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## ALONG THE WAY.

For me the loitering of the road,  
The hidden voice that sings;  
For me the vernal mysteries,  
Deep woods and silent springs.

I covet not the ender road,  
The granary, the sheaf;  
For me the sowing of the grain,  
The promise of the leaf.

—Richard Kirk, in Lippincott's Magazine.

## The Stranger at San Marcial.

A PROFITABLE INTERMISSION  
IN A WEARY JOURNEY. . . .

BY JULIAN JOSEPHSON.

The traveler, though scarcely past middle age, was a withered little shrub of a man—as thin and crooked-backed as if he were seventy. His face was angular and wizened. His eyes were little, and seemed half closed; his mouth was big and amiable. His whole countenance gave the impression of sly good nature. He was dressed plainly—almost shabbily—and carried a long gray overcoat across his shoulder. His only visible article of luggage was a greasy, battered leather satchel, which he handled with great care.

In spite of his decrepit appearance, the man proved himself a tireless walker, using a long, swinging stride that carried him ahead at a surprising speed. For more than an hour he walked on steadily. All at once he heard not far behind him the squeaking of a brake and the bumping of wagon wheels upon the rocky road. A few seconds later the Antonio and Fort Stanton stage hove into sight.

"Howdy!" shouted the big, red-whiskered driver, heartily, pulling up his horses.

"The same to you, pardner!" The voice was surprisingly resonant.

"Where you bound for?"

"Next town. How far is it from here?"

"Well, str, San Marcial's every bit of eight miles—and mighty bad walkin' in the dark. Better jump up here with me! Got plenty o' room!"

"Thanks, pardner, I don't care if I do!" Thereupon he swung himself up beside the driver with an ease that astonished this good-hearted individual.

"You're powerful spry for an old man!" he observed, admiringly.

The stranger smiled slyly and nodded. "Tomorrow's the Fourth of July," he muttered, half to himself.

"That's right," replied the driver, regretfully. "There'll be big doin's at San Marcial tomorrow—an' it's just my blamed luck to have to miss 'em. By George! I'd give a dollar just to see the big shoot!"

His companion seemed mildly interested. "A shooting contest?"

"Sure! The big pistol-shoot for the championship of the county. There's a cold hundred in it for Tim Whitsett. He'll win, hands down."

"I see," observed the stranger, quietly.

The stage was now descending a ticklish grade, and the driver's attention was wholly occupied in guiding his horses—so that the stranger was left to his own thoughts. He shook his head dubiously. San Marcial was perhaps the last place in which he would have expected ever to find himself. But this was before the "Royal Amusement Company" of San Francisco had been stranded. When the crash came, he found himself marooned in a little Arizona town without even sufficient money to make his way back to Phoenix. He had already written to his brother in San Francisco; but he knew that it would be many days before the money could reach him. Besides, his boy was at Phoenix. And at the thought of the child—a little curly-headed rogue of ten—the father's eyes grew moist. Inured though he was to long absence from his boy, he was suddenly seized with a longing to see him—to hold him in his arms. But as yet this longing seemed cruelly far from realization. For as matters now stood the man figured that it was at least a hundred and fifty miles to Phoenix. And he had just three dimes in his pocket. At last he had decided to start out for Phoenix on foot, hoping that perhaps something might turn up. At the moment when the stage driver had picked him up he was finishing his third day's journey.

For a long time the man sat absorbed in his gloomy thoughts, dreamily watching the trees and rocks and bushes as they grew shadowy and indistinct in the thickening darkness. He was roused at length by the hearty voice of the driver.

"Well, pardner, here we are!"

As the stage drew up the stranger thanked the driver earnestly. The men shook hands, and the stranger jumped lightly to the ground.

"Good luck to you!" called the big driver, then cracking his whip and shooting at his wiry, thin-necked sorrels, he sent them down the main street of San Marcial at a spanking trot. The stranger watched the lumbering stage as it pounded away through the darkness, and long after it was out of sight listened to the rapid clatter of the horses' hooves. Then he looked about him. Except for a few stragglers the street was deserted. The man deliberated a mo-

ment. Then he began to walk rapidly down the street, continuing his pace until he came to a dense patch of brush just outside of the town. Plunging into this he found a small cleared space where he could not be observed from the road. He then cut a few leafy boughs and spread them on the ground. Buttoning his long heavy overcoat closely about him he lay down, and was soon fast asleep.

San Marcial was at its best. From the sparsely settled surrounding country cowboys and ranchers—many with their wives and children—had been straggling in since daylight. Now at noon the street was alive with figures. Lounging in front of San Marcial's three saloons in evenly numbered groups were about thirty ranchers and vaqueros—whites, Mexicans, and Indians. Nearly as many horses were tethered to the scrub oaks at the side of the road.

