

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

Single Copy 5 Cents.

VOL. XVI.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1906.

NO. 41.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And waits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Hards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's page,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason
And not alone by gold;

When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
'Tiswixt nature's heart and mine,
To profit by affliction,
Real truths from fields of action,
Grow wiser from conviction—
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And waits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

—G. Linnaeus Banks, in New York Weekly.

WHAT MARGARET KNEW.

I never believed in ghosts. I never believed in anything much except Margaret Vane. I didn't even have faith in my own courage. If I had I might have made a winning fight for her against that wild fellow, Tom Brent, whom she ran away with and married. I was such a man as she should have had for her husband, while he was such a man as no woman should have married. Yet he possessed that peculiar fascination over good women which seems to be present in every bad man. Margaret Vane was rich and Tom needed money. So did I, for that matter, and I worked with my pen to get it, while Tom got his by any means which promised profit. I loved Margaret and told her so—many, many times. She loved Tom Brent, and I suppose he told her that he loved her, as I had done, although that was not necessary, for when the woman loves the man he need say little more than what must be said before the minister of the Gospel to establish the woman's claim upon him.

Brent was handsome, unscrupulous and a drunkard, but Margaret overlooked the handicaps to happiness and became his wife. "God knows I tried my utmost to dissuade her, but I was neither handsome, unscrupulous or a drunkard, and my prayers availed not.

For a year Margaret was blindly happy, and Tom was unaturally good. Then, as if fearful that she might not continue her affection for this reformed creature, he swung back into the old paths and began his old course by going on a prolonged spree. Margaret suffered much during this defection, but brightened again when he sobered. After this he divided his drunks and had them in less pronounced form, but with much greater frequency. He also began to gamble and to spend money in the hundreds of ways open to any one who has it to spend. Margaret, of course, was his chief source of revenue, and she furnished him with what he asked, foolishly hoping that her kindness would win him to her and hold him fast to better things.

For five years this continued, and at last Brent became involved in a disgraceful scandal, in which a man was shot, a family broken up, and several thousands were missing. Brent's connection was not well defined, but it was enough to compel his absence, and he disappeared.

Margaret went down with brain fever and for weeks her life was despaired of, but she rallied in time, and once more was well. But how changed she was! We had always been good friends, and now she turned to me as the one who was nearest.

She was an orphan, and no other had a better right to her guardianship than I had, now that her husband had proved unworthy of the trust she had reposed in him.

Six months after he went away a report came through the newspapers that he had been lost in a hotel fire in a northern town. Margaret insisted on my going to investigate. I found that several unrecognizable bodies had been taken from the ruins and buried, and among the luggage saved was a trunk containing effects which conclusively proved that Brent had a room in the hotel on the night of the fire, though he had registered under a different name. I claimed the trunk and took it back to Margaret with my story.

Her mind appeared to be at rest now, and she began to improve in health and spirits. But the cruel blows had been struck and it was not possible that she could be the same again.

As time passed and she began to lean more upon me, I took hope once more and very gently led her back to the paths we had trod in other days. I must be very careful, as I could see, and I was.

Margaret did not seem to realize at first that I was her lover still, but after many days she did, and when I asked her to marry me she consented. Not joyously, as one whose heart knew no other, but as one chastened by sorrow, who felt the need of a comforting presence.

We went abroad on our wedding journey and were gone six months. When we came back I went to live in Margaret's handsome house, and there I established a "den" in which I

worked often far into the night. Just off this den I had my sleeping room, and Margaret had a suite of chambers across the hall. There were many times when she wished to be alone, and I respected her wishes and did not disturb her.

Our lives moved serenely, with little joy or sorrow in them, of our own making, and I was content to be near Margaret always, and to be her friend if I could not be quite all she wanted as a lover.

Vane Hall, as the old house was called, had its own ghost story, as nearly all old houses have, but it was so vague as to be scarcely worth considering. It never disturbed me in the slightest, and, though I was naturally timid, I never thought of ghosts haunting the place, no matter how late I worked.

One night, however, I was made to think about the stories I had heard. It was very late, and I was absorbed in a tale I was writing, I had heard no sound to disturb me, but I felt a draught as if a door were opened. My window was down from the top, and I fancied the wind had changed. I closed it and sat down at my desk again.

