

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 19, 1906.

NO. 43.

FAREWELL TO THE FARM.

The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting last,
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swung upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing;
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

—R. L. Stevenson.

Caught on the Rebound.

BY FLORENCE QUEST.

THE new-mown hay smelled so sweet as she walked beside it. The wild roses in the hedges trailed against her shoulder, and the June sunbeams shone through the ash trees upon her. What a good, new world it was after the night's rain! The grass was wet still; Miss Nannie Collisson held up her skirt well, though it was short enough not to fear getting very damp, and her shoes were the ones she loved best for the organ, because they knew every hollow in the worn, old pedals. But it was not fear of the wet that made her hurry through the field; it was because she had told Stevie to be there early to blow for her. It was so seldom that she could get a boy for so long in the morning, but, of course, the school was getting a holiday today, when Miss Annacker was going to be married, and the organist was stealing an extra hour out of Stevie's time for her own use. A wave of scented air met her at the church door—what flowers! Lilies! everywhere white lilies and roses, all the best of the village for the young bride and her mate. What a day and a place for a wedding! Miss Collisson touched the flowers with her delicate, little hands lovingly, as she passed with eager steps through the chancel to the organ. Stevie was there faithfully. She called to him and then pulled out her music. She knew the wedding marches well enough, no need to practice them; she could spend this half hour with Mendelssohn and that lovely, little canonetta of Rheinberger's. She pulled out her stops and played on, while her mind went dreaming on.

Twenty-eight years ago and she might have walked so, with white-shod feet, upon a red pathway under the palms—then she started guiltily. What was making her think like this? It was many years now since she had learned to play herself into forgetfulness. This was just an episode. She had not even seen the man Miss Annacker was going to marry, and what matter? He would send her five dollars, and they would buy so many things for Betty; chickens and jellies and those dainty trifles that were all she could take pleasure in now. Poor Betty!

Miss Collisson pulled out the Vox Angelica with loving fingers. Ah, well, she herself had something better! How that canonetta just sang to her!

The guests began to arrive at last, and she turned to brighter strains. The church filled very fast; half the countryside and all the village were there. Miss Collisson played her best, and she had not loved her instrument thirty years in vain. She heard the bridegroom and then the clergyman enter, and almost immediately she was told that the bride was at the door. Stopping short in the middle of a festive air she struck the trumpet call of Eisa's wedding march. A fine thing! It stirred the blood of soldiers in her veins; and she played it proudly at first, then softly and beautifully; then loud again, caring little whether the bride was waiting patiently or nervously.

Then "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden," and at last she could look round.

The choir came between her and all the rest, but she saw the bridal group bit by bit; a crowd of girls in white; Miss Annacker herself, lovely as ever, in a white mist of veiling; and beside her—how like, oh, how like—that tall, gallant, young man with the frank eyes—surely she was twenty-eight years back and the rest was a dream! But, no. The hot tears started to her eyes; it could not be; this was reality. Perhaps some relative; perhaps, indeed, his son—a bitter thought. Had he married? She had not heard. She had never tried to hear. When she had isolated herself with Betty she had endeavored to inter that "might have been." But there was no reason why he should have done the same. "A man"—Miss Collisson turned round to the dear, old organ, and her face was white now—"a man forgets so soon!"

that dear one that had left her so long ago. Her head was bowed over the yellow keys, her tears fell like rain. There was no bitterness in her thoughts; that had been purged out long ago by Betty. This was her simple lot—to play with such pure harmonies the bridal hymn that her own life had missed.

But her face was shining as she hurried home when all was over—ten dollars, not five! What luxuries for Betty. She reached the tiny cottage breathless, the golden coins chinking in her hand, and ran straight to the invalid couch in the parlor kitchen, and threw them on the coverlet.

"So you have come at last!" Well she had known this would be the greeting. "Did they make you play double time for the pay? It is well you get something extra sometimes." "Indeed, it is very well." Miss Collisson was already busy with the fire, for it was past dinner time, and Betty was always worse when she was hungry. "You must have something nice for tea, to make up for this scrappy dinner. Did you take your milk?" "No. I am sure it is turning sour. Why can you not stop taking it from that woman? You know she has not the best milk in the village. She cannot feed her cow properly on that bit of land. It is mistaken philanthropy to let her think so. I have told you so again and again. If he only had to, that husband of hers could get up and work!"

