like, confessing and bewailing the
depravity of his heart. But, like a
great many other self-styled "miser-
able sinners," he had a tolerably good
opinion of himself after all, making
the above confession with an air that
seemed to say: "If I, Deacon Quimby,
a pillar of the church, and a shining
example to you all, can say this, what
must be the condition of the majority
of those around me?"

He found Parson Dunlow in his
study, hard at work upon his next Sun-
day's discourse. But he was used to
interruptions, and had a sincere liking
for the worthy deacon, who was his
right-hand man in every good work; so,
laying down his pen, he shook him
warmly by the hand and bade him be
seated.

But somehow the deacon found it
difficult to get out what he came to
say—the words seemed to stick in his
throat. But at last he managed to
stammer:

"I—I have called, parson, to—see
you about my son, David, whose con-
duct has occasioned me a great deal
of uneasiness of late."

"You surprise me, Brother Quimby;
I consider him to be an unusually
steady and exemplary young man."

"He has been, parson, very steady
indeed—at home every evening, busy
with his book or paper. But now he's
out most every night, and sometimes
don't return until quite late."

A faint smile flickered around Parson
Dunlow's mouth, but it was unobserved
by the deacon, who resumed:

"The fact is, the boy wants a
wife. He wants a wife, you mean," was
the parson's inward comment, but he
said nothing, for he hadn't filled his
sacred office a quarter of a century
without learning that some things are
better thought than spoken.

"It is a very important step," re-

sumed Deacon Quimby, after waiting
vainly for the parson to speak, "and—
and as I think of taking to myself
another companion for—for the sake of
David, I thought I would come and—
and consult you about it."

Here the deacon wiped the perspira-
tion from his forehead, betraying so
much hesitancy and embarrassment as
to quite astonish the good parson, who,
to reassure him, said briskly:

"To be sure, Brother Quimby. And a
very good idea it is, too, for yourself,
and, no doubt, for your son, David.
And I shall be very glad to assist you
in the matter. There are many very
worthy ladies in the church and vicini-
ty, so that you cannot fail to be suited.
There's the Widow Bean; her sons are
now men grown and quite off her
hands. A most excellent and worthy
woman is the Widow Bean."

But the deacon did not seem to re-
ceive his suggestion with much favor;
he shifted one leg uneasily over the
other.

"As you say, parson, the Widow Bean
is a most excellent and worthy woman;
but—but the leadings of Providence
don't seem to be in that direction."

"Well, then there is Miss Mary Ann
Pease, a member of the church for
many years, and an ornament to her
sex and profession. Now that her
brother is married again, she is quite
at liberty, and will make you a very
desirable helpmate."

"True, very true, parson; I have the
highest respect for Sister Pease. But—
but the leadings of Providence don't
seem to be in that direction, either."

The good parson looked puzzled, but,
honestly desirous of assisting his vis-
itor, he made another effort.

"Brother Jones has a number of
daughters, and either of the two eldest
would be—"

"Yes, yes, parson," interrupted the
deacon, rather impatiently, "I know
that very well. But I think that—that,
for the sake of David, I had better
marry some one younger and more
lively, and who would consequently
be more of a—sort of companion for
him."

A sudden light broke in upon Parson
Dunlow's mind.

"Perhaps you have some one already
in view, Brother Quimby?"

"Well, yes, parson, I have sought
Divine light, and the leadings of Provi-
dence seem to be in the direction of
your family; in short, toward your
daughter, Miss Emma, whose staid
and discreet behavior, I am happy to
say, would do honor to more mature
years."

It was not the first time, in Parson
Dunlow's pastoral experience, that he
had known people to mistake the lead-
ings of their own hearts for "the lead-
ings of Providence," but if he had any
suspicion that this might be the case
with the worthy deacon, he prudently
kept it to himself. So, without evinc-
ing anything of the dismay and con-
sternation at his heart, he said:

"I cannot fail to realize, Brother
Quimby, the high compliment of such
a desire. But you remember the words
of Rebekah's parents under like cir-
cumstances: 'We will call the damsel
and inquire at her mouth.' I don't
know that we can do better than fol-
low their example."

"Willie," he added, going to the win-
dow, "run and tell Emma that father
wants to see her in his study."

"She's dot company," said the little
fellow; "and is doing to dive me a new
ball if I'll stay out in the yard."