Presently I heard what seemed to be soft footsteps. They were passing down the hall. I thought of burglars and hesitated about going to see. I turned my light out and sat still. There was a faint light in the hall. All became quiet and I peered out.

There was nothing in sight, and I slipped down to the further end. Nothing there but a door leading to a small balcony overlooking the garden. Nothing had been taken, and there was no sign of midnight marauders. I tried the door and it was locked. I went back to my den, and a few minutes later I retired.

At breakfast I casually spoke to Margaret of ghosts. She laughed nervously and said they had been seen in the house and had been heard, but not for two generations. I asked her if she was afraid. She said she didn't know, but that she might be if the ghost came to her. Otherwise she was not inclined to give the matter any thought.

For two or three nights after this, Margaret and I were at the theatre, and if the ghost roamed then I was not there to hear. But it came again during the following week. This time its soft tread moved up towards Margaret's room. My first thought was of her, and as soon as I could gather my strength, but I confess that I was so frightened that I could not pull myself together at once, I hurried up the hall to her door.

I called to her softly, once or twice, and went in. She was not fully awake, and she asked what was the matter. I told her I had heard the ghost again, and it had come to her door. She laughed then, and became my comforter. Margaret, you know, was always stronger than I, and had really more physical courage than I had.

She sent me back to my room with the promise that she would lock her door, and the ghost could not get in. I went away, and as I did so I heard the key turn in the lock. Then I searched the hall and found nothing, as before.

The next morning at breakfast Margaret teased me so about my ghost that I was ashamed of myself and resolved not to speak of it again.

Several weeks passed, and at intervals I would hear the footsteps of the mysterious visitor, but I had become accustomed to his ghostship and gave no heed.

Now and again, after I had heard it moving along the hall towards Margaret's room, I would go there just before going to bed to see if her door was locked. It was always secure, and I smiled at my fears and went my way.

But as I became careless of the ghost I began to notice that Margaret was becoming nervous and was losing color and spirits. I thoughtlessly chafed her as she had teased me, but she showed such unmistakable signs that it was no trifling matter, that I resolved to see for myself what this ghost might be. I said nothing to her of my purpose, for I knew it would not improve matters for her to think I was disturbed.

The next night I had attended a dinner at the club and did not get in until midnight, or perhaps an hour later, as one is apt to do after club dinners. Probably I had taken more wine than usual. In any event I felt brave enough to meet any ghost that walked, and I went into my den to wait for it, if this should be its night to visit the haunts of men. I waited so long that I dozed, and, waking with a start, I heard the well known footsteps. This time they were going down the hall in the direction I had pursued them the first night I had heard them.

Gathering my wits as quickly as I could, I went into the hall, and in the light, so dim that only the merest outlines were visible, I saw a tall figure in a misty gray wrap of the olden time. I started after it, but before I had taken half a dozen steps it stopped, turned, and waved me back warningly. As I have said, I am not a brave man, and I came no nearer. Slowly the ghost turned again, and in its stately fashion passed on to the end of the hall.

Instead of following it, I hurried to Margaret's room. She was awake and very nervous. I told her I had seen the ghost. She laughed and said I had been having too much wine, and it would be better for me to go to bed and let the ghost pursue the even tenor of its way. But I was brave now, seeing that she was safe and inclined to tease me, and I left her, notwithstanding she pleaded with me not to go, and went back down the hall.

Only a very short time had elapsed since I had seen the ghost, and when I got to the door leading out to the balcony I found it was open. I ran to the front balcony, and in the garden below I saw the figure of a man crouched in the shadow. In the road just beyond were two policemen. I called to them to catch the burglar, and as I dashed back into the hall to go out the back way I met Margaret at the door of the balcony.

"Go back to your room!" I exclaimed. "The ghost is a burglar," and hurried on downstairs. As I went I heard several pistol shots. When I reached the road the two officers were standing over a man lying on the ground.

"He's done for," said one, "but he got two shots at us before he went." "Who it is?" I asked, horrified at the tragedy before me, and turning away so as not to see the dead man.

"Why," replied one of the officers, proudly, "it's that Tom Brent that ran away. We only heard yesterday that he was in town, and while we were spotting him he slipped in here to rob the house, I suppose. Anyhow, he won't rob any more."

