

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, FEBRUARY 2, 1906.

NO. 45.

THE SONG OF A SILLY OPTIMIST.

I'm just a silly optimist with cheerfulness galore,
For I'm tired of hearing people say that everything's a bore.
I'm tired of melancholy moans, and so I point with pride
To the awe-inspiring axiom that I am satisfied.
If there's anything I love to eat, it's food,
If there's anything I love to wear, it's clothes,
And in times of relaxation
I have proved by demonstration
That there's nothing quite so restful as repose.

Let Ibsen, Tolstoi, Schopenhauer depict our life as dark,
But I cannot help believing that existence is a lark.
That all the crimes and meannesses that in this world are done
Are committed in a spirit of exuberance and fun.
And there's nothing that I love to talk like words,
And there's nothing that I love to sing like songs;
So I find a life employment
In the pleasures of enjoyment,
Placing sadness in the sphere where it belongs.

—W. I., in Life.

VAL WARYNG'S MISTAKE

By Florence E. Eastwick.

A GIRL sat with her hands clasped round her knees, staring out of the window with unseeing eyes—her thoughts, far away. Behind her the room was almost dark, but a rosy glow shined through the low casement and touched her bright brown hair into threads of gold. A man coming swiftly into the room hesitated for a moment in the doorway, then, with a whimsical expression of amusement in his eyes, went forward softly, and, putting a hand under her chin, kissed her upturned face. But, as his lips touched hers, he recoiled with a start; her face was unknown to him, and at the same moment the girl sprang from her seat, thrusting him from her with both hands. The color swept from her throat to her forehead, her blue eyes blazed, her slender figure was tense with indignation.

"How dare you!" she said, passionately; and he, for a moment, had no reply ready. He was completely taken aback, but managed at last to stammer out:

"I'm very sorry. I'm afraid I've made a mistake!"

"That you certainly have!" was the emphatic retort, and then, with a flash of scorn from the blue eyes, she was gone.

"Just my bad luck!" Val Waryng muttered. It certainly seemed unlucky that, after five years' absence, he should manage to make a fauxpas on the moment of arriving home.

"Val, my dear boy!" a voice said from the doorway, and his mother came toward him with outstretched hands. He took her in his arms and she drew his head down and kissed him on both cheeks. Then she held him away from her and scrutinized his face. "You've grown a beard, Val!" she said, reproachfully. "It makes you look dreadfully old."

"He laughed.

"I knew you wouldn't like it, and I meant to take it off before seeing you, but we reached port sooner than we expected, and I rushed to catch the midday express."

"Ah, that is how you came to-day instead of to-morrow, when we expected you. You are very welcome, my dear boy, but it's so dark I cannot see you properly; we'll have a light."

As the match flared, he noticed that her face was thinner and more transparent in its fair delicacy of complexion than when he went away; so small and fragile a being, and yet possessed of great strength of will, as he knew to his cost—witness his banishment to a far land when the headstrong follies of his youth had threatened his future career.

"I am sorry to tell you there is a disappointment in store for you, Val," she said, when the gas was lighted. "Gladys has gone away; she left here yesterday to stay with some relations. She gave me this note for you. I think she might really have postponed her visit when she heard you were coming home, but Gladys is so different from other girls!"

"Yes, Gladys is quite different from other girls," he repeated, with a slightly cynical infection in his voice. He was turning the letter round and round in his hands absently; then he added: "Who was the girl I found sitting here? I thought for a moment she was Gladys when I came in."

"The girl? Oh, you mean Francie! Why, surely you could not mistake her for Gladys; they are utterly unlike! I told you all about her long ago, Val—don't you remember? She was bequeathed to my care by my cousin, Miriam Vane, when she died two years ago, and Francie has lived with me ever since."

"Oh, but you said a child! I imagined quite a little girl, not a tall, young woman like this. I'm afraid I offended her when I arrived."

"Did she run away? She is rather shy, but a dear girl. She has been a great comfort to me in my loneliness; but you want to read your letter, Val!"

He tore open the envelope, and, going over to the light, stood there reading. The expression on his face deepened suddenly to gravity, and a line appeared between his eyebrows which made him look strangely like his

carried on her arm. At a little distance the white cat sat apart, and eyed the group with contemptuous indifference, while a couple of fox terriers rolled and lolled at the further end of the lawn. It was for such a scene as this that his eyes had ached in the glaring solitudes of his exile—the girl in her simple morning dress, the garden with its mellow autumn tints, the sense of rest and peace; this was home! A feeling of great contentment took possession of him; he hastened to finish his dressing, and to join the party in the garden.

