Romoke

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1905.

NO. 25

THE TWA CORBIES.

STEPHANIE'S SACRIFICE

There were twa corbies sat on a tree, Large and black as black might be, And one unto the other gan say: "Where shall we gang and dine to-day? Shall we dine by the wild saut sea? Shall we dine 'neath the greenwood tree?

"As I sat on the deep sea sand,
I saw a fair ship nigh at land;
I waved my wings. I beat my beak,
The ship sunk, and I heard a shrick;
There they lie—one, two, and three—
I shall dine by the wild saut sea."

"Come, I will show ye a sweeter sight, A lonesome glen, and a new-slain knight; His blood yet on the grass is hot, His sword half drawn, his shafts unshot—

"His hound is to the hunting gane, His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame, His lady's away with another mate, So we shall make our dinner sweet; Our dinner's sure, our feasting free, Come, and dine 'neath the greenwood tree.

"Ye shall sit on his white hause-bane, I will pick out his bonny blue een; Ye'll take a tress of his yellow hair, To theek your nest when it grows bare; The gowden down on his young chin Will do to row my young ones in!

"O! cauld and bare his bed will be, When winter's storms sing in the tree; At his head a turf, at his feet a stone,

I, and also my friend, both believe you are innocent, and that your silence is you know of whom I speak?" to screen some individual of whom we can get no trace yet we have no proofs, and the evidence is all against you. Madame, once more, I implore you to speak."

She looked at him intently, but only said, quietly: "No, you have no proofs." Then, after a moment, she asked: "Monsieur, what if they find me guilty?

And he had to answer: "The guillotine!"

She shuddered and turned pale, while her white hands circled her slender neck, as if to protect it from the deadly knife's cruel edge. Then, recovering herself, she said: "After all, monsieur, death must come."

"But not by the guillotine!" he reelled, indignantly. "Madame, I am convinced that you could be cleared by simply giving me a clew to the mystery of that night. You alone can save yourself. I can do nothing. But it is inconceivable that you should thus choose silence and an ignominious death in preference to an honorable and happy life as the wife of an upright man.'

"Monsieur, what do you mean?"

"I mean that my friend loves you, and he is trying in every way to save you in spite of yourself, while he is half mad at the thought of the horrible fate that may be awaiting you."

Her eyes dilated. Then she said. very slowly: "I have no alternative. But perhaps it is better as it is."

At the trial she pleaded "Not guilty," but after that she did not speak again, and although the evidence was purely circumstantial, and the missing papers had not been traced, it was decided that she had committed the murder to get possession of the old man's fortune, which she had intrusted to some party unknown, of whom they had een unable to find a trace.

Garveau pleaded eloquently for her, but he had no counter evidence to bring, and inasmuch as the murder had been done in cold blood, and the prisoner had refused to reveal her accomplice, the verdict was returned:

"Guilty, and death by the guillotine." Then, and not till then, could I gain idmission to her. I had sent her many messages through Garveau, but now, for the first and only time, I was perrose to receive me, and if her prison cell had been a palace, and she had been a queen, she could not have commanded more respect than she did then.

I bent low before her, and overcome by a great rush of emotion, I sank upon my knees and covered her white hand with kisses. She recalled me to myself with quiet dignity, but my grief if she would only speak, and I told her of my unchanging love.

She was looking at me, and there was a strange light in her large, dark eyes. You can still believe in me?" she said. "I thank you from my heart, but"-her voice was very low-"it is all, perhaps, better as it is-better for us both! You do not understand, but the thread of my life has been so strangely tangled be almost glad. If death were not coming to me I should be desolate, for you are the only one in all the world who loves me, and I could never have been yours, for-I am a married woman. monsleur."

whom?" "Married-to unnzed.

"His name was Paul de Lussac," she

sake-for your own! You will be cleared from all suspicion-you will be pardoned-and then you will be my under the southern skies you will be

"It could never be," she answered. firmly. "I shall be faithful-to the death!" Her beautiful lips trembled as she added: "Believe only that it is better so-far better for us both. Believe that I thank you truly, and-for-

the levely, unfortunate Stephanic. Years passed, and the bitterness had become softened by time, when at last

It was in St. Petersburg, and one day as I was passing the Alexander Column I came face to face with a man whose features I knew well, for I never forget a face.

I should be present and I saw her involuntarily, again-more beautiful, I thought, than If a glance would kill I should have been instantly annihilated, but he only

nothing for you, madame, unless I am | for his money, and left an innocent in your confidence," he said. "Though | woman to suffer for his crime. Thief, and murderer of them both! Now do

> He turned on me like a tiger. "Fool!" he said, rapidly between his teeth; "you have no proofs! Dare to make such an accusation and you will perish miserably in the dungeons of St. Peter and St. Paul, or in the mines

of Siberia!" He shook me off and passed out of my sight.