Some cinders fell out. The poker followed. Miss Collisson rose in a hurry and knocked over a footstool.

"There," she said, "that is lighting up nicely. Will you have beef tea or mutton broth to-day?"

"I do not care. You know I have never cared about what I get to eat since we are so poor. What a noise you are making. And I have such a headache. This cottage is like an oven. Will you never agree to taking those rooms in that farmhouse? I know I should like them so much better."

"But you know quite well that you could never sleep with the noise of all those birds and animals about you all day!"—Miss Collisson was laying the white cloth swiftly, with glass and china, and her face was quiet and her voice as gentle as ever. "And do you not think you would tire of living in another person's house?"

"You know I would not mind anything if only I could get larger rooms. I cannot breathe in these holes. You would say the same yourself if you had to live in them continually, and not be able to get out whenever you like."

The organist was silent. She was never allowed out for more than an hour at a time, unless it was for service or practice. The fretful voice went on: "What was the wedding like? You never tell me anything. I have to wring it out of you. I suppose they did everything in the best of style. Rich people can. We would have given you as grand a one if you had only married Richard Torrens before papa became bankrupt. He would have had to keep you then, instead of throwing you over like an old shoe, and I could have had what I wanted, instead of having to put up with the scrapings of what you can earn. Oh, if you only had not kept putting off your wedding against all papa's wishes, just because it pleased you to delay and dilly-dally with Richard!"

The beef tea was boiling over. The organist ran to the fire and rescued it, pouring it into a bowl and bringing it to her sister quickly. Her face was white; there was a dumb appeal in her eyes, but not to Betty. That had been useless twenty-eight years ago. Only to-day it was hitting her hard. Her outer shell of calm had been broken in the church, and it was impossible to hear all this unmoved. Oh, the long lifetime it seemed since Richard Torrens had gone from her, not because she was poor, but because she would not leave this helpless, deformed sister, who always tormented like this for the comforts she had lost!

"Your beef tea will be cold, Betty." "No, it is too hot. Give me a soup plate to pour it into, and give me some new bread, not that stale loaf. You like old bread. What did Miss Annacker wear? I do think she might have come to see me before this. She came seldom enough, seeing we are every bit as well connected as she is. But, of course, it is money! They are rich and we are beggars. All the difference."

"She wore white satin." "Yes, of course. She is a pretty girl in a dolly way. Did she look well?" "Lovely."

"I would not say that. Her features are not regular, and she is always smiling. I never could see what people found to rave about in her. It is just because she is rich. We are as good as they are, and yet who wants to know us?"

Miss Collisson was removing the soup plate. Suddenly Betty noticed her face. "How white you are. I believe you played that organ too long this morning. Why can you not take care of yourself? Think what would happen if you were unable to earn any money. We should have to go to the poorhouse, and I should die of shame. Do think a little of me."

"Oh, there is no danger of my falling ill, I think," Miss Collisson laughed, and then looked startled at the note of bitterness in her laughter.

Had she really been thinking it would be well to fall ill and die? Surely Betty's complainings were not beginning to cast their shadow over her. She sat down and choked over some dinner, unheeding Betty's intermittent string of grievances. To-day she seemed to hear them more than usual. Perhaps she was growing hopeless. Yes, she would get past work some time, and she never knew whom she wished would die first; poor Betty, who clung so pitifully to life, or herself, who in dying would leave the helpless, deformed thing so utterly alone.

"Nannie! Are you deaf? What is Captain Torworthy like?"

"Very good-looking," said Nannie, with pale lips. "Tall and dark."

"And his father, the General?"

Miss Collisson rose quickly and began to clear the table.

"I could not see him. You know the choir was packed, and I could only catch glimpses of the people."

"And you say you could not count the roses and the lilies. I wish you could have had some; they will only wither there now. Of course, your flowers are good enough. I am not complaining, but you know I always liked really fine flowers."

So it went on until Betty was finally settled for her afternoon sleep, and the organist had taken her hat and coarse gloves and tools to work in the garden. "You are not going far?" Betty asked, eying her suspiciously as she pulled down the blind. "Remember I have been alone all the morning."

"Yes, I remember. I do not mean to leave the garden. You can call me when you awake."