The stranger in San Marcial walked thoughtfully up the street, and stopped a moment before the saloon that looked most promising. Then gripping his satchel firmly he walked in. The place was crowded with noisy, demonstrative fellows. Some were drinking at the bar; others were playing cards in the back of the room; the rest were standing around the big, barrel-shaped stove. As the stranger entered there was a momentary hush which he could not but notice.

The loungers gaped at him, sized him up critically, and looked amused. The bar-tender indulged in a smile that was bland, polite, almost imperceptible. Those at the bar rested their glasses for a short start. Then gradually the stranger became less and less an object of interest, until finally he was scarcely noticed.

Reading the signs aright the stranger walked up to the bar, and putting down a dime quietly ordered a whiskey. He swallowed the fiery stuff with a slight grimace, and was about to leave when he heard some words at his elbow which caused him to keep his place. The talk at his elbow went on. And as he listened the lines of his good-natured mouth relaxed broadly and the bright little eyes twinkled. He whirled about, left the saloon, and walked rapidly until he came to his resting-place of the night before. Placing his satchel carefully upon the ground he opened it and took out a chamolais-covered package.

Untying the buckskin strings he unwound the chamolais-skin wrapping until four superb pistols became visible. They were of the finest workmanship, the barrels long and slender. Taking the guns up affectionately the stranger scrutinized every part. He tested the trigger, the cylinder, and the sight. Then apparently satisfied, he reloaded each chamber carefully, and put the pistols back in their wrapping.

Holding out both hands with the palms downward, he regarded them, critically. "Steady as a rock!" he muttered to himself. And the little eyes twinkled merrily from under their half-closed lids.

At two o'clock an occasional straggle might have been seen entering the vacant lot behind Shields's saloon. By three o'clock a crowd of two hundred men had gathered there. At the far end of the lot were two old army targets, freshly painted white, upon which the great Shields himself, chalk in hand, was at this moment placing a number of concentric circles. A large, crudely lettered placard placed midway between the two targets announced that the great pistol shot contest for the championship of San Marcial County and a prize of one hundred dollars in gold was to begin at half-past three—sharp.

The placard called it a contest. But as a matter of fact everybody in San Marcial felt pretty certain that there would be only one contestant. Pitted against a godly number of men—all more or less noted for their prowess with the pistol—Tim Whitsett had twice given conclusive proof of his superiority. For the last two years he had carried off the prize—badly defeating the best of his competitors. As defeat seemed certain and there was only one prize, no one else now cared to enter the lists. But then San Marcial considered Whitsett's shooting alone worth the seeing.

The judge of the contest was no other than Bob Evans, sheriff of the county. Mounting the box which had been set up against the back of the saloon to serve as the judge's stand, he raised his hand for silence:

"Fellow-citizens, the following contest is for the championship of San Marcial County and a prize of one

hundred dollars in gold. It is open to all comers. The rules are as follows: Each man must employ four six-shooters, which are to be drawn from the holsters and fired. Two holsters are to be worn at the belt and one under each armpit—and each brace of pistols is to be put back in its holsters before the second brace is fired. In deciding the points, the number of shots in the target and the time taken to put them there will both be counted. I am now ready to receive entries."

A burly, red-faced rancher slouched out of the crowd, and stepping up to the sheriff, said something to him.

"First entry—Tim Whitsett!" shouted the sheriff. The crowd cheered faintly. Whitsett was a bully, and had few friends.

There was a pause. Then there arose a general snicker which gradually swelled to a great roar of laughter. A hundred fingers were pointed at the queer, insignificant figure that was now seen approaching the judge's stand. Then they began to hoot him. It was the stranger. With his loose coat removed his thinness and dwarf-like stature, were ludicrously accentuated. Pausing a moment he drew from his pocket a large pair of glasses, wiped them carefully, and placed them upon his nose. At this move the risibilities of the crowd burst out anew—and the stranger was saluted with cries of "Grandpa!" "Humpty!" Apparently oblivious of the noisy ridicule that his appearance had provoked, he spoke a few words to the sheriff.

Then the latter, struggling vainly with his countenance, announced, with gusto: "Second entry—Henry Jason, of San Francisco!"

Whitsett was laughing immoderately. As soon as he succeeded in reducing his mirth to a very broad smile he took his place on the mark, his hands hanging at his sides.

"Ready!" called the sheriff, watch in hand. "Fire!"