He was right, I had no proofs, and so was powerless against him. But his warning-had I not been sure beforewould have convinced me that it was

Then I understood the full meaning of her last words to me, and I knew that beautiful Stephanie had gone to her death in silence to save the unworthy life of the man whom she once had loved .- New York Weekly.

COURTESY AND TACT.

Necessary to Prosperity and Harmony in Factory or Workroom.

Among the essentials to the conduct of a successful business, tact and courtesy occupy very prominent positions. Without these being constantly brought into use, the multitude of vex ations and irritating little annoyances and misunderstandings that crop up through the day would develop into mountains of trouble,

If every active member in the concern were not keenly regardful of the customer's interests and ever ready to apologize, explain or interpret, business would decrease and profits would suffer.

Tact and courtesy are therefore very important.

They are also necessary to prosperity and harmony in the factory or work-

How often has a man of known ability commenced at a new place only to find every move hampered by his fellow employes. Should be inquire for this, or the whereabouts of that, he is met with the gruff rejoinder, "Over there," and a shake of the finger to indicate the direction. If he asks concerning the style of the house with regard to certain work of an optional character, a reply so confusing as to be absolutely worthless is his reward. Generally, at the end of the day, if he is a man at all, he quits. And the mitted to see her face to face. She fellows smile grimly at his absence the following morning.

The writer has been particularly fortunate in meeting with comparatively few of this class of shop, but in his conversation with others has discovered that they are far too numerous.

A little courtesy and tact would help the new man to "feel his feet" and cause a genial spirit of companionship throughout the office. Sometimes the and passion would break forth, and I antipathy has arisen merely because told her of my belief in her innocence. of a natural defect in the appearance and that she could even then be saved of the new arrival or his style of speech. At others a slight feeling of jealousy has prompted the action,

It certainly is time enough to take a dislike to a person when his actions warrant it. The spirit of fairmindedness calls for this, at least. The foreman has the power to make the conditions and surroundings of an office pleasant or the reverse for the men under him. One man put it tersely when heaven or hell." Throughout the country one meets with far-seeing and thoughtful men at the foreman's desk, who carefully consider each man's disposition and temper, and know how to produce the best results from the staff under them with hardly any friction or

There are others who vent all the spleen, venom and sarcasm of a little nature on those in their charge, with the invariable result that the independent, strong-willed men quit and the remainder, working under the worst conditions, produce an inferior class of

Certainly it is at the desk of the foreman that tact and courtesy become invaluable gifts.

But what applies to the employe, that which is applicable to the foreman, also comes with considerable force to the man at the head of the business, the manager or proprietor.

It is not hile talk or mere assertion to say this, for facts have proved and are to-day continuing to emphasize the necessity of a gental, courteous reliance in the employes by the head of the concern in order to get the very hest results from each.

Men who have tried the welfare work a their factories say that it has passed the most right examination the business world can give it, for they have proved that it pays.

It is not necessary to commence a gigantic scheme such as the National Cash Register have perfected, nor towait until one possesses a mammoth stablishment, in order to prove the truth of this thing.

Let each one-compositor, pressman, foreman or proprietor-use even the least bit of courtesy and tact-It will pay.

the far Kant, describes the case of a rate, who, offer being treated for a milet wound of the len stole money

SOUTHERN . FARM . NOTES.

Beacon.

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

Cownens and Corn For Sillage.

J. J. E., Berwyn, writes: I have been reading a bulletin on the use of cowpeas with corn and sorghum for silage purposes, but do not find any statement as to whether or not the yield is increased by growing the peas with the other crops. I would like some information along this line.

Answer: After several attempts to grow cowpeas with corn and sorghum for silage purposes, it is my opinion that the practice is not likely to prove very satisfactory. Corn or sorghum must be planted in rows about four feet apart with the stalks about eighteen inches in the drill row to insure a very large growth of peas. In a favorable season a large growth of cowpeas may be obtained, but as a rule this will not be the case. Thus, the greater distance apart of planting necessitated to insure a good growth of peas cuts down the yield of corn or sorghum, which for sllage purposes should be planted in rows three to three and a half feet apart in the drill row. Then, the cowpens do not often climb on the stalks as well as is desirable. We have tried a good many varieties, and of all of them the Whipporwill and Lady were the best, but unless the plants get started properly. many of them spread over the ground and can be gathered by the corn harvester. Of course, hogs could be turned on the field so they would not