Then she escaped.

The Virginia creeper wanted nailing up and a storm of wind had dashed about her hedge of sweet peas. Then there was a bed of scarlet lobelias, edged with calceolarias, to be weeded, and she worked hard at one after another. Only not quite so hard enough to keep from thinking. Twice she started to go into the house for a book, but Betty must not be awakened, and she came back to her wedding. There was a new, strange listlessness about her slender, little form. Betty had spoken truly; she must have overruled herself at the organ. Or she was growing old. Old! And with old age increasing helplessness. All without hope of escape or change.

Two scalding tears fell upon the calceolarias. She looked up to dash them away—and there he was entering the little gate, tall, thinner than formerly, gray-headed and bronzed, but plainly the boy's father and the more than friend of her youth. She rose and turned to meet him, half dazed.

"I saw you in church," he explained, simply, striding over the little flower beds, and taking her hand, coarse glove and all, in his. "I am very glad. I am very glad. I have looked for you several times, but my life has mostly been spent in the Far West. Did you see me?"

"No," she faltered, her delicate little face flushing deeply. "I could not. But I saw him. He is so very like—" She looked up at the General with the tears still on her lashes. "And I thought—"

"Yes. He is my only son. My wife died ten years ago. Here, sit down."

He put her on the stone seat and prodded holes in the neat gravel walk till she controlled herself.

"They told me all about you," he gazed thoughtfully at the tiny little house before him. "You were always brave, Nannie."

Gradually he told her of his life; of his success as a soldier; how he had taken another name with a fortune and done well in life. He did not ask much about her own. Perhaps he had guessed most of it, and had been told the rest.

"I did you a great wrong, Nannie," he said. "Twenty-eight years ago. I was young and very hot-headed. I repented soon enough, but you were gone. I never forgot you. I think I loved you always, though I loved my own dear wife also. I am all alone now; my boy is gone, you see. I have thought very much about you lately. Am I too old? You are all alone, too. There is time for happiness still. Will you marry me now, Nannie?"

She started and trembled exceedingly.

ard, she is worse than she ever was! You do not know. But it is unalterable. I am all she has, and I cannot leave her. And she will never leave me. In her way she is fond of me, and so—it can never be."

The General stiffened his straight back and fixed his eyebrows in a stern air of command.

"Betty," he said, firmly, "Betty must come, too."

And that was the way in which, after many years, Nannie was caught on the rebound.—New York Weekly.



From South America comes the latest substitute for sugar cane. Its juice can not be fermented, and for this reason the plant is to be developed for the manufacture of sirup.

A poor laboring man in Denmark has made a new invention in life saving. He impregnates clothes with a substance which will keep a shipwrecked person afloat for several days without losing its property.

The moon is but one-fortieth the size of the earth, but its mountain peaks are nearly as high. Twenty-two are higher than Mont Blanc, which is within a few feet of three miles high. The highest is little more than four miles and a half.

Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable lake in the world, is to be tapped for electric power to run the Peruvian railways and to supply a surplus sufficient, it is believed, to enable Peru to take a prominent place among the manufacturing countries.

The Switzerland Government has resolved to convert the whole of the railroads in the country to electric traction and tenders for carrying out the enterprise are to be invited from the most prominent electrical engineering firms. Enormous sources of generating the requisite energy are available from the abundant waterfalls, the greater proportion of which power is at present running to waste.

Liquid air and the high absorptive properties of charcoal are now used to secure high vacua. It has long been known that liquid air possesses the property of absorbing gases. Professor Dewar, the English physicist, has lately demonstrated that this property is increased many fold when the charcoal is cooled to the temperature of liquid air. The absorption takes place so rapidly that if the charcoal is contained in a closed vessel the latter soon becomes empty of air.

Interviewing.

