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## THE AFTERGLOW.

When soft looted twilight creeps  
From the bushes of the west,  
And the first fair jewel leaps  
Into emerald on night's breast;  
Ere the myriad stars have made  
Arabesques of rich display,  
Through the brooding, silent shade  
Gleams the afterglow of day.

Mystic figures come, and paint  
Marvel lines across the sky  
Which change subtly as they faint  
Into all the dark, and die—  
Altar fires that flamed at dawn,  
Silver whiteness of the moon,  
Gleam away ere day is gone,  
And the dual's best voices croon

So with life. When down the path  
We fare on with lagging feet,  
All of childhood's aftermath,  
Fragments of old songs and sweet,  
Half formed memories of days  
Shape themselves and slowly rise  
When we walk the shadowed ways  
Where we see the sunset skies.

Deeds that hummed the olden rose,  
Wayward whispers of the wind,  
Olden suns and olden snows,  
Of the days we left behind  
Blend into a wondrous view  
When we face the coming night—  
Blend in glories we once knew—  
In the evening there is light  
—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

## IKE BROWNFIELD'S CLAIM

By WILL LIENBEE.

IKE BROWNFIELD stopped his mule team and uttered an exclamation of surprise. The object that called forth the exclamation was a box house that nestled against the side of a little hill, a few rods from the dim, prairie road.

"That's what I call pure, unadulterated gold," he said, surveying the structure with a look of awe and incredulity. "I'll be hanged if it don't take the cake," he continued. "Who could have had the cheek to jump my claim as soon as my back was turned and build a house on it without so much as saying 'By your leave'?"

He cracked the heavy whip vigorously over the sleepy mules, and the vehicle crawled forward.

A little further on he pulled out of the road and drove up in front of the new building and stopped.

"Hello, there?" he shouted, but no response came in answer. Then he got out and went up to the door and knocked loudly with the handle of his whip; but no sound came in answer to give evidence that the house had an occupant.

"No one here, I guess," he muttered.

A pine box, that had evidently been used to ship goods in recently, lay open by the door. On one end of this box was printed, "J. Bradford, Attica, Kansas."

"J. Bradford," he muttered. "Well, I'll see you later, Mr. Bradford."

Then taking out a note-book from his pocket, he tore out a leaf and wrote the following notice on it and pinned it to the door:

"J. Bradford, Esq.:

"You are hereby notified to leave this claim immediately. It was taken over a month ago by the undersigned, as you can easily determine by directing your attention to the foundation on south part of claim.

dyin' fer a taste o' civilized grub. I guess ye didn't forget the jelly an' pickles an' can'd corn, did ye? Can'd corn an' pickles! Hang my looks, Ike, if the very mention uv them don't make a feller feel kinder relig'us and civilized like. Makes him think uv the Adyrdax, an' hammocks, an' perty wimmen, hanged it hit don't! Talk about yer books, an' missionaries, an' yer newspapers civiliz'in' the world! I say hit's pickles an' can'd corn—that's what I say hit is."

"Oh, do hush, Dave!" said Ike, taking a seat in the first chair he came to. "I got all the canned corn in Attica before I left, and I do hope it will have the good effect of checking that copious flow of culinary oratory."

At this Dave gave vent to a low, prolonged whistle.

"Hit's gittin' in hits work on him," he muttered. "Talks as if he'd been raised in a cannin' factory," with which he disappeared through the open door and commenced exploring the boxes of groceries Ike had brought from town.

"Dave," said Ike, that evening after supper, "some sneaking scoundrel has jumped my claim since I left."

"You don't tell me!" Dave exclaimed.

"Yes," continued Ike, "and he's got a house built on it! Do you know anybody by the name of J. Bradford?"

"Oh, w'y, yes! I've heard o' him. An' hit's him that's jumped yer claim?"

"Yes, that's what was on the boxes brought to the house."

"Wal, wal!" ejaculated Dave; "he's up ter his ole tricks ag'in."

"What tricks? What do you know about him?" asked Ike.

"Regular pizen, he is," returned Dave. "Never knowed him ter be afeard uv anybody. I tell yer, he'll give ye trouble if ye try ter bull-doze him."