be lost. We have tried sowing the peas with the corn and sorghum after the crop had made considerable growth. It is much better to seed the peas and corn or sorghum together than to attempt to plant later. The work can thus be done at one operation and saving in time and labor effected. It is a mistake to let the corn or sorghum get the start of the peas, for unless they grow up vigorously in the beginning the ranker growing crops shade them so that they do not grow well. In several years' experience the largest percentage of peas obtained in the corn or sorghum crop intended for silage was ten per cent. This was not enough to have any appreciable effect on the feeding value of the crop and it little more than paid for the and the extra labor involved in planting. It would be much better, in my judgment, to sow the cowpeas in drills twenty-four inches apart and cut and cure as hay and feed with the corn or sorghum silage rather than attempt to balance up the food by growing them in the drill row unless some means can be devised by which a much larger yield is obtained than follows in the average year. Many persons will be inclined to doubt this statement, but they have never taken the trouble to separate the peas and esti mate the relative percentage of peas in the crop. The peas climb vigorously and spread over the corn and sorghum plants' very often until they almost cover them up, and one is ready to believe that there is a very large percentage of peas present, but actual test has failed to demonstrate this to be a fact.-Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

Sweet Potatoes at Ten Cents a Busher As the time for sweet potatoes is at hand, I will give the plan I have adopted, which has succeeded very well in our section.

With ground flat, broke and made fine, I run rows three feet apart, putting a fertilizer of three per cent. amplow, making a flat list; drag or level for setting.

If the weather is dry, make a rich plants in it for a short time; then foot firmly on one side of the sprout on top of the ridge, and with the stick knock the dirt solid against the sprout. They will live almost any time without watering if thus firmly pressed into the soil.

in the middles, and about ten or twelve | S. C. days after setting I side them up, very much as I would corn or cotton, being sure not to let them get grassy. I can easily weed an acre in a day when properly plowed; and if neglected, I have seen some of my neighbors take four hands a day to clean an acre.

Plow as often as they need it till vines have met in middles; then throw into light furrows with turn plow up to the potatoes and the work is of grass and in the wrong place. They lift the vines lightly from the dirt to prevent their rooting in the middle.

the place of ammonia.

I have raised a number of crops of agriculture. Progressive Farmer.

potatoes after this plan that cost less than ten cents a bushel from first work till potatoes were in piles for banking. Of course, we must get a good yield to get them at such figures.

We count 300 bushels to the acre a good crop, but often under favorable circumstances, especially after a good pea crop, we get even more than this. I have seen some articles in The Progressive Farmer about housing potatoes, and in a later article will give my plan; however, I will state here that I seldom put up potatoes grown from the sprout for late winter use, as vines keep much better and are better to eat .- D. Lane, Craven County,

Growing Celery.

N. C., in the Progressive Farmer,

A Northern man who has come South to live makes this report on raising of elerv

My method of growing celery since have been in Virginia is as follows: Sow seed in early spring when there is plenty of moisture in the ground, as it takes the seed from three to six weeks to come up. These are the dates I have sown since I have been in Virginia: February 6, 1902; March 13, 1993; April 1, 1904.

I sow in good, rich, mellow soil, and It is a good plan to burn the ground few days before sowing, the same as for a tobacco bed. When the young plants come up, I work very shallow to kill all weed and grass and to keep the young plants growing until time to set in the field. For the young plants, select a piece of low, moist land, plow well and deep, about six to nine nches, and thoroughly work it over six to twelve times, and then open my rows from four to six feet apart, very shallow, and set the plants from eight o sixteen inches in the row.

These are the dates I have set out in the last three years: June 26 to July 4, 1902; June 20 to July 6, 1903; July , 1904. If one chooses, a row of snap beans may be planted between the celery rows.

I work just as I would any other crop by running the fine-tooth cultivator through the rows once a week to retain moisture, but do not expect much growth until the cool nights set in. Just as soon as the celery commences to grow rapidly, I bring the dirt to it, about August 23. I take the celery out of the field about November 10, and use one of my old frames. I throw the dirt all out and then pack my celery as close as I can get it by putting a little dirt on the root. When this is done. I get pine straw or some fine hay and cover it entirely up, and then put the glass over it and stretch a sheet over the glass to keep the sun and light from it.

I leave it this way about two weeks until it is thoroughly bleached. Then it is ready to sell. If the weather should get too cold and threaten frost, it is good plan to put fresh manure over the glass. I have grown white plume ever since I came here that measured over two feet.-Rice Journal.