The ethics of interviewing is a large question, and it is difficult to draw hard and fast lines and say dogmatically how much of it is permissible and where the limit-line falls. Certainly a great human personality would seem in all essentials to belong to his kind, and one has a legitimate interest, if not in his neckties and his favorite shaving soaps, at least in the expression of his countenance and his habitual personal bearing. It is certainly a point of enlightenment to know of Shelley that he made the impression of being pure spirit upon even the most commonplace people who saw him. Mrs. Cowden Clarke, a person in no wise given to aerial flights of the imagination, remembered him after one glance as "seraphic." It is not altogether in the nature of mere love of gossip to know that the lady who sat next to Browning at a dinner party mistook him for a shy country farmer with a very gentle and humane manner. But the interviewer of the class Lucas Malet reproaches deserves all the epithets heaped upon her. To cater to the idle curiosity for the meaner details of the life of a person whose chances to be in the public eye is frivolous and unwarranted. Surely, surely, human life, the round world whirling through space, the vast solar system swooping out toward Vega, the starry heavens and the moral law offer subjects enough of interest and of exaltation for any mortal to feel insulted and degraded when he is told where the King of Italy buys his shoes and what brand of cigarettes President Loubet smokes.—Harper's Weekly.

Superstition Regarding a Pigeon.

The superstitious belief that the soul of James McCauley, who was killed by falling from a bridge on the Wash extension last week, comes back to the scene of the accident in the form of a white pigeon. Since the terrible affair the white bird has been seen daily about the bridge and often hovers over the place from where McCauley pitched eighty feet into the chasm below to his death. Workmen have stoned the pigeon to drive it away, but it always returns. One of the laborers went so far as to bring a gun to bear upon the bird, but his nerve failed him when he touched the trigger.—Hagerstown Mail.

During the last eleven months Oxford, England, has lost by death its mayor, three aldermen and four town councilors.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

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

Planting Corn in the South.

It is too late for corn planting this year, but it would be well to read an editorial, from The Practical Farmer, and then remember to experiment along this line next spring.

In most parts of the South farmers have long considered it essential to plant their corn wide apart with but one stalk in a hill. This has come about from the bad breeding of the seed and the plants attaining in good land such a tall growth that distance seems needed. We recently passed a farm in North Carolina which has had good attention from the owner, a city man, and the land is in a condition to make a good corn crop. The corn we saw was a very heavy growth and was well cared, but there were not stalks enough on the land to make more than twenty-five bushels per acre, though the land in its present condition is fully able to produce a crop of fifty bushels per acre if there were stalks enough planted and cultivated. Experiments made on the test farms belonging to the Agricultural Department of North Carolina showed that the reaviest crops in different parts of the State were made from planting 2x4 feet or 3x3½, and it seems evident that the wide planting common in the South, or about 5x6 feet, is entirely needless, and is largely the cause of the low average per acre of corn there.

A dozen or more years ago a field at the North Carolina College was planted thickly for silage. There was at that time but one silo, and when this was filled there was an acre of corn left standing. It was not expected that the yield from such thick planting would be great, but that acre made sixty-six bushels of corn. Subsequently a field on the same farm was planted more thickly than common of about 3 feet 8 inches and about a foot in the rows, and the crop was eighty-eight bushels per acre on sandy upland. Hence we conclude that with seed properly bred and on land that has been brought to a good state of fertility through the use of legumes and deep plowing, corn can be planted much more thickly in the South and the crop greatly increased by it.

The Field Pea.

Now there are certain soils and certain conditions of soil wherein the field pea appears, at the first, to be a failure. The young plant appears dwarfed, feeble and yellow-looking. Perhaps a good many of the young plants will fall down and die, and the farmer begins to think either that his land is too poor to grow field peas, or else there is some mineral poison that is poisonous to the crop and kills it. But let him wait a little and persevere, even if he has to replant the ground. In anticipation of such a condition it would have been better to have made a liberal use of seed, and put in more than enough at the first planting. In a week or two more the yellow and feeble pea plants will put on a decided change. They will assume a deeper green and begin to grow rapidly. The main roots have now reached to the subsoil, and are finding the necessary minerals to impart to them vitality and strength. They have overcome their feebleness. This ability to recover from the sickness of its infancy is one of the most noted and interesting traits of the field-pea plant. So long as the plant lives, during this early stage, there is hope. It is not from the surface soil, but from the secondary strata, that it gets its living.

Such is an incomplete presentation of the virtues of the wonderful and invaluable cornfield pea. Have we claimed too much for it? We think not, verily. This we know. We are bringing up what was lately some dead, poor land, to a good state of fertility by the use of it. By it, what was a few years ago very poor corn land, is now producing excellent crops of peanuts. It was not done with commercial fertilizers. It has been accomplished by sowing or drilling field peas after oats, or among the corn, or alone on fallow ground. We resorted to it from necessity, because of its cheapness and its availability for our lands.