"Oh, he's one of these bad men, is he? I've seen such before. They usually deal in other people's cattle under cover of darkness, and spend the remainder of their time in drinking bad whisky an' telling how bad they are. I'll call on him to-morrow and give him just five minutes to get off of my claim."

"He'll not go, I'll bet ye," ventured Dave.

"He won't?" echoed Ike, his anger rising. "What do you mean by taking sides with that scoundrel?"

"I'm not takin' sides. I only sed he'd not go, and I say so yit."

"You do? Well, now, as you seem to have so much faith in this friend of yours, I'll wager you twenty dollars that he leaves my claim within ten minutes after I get there."

"Nuff sed," returned Dave, pocketing extracting a twenty from his pocket-book and placing it in the hands of one of the cowboys.

Ike "covered" it, adding:

"If he's not off the claim in the time mentioned the money is yours."

The next morning Dave drove away to look after some cattle that had got separated from the main herd, and Ike remained at the ranch.

"After noon," he said, "I'll go over and see Mr. Bradford, and invite him to pull out."

At noon Dave returned and handed Ike a letter.

"Hit's from Bradford," he explained, "an' maybe hit's somethin' about the claim."

Ike tore open the letter and read:

"Mr. Brownfield:

"Dear Sir—Have received your notice. When you get ready to put me off by force I'll be here waiting for you.

"The impudent puppy!" exclaimed Ike, crushing the letter and thrusting it in his pocket. "I'll go over and see him right away."

A half-hour later he was on his way to the claim—a heavy 45 Colt's in his belt and an improved Winchester swung across his saddle.

There was a look of resolution and cool determination in his eye as he approached the new house.

"The impudent scoundrel!" he muttered. "To jump a man's claim and then write him a letter invitin' a quarrel. I have half a mind—"

A dozen children came dashing through the open door, racing and shouting at the top of their voices.

Ike reined in his horse before the door, speechless with surprise. He dismounted and approached the house. A young woman of some twenty summers came to the door. She was dressed in a pretty suit of dark-blue flannel, with a white collar about her throat, and a profusion of blonde hair twisted artistically about her well-shaped head.

Ike, who was not accustomed to meeting beautiful young women out in the wild West, was completely taken off his guard. He took off his hat and stammered out an apology.

"I have called," he said, "to see Mr. J. Bradford, but—if he is not in, it don't matter."

"I am J. Bradford," she answered.

"You?" exclaimed Ike. "I thought—that is—"

"I had taken your claim," broke in the young girl, with a merry peal of laughter. "Well, I haven't. Didn't my mean old Uncle Dave, your partner, tell you that this was a school-house, put here temporarily, by his permission, as it is the nearest point for all the children in the settlement?"

"And Dave is your uncle? Why, he never told me he had a niece in this country, I'm sure I—"

"I only arrived two weeks ago, and am living with a married sister on an adjoining claim. I'm only a teacher, and you're not going to make me leave, are you?"

"Make you leave? Why—why—who ever said anything of the kind?"

She pointed to his notice on the door, and looked at him with a roguish smile.

"Miss Bradford," he said humbly, "I am the victim of a deep-lid plot, and am afraid I've acted rudely—"

"Please don't," she replied, stopping him. "It's all Uncle Dave's fault. He should have told you instead of getting me to write that hateful letter this morning; but we'll get even with him by being the best of friends, won't we?" appealingly.

"If you will only allow me that privilege," he stammered, "after I have acted so very rudely—"

"But you mustn't speak of that again," she protested, stopping him with a gesture of command.

When Ike returned home that evening Dave was standing in front of the shanty.

"Hello, Ike," he said, gravely. "Did you see Mr. Bradford?"

Then he moved out of Ike's way, and went and laid down in the grass and laughed till Ike came out and told him he'd kill him if he did not hush up or promise to keep the story from getting out among the boys.

Dave agreed to the latter, providing Ike would give up the twenty dollars he had wagered, which he declared should be added to the young school-marm's first month's salary.

This was readily agreed to by Ike and it is only fair toward Dave to state that it was fully two days before the story became generally known throughout the range.

