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PRAYER FOR THE NATION.

Our nation's God, enthroned above,
Hear Thou the prayer we raise to Thee;
Keep Thou our land in Thy great love
Through all the days that are to be.

We fear no foes from foreign shores;
No battleship can bring affront;
We care not for the cannon's roar;
The breath of war shall leave no blight.

Our foes are with us; godless greed,
The strife for gain, for soulless gold;
The pride of power, that fatal creed
That brought to death great Rome of old.

We pray not for our land's increase,
Nor ask to wield the tyrant's rod;
We pray that wickedness shall cease;
We pray for righteousness, O God!

Keep Thou our hands from all taint free;
Keep Thou our hearts sincere and pure;
Keep Thou our eyes upraised to Thee;
Keep Thou our feet steadfast and sure.

Our nation's God, enthroned above,
Hear Thou the prayer we raise to Thee;
Keep Thou our land in Thy great love
Through all the days that are to be.
—Thomas Curtis Clark.

AN HONEST HOUSEMAID.

BY THEODORE DAHLE.

MR. EBENEZER MORGAN, of Chicago, was a striking figure. He was large, he was red, and he was conversational, and he knew more about pork and beef than any other man in that interesting city. He had a quarter of a million invested in pork and beef, half a million in railway stock and real estate, half a million in steamships, and enough money at his bank to supply him, on demand, with all the blessings of this life.

His only trouble was that he had spasmodic attacks of loss of memory. Now and again he would set out for his office and forget where it happened to be until he remembered that it was time to go home; and when he set out for home he would forget his name before he was halfway, and in trying to remember his name he ceased to recollect where he lived. These were only one or two effects of his absent-mindedness. There were others.

"Sabina," he observed to his daughter one morning, "I'm in a putty considerable state. You kin pack up for Yarrup. Th' doctor he ses I've got ter git, an' I calculate it's a machin' order. Th' Morgan Castle starts 'm New York Monday—guess we kin catch that. I've telephoned fr' th' upper deck."

"The upper deck, poppa?" exclaimed the girl, thunderstruck.

"Waal, I guess that's what I ordered, now I cum ter think of it; but you kin telegraph that my idee war really th' state cabin."

"But I can't get ready, poppa. I haven't a thing to go in."

"Then you kin go around to th' stores an' tell 'em ter pack six trunks of female apparel, assorted, by th' day after t'morrow. They'll settle. Now I'll jest go an' fix up that there pork deal with Jabe Skew, an' then we'll git to New York."

Sabina was Ebenezer's only daughter—blue-eyed and twenty-one. When her father's mind was set on a thing she knew it was of no use to oppose him; besides, she had long wanted to go to Europe. She therefore went to the stores and ordered seven trunksful of ladies' attire. The stores packed them, and labeled them, and sent them forward to the Morgan Castle, and two days afterward Ebenezer and his daughter were on their way to join the trunks.

"Guess I've forgotten them thar maldy-mer lozenges, Sabina," he said, as they went down the gangway.

"I have them, poppa," she answered.

"That's a good gal," he said; and they went into their cabins.

Sabina came on deck a few moments afterward to watch the boat cast her moorings. The vessel was going out of the harbor when her father followed excitedly.

"Say," he shouted to the captain on the bridge, "say, cap'n, kin you stop her a minute while I—"

The captain was busy—and deaf.

"Whatever's the matter, poppa?" demanded Sabina, anxiously.

"Waal," he replied, "I've ben fussin' around with that thar Jabe Skew, an' consarn it all, I've clean fergot my umbrella!"

"Oh, never mind," she said, soothingly. "You can get another when you reach London—an assurance which seemed to comfort him."

"That's all right," he said. "Jest you remember me not ter forgit. Mebbe it'll rain. You never kin tell."

On their arrival in London they put up at the Hotel Elysium. It was probably so called because most Americans in London stayed there. They saw the sights for a month, and Ebenezer never lost his memory once, or even himself. Indeed, on two occasions he went out alone and found his way back again—O. K., as he put it. This he regarded as a feat.

