VOL. XVI.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1905.

NO. 24

LONG AGO.

When all the dreams of our life have vanished.

When love is banished
And hope is fled,

We turn away from bleak to-morrow,

We turn away from bleak to-morrow,

We turn away from bleak to-morrow,

And hope is fled,

We turn away from bleak to-morrow,

To walk with Sorrow

Among the dead;

We look once more on the loving faces

And sunny places

We used to know;

And lose for a time our hurt and sadness

Within the gladness hurt.

Within the gladness of long ago.

The days are long, and the days are dreary; Our hearts are weary And in distress,

As through the blur of our tear-wet lashes. There is one solace Time can't deny us,
We see the ashes
Of happiness.

Which lingers by us
For evermore. From brooding over our lives left lonely, We seek the only

By going back to the sweet affections
And recollections
Of long ago.

Of unshed tears. Without remorse are the fates that sever.

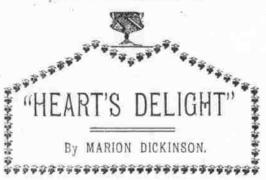
Those hopes we never Again may know; But although lost, they renew their glory Within the story Of long ago.

When love proves false and we seem for-Our spirits shaken With sorrow sore,

For evermore.

We dream on our lips a soft mouth presses The sweet caresses
We used to know;

Our hearts yet revel amid the pleasures And cherished treasures -J. A. Edgerton, in the New York Times.



McCallum's rambling olded up from the moon-flecked road; from the distant gymnasium came the throb of languorous music, but the ten young women in one of the upper rooms of the college boarding house were oblivious to outside sounds.

The little feast was over, the candles were burning low beneath the dainty pink shades, the scent of fading roses was heavy on the air, but still they sat absorbed in the recital of what use each had made of the ten years that intervened between their graduation and this night.

Delight Everett sat with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, and as one and another spoke, sympathy, admiration and affectionate pride were mirrored in her changeful face. How nobly the girls had lived, how well they had fulfilled the promise of their Then she stepped into the hall and college days! And through it all she drew the door shut. No one spoke or 90m that once she had shared with again and Delight stood holding the Lettice Clayton, who now presided at this feast of remembrance.

It was kind of Mrs. McCallum to arrange matters so that the reassembling should be in the place that had witnessed the last gathering of their colloge days; it was thoughtful of the present tenants to relinquish the room to these returning girls of '94. And then, at that instant, she was conscious of the gala sounds that proclaimed the high tide of the college commencement, and for an instant she forgot the years that separated her from that night so

Nine sighs of relieved tension greeted the conclusion of Judith Graves' exciting story of the wluning of her first case, and a babel of questions and congratulations rose about the table. Surely Judith's triumph shed a reflected glory upon those infimate friends who had always appreciated the brilliant intellect, even in the old college days. Did not the waiting toast to the most successful belong to her? Delight wondered.

But then there was Henrietta Soule, already taking an important place among the faculty of her alma mater; and Mary Lowell, a successful physiclan, spending every moment that she could spare from her large practice in work among the suffering poor. The balance wavered here.

And what of Lettice Clayton, spending her time and strength in a college settlement; and Dorothy Tait, whose delightful kindergarten made a spot of brightness in barren little lives; Eleanor Day, just returned from Paris. fresh from the triumph her spirited pictures had won; Laura Dennison and Rose Abbott, happy in their married life and the love and care of little children; and Cecilia Merton, whose lovely-voice not long since had thrilled them with its richness and its power?

Delight sighed again from excess of joy. The day had been full of the happiness of revisiting beloved scenes and renewing old friendships, for the daughters of '94 had returned in large numbers, and class feeling had proved itself strong to withstand the years. But this evening was the crown of all, and in a few moments they would carry out the old resolve to toast the one of their number who had made the best use of her time and talents since last they had parted. But oh, how difficult it would be to choose!

Delight suddenly awoke from her absorption to find laughing eyes turned

"I beg your pardon!" she stammered, with a bright flush. "Did you speak

"We are waiting to bear your story, we will put the question to vote,"

HERE was the constant she say? Ah, what a pitiful, meager passing of footsteps and record beside those of these fuller, the sound of merry laugh- richer lives! None of the hopes with ter in the halls of Mrs. which she had crossed the threshold of college life had been fulfilled; she fashioned house; a snatch of college had made no name for herself, had song, sung by fresh young voices, float- done no great work for humanity; had cultivated no talent until it had become

> a minister to the sum of beauty. She rose, as had the others, but stood silently, twisting her fingers in the old way that the women about her re membered tenderly. Then she looked appealingly about and laughed-a

tremulous little laugh. "Dear girls," she said, a bit unsteadily, "I have no story to tell, for I have just lived along in Durham, and the record of life in Durham would not

interest you." Before any protest could be raised, they were surprised by a tap at the door, and Delight, being upon her feet. moved to answer it, glad of the interruption.