"No matter," said his father, smiling;
"you shall not lose the new ball. So
run along."

Miss Emma, though very pleasantly
engaged, dutifully obeyed her father's
summons. She blushed as her eyes fell
upon the deacon, to whom she dropped
a pretty, deferential courtesy.

"My daughter," said the parson,
gravely, "Deacon Quimby informs me
that, for the sake of David, he has con-
cluded to take to himself another wife,
and that his choice has fallen upon you.
I have ever left such matters to you,
but you cannot fail to realize the value
of such an offer, and I trust you will
give it the consideration it demands."

Emma opened her brown eyes widely
at this announcement, and then the
long lashes fell over them, and lay

quivering upon the rosy cheeks. "But,
unexpected as was the position in
which she found herself placed, her
woman's wit did not desert her.

"I should be very happy to become
Deacon Quimby's wife, papa," she said,
demurely, "if I had not already prom-
ised, for the sake of David, to do my
best to be a daughter to him."

Deacon Quimby was so accustomed
to consider his son as a mere boy that
it was some minutes before his mind
took in the sense of these words.

"Do you mean to say, Miss Emma,"
he said, at last, regarding the blushing
girl with a bewildered air, "that you
are going to marry my son?"

"With your permission, sir," respond-
ed Emma, with a smile and glance
that would have softened a far harder
heart than the deacon's. "I have al-
ready obtained that of my father."

Deacon Quimby turned his eyes upon
Mr. Dunlow, who had been a quiet but
interested listener to this.

"Why, David is nothing but a boy,
parson!"

"He is a year older than you were
when you married, deacon," was the
smiling response.

True; so he was.

"I dare say it does not seem possi-
ble," continued the parson. "I can
hardly bring myself to realize that it
is eighteen years ago since my little
girl, here, was laid in my arms; but so
it is."

As the good deacon looked at the
blooming maiden, and remembered how
often he had held her, a smiling babe,
in his arms, the conviction was sud-
denly forced upon him that that he had
been making an old fool of himself.

The rather embarrassing silence that
followed was pleasantly broken by
David's cheery voice and pleasant
smile.

"You seem to have quite a family
party," he said, pushing open the door.

"So this is where you spend your
evenings, young man?" said his father,
shaking his finger at him, with an air
of mock displeasure. "Ah, I see very
plainly that I shall never be able to
keep you at home, unless I can per-
suade Miss Emma to come and live
with me. What say you, my dear?"

"That I will come very willingly,"
returned the smiling and blushing girl,
"for the sake of David."—New York
Weekly.

A Traveling College.

The farmers in Illinois, as well as
those in other States, last year were
taught scientific farming by rail. The
train consisted of two cars, arranged
to allow speakers to make their talks
aboard, was a sort of itinerant agricul-
tural college, sowing knowledge at
every stop. The project was under
the supervision of the University of
Illinois, and was fostered by the Burl-
ington on the grounds that the more
grain the farmers raise the more there
will be to ship over its lines.

The first stop was at Aurora, where
Dean W. A. Henry, of the University
of Wisconsin, talked a half hour on the
way to tell good seed, and the kind of
soil it ought to be planted in. Ten
minutes was used in inspecting sam-
ples of earth and seed aboard the cars.
Eleven more stops were made before
the train reached Polo for the night.
The next day Dean Eugene Davenport,
of the University of Illinois, was the
speaker, and on the day following Dr.
F. H. Hall, State Superintendent of the
Farmers' Institute, did the talking.
Every town of importance on the Burl-
ington lines in Illinois was visited.

The next trip of the "Seed and Soil
Special" will be through Missouri, and
then it will visit Iowa, Western Ne-
braska and Wyoming.—Chicago Trib-
une.

Twenty-four Messages on One Wire.

The invention of new methods for
sending a number of messages simulta-
neously over the same wire contin-
ues, and one of the most recent of
these is due to Professor Mercader of
the French High School for Post
and Telegraph.

In this method an alternating current
is employed whose frequency depends
upon a tuning-fork having a certain
definite number of vibrations. The
current of such an interrupted circuit
can be broken by an ordinary key, and
signals transmitted over the line wire
by an induction transmitter. On the
line at the distant station are a num-
ber of so-called monotelephones which
respond to current of one frequency,
and are turned to the forks in the cir-
cuits at the sending station.