Sow Peas. Let farmers who have set aside twelve to fifteen acres to the horse for cotton, just figure a little. In this section it will cost five cents a pound to make the cotton. Let these cotton men take about four or five acres of their cotton land, although prepared and ready to plant, and sow a bushel of clay or Unknown peas to the acre. If the land would make 700 pounds of seed cotton to the acre, it would make a monia, six or seven per cent, potash ton and a half of pea vine hay, Ateight and eight per cent, phosphoric acid. I cents a pound the cotton and seed would then throw two furrows with turn bring \$20.90. Pea vine hay sells from the wagon at ninety cents a hundred. off top of this list and we are ready | The ton and a half of hay would bring \$27 and the cost would not be half as much as making the cotton crop. The mud paste and put roots of potato and would be ready for early seeding to wheat or oats. That is the only stick them out with a thin stick that way to reduce the cotton acreage, so as leaves a very small hole. Press the to make a more profitable crop and improve the land at the same time. Then when forage, corn, wheat and oats were abundant the fowls, hogs and cattle would soon be added and farmers would be able "to live at home and board at the same place."-After a few days I run the cultivator Chas. Petty, Spartanburg County.

Better Grass For Pastures. That "all flesh is grass" may not be literally true, but it is true that all flesh profitable to its producer is made of grass, and that grass in its most profitable sense is the best flesh food known. Not enough importance is attached to grass on the farm, for too many farmers grow the wrong kind done-unless some heavy rain falls seem to be contented to grow wild soon after they are laid by. Then it grass in the corn field rather than pays to go over with a pitchfork and that kind of grass that contains wellbalanced proportions of protein, carbohydrates, fat, salts and water, This plan generally insures a good which has been ordained as the best crop with a very small outlay of time | food for domestic animals. The "hogand money. A few bushels of cotton- lot" is fast giving way to the hog passeed to the acre, if kitted, will take ture, while pastures and mendows are playing an important part in modern

His sword half drawn, his shafts unshot—
And no one knows that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair. The wild deer bound, and foxes cry!"

years ago, that I met her

in the salon of the Comtesse Blanc. way with an atrache of the embassy when she entered. I had been rather bered, and early as it was had begun to think of leaving and dropping in at the opera, but when I saw that lovely

while she remained. "You know everyone-tell me who she is!" I said to my friend, abruptly. "Stephanie de Lussac," he replied. "widow of that brilliant scamp, Paul de Lussac, whom you knew-at least by sight and reputation. Also the and Stephanie de Lussac had been arniece and adopted daughter of old Val- rested under suspicion! roide, the reputed miser."

"Paul de Lussac dead?" I exclaimed,

in surprise. "Yes; his brilliant though questionable career was cut short in a tragic manner. Did you never hear of it? They were at Nice at the time; his till the details that had then been made yacht was upset and his body was ing would tempt Stephanie from the secluded life which she adopted at his death, but now she is seen occasionally among her old friends; and she is quite prisoner. as fascinating as ever. A strange thing, though-she has never worn her jewels, which were really something marvelous, since her husband's death, and it has been whispered that he carried them with him to flie other world as a sop to Cerberus. But what is the You seem struck," he added,

smilling. "Will you present me?" I asked, and, still smilling, he complied with my re-

I was struck, certainly, and hard hit,

even, at first sight. Years before, wandering through the Berlin galleries, I had seen the portrait of a very beautiful woman, who was then dead, and something in its exquisite leveliness had gone straight

to my heart. "That woman I could have loved," I her features seemed to have its influ-blood upon him, and a bullet in his ence, however slight, upon my usually careless life.

I found a copylst more clever than the usual run of them, and had him paint me an ivory miniature of this haunting face, and although in knocking about the world I parted from time to time with most of my possessions as I ceased to care for them, yet I retained this miniature, and it still kept its hold upon my fancy.

And now I was face to face with its living counterfeit. She might have fust been sitting for the portrait, and | ters "S. de L." It was Stephanie's own have come straight from the studio to the salon, for the likeness was miraculous.

Here was the same sweet, oval face, beautifully poised above the slender neck, and crowned with rich masses of soft, dark hair, just threaded with a band of violet gray, that matched the velvet of her square-cut gown. And here were the same large, innocent, dark eyes, now looking straight into my own, and the same beautiful lips

smilling up at me. The thought flashed through me, "If her mind is as beautiful as her perfect face and form, I, the careless man of the world, will strain every nerve to

win her for my wife," So far did I succeed in gaining her favor that at the evening's close she had given me permission to call upon

her at her home. I availed myself of this on the following afternoon, and found her seated by old M. Valroide's side, reading aloud to him from a ponderous tome.