"I could scarcely walk, but I managed somehow to get back into the house and to Margaret's room. She was not there, and I staggered out to the balcony. I found her lying on the floor unconscious.

The newspapers told only of the burglar caught in the act. They did not know what I knew—what Margaret knew. Very soon afterward we went abroad, and there our paths separated for ever. She died a year later, leaving all her property to me as "an atonement" according to the wording of her will.—W. J. L. in Illustrated Bits.

An Improvement on "Lookout."

"He's what they call a 'crow,'" said a well-informed police witness at Brentford of a certain youth, explaining that a "crow" is one who stands on guard while his associates are busy robbing, to warn them of approaching police or other undesirable. The word is thieves' slang of considerable standing. In 1862, for instance, The Cornhill Magazine mentioned it as the technical term for a woman who kept such a watch for a burglar. An explanation that at once suggests itself is that this confederate is expected to "crow" or give some warning noise, but the word may well point to some study of natural history in criminal circles. Those familiar "crows"—rooks—are accustomed to post sentinels to signal the coming of danger.—London Chronicle.

Mr. Long's Choice.

Ex-Secretary of the Navy John D. Long has a conviction that speeches are as much of a bore to the audience as they are to the speechmakers. "I always feel glad when called upon to make a speech, however," he says, "for I am in the position of a certain amateur actor. He was in all the theatres going in his small town. He played all sorts of parts. Some one asked him one day if he did not get tired of taking part in every private theatrical performance.

"Yes," said the young fellow, "I don't like to act a bit; but I know if I'm not on the stage I'll have to sit in the audience."—Boston Herald.

The Family Joke.

"That young man who took \$360,000 from a New York bank insists that he didn't steal it."

"Maybe he is a blood relation of the President."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The London milkman covers his route on foot, pushing a hand cart with three wheels, which carries his cans of milk and his different measures.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



CLEANING INDIA RUBBER GOODS

To clean india rubber goods a piece of clean household flannel should be rubbed upon a bar of common yellow soap. When a lather is obtained, apply the flannel to the rubber and pass it briskly over the surface. This will speedily make the article clean. Set to dry in a cool breeze.

TO REMOVE INKSTAINS.

Chloride of lime and water will remove inkstains from silver if well rubbed on the stains and then washed off at once, the silver being polished as ordinarily. The solution for the purpose is four ounces of chloride of lime to one and a half pints of water. This may be bottled and kept ready for use.

USES OF KEROSENE.

Instead of using water to wash painted walls take a basin of kerosene and the walls will look as if just painted. Kerosene is also good around the sink to keep it clean and to be a menace to the omnipresent Croton bug. Try kerosene on your sewing machine if it clogs at all. Kerosene by its lubricating qualities prepares the machine for its special oil.

TOMATO PASTE.

Tomato paste is a good thing to have in the house, and may be made when tomatoes are plenty. Half a peck of tomatoes, a carrot and an onion may be sliced together, and to them is added a good sized bunch of celery cut in pieces, leaves as well as stalks. Boil all very slowly until they are a soft paste that can be put through a vegetable press. Return this pulp to the fire with a tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of pepper, and cook slowly once more until a little, spread to cool in a saucer, thickens to a jelly. Spread it out in pie plates in layers about half an inch thick and let it dry in the sun or in a cool oven.

When it is dry it must be packed in boxes or wide mouthed jars. To use, cook together a tablespoonful each of butter and flour until they bubble, pour on half a pint of water, put in a piece of paste about three inches square, and stir until the sauce is thick and smooth.—Harper's Bazar.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Lemon Jelly and Nut Salad—Make a stiff lemon jelly the day before it is to be served. When ready to use cut in dice, add sliced orange and English walnut meats minced, moisten with French dressing and serve in orange cups or on lettuce leaves with a teaspoonful of thick mayonnaise on top of each service.

Canning Corn—If the corn is young and juicy it will require no water, but if, on the other hand, it is old and dry, you should add just enough water to make it moist. It should be slowly heated on the back of the stove and stirred often. Be sure it is heated to boiling point before putting in cans. Fill cans full and screw on tops immediately.

Walnut and Celery Salad—Buy the best English walnuts and crack carefully so that the nut meats will come out in perfect halves. From a bunch of celery select the tender white stalks and cut in small pieces. Line a salad bowl with crisp lettuce leaves, mix the nuts and celery together, toss lightly with French dressing, then place on the leaves and cover with mayonnaise.