Ike Brownfield's first visit to the little school-house was not his last; and later on, when he brought a new buggy from town, and was often seen driving with the young school-marm, Dave "lowed that Ike was gittin' perty sweet on Mr. Bradford, bein' as he'd jumped Ike's claim."

The very next Christmas Eve a brilliant wedding took place, and Ike Brownfield was the bridegroom, and the pretty little school-marm, whom Dave always insisted on calling Mr. Bradford, was the bride.

In the evening a splendid banquet was spread for the guests in the large dining room at Ike's new mansion, on the "claim" that had first brought about their acquaintance which had turned out so happily.

"And to think," observed the bride, "that you were going to drive me off of this place only a short time ago!"

"And that in the end," added the happy Ike, "you not only got the claim, but pre-empted the owner also."

And Dave Ford, the most prominent figure among the guests, poisoning a spoonful of his favorite canned corn before him, observed:

"I fised to think this 'ere corn was the source of all civilization; but when I see the improvement in Ike, in the last six months, I'll be hanged if I don't haf ter own that a school-marm, fer a rapid an' universal civiliz'er, don't knock canned corn colder 'an a blizzard."—Good Literature.

Seemed to Have Him Cornered.

The teacher was discoursing to the class on the wonders of nature. "Take the familiar illustration of the sting of a wasp," he said, "as compared with the finest needle. When examined through a microscope the sting is still sharp, smooth and polished, while the needle appears blunt and rough.

"It is so with everything. The works of nature are infinitely superior to those of art. Try how we may, we cannot improve on nature."

"Isn't so with my eyes, teacher," said a little girl in the class.

"Why, how is that, Nellie?" he asked.

"Cause nature made me cross-eyed," she said, "and the doctors fixed my eyes all right."—Youth's Companion.

Argentina's stock of gold now amounts to \$81,400,000.

## SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

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

### Insects Injurious to the Peach.

It happens sometimes that experiment stations fail to get in touch with the needs of the people and time and labor are expended on investigations that are of little or no practical value.

We have, however, lately received a bulletin of the Georgia State Board of Entomology which exactly meets a need not only of those who are going into the fruit business on a large scale, but of every farmer in dealing with his home orchard.

The subject of this pamphlet is "Peach Insects," and though covering a wild field, it may be placed along with a similar bulletin issued by the South Carolina Experiment Station on "Results of Practical Experiments With the Peach Borer." For such practical and helpful bulletins we are very grateful to the stations.

Appropos to this notice it is necessary to call the attention of our farmers, whether they grow peaches on a commercial scale or only for home consumption, to the importance of at once ridding their orchards of the peach borer—the most destructive enemy of our peach crop.

Nearly every peach orchard is infested unless means have been taken to prevent. The presence of the borer is indicated by peach gum about the body of the tree just at the ground, and you can easily determine whether your orchard is thus infested. I bought some land this summer containing some seventy-five peach trees of all ages, and an examination shows that every tree has been attacked.

The borer is a small worm which eats the soft bark and wood of the tree while he is growing. To get rid of these worms the dirt should be drawn away from the collar of the tree some time after November 15 and before March 1. The rough bark should be scraped away and the worms dug out with a knife or sharp wire and destroyed. After this is done a wash made as below described should be applied and the dirt drawn back to the tree. In the case of badly infested orchards this washing should be done both in November and again in March, as some of the pests are sure to escape. After the March washing it would be well to wrap paper about the collar of the tree to prevent further attack. This protection should be maintained during the summer, as during this time the eggs are laid from which the worms hatch. This washing should be attended to each year and the paper wrapper removed in the winter, as it might furnish a harbor for other enemies. When an orchard is taken in hand from the beginning the labor will be much lighter, as only preventive measures will be necessary.

The wash before mentioned in the Georgia Bulletin is made as follows:

Lime, twenty pounds.  
Sulphur, sixteen pounds.  
Salt, five pounds.  
Water, fifty gallons.