"Say, Sabina," he said one morning at breakfast, "we'll go 'long inter th' town this mornin' an' buy some di'monds an' s'ch-like goods. I reckon you 'bout earn all I kin give you."

"Oh, poppa," exclaimed Sabina, gratefully, "you are kind!"

"Waal, now I come to think on it, I'll not say that ain't my true kerecter," he said, with an expansive smile and a chuckle. Then he began fumbling in his inner pockets, and from a wallet produced a bundle of notes. "Here's

back for these, and you shall be rewarded," he said.

The manager was present. A few hours later he received a telegram: "Parcels left on hatrack important. Hold till our return."

"EBENEZER MORGAN."

"Hatrack!" exclaimed the manager, laughing till his sides shook.

Half an hour afterward came another telegram: "Father doubtful. If not on hatrack, try coal scuttle."

"SABINA MORGAN."

"She's hit it!" said the manager, who was still chuckling.

"So you're the gal that found the jew'ry," said Ebenezer, who had returned to the Elysium. "Consarn me! I calculate y' putty consid'able honest. What's y' name?"

"Arabella Jenkins, sir."

"Waal, Priscilla—"

"Arabella, father," corrected Sabina, smiling her apologies at the girl.

"Pardon me, Rebecca; I never war no guns on names. Now, luk y'ere. We live in Chicago, me an' my daughter, an' you kin bet Chicago is th' greatest town on 'rth. Waal, I allus calculate ter git my daughter a honest female 'm Yarrup t' do her hair an' s'ch like. There ain't nobody honest in Chicago outside ourselves, you kin reckon that, an'—"

"Yes," interrupted Sabina, "and we'll give you eighty pounds a year."

"Taas," Ebenezer went on, "she'll give y' eighty pounds a year. Money ain't no object. I reckon I kin put my name to 'bout ten million dollars, Belinda, an' thar ain't nobody about a few on us livin' kin do that."

Arabella stood stupefied, without speech, or the means of speech.

Ebenezer proceeded:

"Mebbe y' don't think eighty pounds adekate. I'll make it ninety pounds if y'll come an' be as honest as y' can, an' do my daughter's hair, an' s'ch. There's enough jewelry left round our house in Chicago to tempt th' honestest female breathin'. Fr' all I know, if y' come y' will find my gold chronometer in th' washin'. Now, if—"

"But, sir," faltered Arabella, "I was going to be married."

"To who?" demanded Ebenezer.

"To a policeman, sir, when I can afford it," said Arabella.

"All right. I reckon that p'liceman'll keep. We're arter somebody honest. Th' jew'ry that gets lost in our house amounts to a fortune. Say, Sabina, kin we afford one hundred pounds? Tell y' what, Amarilla, we'll give y' one hundred pounds."

"I'll come," said Arabella.

"That's right," exclaimed Ebenezer. "You'll enjy it. Shake!"

One day while out shopping Arabella met Ebenezer.

"Guess I'll walk aside of you," he said.

"I was just going some errands for Miss Morgan, sir," she remarked.

"All right; you kin do them arter. I happened ter wander across a pars'n yesterday," he went on, "an' he give me a tickit, an' I said to him that when I war passin' his church some day this week I'd give him a call, an' y' may as well come in, kase, you see, I ain't no hand at—"

Arabella understood and went in.

A fortnight later a member of the Metropolitan Police Force received this letter:

"Dere Sir—You will be surprised to here from me so soon. My name is Mrs. Ebenezer Morgan, and you can get married to somebody else if you want to. I relees you from your engagement. Enklosed please find order for two-and-six as a smole token of my esteem. Yours truly,

"MRS. EBENEZER MORGAN."
—New York Weekly.

About St. Patrick.

His baptismal name is said to have been Suicat.

Little is known of him.

He was born in Nemthur.

Nemthur, Scotland, is now Dumbar-ton.

He was born in 396 and died in 463.

His father was the deacon Calpurnius.