Thus each particular circuit has its
own telephone, which is connected
by tubes with the ears of the receiving
operator, and responds to the signals
made at the sending station. In all,
twelve transmission circuits are pro-
vided, so that twenty-four messages
can be sent over the line simultane-
ously. A double line, or metallic circuit,
is required, but otherwise the appar-
atus is comparatively simple, and in-
volves merely the adjustment of the
tuning-forks and suitable condensers
and inductance coils.—Week's Prog-
ress.

Lord Turnour, twenty-one years old,
a son of Lord Winterton, has just been
elected to the English Parliament, and
will be the youngest member in that
body.

The number of students at the uni-
versities of Germany this winter is
within 284 of 40,000.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

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

Killing Young Chickens by Feeding.

The great mortality amongst little
chicks is caused by too early feeding.
Nature has provided the yolk of the
egg (which they absorb through the
vent just before hatching) with enough
nutriment to sustain life for sixty
hours, and if you feed them before
most of this yolk has been taken up in
the system, you give them indigestion;
bowel troubles follow, and your flock
diminishes. What the little chicks do
need at once is clean fresh water given
them in a shallow pan with a board or
rock over the pan to prevent them wet-
ting their feet. And they also need a
few teeth to help them digest whatever
is fed later; this is supplied by scat-
tering pure sand on the coop floor, and
you will be surprised to see how they
will devour it.

At the expiration of the thirty-six
hours the first few feeds should be
hard boiled eggs chopped fine, or light
bread soaked in milk, squeezing out
all surplus milk before feeding. Never
feed a sloppy mess to chicks, and never
feed the chicks on the coop floor; have
a little feeding-board and on this
put all feed. Feed five times a day for
the first week; after that, four times.
When chicks are a week old feed
cracked wheat, or screenings, rolled
oats and cracked corn mixed. Con-
tinue this feeding until chicks are
large enough to take care of them-
selves, and you will raise ninety per-
cent. of all chicks hatched if you fol-
low this method.

But never during any stage of its
growth, feed it a wet, sodden mess of
corn dough.—Progressive Farmer.

Raising Horses.

The Southern Farmer has this very
sensible talk about farmers raising
horses:

There is a very good demand for
horses suitable for hauling in the cities
and for farm work, whether they are
of the heaviest type, the medium strong
backer "big little" sort or the express
van kind. Seeing that most farmers
are certain to use one of these varieties
in order to do the work of the farm,
it is satisfactory to know that the sur-
plus ones will find a ready sale, and
surely the breeder has the advantage,
inasmuch as he can market the four
and five-year-olds and fill up the gaps
with the youngsters which are coming
on year after year. There is no reason
why the farmer should not work this
system, if he breeds at all, and if he
does it is well to aim at the heaviest
kinds that his mares are capable of
producing; by which I mean that
blocky mares with substance should
be mated with the weighty stallions,
and it is usually better when breeding
draft horses to select a sire on the
larger rather than on the smaller side
of the mare.

Horse breeding commends itself for
this reason, that the work of the farm
has to be carried on with horses, and
their presence is indispensable; there-
fore, those which are fitted can be
made to answer the dual purpose of
workers and breeders, which must be
better from a financial point of view
than if geldings are purchased and
worked out with no prospect of re-
newals except by clipping into the bank
for a fresh supply.

Value of Mixed Planting.

Wm. B. of Trenton, Tenn., says: I
have an orchard started, composed of
apples, peaches, cherries and plums.
The apples now occupy one-fourth of
the ground; they are set in alternate
rows, with a peach, plum or cherry
tree between each apple tree in the
row. It is my intention to cut out all
but the apple trees when they become
too thick. The trees are set twenty
feet apart each way; thus, when they
are thinned, the apples will be stand-
ing forty feet apart each way. Early
bearing, short-lived apple trees may
be substituted for the peaches, etc.

My theory of this mixed planting is
that a larger amount of fruit can be
grown on the same ground than if
planted to apples alone, that it is no
more trouble to cultivate trees twenty
feet apart than forty feet, that the
peaches, cherries and plums will com-
mence bearing first and will naturally
die out first, that the manures and fer-
tilizers remaining in the soil will be
used by the apples when the other trees
are cut out.