Francie was so absorbed in her business that she did not see him until he was close to her, and he had time to appreciate the freshness of her girlish beauty out there in the sunlight; the expression of her eyes was so innocent and gentle as she caressed her birds that he commenced instantly in humble language to beg for her pardon. She listened with head averted until he said he had mistaken her for some one else.

"For some one else?" she repeated, in a startled tone.

"Yes! For a young lady whom I thought I had a right to kiss—though that, as it happens, was another mistake," he added, bitterly.

She looked at him intently, and he felt sure that she knew the other side of the story—the side taken by Gladys, whatever it might be. When he questioned Francie, she admitted that Gladys had told her something—that they were "not suited to each other."

"And that it was my fault?" he interjected.

She did not reply, but throwing the last handful from her basket, turned toward the house. He walked by her side meditating, wondering what her thought about him might be. Could he have read them, he would have discovered some confusion in Francie's mind. The description given by Gladys Harcourt of her dare-devil lover, who had won her consent to an engagement more by the impetuosity of his love-making after a week's acquaintance than by anything else, did not accord quite with the bearded man of grave demeanor and quiet speech walking beside her. Possibly his mother had declared him to have been the handsomest and most attractive boy in the world, who would certainly have been spoiled by her women friends if she had not rescued him by sheer force of will from their too pronounced encouragement.

Francie had imagined a good-looking, conceited young man who took for granted that every girl must be ready to fall in love with him at first sight—an opinion which his method of introducing himself to her seemed to have justified.

Of his good looks there could be no doubt, but the night before, while she had sat listening to him, she discerned in his conversation only a frank and outspoken love for his mother, and a natural exhilaration at finding himself once more at home. She began to think she had judged him hardly; her severity relaxed, and, when they reached the house, they were on excellent terms.

Fate and Mrs. Waryng together conspired to further their intimacy. Val's mother had a neuralgic attack and remained in her room, so to Francie fell the task of entertaining the young man. They breakfasted together, then went round the gardens, stables and paddock. She knew every creature in the barnyard, and they knew her—dogs, cats, horses, not excluding the pigs and the inhabitants of the poultry yard—all came hurrying to greet her at the sound of her voice; she seemed like a fairy princess in her own little world.

They lunched together, and then, at Mrs. Waryng's request, Francie took Val for a drive in her dogcart. He was interested in seeing all his old haunts again, but evinced no desire to pay any calls on former friends.

"There will be plenty of time later to look up the natives—just now I feel a bit off!" he told her, and she understood his words bore some reference to the fickle Gladys.

After dinner he fetched a portfolio of snapshots, to show her the strange places he had visited in his travels. Among them was a photograph of his former fiancée, taken at the time of his departure from home. He took it up and gazed hard at the cold and discontented beauty of the face; then he looked at Francie. How different was her fresh and natural charm from that other—who, although five years his senior, had enchained his boyish heart. He laid the picture aside, and with it went all regret.

The days slipped into weeks, and one afternoon Val found the girl in her favorite seat near the window; she was reading a letter, and he recognized the writing.

"You have heard from Gladys?" he said, as he sat down beside her.

"Yes. She is in a hospital, training to be a nurse," Francie answered.

"She is well—and happy?" he queried.

"She says she is both; that she has at last found her vocation, and never knew before what it was to be content with life."

As he sat silent, looking out of the window, she murmured:

"Are you sorry, Val?" she asked, quietly.

He turned and looked at her.

"Have I seemed as if I were sorry,

here with you? You might help me to be very glad!"

Meeting his eyes, she began to understand.

He laid his hand on hers and asked: "Do you remember our first meeting, Francie? What were you thinking about then, when I found you here?"

"I was thinking—well, I was thinking what you would be like!"

Her eyes drooped—and then he also understood.—New York Weekly.



Some very small West Indian fish, locally known as "millions," are thriving in the Zoological Gardens, London.

More than 10,000 photographs of birds amid their natural surroundings have been taken by an English naturalist. Some of them entitled as much as a week of waiting and watching.

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes that, thanks to the recent Anti-Tuberculosis Congress there, half the people of Paris are, at this moment, suffering from imaginary tuberculosis.

The West's gold output may be doubled by the invention of a resident of Colorado City. It is a simple machine for saving flour gold, is run by a gasoline engine, and may be taken anywhere. Experiments on twice treated tailings or mine refuse show an accumulation of five and one-half pounds of gold in ten days.

A scientific commission which has been investigating the peculiarities of the Mediterranean or Malta fever has come upon evidence which shows that the infection of the disease may be transmitted by goats. Dr. Zammit and Major Horrocks found the specific organism of the fever in the milk of goats that were apparently healthy. The blood of several of the goats gave a reaction which is peculiar to the fever. This finding is not only important for Malta, but for many other places within the Mediterranean area. Gibraltar is one of those where this fever is very prevalent, and goats are almost the only source of the milk supply.