Whitsett's hands swept swiftly, almost mechanically, to the holsters. The red-sleeved arms came to an incredible quick level and stiffened. Six double reports sounded—and a sprinkling of black spots showed on the white surface of the target. Still smoking, the empty pistols were fished into their holsters. Then both hands flew upward, touched for an instant the shoulders, and shot out again. There was a bright gleam of steel—and again came six rapid double reports. Whitsett shoved the pistols quickly into the shoulder holsters and swaggered into the background. The sheriff ran down to the target, counted the shots, and made a note of the result. Then he returned and mounted the box.

"Score of Tim Whitsett! Time: Thirteen seconds. Target score: Four in the bull's eye, nine in the first ring, six in the second, five in the third. This breaks the time record and target record made by Mr. Whitsett last year."

The crowd responded but faintly. It hated to see Whitsett win.

Jason's face was stern and immovable as he took his position. The laugh that had started among the crowd died away involuntarily. Whitsett's face alone wore an expansive smile of contempt. After all the crowd had begun to think that there was something inscrutably cool and business-like about this little misshapen tenderfoot.

Jason's eyes were fixed alertly upon the target. At the word "Fire!" the blue, damascened pistols leaped so swiftly into his skinny fingers that the spectators could not follow the movement with their eyes. They saw only a flashing double crescent of steel. Then, before anyone had comprehended what was happening both pistols were whirling high in the air. San Marcial held its breath. In a moment the pistols had descended, and twelve reports rang out so rapidly that they seemed to blend into six. With a quick twist the wonderful little stranger sent the guns into their holsters. Again, almost before the thoroughly amazed crowd knew what was taking place, a new pistol glinted in each of Jason's hands. This time only one pistol flew into the air—and as it whirled in the sunlight, the magician discharged the other twice in lightning like succession. Then, deftly catching the descending pistol, he emptied both guns with incredible rapidity and seemingly without aim. Returning the pistols to their holsters with some quickness, he leaned coolly against the judge's box, his face as inscrutable as ever.

Then San Marcial went wild. They did not wait for the score—they knew good shooting when they saw it. They liked a man, moreover, and appreciated one—even if he did happen to be a tenderfoot. Whitsett, with a scowl of rage on his bloated face, slunk into the crowd. He knew that he was beaten—knew that San Marcial rejoiced in his defeat.

The sheriff hurried across the lot and examined the target. As he once more mounted his box the silence was profound.

"Score of Henry Jason, San Francisco. Time: Eleven and one-half seconds. Target score: Seven in the bull's eye, twelve in the first ring, five in the second. Which breaks all records!" The sheriff drew himself

up to his full height, and as soon as the shouts and cheers of the crowd had subsided, went on: "As sheriff of this county and in behalf of my fellow citizens, I want to apologize, Mr. Jason, for the shabby way we treated you. And I want to congratulate you, Mr. Jason, on the finest handling of shooting irons ever seen in Arizona!" Thereupon he handed Jason five shining twenties.

Jason pocketed them with murmured thanks, bowed low to the crowd, and repaired at once to the saloon where, surrounded by an admiring group of citizens, he cleaned and polished his pistols until the blue, damascened barrels fairly sparkled. This done he replaced them carefully in their wrappings.

"Good-day, gents," he said, evenly, and left the saloon.

That night Henry Jason, lately of the Royal Amusement company—but better known to a few seekers after curious information as the champion trick pistol shot of the world—lay back contentedly in the big padded seat of the south-bound Antonio and Fort Stanton stage. His right hand rested lightly upon the handle of a greasy, battered, little satchel. His left hand was hidden—but from the ample folds of his gray overcoat came the faint yet unmistakable clink of double eagles. Out of the darkness he seemed to see a curly-headed little rogue coming breathlessly to meet him. And as he meditated dreamily upon the pleasant illusion, a happy, wistful smile played about his lips. —San Francisco Argonaut.

## SODA WATER IN LONDON.

### Increasing Popularity of African Hot Weather Drinks.

Another American invasion of the Old World is reported from London, where the popularization of the American soda fountain and American iced drinks is going on rapidly. Ten years ago a soda fountain in England was a rarity. Now they are to be found everywhere, though, alas! the American girl who flocks to London in greater numbers every spring for the "season" rather scorns the English substitute for the refreshing Broadway oasis.

The average London soda fountain is a rather primitive marble cabinet, such as in America has long since been relegated to the crossroads country store for the refreshment of the summer boarder and the occasional native. Its product, in comparison with the fizzy mixture sold on Broadway, is as primitive as the old-fashioned fountain itself. Except at one or two large confectioners' and chemists' shops in the Strand, the average London fountain boasts of only one fruit flavor—lemon squash—in addition to ginger beer, ginger ale and kaola tonic. The glass of soda containing a lump of ice cream is much sought for by American travelers in London, but is still unfamiliar to the native palate.