Most of the peach trees in my orchard
are seedlings, and I consider this a
good way to grow them, as the fruits
of these trees are doubtful. Should
you be successful in growing an im-
proved variety, then cut out all the
trees near it, thus giving it plenty of
room to develop. It can then be pro-
pagated by budding or grafting on
other stocks. If you are unsuccessful
in growing a new variety, still your
labor is not in vain, for where the trees
are overcrowded they can easily be
thinned.

Potato Growing.

The statistical bureau of the Depart-
ment of Agriculture has prepared some
common sense notes on potato grow-

ing, which particularly emphasize the
importance of maintaining plenty of
humus in the soil to conserve moisture.
In tests made soil supplied with humus
produced a fair crop of potatoes not-
withstanding a bad drouth, whereas
the crop on the adjoining tract was
practically a failure. The great im-
portance of thorough tillage is also
brought out by these experiments. A
warning is sounded, however, against
over-tillage—that is, too much deep cul-
tivating. During a drouth the cultiva-
tor should aim simply to keep the sur-
face soil loose and dry. The dryer the
surface layer of soil the more complete
a blanket it forms for preventing evap-
oration from the lower soil around the
potato roots. Harrowing potato land
before the plants appear above ground
is considered a wise practice. The use
of Bordeaux mixture invariably results
in an increased yield, even when there
is no blight. Thorough spraying with
this material is recommended, as a
general practice, as a decided stimulus
to potato leaf growth and consequent
increased yield of tubers.

Separate Peach and Apples Trees.

G. W. M., Hendersonville, N. C.,
writes: I always plant my apple
orchard to itself, as the planting of a
mixed orchard is too much encum-
bered. You cannot cultivate it to an
advantage, although the peach tree if
planted at the same time with the ap-
ple will about have its day before the
apple comes into bearing. The peach
will just last about five or six years.
Two or three crops of peaches are
about the life of the tree. My favorite
plan is to plant the apple by itself and
plant a few peach trees to themselves.
The greatest mistake with most of us
is in planting trees too close. It seems
to be the trouble all over this country.
This is as fine a fruit country as any
one can wish for. I have planted a
small orchard. I set my trees forty-
five feet apart each way and find it the
best distance. I planted some peach
trees in it and let them stand three or
four years, and they encumbered me
so that I went and dug them up. If I
were to plant a dozen orchards I would
not put peach and apple trees on the
same ground from experience and ob-
servation.

Japanese Persimmons.

In many of the yards in the South
can be seen the Japanese persimmons,
the fruit being about the size of the
Lady Blush apple. The bushes are
not more than six feet high, and the
limbs are laden with this pleasant
fruit. The Japanese fruit is consid-
ered a luxury, and the housewife of
the home where these bushes have
been planted takes much pride in them
as an ornament to the yard, as well as
the pleasure of eating the fruit. Trees
grafted on the native wild persimmon
will grow on any soil in the South.
They will do better on very poor land
than any other kind of fruit trees.
Take up this spring wild persimmon
trees, and transplant in the yard or
old orchard, and the second year graft
the Japanese buds into the native
bushes. Such a tree will be an orna-
ment to the home, and afford some ex-
cellent fruit.—Southern Agriculturist.

Cuttings From Grapes.

Grape vines should be pruned with-
out delay. When this is postponed un-
til the beginning of spring the sap
will flow from the cuts and greatly
weaken the vines. Phosphates are ex-
cellent fertilizer for grapes. Grapes
can be grown on most soils, and it is
surprising that so few homes have
luscious grapes. If the reader has not
the money to purchase the roots, if he
will obtain a cutting fifteen inches
long, and place it in the whole depth in
the ground, covering the top of the
vine one inch, it will take root and
make grapes in three years. It is an
easy matter to have a vineyard. All
that is necessary is the disposition and
knowing how.

The First Twenty Days.

The first twenty days of a plant, or
calf, pig or lamb almost invariably de-
termines the growth and future devel-
opment of the plant or animal. This
natural law is the reason why the
Southern Agriculturist so persistently
advises the thorough pulverization of
the soil, or seeing that the little pig or
calf is warm and full of milk for the
first twenty days of its existence. Start
the plants on rapid growth and they
will prove a success. Where the most
of the milk is taken from the calf in its
infancy it will never become a well de-
veloped cow or beef.