It has been our most valuable ally in the recuperation of the farm and the growth of other crops.—Home and Farm.

Heifer vs. Steer Beef.

A correspondent of the Southern Planter makes the following comparison between the two kinds of beef: I read with much interest the article from your correspondents, and, in fact, everything from cover to cover of your most helpful paper, and was especially interested in Professor A. M. Soule's article in the March number on Feeding Investigations at the Virginia Experiment Station, and think, as he does, that this work should have the support of every farmer in Virginia. In regard to the part, "Steer vs.

Heifer Beef," would say that the only reason that the steer has the preference in this section is, as in many other things, the buyers have found they can put up this talk, making the seller believe it, thereby obtaining the best for the least money. It has been my privilege and pleasure to eat "steak" at Billy Boyles, in Chicago, and other places of like fame in this particular, where they claim they have been on ice for from six weeks to six months, but I never knew what good "steak" was until spending a season with Miller & Lux Company, of Mexico, Texas, California, Idaho, Oregon, and, in fact, everywhere, as it is said they turn off more beef than any other concern during a season. While with this company, I made a drive of 425 miles, in company with thirteen other cowboys. We started with 1000 head, and whenever the meat got low in our cook wagon the boss would tell us to kill something, and I noticed that every time the boys picked a two- or three-year-old heifer, after eating which I knew well enough why they did it, and I know, too, that if a buyer should go to Miller Lux or any large cattle raiser in the West and tell them the heifers were not as good beef as the steer, they would be told to "go back to the States" and learn their A. B. C. in beefology. They are nearly all brought to a perfect condition on the range in the West, but if so on the range, why can't they be made equally as good as the steer by stall feeding.

Onion Growing Under Cover.

We would suggest to those who are growing Bermuda onions where mulching material is to be had, to test this method described in an article which we found in the Tri-State Farmer.

This topic is suggested by the query just answered in regard to fall sowing of onions. Mulching tests for various vegetables have been made at the Nebraska Experiment station, for two or three years past, and in most instances the mulch has proven beneficial enough to warrant its being practical for the busy farmer. Here are the results of the test of mulched onions last year: Twelve rows 100 feet long were planted in each of two plots side by side. These were started by sowing seed in boxes early in March and partially forced in the hot bed. They were then transplanted in the field plots in April or when the plant was four to six inches high. Two varieties were grown in each plot, Prize Taker and Red Wetherfield. Both plots were cultivated twice with wheel hoe and hand weeded once—just before the mulching, which was applied about June 10.

The work of placing the mulch (old wheat straw), on the one plot about balanced the work of cultivating and weeding the other part for the balance of the season. Both plots were harvested in September and measures taken by weight. The heaviest yield was of mulched Prize Takers—579 bushels per acre. The per cent. of gain for the mulched plot over the cultivated plot was as follows: Prize Taker, 12.4 per cent.; Red Wetherfield, 10.4 per cent. The onions were all of large, even size and sold on the Lincoln market at top prices—seventy cents per bushel, wholesale. Last year being a wet season the gains of mulching were not as great as they would be in a dry season. Where material for mulch is easily obtained it will pay to use it in the onion bed.

Poultry Notes.

Damp floors are productive of disease. A sole diet of corn produces too much fat.

Warm sweet milk is one of the best tonics for sick fowls.

The nests must be renewed occasionally and kept clean.

Fowls having a free run had their own feather making food.

A good way to feed lime is, in the form of raw crushed bones.

Fresh eggs are more transparent at the centre, old ones at the top.

Treatment of diseases of fowls must begin with the first symptoms.

Provide dusting boxes and keep them well filled with loose dirt.

Chickens can be hurried along more rapidly by feeding them often.

When confined, chopped onions can be fed to the fowls to good advantage.

The guinea is a great forager and will destroy many insects that hens will not touch.

Sour milk and buttermilk are excellent to mix with the soft food of poultry.

Perfect cleanliness is an absolute necessity if you expect to have healthy fowls.

With poultry as with other products, it is a good rule to market as soon as ready.

If the hens are properly fed the eggs are better than if they are allowed to eat all kinds of food.