Chicken and Nut Salad—Stew until tender a lump, one-year-old chicken, having the broth in which it is cooked well seasoned with salt, pepper and a little celery salt. Let the chicken cool in the broth over night; when ready to use take the breast of the chicken and cut in small pieces, adding an equal quantity of tender celery and a half cup English walnut meats or butternuts, cut in small pieces; mix well, adding a little more pepper and salt, if needed, and a squeeze of lemon juice and moisten with a little of the broth in which the chicken was cooked. Add mayonnaise to taste and toss lightly; arrange on the lettuce leaves and crown each portion with mayonnaise.

Cotton From Pine Wood.

Recent experiments have been made in Bavaria in regard to preparing artificial cotton from pine wood, and it is said that the new process allows it to be made cheaply enough, so that the artificial cotton may compete with the natural product. The wood, which is first cut into small splinters, is reduced to fibers by steam and acids, then it is washed, bleached and passed through a crusher. The cellulose is formed into fine threads by a spinning machine. These threads are said to make a very good fabric when woven, and can easily be dyed. It is expected that they will be manufactured on a large scale and come into competition with imported cotton.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

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

What the Young Farmer May Do.

There are many opportunities for educated agriculturists in the South. There is a chance in almost every town or city for the development of the dairy industry. The cow is one of the most profitable machines on the farm. Milk can be sold for twenty-five to thirty-five cents per gallon; butter from twenty to thirty-five cents per pound. A cow yielding 5000 pounds per annum, would produce 588 gallons of milk, which at thirty cents per gallon would be \$176. A cow can be kept for from \$35 to \$50. If this proposition were made to a man by a "get rich quick" concern he would lose no time in making the investment.

Then there is a chance to produce the seeds of corn and wheat in great quantity through the adoption of the simple principles of selection and plant breeding. Thousands of dollars annually go out of the State for the purchase of seeds of these cereals at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel, whereas, corn ordinarily brings 40 cents and wheat 75 cents. Why not produce more grass and clover seed? Why not produce seed of the vetch which does well here as a winter cover crop, and of the soy bean, etc.?

These are but three or four of the many money making industries that are open to the progressive agriculturist of the South to-day. There never was a time when there was a better chance to make money from the intelligent application of business principles to the production of dairy and beef products, to the growing of horses and mules, to the development of the poultry industry, which is still in its infancy, and to the breeding of seed of high quality for use by Southern farmers. Who will be the first to see these good things and to reap the rich harvest which awaits the industrious farmer?

As to the future of the farm there can be no question. Look at the condition which has grown up in Europe because of the ancient systems of land tenure which prevented the average citizen from owning a piece of ground, making every tenant a peasant of some landlord. In America until the present time many men have been interested in manufacturing plants, building railroads, steel furnaces, iron furnaces, etc. A period of leisure will come, a time when the output of factories will offset consumption. Then there will be millions to invest in something; will it not be natural for these men to turn to the country and to invest in lands? Will the time not come when there will be many landed estates in America? Will the farmer who tills the soil who is the most important factor in the welfare of the country give up his land? Surely not, and yet the sign of the times would seem to indicate it, for the wild desire on the part of many seems to be to go to the city and to dispossess themselves of the land. Will it not be better for them to keep close to it and to maintain their independence through living on it, rather than to suffer the pangs and indignities that have come to the peasantry of Europe? The cost of living, as already mentioned, is increasing in America; the demand for all farm products is very great. There never was a time when the intelligent farmer could earn a larger revenue. There never was a time when land could be bought for less in many sections of the South than to-day, and there never was a time when a man had a better chance to make wealth from the soil. Young men, possess yourselves of the land and the inalienable rights of citizenship.

Lime Burnt Tobacco as Fertilizer.

R. C. Danville, Va., writes: Please advise me if lime should be applied on the land before I fallow in the pens or if it can be put in as well with the plow? I would also like to know the manurial value of burnt tobacco. It is not so badly burnt but is wet.