"O Mrs. McCallum!" they heard her say, with sweet cordiality in her tone. felt the familiar influence of the dear stirred until the door swung open

"If you will not mind, I must leave you for a few minutes," she said. "Grandma McCallum wishes to speak to me before she goes to sleep. Don't wait for me, girls. If I stayed, I couldn't decide which one has done the most nobly, for I wonder at you all."

She glanced about at the garlands of roses which Eleanor had hung upon the walls, at the twinkling candles, at the faces turned affectionately toward her. What a wonderful evening it had been, and each had contributed to its perfection. Through the open windows she could see the glimmer of lights upon the campus, and the sound of music and gay voices mingled with the sigh of the night wind in the trees. She treasured it all in this moment, that its remembrance might bring gladness in the coming years, for when she returned the spell would be broken, and all that remained would be to say good night and good-by.

When the door closed behind the slim, white figure, Lettice Clayton rose abruptly at the head of the table.

The girls looked at her in surprise and inquiry. Would she propose the toast at once? Not one but would have waited indefinitely for Delight's return. Nothing was complete without Delight.

Lettice looked from one to another

with a curious expression. "Perhaps Delight Everett is the last person competent to tell her own story, she said, with a thrill in her voice. "If you are willing, I should like to tell you something of this quiet life

in Durham." "Do tell us, Lettice!" urged Dorothy,

and the rest nodded. "Perhaps you remember that it was the desire of Delight's life to go into settlement work with me," Lettice began, "and I know of no one who would be better fitted for the work. Besides, she was an orphan, and seemed unusually free to follow her wishes. But the summer after graduation the aunt who had made a home for Delight during vacations fell sick, and Delight would not leave her. It proved to be a lingering illness filled with intense suffering, and through it all the poor woman clung to Delight as to her only hope and comfort. For three years Delight devoted herself to this mission. doing the housework as well, for the doctor's bills were heavy and the fam-

ily purse was shallow." She stopped a moment, and her eyes grew tender, while the others waited in

"I saw Delight once in that time," she said, softly. "She was the same dear Delight-no word of complaint, value in his proposition. If he sub-Delight," Lettice said, gently. "Then no sigh for her deferred hopes, no mits it to the commission we shall be consciousness of sacrifice, just 'sun- glad to consider it. We have a special "My story!" Delight had forgotten shine in a shady place.' It was only committee that looks after all these that she must testify. And what could when she was listening to the stories matters."-Brooklyn Eagle.

of my work she begged for, that E caught a glimpse of her hope denied. But if you could have heard what the poor sufferer said one morning in her absence! Girls"-she threw out her hands dramatically-"what would I not give to have such things said of me."

Lettice stood turning a rose in her fingers while she waited to recover her poise, her eyes looking beyond the drooping petals of the flower.

"I went to Durham again," she continued, "when I heard that the poor woman was at rest. This time I expected to carry Delight away with me. The work needed her-I needed her. But I found somebody else had established a prior claim. 'I cannot leave poor uncle,' she said to me, with her bright, brave smile. 'He is so desolate and so helpless!"

"When I urged that there were others who might shoulder that burden, she shook her head. "Uncle is peculiar,' she answered, 'and if one did not know him well, one might not understand, and might be impatient."

The narrator laughed out suddenly. 'Peculiar!" she cried, "He was a wizened little creature, but possessed of a cantankerous spirit quite gigantic. Indeed, if Delight had not stayed at the helm, I doubt if anybody could have been found who would take charge of that terrible old man. And there our dear Delight has stayed, caring for him as tenderly as if he had been her father, and finding time, too, to spend her love and sympathy upon every needy creature in that little And now, at last, Delight is free, for her uncle died this spring, leaving her the poor little farm as a token that—somewhere in his gnarled and twisted soul-he acknowledged her loving service. And this is why Delight has no story to tell of the past ten years."

Judith Graves looked across at the narrator with eyes that were suspiciously bright. "'She hath chosen the better part," she murmured.