The dependence of underground water-supply upon rainfall was clearly shown by the government survey of the drainage basin of the Arkansas River in Kansas last summer. It was found that the underflow has its origin in the rainfall on the sand-hills to the south and the bottom-lands and plains to the north of the river. In times of flood the river itself contributes to the underground flow. When the river was high the underground water was found, by means of electrical measurements, to be moving away from the river channel at the rate of about 8 feet in 24 hours. The general movement of the underground water is from 8 to 11 feet in 24 hours.

He Deserved Spanking.
Mrs. John P. Newman, Bishop Newman's widow, who proposes to found a kindergarten in Jerusalem, has a great affection for children and a great store of children's anecdotes.

Anent an embarrassing situation, she said one day:

"This reminds me of a dinner that a Denver woman gave during a religious convention in her city.

"The dinner was sumptuous. The leading lights of the church and of the State were there. A presiding elder, in taking a drink of water, broke a glass.

"The hostess began to assure the elder that the accident was of no consequence, but her well modulated voice was easily overpowered by the loud shout of her little son.

"Oh, mamma," he cried, "it's one of the borrowed ones, isn't it?"—Grand Rapids Herald.

A Complimentary Captain.
John D. Crimmins, in the New York Times, tells of a party that hired a boat owned by a man at Atlantic City who takes out sailing parties for a consideration. A number of young ladies were of the party.

About a mile and a half out from the inlet the wind freshened most unexpectedly and there was trouble. For a while it looked as if the dinky little catboat would capsize. The girls were considerably wrought up and gave expression to their fears in no uncertain manner.

"See here, young ladies," said the owner of the craft, just as one of the passengers let out an awful shriek, "you seem to forget that if she goes down I'm the chap that loses most. She's my boat."

Fishy.
Mother (reproachfully, to her small son)—"Jamie, where have you been all afternoon?" Jamie (uneasily)—"At Sunday-school, mamma." Mother—"Then how is it you are wet and smell so of fish?" Jamie (in desperation)—"Well, you see, I've been studying about Jonah, and the whale, and—well—I guess it came off on my clothes."—Harper's Weekly.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

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

Advantage of Crop Rotation.

Texas has followed the precedent set by other States in practicing extensive agriculture during the development period, and only within recent years has the State begun to appreciate and to make use of those sections which have especial fitness for intensive agriculture. Evidence of the development in this phase of its industrial life is now found in the large number of men who are practicing fruit and truck growing. During the first period of development of this State cattle raising was a great means for transforming the natural agricultural resources into a product which could be marketed. Following upon the development of the cattle industry come the tendency to develop the production of the staple farm crops, corn, wheat and oats. In the practicing of field agriculture, which would normally include the raising of staple crops, a system of rotation has been found to yield the best results. The practice called crop rotation has been a matter of growth and development due to circumstances and was not in the beginning, based upon scientific principles. It should be stated here that by a rotation of crops is meant the planting of different crops on the same piece of land in successive seasons. This planting must involve a change in regular order.

The custom of growing different crops in rotation, while largely a matter of conditions, does possess certain advantages. First, it prolongs the period of profitable culture. This is due to the fact that plants vary largely in their feeding capacities. Many plants feed in the surface layers and therefore draw their food almost wholly from that portion of the soil—other plants are deep feeders. The two classes alternated give to the soil periods of comparative rest. It should also be kept in mind that certain crops require more of some one particular element in the soil than other crops. When these two classes are in a rotation the soil is given an opportunity to rest. Again, when the farm is producing but one crop a year the soil is left bare at certain seasons, while the growth of a variety of crops permits of a continuous covering and constant use. Practically speaking, there is no soil which is not improved by cropping. In the language of Jethro Tull, "Tillage is Manure."

The continuous growth of one crop renders it more liable to insect attack and to the development of diseases called rot and blight. It is a well known fact that crops lose vigor by being grown year after year, and are therefore less able to withstand insect ravages. A change is also valuable because it deprives any particular insect pest of its food and is therefore likely to cause it to disappear.

The majority of our farm crops get their food entirely from the soil and in many cases these crops are grown for their grain. In such cases their nitrogen, potassium and phosphorous are being disposed of constantly by selling the seeds of the plants grown. On the other hand, leguminous plants, such as peas, beans, alfalfa, etc., get most of their nitrogen from the air. It will be noted then that the removal of such crops from the soil does not decrease its supply of nitrogen, therefore a rotation including some one of the legumes such as alfalfa, cowpeas or beans, lessens the necessity of supplying nitrogen to the soil.