Don't Starve the Orchard.

Too many orchards are starved, and
fruit a tree will do the best to produce
fruit under any circumstances. It is
useless to expect much from it unless
it is properly fed and cared for. The
cultivation around a bearing tree is of
less consequence than that the ground
be fertile. Many orchards need ma-
nuring, and most of all need mineral
manures.



HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

SILVER CLEANER.
Dissolve one ounce of powdered
borax in half a pint of boiling water.
When cold, pour it on four ounces of
precipitated chalk, and beat until
smooth. Add thirty drops of ammonia
and one gill of alcohol and bottle.
Shake well before using.

FOR A WALNUT STAIN.

To make walnut stain for floors, take
one quart of water, one and a half
ounces of washing soda, two and a half
ounces of vandyke brown and a quar-
ter of an ounce of bicarbonate of pot-
ash. Boil for ten minutes and apply
with a brush. This stain may be used
either hot or cold.

A PILLOW HINT.

Pillows wear out, just like anything
else, says a housekeeping authority,
even though one may change the tick
covering from time to time; the feath-
ers become impregnated with dust and
dirt and lose the life that is in all good
feathers at first. Then, too, years ago
feathers were not prepared, nor pillows
made according to the scientific meth-
ods that now obtain. A pair of feather
pillows bought to-day of a reliable
firm, are not at all like the feather pil-
lows of our grandmother's day, as one
soon finds, and it would be wise for
many a housewife to go through her
bed chambers and place new pillows
on every bed, renovating the feathers
in the old pillows, perhaps, but using
them for filling sofa pillows, for which
purpose they do very well, but not for
affording comfortable rest and sleep at
night.

DON'T PROCRASTINATE.

To the woman who would be up with
her work, I say, don't leave your dishes
unwashed, and don't leave your wash-
ing until the last of the week. I know
women who most always do this, and it
seems their whole household interior is
a drag. It seems to me so much
better, says a writer in the Florida
Agriculturist, to have the washing and
ironing done the first of the week; it
makes the week longer, seemingly, for
other work, and oh, the horrors of
ironing on a Saturday, when one al-
ways has baking and scrubbing and
general cleaning up to do.

I once knew a woman who always
left her breakfast dishes unwashed un-
til she had started a fire to get dinner.
Then her dinner dishes were left like
wile until supper and her supper dishes
till the next morning.

It seems to me if I want to beg
the day's work with a pile of dirty
dishes, well dried and stuck, everything
would go wrong all day. Recently
lady told me she had not washed
dishes for a whole day, and early
next morning her husband told her
she was suddenly called away on busi-
ness and that she had to go with it.
Imagine going away to spend sev-
eral days, which they did, without en-
time given her to wash those dishes.
Scarcely anything will tempt me to
leave my dishes. I have seen
kitchens, and I think I know what
I speak when I say the woman
leaves her dishes unwashed is gen-
erally behind with her work.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Piquante Tomato Soup.—The
soup is nulligatany soup. Be-
cupful of juice from a can of to-
matoes, strain through cheesecloth, put
fire and boil fast ten minutes,
add a tablespoonful of butter,
brown flour, and when
has boiled stir this into it.
drop in a hard-boiled egg or
and sliced lemon.

Green Corn Cakes.—Drain
the corn fine. Beat three
light, add a pint of milk, a
teaspoonful of melted but-
ter, a spoonful of sugar, and
thoroughly mixed, three
of sifted flour, or just about
the corn together. Bake
as you would buckwheat
serve as a vegetable.

Green Pea Pancakes.—Drain
peas, lay in slightly salted
half an hour. Pour off
boil soft. Rub through
while hot, work in pop-
teaspoonfuls of butter,
cold. When ready to
in, gradually, two bea-
of milk and a very
enough to bind the
you would griddle cakes.

Cinnamon Cakes.—Make a firm
of six ounces of butter, a pound of
dry flour, three-quarters of a pound
sifted sugar and a dessertspoonful
pounded cinnamon. Add three eggs, on
flour, if needed, beat, roll, but not very
thin, and cut out the cakes with a tin
cutter. Bake them in a very gentle
oven fifteen or twenty minutes, or even
longer should they not be done all
through.