In 411 Patrick was captured by the Picts and sold into Ireland as a slave.

After six years he escaped this slavery and devoted himself to the conversion of Ireland.

Then he prepared for the priesthood, entering upon his mission about 425.

It was in the year 441 that he was consecrated a Bishop.

Of his writings there were his confessions and an epistle.

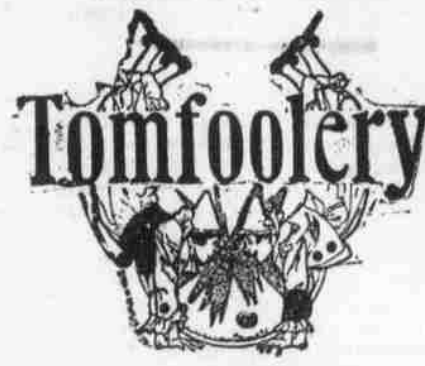
One prominent authority says that the only thing actually known of him is that he existed.

And not a word as to his greatest deed of effectually fixing matters so the sons of the Emerald Isle cannot see snakes!—Philadelphia Record.

Alliterative Slang.

"Yes," said the student of slang in a modern educational institution, "I got it in the neck all right."

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed the professor of Billingsgate, who had overheard his remark. "I am astonished that an advanced student such as you would be so careless in his choice of terms for expressing such a splendid idea. You should have said, 'I've got it where Gertie got the goiter,' or employed some other strong alliterative term."—Baltimore American.



A TRUE RHYME.
A schoolchild in far Yokohama
Was writing one day to his mama.
He started each line
With periods nine
And ended the note with a coma.
—Newark News.

HADN'T TESTED IT.
He—"It's impossible to please everybody in this world, isn't it?"
She—"I don't know; I never tried it."
—Detroit Free Press.

SPECIALLY HONORED.
"Do you mean to tell me that when Muntoburn's daughter started away on her wedding tour they threw lumps of coal at the carriage?"
"Yes; everybody said rice was too cheap and common."—Chicago Tribune.

BACK AGAIN.
Rimer—"I sent a poem to Scribblers' Magazine day before yesterday."
Ascum—"Yes? I suppose you expect to see it appear pretty soon."
Rimer—"It appeared sooner than I expected. It was in my mail this morning."—Philadelphia Press.

A FRIENDLY TIP.
Motorman—"Is it in a hurry ye are to-day, sor?"
Passenger (climbing on in front)—"Yes, Pat, I am."
Motorman—"Then ye'd better take th' car behind this; this 'un has a flat wheel an' is makin' poor time to-day, d'ye mind?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FINANCIAL.
Mrs. Watkins—"Henry, I want a dollar this mornin'."
Mr. Watkins—"Great Caesar, woman! Do you think that I am made of money? When you want large amounts you ought to let me know twenty-four hours in advance."—Somerville Journal.

THE ELDER.



Elder—"Why, Sandy, lad, I heard that ye was drowned."
Sandy—"Na, that was na' me. It was me eldest brither."
Elder—"Eh, mon, what a pity! What a most awfu' pity!"—Jester.

HOW IT WAS FIXED.
The Man—"You daughter telephoned me to call and fix your piano."
Her Father—"What's the matter with it?"
The Man—"One of the strings is broken."
Her father—"What will it cost to repair the broken string?"
The Man—"Two dollars."
Her Father—"Well, here's \$5. Break 'he rest of 'em."—Chicago News.

SPOILING IT.
Miss Flyrty—"Jack Hanson was telling me about a romantic adventure he had at the party last night. It seems he bumped into a girl in a dark hallway and kissed her, and he doesn't know yet—"
Miss Elders—"O tee-hee! That was I."
Miss Flyrty—"What? O for goodness' sake, don't tell him now. Let him love his romance."—Philadelphia Press.