"I have so often wondered that Delight did not marry," sighed Rose Abbott. "She would make a wonderful wife and mother."

Lettice opened her lips impulsively, then closed them again. Not even to her had Delight confided the full exactions of her duty. But she remembered the day when her cousin, Dr. Philip Clayton, had come to tell her that he must go alone to complete the preparation in Vienna which should make him more skilful in his beloved profession.

"And she used to sing so charmingly, not a brilliant voice, but wonderfully touching," mused Cecilia Merton.

"Oh, Delight still sings," said Lettice, whimsically. "She leads and trains the village choir, and every week she goes to sing to the forlorn souls at the poorfarm-not a trained voice, but they enjoy it."

"And now what will Delight do?" asked Eleanor Day.

Lettice thought of the etter with a foreign postmark, which had reached her that day. "She goes to Russell House with me until somebody else puts in a claim," she answered, with inward wonder whether Delight would recognize her right to listen to the call to happiness.

Mary Lowell looked thoughtfully up at her. "It seems to me that we shall have no difficulty in deciding who is worthy of our toast," she said, gravely. There is but one of our number who has put aside her own hopes for the good of others. No matter what the rest of us have accomplished, it was all in the line of our personal plans, ambitions, pleasures. Girls" - she looked about at the assenting circle-"I propose that we wait a little longer before drinking the toast. Undoubtedly Grandma McCallum has sent for Delight to quiet her with a hymn, as she used to do in the old days. Suppose we frustrate this little sacrificefor it is a real one-by delaying until her return."

A chorus of acclaim greeted the proposal, and in the midst of the clamor the door opened, and Delight paused in surprise on the threshold. "You dear girls," she cried, "did you really wait for me?"

"We really did," and Henrietta Soule beckoned her to her place. As she reached it, the girls rose; Lettice lifted her glass of lemonade. "To the one who 'seeketh not her own,' " she said, clearly-"our Heart's Delight!"

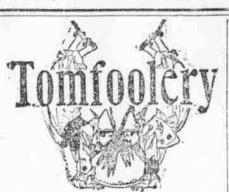
Across the brimming glasses affectionate eyes were turned upon the girl, so self-forgetful, so generous, so swift in loving service, so slow to claim reward, so well-beloved.

"Why, girls," gasped Delight, growing very pale. "Why, girls,"-Youth's Companion.

Chairman Shonts and M. Bunau-Varilla

Mr. Shonts was asked the other day what he thought of the scheme of M. Bunau-Varilla, who told the French Academy of Sciences that he had a plan for digging the Panama Canal in four years. Mr. Shonts did not laugh and declared that the Frenchman should have tried his scheme when he was employed on the canal work under De Lesseps, but said:

"Mr. Bunau-Varilla is a very capable engineer, and I dare say there is much



CAUSE AND EFFECT. We often see A pensive man, Expensive wife! -New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SORT O' PIE CRUSTY.

First Actress-"What makes the comedian so crusty this morning?" Second Actress-"Oh. I suppose it's that dinner business in last night's performance. You know he has to cat a whole pie."-Judge.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

Blggs-"Why do you think it impos sible to obtain light without heat?" Diggs-"Because it's impossible for a man to pay his light bills without getting hot. That's the answer."-Chleage News.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

Mrs. Bacon - "I see the walls of many of the houses in Mexico are from three to six feet thick."

Mr. Bacon-"I wish you'd run down there and see if you can find a flat to suit us,"-Yonkers Statesman.

WOULD DROP DEAD.

"Suppose a millionaire was to give you a hundred thousand dollars?"

"What use would it be put to?" "You will have to ask my heirs,"-Houston Post.

ENOUGH SAID.

Katle-"Tell me, Edith, what did you say when Charley proposed?"

Edith-"Me? Oh, there was no occasion for me to say anything. Charley had said al! that was necessary."-Boston Transcript.

SAGACIOUS.

Miss Bly-"A man with a past is always the most interesting kind, don't you think so?" Miss Sly - "Well, no. To tell the

truth, I am looking for one with a future."-Detroit Free Press.

IN THE MARKET.

Eva Richly-"Oh, I really don't think the count is marrying me for my money. There seems to be a bond of sympathy between us."

Edna Sinick - "Then it must be a gold bond."-Chicago News.

LIVING. Book Agent-"Is Billings still selling that book, 'How to Live on Forty Cents a Day?