Mix the sulphur into a thin paste with a small amount of water and then add to it about fifteen gallons of boiling water in a kettle and stir thoroughly. While this mixture is at the boiling point add the stone lime, which will immediately commence to slack, causing violent ebullition. While the lime is slacking much of the sulphur will be dissolved, as will be evident from the rich amber color resulting. The lime should be stirred frequently while slacking and water added as necessary to prevent burning or too violent boiling. After the lime is through slacking add the salt and continue the boiling for at least thirty-five minutes, or longer if it seems necessary to dissolve all the sulphur.—B. M. D.

### Planting a Grape Vine.

Much of the stereotyped advice about how to plant a tree is applicable to the grape vine. Some of it, however, will not work well in practice, and to detect the difference between good and bad advice, let us consider for a minute how the grape vine is grown. The wood is cut into "slips" about three or four inches long, and in the spring the nurseryman plants these against a sloping ditch. Most of the roots push right from the bottom, and a few from the intermediate "eyes." While it is the tendency of the oak or pear root to push downward, the grape root prefers the upper soils, where it is dry and warm. When dry, these roots may be two or three feet long, but in planting, should be shortened to a foot. While the usual advice in tree-planting is to dig a hole large enough to chamber the roots nicely, and deep enough to receive them, it is evident that the hole for a grape vine should not be round nor deep, but long and shallow. Then cut a sloping back to one end of the hole, lean the vine against it, spread the roots out naturally, and cover with six, but not more than eight, inches of soil. When half the earth is in, tread well, but leave the last half loose. A vine so planted has

good chances for a long life, but as a double surety, it is well to take some note of the seasonal needs of the crop.

Grapes are more exhaustive as a crop than most of the fruit crops, largely because of the larger total crop harvested, and their special need for phosphoric acid and potash. These elements may be supplied by using a mixture of one part, or 100 pounds each, of acid phosphate, ground bone and muriate of potash. This can be well mixed with the soil at the rate of 600 pounds per acre, before the vines are set, and 1000 pounds used after the bearing period begins. In order to increase an early growth, a top dressing of 100 pounds per acre of nitrate of soda could be applied, in the spring following the planting.

It is best to cut away all the top of a newly set vine. Many nurserymen take no chances, but cut off the needless wood, while others leave the wood on, and as the grape vine is a small affair, the buyer seems to get more for his money. When your vine is received, cut the top off short.

With the reader's kind permission, if, after discussing the planting of a vine, a jump to two years afterwards will be made, a little advice on what to do with the growth in the meantime will be given.

Let that of the first season trail right on the ground, and in October cut it back to the stump. The second spring this stump may push a dozen eyes, but when all fear of frost is over, tie the two best shoots to a stake, and rub off every other. The growth of these is apt to satisfy the impetuosity of those endowed with every virtue but patience.—D. I. Duncan.

### Bots.

It is needless in this work to go into detail or to produce proofs to show that the evils that are caused by bots are imaginary; that the symptoms which were supposed to indicate bots were signs of colic or pleurisy. Investigations by scientific men have exploded the old fallacies, and no well informed man now holds to this belief. Many a nauseous dose and many a corroding poison have been given as a "hot medicine." They succeed in killing the bots, but they always killed the horse first. We stand ready to prove the following statements by the intelligent and learned men of the profession: It will relieve many men who have not given it any attention to know what has been proven about bots. Investigations have never yet discovered the least sign of bots in a horse's stomach the latter part of summer or early autumn, notwithstanding many people treat horses for them during that period. It is because the bots have remained their allotted time in the horse's stomach and have been passed out into the manure to turn into the fly which lays the eggs that again produce the bot. Investigation has never yet found a case where the bot had bored his way through the stomach, unless the horse had been dead long enough to stop secretions and decomposition of the stomach begin. From the manner in which the bot attaches himself to the stomach and buries his mouth in the insensible soft mucous, as well as his location in certain parts of the stomach, it is manifestly impossible for any medicine to reach the mouth of the bot and make him let go. As to letting go to feed on the tempting "milk and molasses" for the quack bot doctor it is simply bosh. The skin of the bot is so thick and leathery that it will live for several minutes in turpentine, kerosene oil or carbolic acid. Do you think, then, that it is possible to give anything which will destroy them?

The only injury they can possibly do is that when they are in large numbers they may prevent proper nutrition of the horse.—Rex Veterinary Guide.