The American ice cream saloon is still in its infancy in the British metropolis, but all tea and "quick lunch" rooms and most restaurants, even of the better class, have placards on their windows announcing "ices." The London ice is a tiny bit of cream or real "ice," as we know it, with fruit flavoring. A plate of Delmonico ice cream would seem like a feast in itself to the Londoner, who pays 12 cents for what looks no more than a tablespoonful to an American. Ices in the better class of London restaurants are hardly larger than a walnut.

Along with the increasing popularity of the soda fountain in London go a corresponding increase in the consumption of mineral waters at hotels and clubs and a decrease in the use of alcoholic beverages that is causing alarm among manufacturers and importers.

Temperance folk will read with satisfaction the following summary of a most serious loss reported the other day at the annual meeting of an important English restaurant and hotel company, the proprietors of town and seaside hostleries of the first rank. They assign the loss in this department of their business as the reason for lack of dividends. The following are the figures for the year:

Forty-one thousand fewer bottles of wine sold; 75,000 fewer gallons of spirits sold; 4500 fewer bottles of liqueurs sold; 32,000 fewer gallons of beer sold; 641,000 fewer bottles of beer sold.

Temperance folk will also find encouragement in the fact that the imports of wine into the United Kingdom last year showed a decrease of more than two million gallons. If the decrease continues at the same rate the wine trade in England will be extinct in ten years.

A firm of manufacturers of English mineral waters estimate that in London alone on a hot day fully six million ten ounce bottles of various mineral waters are consumed.—New York Tribune.

A Khirgese giant who had been exhibited in Hamburg was found on the streets of that city in a starving condition.

## SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

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

### Notes on the Farm.

The nut industry is new. So completely so, it scarcely has a nomenclature. Occasionally in the past there appeared on the market an unusual hickory nut, a chestnut of good size, but of indifferent quality; a pecan, long, but thick shelled; and so on. But now this line of work is assuming the importance of an industry.

And just as soon as we realize that nut trees will afford not only pleasure in their care, but also considerable profit, their worth as a cultivated crop will be appreciated and careful attention will be given them.

Nuts and raisins! What dish is more wholesome or delicious, or healthful? What food have we that combines flesh materials and energy-producing materials so cheaply, so completely?

And now nut trees can be well combined with farming. Think of the roadsides, often for miles, devoid of trees. I can think of nothing that would add more to the value of the farm than nut trees of various sorts along fence rows and the roadsides. Aside from the shade they would make the improved appearances they would present, would come the commercial value of the crop. Of course this phase would not bring the financial reward that a cultivated, specially formed nut grove would. Still its importance should not be overlooked.

The old roadsides and permanent fence rows and old creeks and branches would be ideal so far as location for walnuts, pecans, chestnuts and hickory nuts.

If you do not care to get nursery stock, plant the nuts, but look after them a little. Keep the weeds down; dig around the young sprouts once or twice a year. A bit of fertilizer will tickle the roots, and a little breeding in this way will bring about a faster growth and a quicker full harvest. Then don't neglect an occasional watch over the young trees as they grow. The caterpillars are enemies; burn them out. Trimming will pay by making a better appearing tree.

By caring for trees in this manner you can expect rather quick returns. In more Northern climates, native walnuts, pecans and hickories will usually bear when they are twelve to fifteen years old.

Chestnuts come in at a still earlier age. In the Southern States most nut trees that have been given some care and attention will produce crops in five or ten years.

The commercial nut orchard should receive attention similarly given to the apple, the peach or the pear; that is, the orchards should be plowed and cultivated; the soil improved in a physical way through the use of legumes, cowpeas and clover. Fertilizers should also be added to feed the tree; and what else is needed to make good, vigorous, healthy growth should be done.

What is said here is not a discussion about the commercial nut orchard; a different treatment is needed there. This is a plea for nuts on the farm; a side issue that will mean good results in many ways. It means a larger idea of the farm. We have looked too long on the farm as a corn or wheat or cotton producer. Let us look on it as the great American institution, and let us grow nuts to help make that institution complete.—C. W. Burkett, in the Progressive Farmer.

### "How My Cow Pays."

The following is from the Southern Ruralist. The hint about keeping wet sacks over and about the milk is a good one, the evaporation would keep down the temperature several degrees.