Standard Work Peddler - "No; he didn't make over \$4 a day selling it. and he couldn't live on that, you know."-Puck.

APPEARANCES DECEPTIVE.

Mr. Headstall - "That horse you bought yesterday is a victous looking animal. Is he kind?"

Mr. Cropper-"Kind? I should think so. Why, when he came out of the stable he stood up on his hind legs and tried to embrace me."-Life.

HE WAS REAL RUDE.

"Just to show you that I am not ashamed to have my age known," said the bachelor girl, "I'll bring the family Bible and you can see for yourself."

"All right," rejoined the giddy young man. "What chapter and what verse, please?"-Chicago News.

ONE POINT DIFFERENCE.

"What is the difference between man and woman?" "I give it up."

"Well, a woman doesn't mean half the wicked things he says, and a man doesn't say half the wicked things he means."-Manchester (N. H.) Mirror.

IN THE FIFTH AVENUE PARADE. Respectable Deacon - "I wish that young Canon Mayberry weren't obliged

to preach to such a small congregation. Frivolous Widow-"So do L. Every time he said 'dearly beloved' this morning I felt as if I had received a propo-

UNREASONABLE,

sal,"-Smart Set.

"Are you still offering your downfown lot for sale?"

"Yes." "What's your price on it by this time?" "Fifteen per cent, more than when

you asked me about it a few years "It ought to be about fifteen per cent. less. There isn't nearly as much ground

in it now as there was then." "That's a mistake. It's exactly the same size it always was." "I happen to know better. There

through it."-Chicago Tribune,

has been a big tunnel bored right

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

The Family Garden.

affords as much pleasure and profit as a well planned, a well planted and a well cultivated garden, and I use the

word in its broadest sense. The family garden should be conveniently located to the residence; it should consist of about one acre of land, and enclosed with a well constructed and substantial poultry fence.

The plot should be liberally fertilized with cow or horse manure, and it should be broken early and deep, and harrowed several times to make the soil fine and to thoroughly incorporate the manure before the early planting and the seed carefully saved in some begins. The garden should be divided into four plots by making walks both ways through the middle of the gar- ton field in the fall has surely noticed den, crossing in the centre. These walks should be laid off with a line, in the form, shape and number of bolls about three feet wide, with little gutters or drains on each side next to the beds or squares, and should be ovalshaped so that even in wet weather there would be a high and dryer place to walk,

The selection of seed, the varieties and when and how to plant are very important. It is also important to lay lint cotton per stalk. Of course this all rows with a line and equi-distant. Nothing adds more to appearances if staple cotton in comparison with the not to results than order and system in the garden, and where this is practiced you may make sure there will be re-

The garden should have a four-year system of rotation, just as the fields should have, in order to obtain best results from your plants. The plots should be numbered 1, 2, 3 and 4 and should rotate around once in four years.

For instance, I would take plot No. 1 and plant spring turnips, radishes, lettuce, onlons or any other early maturing crop you may fancy, and as these came off I would plant a late corn and bean patch by planting every other row.

On plot No. 2 I would have two planting of Irish potatoes, and just before these mature I would plant corn and beans in every other row, or it might be devoted to a late cabbage patch or some other late crop, and whatever crop was selected to follow the potatoes could be worked as the

On plot No. 3 I would have two plantings of corn for roasting ears. and when the corn was walst high put in white crowder peas. As the ears were pulled from the stalks I would cut out for the corn and give the peas more room.

On plot No. 4 I would plant all the later varieties of vegetables, such as tomatoes, beets, cucumbers, squashes, or other varieties the fancy dictated, that come on in the summer.

I would rotate these crops so that, to illustrate, the potatoes would not be planted on the same spot but once in four years.

I would plant along the borders of the walks a few sage bushes, thyme, asparagus and other such useful garden plants, but I would have no fruit trees, currants, strawberries, raspberries or grape vines in the garden, but would have all these and other fruit in an orchard set apart for the purpose. Such things in a garden not only interferes with the proper rotation system, but they shade and draw from the vegetables and prevent their

full development. Such a garden as I have planned, planted and worked would be a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and when you come in on a hot summer's day and sit down to the mid-day meal, contemplating with a ravished eye and an aching void in the region of the stomach the many tempting dishes that the good wife (not a slothful servant) has prepared, you will feel like "praising God from whom all blessings flow."-S. H. Christopher, Buena Vista, Ga., Southern Cultivator.