### Poultry Notes.

Leaves make an excellent litter for the poultry house floor, and cost nothing but the cost of gathering and storing.

Clean out the poultry house thoroughly and whitewash every part of it, and put a layer of dry soil on the floor.

Onions make an excellent tonic for the hens and should be given them for an evening feed occasionally, but not frequently enough to affect the flavor of the eggs.

A good grain feed for chickens may be made by mixing two parts of wheat with one part each of sunflower seed, Canada peas, oats, barley and Kaffir corn.

Some kind of animal food is necessary to keep hens growing and producing. Ranging hens get animal food in insects. Poultry must be supplied with this kind of food.

A good dust bath does a whole lot towards preventing an accumulation of vermin on the fowls' bodies. If you have failed to provide this in time a box of fine coal ashes may be used as a substitute.



## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

Commander Beecher, of the Key West Naval Station, has officially reported the receipt at the wireless station at that point of an eight-word message from Colon, a distance of a thousand nautical miles.

Within the past year or two there has been a revival of efforts to develop the petroleum deposits known to exist within the limits of the ancient empire of Cyrus, and now there is talk of a pipe-line to connect the oil-fields with the Persian Gulf.

Aluminum paper is now manufactured in Germany and recommended as a substitute for tin foil. It is not the so-called leaf aluminum, but real paper coated with powdered aluminum, and is said to possess very favorable qualities for preserving articles of food, for which it is used as a covering.

The economy in burning fuel is a matter requiring great skill and experience, and depends entirely upon the evenness, thickness and condition of the fire, which controls entirely the air supply, and, therefore, the perfection or imperfection of the combustion. There is very little use in "spitting hairs" over a quarter of a pound of steam consumption of the engine, while the fireman may be losing ten times this quantity of fuel from inefficient boilers or poor firing.

The power of the eye to adjust itself to varying intensities of light is illustrated by Doctor Nansen's account of his experience on his north polar expedition in the winter of 1895-6. He was determined to keep a continuous thermometric record during the months of darkness, and whenever the moon was above the horizon he and his assistants found no difficulty in reading the instruments, which were placed in the crew's nest on the ship's mast. But at the time of new moon they had only starlight, because they could not afford to use the oil needed for an outdoor lamp. Yet gradually their eyes became so well trained to see in the dark that they could read the figures on the thermometer scale even in the absence of the moon.

The Philadelphia Inquirer says: "The purest coins ever made were the \$50 pieces which once were in common use in California. Their coinage was abandoned because the loss by abrasion was so great and because their interior could be bored out and filled with lead. They were octagonal in shape and were the most valuable coins ever minted and circulated. All gold is not alike when refined. Australian gold is distinctly redder than that taken in California. Moreover, placer gold is more yellow than that which is taken from quartz. This is one of the mysteries of metallurgy, because the gold in placers comes from that which is in quartz. The gold in the Ural mountains is the reddest in the world."

### A Wise Girl.

John was the sober-minded house servant of a Fort Wayne lady, who was desirous of furthering the interests of two faithful attendants by uniting them in marriage and ending a courtship that was becoming tiresome. John was willing, but the maid Christine, a jolly little woman of half her lover's years, after trying in vain to change the serious disposition of the lover, brought matters to a climax in her own way. It took the form of a dialogue which her mistress overheard. They had discussed the situation in their usual fashion, one teasing the other laying down the law, when this brief summing up ensued:

Christine—"John, you never laugh?"  
John—"No, I never laugh."  
Christine—"Your father, he never laugh?"  
John—"No, my father, he never laugh."  
Christine—"Your mother, she never laugh?"  
John—"No, my mother, she never laugh."  
Christine—"Then, John, you get married by some other girl that not laugh either. I stay by myself and not spoil one family int my laugh."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### No Time For Sleep.

A Doniphan County farmer who is known for working his men long hours recently hired an Irishman. "A day or so later the farmer said he was going to town to buy a new bed for Pat."  
"Yes, needn't get extravagant on me account," said Pat. "If it's just the same to yez, yez can get out buyin' a new bed and can thide the old one for a lantern."—Kansas City Journal.

One-third of the persons who become demented recover their senses.