Answer: Lime should never be plowed under, as it sinks rapidly into the soil under the most favorable conditions. Plow under your pea vines and get the land ready for seeding and then scatter the lime over the surface by means of a manure spreader. To keep it from running out too rapidly you can put some straw or other rough material in the bottom of the spreader. Then harrow it lightly. It is best as a rule to apply lime in the fall, but of course it is also well to have a crop follow it as it may derive as much benefit from it as possible and fix the plant food in the soil which the lime may free and prevent its being leached out by the violent winter rains. You might put a light seeding of oats or barley or wheat on the land this fall and seed to grass in the spring and cut whatever cereal you sow for hay in the early dough stage so it will not draw all the water out of the soil and leave it dry and at harvest time. Many stands of grass are destroyed because the rip-

ening crop of grain exhausts the soil so completely of both moisture and plant food that the grass does not have a fair chance. It would be rather late to sow grass this fall at the time mentioned, though in a favorable season it might do all right. It is better in my judgment to wait now until next spring.

No doubt you refer to the burned leaves of the tobacco plant. A ton of tobacco contains about 200 pounds of ash, something like fifty pounds of nitrogen, and thirteen to fourteen pounds of phosphoric acid, and eighty-one pounds of potash. The burning of the leaves would result in the destruction of practically all the nitrogen, but the phosphoric acid and potash will be intact except where injured by leaching with water thrown on the ashes during the fire. This probably would not amount to much, however, if the tobacco was well moistened, as it doubtless was. Tobacco ashes would thus supply you with a cheap source of potash if you can buy them right, and a small amount of phosphoric acid, but you would obtain practically no nitrogen from their use. If you can get them reasonably, it should pay you to haul them and scatter them on the land for the sake of the potash you would get. You should not use more than twenty-five to fifty bushels of lime per acre and not oftener than from three to five years. Fifty bushels is not a heavy application, and should give you good results. Twenty-five bushels, applied in two applications, with two years intervening, will probably prove more effective than a single application of fifty bushels.—Professor Soule.

How and When to Seed Alfalfa.

R. A. W. Parnassus, writes: When is the best time of the year to sow alfalfa? Will alfalfa grow in stiff red clay?

Answer: Alfalfa should be sown now as soon as it is possible to get the ground in condition. The land should be broken to a depth of about eight inches, provided of course that you have broken it at least six inches before. It would not be well to take a soil that has been worked shallow for a number of years and break it up deeply all at once. Then, it would be well to subsoil the land if it is a heavy red soil; if of a sandy nature subsoiling it is not necessary. Apply sixteen per cent. acid phosphate at the rate of 200 to 300 pounds per acre together with fifty to 100 pounds of muriate of potash. If the land is deficient in vegetable matter, make an application of about seventy-five pounds of nitrate of soda to the alfalfa after it has come up and a similar application next spring. You might also top-dress the alfalfa with a good coating of well rotted farmyard manure. Alfalfa is a delicate plant when first seeded. Fall seeding is an advantage because it gives it a chance to establish itself before the weeds choke it out as they often do from spring sowing. Alfalfa should be frequently clipped if it turns yellow and not allowed to go into the winter with too much top or it might smother out. Sow at least twenty pounds of good, clean seed and it is often advisable to inoculate. This may be accomplished through the use of artificial culture or through the use of soil from an old field. At least 100 pounds of soil should be mixed with the seed to be sown on each acre of land. Alfalfa may be put in the grain drills or sown broadcast and cover with a harrow. You cannot prepare the land too carefully and heavy fertilization is necessary on most of your soils. Alfalfa is a vigorous feeding plant and must be well supplied with the various forms of plant food or it will not give satisfactory results. It may seem rather a serious undertaking to obtain a stand of it, but if you succeed with it you will find it one of the most valuable crops you have ever grown on your farm and you will be well repaid for the labor, effort and money expended in securing it. It makes excellent hay and can be cut two to four times a year under favorable conditions.

Alfalfa as a rule does not do well on very still heavy red clay land as it is so tenacious that the roots cannot easily establish themselves in the soil, and its power to establish itself in the soil being based on the vigorous development of its roots, it frequently withers away and dies in the course of two or three years in such land. However, if these lands were well subsoiled and underdrained, it would no doubt frequently grow with success in the future where it has failed in the past.

Perplexity of Isaac.

Newton had just discovered why the apple fell.

"But," we persisted, "can you tell us what makes a person's face fall in a novel?"

Herewith science had to confess itself beaten by literature.