HER STRONGEST ATTRACTION.
"Yes, he answered one of these 'husbands wanted' advertisements. 'Charming young widow, beautiful figure, delightful conversationalist, fine linguist, with \$20,000 in her own name.'
"Well, well. How did it turn out?"
"He married her."
"No."
"Yes, and he was glad to do it."
"Completely fooled, was he?"
"Not quite. She wasn't young, she wasn't charming, she wasn't a widow, her figure was far from beautiful, she hisped badly and used atrocious grammar."
"Then what was left?"
"The \$20,000. That was real."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

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

Making Poultry Profitable.
If you want good, strong chicks, you must "begin at the beginning," and see that the stock that produces the eggs is strong and vigorous, since a healthy chick can only be hatched from a strongly fertilized egg. The germ in an egg from weak, diseased stock will always be weak and will never produce a strong chick, if it hatches at all.

Dry feeding is the very best for young chickens, and any of the prepared chicken foods are good. Feed this for the first two weeks, and then feed wheat, rolled oats, and cracked corn and you will raise ninety per cent. of all chickens hatched. Keep chattered or buttermilk before your chickens every day; it will make them grow, help keep them in good health, and make the hens lay more eggs.

A good dry chicken food is made as follows: Cracked wheat, twenty-five parts; pinhead, or rolled, oats, twenty parts; finely cracked corn, fifteen parts; millet seed, ten parts; meat scraps, ten parts; granulated charcoal, five parts. This can be fed five times a day, all they will eat up clean, and your chicks will never have bowel trouble, the poultryman's worst enemy.

When a farmer says he would like to keep poultry if he had a suitable place for them, he simply means that he is not interested enough to make a place for them.

When your fowls are droopy, and ailing, it is always a good plan to first find out what is the matter with them, before beginning the indiscriminate administering of drugs. As soon as an ailing fowl is discovered it should be removed from the flock and isolated, after which its case should be studied, and medicine, if given at all, given very cautiously.

A hen may be considered to consume one bushel of grain yearly and lay ten dozen, or fifteen pounds, of eggs. This is equivalent to saying that three and one-tenth pounds of corn will produce, when fed to a hen, five-sixths of a pound of eggs, but five-sixths of a pound of pork requires about five pounds of corn for its production. Taking into account the nutriment in each, and the comparative prices of the two on an average, the pork is about three times as costly a food as eggs. Therefore, it will pay better to feed waste milk to fowls than to pigs, if not enough for both. There are little things in the poultry business of minor importance, apparently, that, if neglected, will change success into failure. There is no other live stock business wherein punctuality and eternal vigilance are so necessary as in the rearing of poultry.

Sorehead among poultry is of very common occurrence at this time of the year. It is a phase of roup, catarrh or inflammation, aggravated, if not caused, by neglect, foul air, damp quarters or exposure on the roost at night. In an advanced stage the head becomes inflamed and swollen on one or both sides, often obstructing the sight and many times resulting in the loss of one or both eyes; but the appetite is good up to the last, unless internally affected. Roup, or sorehead, usually appears as an epidemic, and if a cure is not effected, will spread through a whole flock. In the early stages of the disease, a cure can be effected by injecting into the nostrils with a syringe "squirt" can a little kerosene oil, and putting a few drops down the throat. Anoint the head, if swollen, with carbolated vaseline. It is not advisable to save a bird that has lost an eye from roup, as nine times out of ten they never fully recover from it, and are sure to have the disease again as soon as cold, wet weather sets in once more. Doctor in early stages, but use the ax if too far gone, and bury the carcass.

Fowls that have the run of a green clover patch will lay more and a larger number of fertile eggs than on any other kind of food. They will do this even on no other grain ration than corn.—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

Home Garden—Prize Article.
A good vegetable garden is a real luxury that even the poor may enjoy, if willing to devote a little time and energy to its culture. Vegetables and fruits should be furnished freely to the table all during the season, and a supply of winter varieties ready when cold weather comes.

The size of the garden should be regulated by the size of the family and their fondness for vegetables. It should contain besides a full variety of vegetables, an asparagus bed and a number of the small fruits.