The problem of efficient labor on the farm is also made more simple by the adoption of a system of crop rotation. The farmer is enabled thereby to keep labor employed throughout the entire year, thus avoiding the necessity for short term service. Such a provision also allows the farmer to keep his animals employed throughout the year instead of allowing them to stand idle a considerable portion of the time.

Finally, the business of the farmer requires a steady and regular income in order that he may provide for necessary tools, seeds and implements, and also that he may pay wages when due. A steady and regular income allows him to do business on a cash basis and thus to take advantage of opportunities in buying. He can by this means do business on a smaller capital than would be required in the credit system. The rules which lead to the adoption of the system of rotation under present conditions are general and not fixed. To grow such crops as pay the greatest returns per acre should be the aim, and rotations should be so modified that the less profitable crops should contribute as much as possible to the development of the more profitable. Whether a crop is profitable or not will depend upon the character of the soil, climate, availability of farm labor, location and markets.—F. S. Johnston, Agriculturist, Texas Experiment Station.

Feeding Value of the Corn Plant.
A. D. W. Ridgeway, writes: Kindly tell me what would be the food value

of the top and tassel of a corn stalk after all the fodder has been removed by pulling as is the custom in some parts?

Answer—The subject of the distribution of the nutrients in the corn plant has been studied quite extensively at several stations, the conclusion reached being that about forty-eight per cent. of the digestible part of the corn plant is contained in the ears, and fifty-two per cent. in the various parts of the stubble. According to careful and elaborate tests made at the Maryland station there were about 157 pounds of protein, 1343 pounds of crude fibre and nitrogen free extract, and thirty pounds of fat in a corn crop yielding 1530 pounds of dry substance per acre. Of course, an ordinary corn crop as growing in the field would weigh much more than the amount indicated here, but after the water was all driven off, its bulk would probably not be much greater on the average. The top fodder contains ten pounds of protein, 190 pounds of crude fibre, 232 pounds of nitrogen free extract and 13 pounds of fat; the blades, six per cent. of protein, 88 pounds of crude fibre, 105 pounds of nitrogen free extract, and 4 pounds of fat; the husks, six per cent. of protein, 168 pounds of crude fibre, 245 pounds of nitrogen free extract, and 2 pounds of fat; the stubble, 6 pounds of protein, 241 pounds of crude fibre, 304 pounds of nitrogen free extract, and 13 pounds of fat.

These, as stated above, are the digestible constituents, so you will observe that the stubble contains a larger per cent. of useful nutrients than either the husks or the blades, and in fact is richer in digestible nutrients than the top fodder with the exception of the protein. This analysis of the corn plant, showing as it does the relative amount of digestible nutrients contained in the several parts, may give you the information you desire.—Andrew M. Soule.

Deformed Chicks.

The breastbones of chicks are often bent by roosting on perches while they are young and tender. During the hot months the mother hen prefers some cool place, and will leave the coop and go on the roost, leaving the chicks alone. If they can manage to follow her they will do so, and sit by her side. The breast bones are gradually turned to one side, and as they harden the chick is left in this condition, and so far as a fancy breed goes they are rendered worthless.

Their toes also are often left bent from the strain of holding on to the roost.

Such deformities show carelessness, and should never be tolerated.

Make the chicks remain in their coops or on the ground until they are almost grown, or at least until their bones have hardened, and when the time comes for them to go to the house see that the roosts are broad and level to the ground. A three by four scantling, with the upper edges rounded, makes the most comfortable perch.

How Much to Feed.

We are often asked how much to feed hens, and in every case we are forced to admit that there is no iron-clad rule to govern each individual case.

Some breeds require more than others; the same breeds eat more some days than they eat other days, and laying hens will eat more than those which are not laying. So you can see, there is no way of knowing just how much to lay aside for each day's supply.

We must watch them closely—each one individually—and govern ourselves accordingly.

A safe rule is to give only a partial feed during the early part of the day, thus keeping them hungry and willing to hustle. Late in the afternoon see that they will get all they will eat, so that their hunger is fully appeased before they go to roost.

If fed this way, there is no possibility of their getting too much.—Home and Farm.

Anthraxnose of Egg Plant.

If any growers of egg plant are troubled by a disease affecting the fruit as described by the Southern Fruit Grower they will find a remedy below:

"This is a disease which, according to the report of the United States Department of Agriculture, has as yet done but little damage to the egg plant, but from the ravages of similar diseases upon other plants one is warned to exercise care concerning the ravages of this disease, as otherwise it might do great damage before its existence is recognized. It may be recognized by its producing decided pits upon the fruit, upon which will soon appear very small blotches with a pink border. Bordeaux mixture has been recommended by good authority as an excellent preventive application."