As on the night before she was most simply but beautifully dressed. Quite disregarding the prevailing fashion, she wore a simple gown of some soft. clinging stuff that fitted her perfect figure marvellously well, and fell from the waist downward in graceful folds. The square-cut neck was finished in some soft, old lace, but, as on the night before, she wore no jewels. Nor did she need to wear them; in my eyes no gems, however rare, could have added one jot to her perfect foveliness.

The grace of her conversation charmed me more and more, but if it

T was in Paris, now many think I must still have loved her madly

Call it infatuation, or what you will, the thought of her filled both my wak-I was talking in an idle ing and sleeping hours, and I even dared to hope that this pearl of women might one day consent to be my wife.

A week later all Paris rang with this beautiful woman's name. In apparition I had no thought of leaving clubs, in cases, on street cornerswherever men or women met or gathered, her name was spoken either in

pity or in horror. A terrible murder had been committed. Old M. Vairoide and been found dead, shot through the heart-

Struck with horror at the thought, and convinced of her innocence. I hastened at once to Jules Garyeau, then one of the most celebrated lawyers in Paris, and begged him to undertake the case on her behalf.

never recovered. For a long time noth- public, and although he consented to undertake the case, he was far from encouraging, for the evidence was

> It appeared that upon the night of the murder Stephanie de Lussac and M. Vairoide were quite alone together in their apartments. Madashe's maid had asked for and received permission to be absent for that evening and the night. And, contrary to the usual custom, Mme, de Lussac had herself dismissed M. Valroide's valet at an early

hour in the evening. In the morning when the man sought his master's room at the accustomed hour he found signs of confusion there The large, carved chest was open-an unusual thing - and some papers strewed the floor, but the room itself was empty, and the bed had not been occupied! In surprise he hastened to the library, and there, in his large armchair, was M. Valroide, his head resting upon the table beside him. Not asleep, though-as the man thought at thought-and even this portrayal of first-but rigid and cold, with clotted

> heart. The alarm was given, and a physician and officers of justice were soon at hand, but there was nothing for them to do but trace and bring the murderer to justice, for the old man had been killed instantly, and had been

> dead for many hours. The search was begun at once, and on the floor in Mme, de Lussac's boudoir, which opened into the library, was found a dainty, silver-mounted revolver marked with the interlacing letrevolver, and one barrel of the deadly

toy was empty. And Stephanie herself? They found her in her bedroom, in the dress she had worn the night before-and there was blood upon it-and there was a frozen horror upon her face,

In reply to the questions put to her

she would answer nothing, and so she was arrested and taken to prison to await her trial. The bullet which was extracted from the body of M. Valroide was found to

fit the empty chamber of Stephanie's pistol. That the murder could not have been accidental was proved, for a box of valuable papers and large sums in gold, which rumor placed at various exorbitant amounts, had disappeared from the safe in the carved effect in M. Valroide's room, where the so-

called miser had kept a large part of his accumulated wealth. It was impossible, they said, that a woman could have secreted this box the mystery of the nurder was solved. of papers so as to utterly baffle the detectives, whose whole energy was bent upon its discovery. But the accomplice, if there had been one, had van-

ished without leaving a trace behind. The trial took place early in the following month. Garveau arranged that I should be present and I saw her

to M. Carvent's repeated questions she whom you speak only said: "I can tell you nothing." In | He was passing on when I canche valu he plended with her, and showed him by the arm, "I speak of the man from his fellow-patients, and as soon had not been so-if I had found her her what a hopeless case hers was if who stole a woman's lewels and dis- as he could use his leg again left the mind far inferior to her lovely face-I she persisted in this silence. "I can do appeared; who murdered an old man bospital with a blanket.

that now, when the end is near, I can be said, "The boss can make it either misunderstanding.

returned, with visible effort. "But De Lussac is dead, and his death has set you free! Stephanic! Stephanie!" I cried, "what wild, mistaken idea is this? It is not yet too late. Speak. I implore you-for my wife. I will take you far away, and happy, and you will forget all this as a hideous dream that has passed

away. get me.

I never saw her again. The dreadful sentence was executed and I left Parls, carrying with me the miniature, and the bitter memory of

to me alone of all the world.

"Paul de Lussac, aliye!" I exclaire d During her imprisonment she had shrugged his shoulders and saids resolutely kept allenes, and in answer "Paralon, monstens," I know a

Gratitude.

An English misslenary, writing from