The garden spot should be a rich, sandy loam, well drained. The soil should be thoroughly pulverized and mixed with some good manure. Most people prefer well-rotted cow manure; but if fowl-house manure is used sparingly it cannot be excelled. Owing to the strength of this manure, if used too freely it will cause the plants to burn.

The best garden spot will be a fall-

ure if an inferior quality of seeds is used, so great care should be taken along this line. Buy from a reliable seedsman and select only those varieties that are not for quality. In the home garden we want quality rather than quantity.

Supposing that our garden has been thoroughly prepared, the best seeds used; we have only to see that we give it the best culture, and we may expect success. Even when drought is expected we can greatly reduce its effect by frequently stirring the surface soil. As soon after every rain as the ground can be worked, the garden surface should be stirred to prevent a crust forming.

Seeds should never be planted in lumpy soil and often seeds sown in mellow soil are lost by not making the soil firm after planting. When planting seeds by hand the firming is quickly done by gently pressing the foot on the seedbed. It requires a little thought to know just how deep to cover seeds. Some gardeners say a covering of soil three times the thickness of the seed planted is right; others say half that is sufficient, but no certain rule can lead us. We must remember that germination depends on warmth, air and moisture, and try to cover so that all these be freely supplied to the seed. In winter a lighter covering is required than in summer, when the moisture is seldom equal to the warmth.

Seeds germinate faster in the dark, and with the small seeds that require such a shallow covering of soil it is a good plan to shade with paper or straw until signs of germination appear, when this covering should be removed.

Don't plant top thick. Crowded plants never make fully developed specimens. We should consider every plant in excess a weed, also plants out of place, such as cabbage in the bean patch and tomatoes in the potato patch are weeds.

Those who grow all their plants should have a hotbed for starting the varieties that are not hardy, such as pepper, tomatoes and egg plant. After danger of frost is past, transplanting should be done late in the evening, or on a cloudy day. Later, when planting for a succession, it is best to plant in rows and thin to a stand. Transplanting is most successful if the tops of the plants are shortened by cutting off almost half of each leaf.

When sowing very weak seeds, some seeds that are strong growers may be mixed with the weak ones to break the crust for them, as harrowing the seedbed just as the plants are ready to come out of the ground often destroys many of the plants.—Written for the Southern Cultivator by Mrs. E. W. McElmurray, Augusta, Ga.

Fighting the Boll Weevil.
I am the originator of three methods whereby the Mexican boll weevil and all other noxious insects preying upon cotton may be destroyed:

By planting in alternate rows ricinus and cotton, the dehailation of the former will kill all insects in all states of growth.

By adding to the fertilizers the concentrated poison of the crushed beans the cotton plant will feed upon it and become immune.

By adding to the fertilizers hematite iron high in phosphor and low in iron pyrites and sulphurous silicium.

I am the first to suggest the use as plant food of phosphor compounded with iron, which will be accepted by the plants more readily, and the invaluable device of providing soluble sulphur and silicium to the roots of cultivated plants and trees and shrubs.

The cost of the ricinus beans, crushed, is next to nothing, while the other three ingredients will not exceed \$4 a ton. Adding these ingredients to the fertilizers used at present, half the usual quantity would be sufficient and a saving of about fifty per cent. could be effected. If used for tobacco the advantages of this fertilizing compound would be:

All insects would be destroyed or driven away.

The tobacco plants would be shaded by the taller ricinus plants.

The permeation in time of the soil with iron, making it like Cuban soil, which is rich in iron.—A. J. Lustig, in the New York Sun.

A Home-Made Grubber.
Mr. J. H. Curry is the fastest and most expert "grubber" we have ever known. Neither Davidson nor Forsyth County has his equal. I watched him for five minutes one day this week, and I think he took up more bushes and trees in that time than I had ever seen done in one hour before. His plan is this—he has a large log chain, hooks it around a sapling about four feet from the ground, hitches two mules, gives the word, and the bush comes up. It is a real curiosity to see him operate the machine.—Pilot (N. C.) News.