"I have but one cow, but I will tell you how I manage the business on a small scale. My cow is not a full blood. She has some Jersey and some Holstein blood mixed in her. I feed her night and morning with about a peck of hulls, one quart of cottonseed meal and two quarts of bran. She has a good Bermuda pasture to graze on in the day. In winter I feed the same, with plenty of shucks or hay.

"I milk at 5 o'clock in the morning and at 6 at night, during the summer. In the winter at 6 in the morning and 5 in the evening. I always carry a two-gallon bucket of water and wet the hulls and meal good before she eats them. I think that eating dry hulls and meal causes many cows to die with what is called dry murrain.

"I have a good stall to keep her out of all bad weather, and I milk her thoroughly. Leaving milk in the udder causes a cow to soon go dry. I take my calf away from the mother when a few days old and teach it to drink milk. When it is two or three weeks old I teach it to drink buttermilk. The first calf I ever raised was raised entirely on buttermilk after it was one month old.

"I keep my cow in full flow until nearly time for her to come in again. Then I milk once a day and have to keep it up until she calves. She is never dry. We are never without milk more than twenty days. I salt her

every time I feed, mixing it thoroughly in her feed.

"I have sold 300 gallons of sweet milk since the 21st of October at sixteen cents per gallon, making \$31.12. I have had plenty of milk and butter for home use and sold \$16.50 worth of buttermilk and butter, making a total of \$73.62.

"Sold my butter and buttermilk at home; received twenty cents for butter and ten cents a gallon for buttermilk. I sent my sweet milk to the city.

"She gives about three and a half gallons per day. Now, if I could have gotten forty cents a gallon for my sweet milk I could have realized a nice sum from my cow.

"The main point is feeding and milking regularly, and milking clean, to keep your cow in full flow.

"My cow is now giving me three and a half gallons and her calf is eight months old. I feed her one sack of cottonseed meal and one of bran every month, and 300 pounds of hulls, making the cost of feeding through summer \$3.35 per month. In winter hay and shucks will run the cost to about \$5 a month. I have made clear on my cow since the 21st of October about \$40, besides having all the milk and butter for home use.

"I have a home-made dairy under a big shade tree, covered with sacks, and keep water on top with woolen strings in it to feed the water down and keep the sacks wet, and I certainly do have good milk and butter. I gave the plan for making it in the Sunny South."

### Sheep.

The Planter's Journal has the following to say of sheep:

Hogs are probably the best paying animals to grow on average farms, but in some respect sheep are preferable. This is especially true on upland farms that are too much worn or depleted of humus to produce staple crops in paying quantities. Such fields, if fenced for sheep and converted into a pasture for them, will yield a greater net return than if cultivated, and at the same time become more fertile, for it is a true saying that the foot of the sheep fertilizes the land. While improving the soil, they also improve the herbage of the pasture by exterminating the weeds.

It is claimed for sheep that they make larger relative gains for food consumed than any other kind of live stock. Another claim set up for them is that the annual clip of wool will pay for the expense of keep. Perhaps this is a little overdrawn, except under very auspicious circumstances, which can only be brought about by more judicious management than usually obtains on farms where mixed husbandry is the practice.

They require less attention during winter in the matter of housing and feeding, but they should be looked after pretty closely at lambing times, as some mothers ignore their young at first, and require to be penned with their lambs for a few days in order to get them to recognize the obligations of motherhood.

The objection to allowing sheep and neat cattle to run in the same pasture can only apply to restricted areas, where the stock is unduly crowded. One of the most decided advantages in raising sheep is that it requires less manual labor, the most expensive feature of farming, than cultivated crops, but this is applicable to live stock generally, and to sheep in a more eminent degree.

An important, if not the most important, essential for profitable sheep husbandry is the proper selection of breed for the desired end and the use of pure bred rams.

**Potato Vines, Effect on Secretion of Milk.**  
S. W. Everitt, Stella, N. C.—Please answer through your paper the following question: Do potato vines have a tendency to stop the flow or dry up the milk in a sow that is suckling a litter of pigs? Or will any bad results follow the pigs? I am told here you cannot raise pigs if the sows are fed on sweet potato vines. I can't see any reason in it, as they will produce milk and butter in a cow.

Answer—I see no reason why the use of sweet potato vines as a food for a nursing sow should dry up the milk; nor do I believe such would be the result. I suspect that such belief is one of those traditions that have been handed down from father to son, with no more foundation in fact than the belief of the influence of the moon on germination of seeds and the productivity of crops. I do not think a litter of young pigs would thrive if the sow and pigs get nothing but potato vines.—Knoxville Tribune and Journal.

In active service in the United States Navy there are 1577 commissioned and 409 warrant officers, and a force of 28,644 enlisted men.