Proper Place to Select Seed.

With cotton, as with corn, the place to select seed for the next year's planting is in the field, selecting with reference to total yield of seed cotton, percentage of lint, date of maturity, vigor, hardness, form and size of bolls, leaves, stalks, limbs and resistance to disease and insect rayages. By selecting from stalks that bear a large number of bolls per stalk, the tendency will be in the progeny to give an increased yield over the average of the patch, which is the seed obtained when one waits to secure his seed at random from the gin. Another objection to securing seed from the gin in the usual way is that be kept in good order for drinking it is usually deferred until late in the fall and thereby, generally, seed from th last picking are obtained which are not the best seed. The best seed, as a rule, are from the middle pick-

In selecting a variety one must not seed cotton, for often between two varieties producing about the same quanproduction of a larger amount of lint spread out in their natural positions,

and higher selling price of total pro-There is no adjunct to a home that ducts (lint and seed). Remember that lint sells for from eight to fifteen times

as much per pound as seed. Other things being equal, preference should be given to the larger bolled varieties, as they are much easier picked and hence are popular with pickers.

A few hours spent in the fall in se-

lecting and gathering separately the seed cotton from stalks that have a large number of bolls per stalk and other desirable characters, will pay as well, or better, than any other form of farm work. The seed cotton thus gathered should be ginned separately secure place for next year's planting. Everyone who has been through a cotthe great differences in the same field on different stalks, as well as in the characteristics of the stalks themselves. Now, remembering that the law of heredity is strong and constant in plants as in animals, will emphasize the importance of selecting seed of the short staple cotton only from those stalks that bear the largest amount of latter statement does not apply to long short staple ones, for a long staple cotton may produce less lint per acre than a short staple one, yet this smaller number of pounds may sell for more on the market, on account of its higher selling price per pound. - By C. B. Williams and B. W. Kilgore, of the North Carolina Department of Agricul-

Cotton Seed Meal For Dairy Cows.

E. R. C., Carterton, Va., writes: I would like to try cotton seed meal with my cows, as wheat bran is too high to buy now, and would like some

information on the subject. You will find cotton seed meal an excellent food for dairy cows, but your should not feed more than three to five pounds per day, and the former amount is better than the latter, because cotton seed meal is a very concentrated foodstuff. Pound for pound cotton seed meal contains about three and a quarter times as much protein as wheat bran. Therefore, when you feed three pounds of cotton seed meal you are practically feeding an equivalent of ten pounds of wheat bran. It is the failure to realize the very concentrated nature of cotton seed meal that has led many persons to suppose it was not satisfactory food for cows and other classes of farm live stock. While wheat bran is an excellent food for the cow and by reason of its excellent physiological effect and its favorable action on the coat and digestive organs, generally speaking it is too high to feed at \$25 per ton when one can purchase cotton seed meal at about the same price. Of course, a little wheat bran, corn meal or ship stuff should be fed with the cotton seed meal to obtain the best results. If you have good clover hay and plenty of corn fodder, however, cotton seed meal by itself will prove satisfactory.

Water on the Farm.

-Knoxville Tribune.

Some of the older readers of the Progressive Farmer may remember a time when water for domestic purposes had to be brought from the spring which was generally 200 to 300 yards from the house. Stock had to be carried to the nearest branch or creek to be watered. Both people and stock suffered for water at times. A well in the vard saves much labor and insures an abundant supply of water. If a farmer has several head of stock to water it will pay him in one year to dig a well in his horse lot and get an old-fashioned trough that will hold fifty to seventy-five gallons. That will save much time. If the farmer has two or three hundred acres, it may be inconvenient to carry plow animals some distance for water during the long hot days. A well dug in a convenient place will save much time and give water to stock when needed. But better than wells, is a hydraulic ram, if a farmer has a spring or clear branch near his house with fall enough to use one. The ram, piping and tank will cost only, two or three bales of cotion, and water will be furnished to house, kitchen and horse lot. Any farmer who runs four or five plows could afford that, and after using this water system a while, he would never give it up. The well could water.- tharles Petty, Spartanburg County, S. C.

Hint About Transplanting.

In transplanting a tree or plant the point aimed at is to get the roots in the earth as nearly as possible in the he guided entirely by total yield of same condition as that in which they were before removal. In order to do this the soll should be made very fine tily per acre, the one with the smaller and well worked in with the hands yield should be chosen because of its among all the roots, which should be