

# The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

Single Copy 5 Cents.

VOL. XVII.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1906.

NO. 8

## The Lion That Went Through the Mill.

By  
HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS.

All that was left of the one-time flourishing Point-View gold-mining camp was a line of empty cabins, a vast and vacant mill, one Jack Stevens, with his wife and two children, and myself.

It was lonely in the deserted camp, terribly so at times. The canon was deep and narrow, and the twilight early in the afternoon gathered round the dark spruces which lined the sides of the creek. Yet the place had a black and dreary grandeur of its own, that held one in certain fascination.

We five mortals were sore put to it at times to find occupation which would take our minds from the fact that we were cut off from the rest of humanity. Every piece of necessary work was elaborated and spun out to the extreme limit. But of course it would eventually come to an end, and then we were obliged to invent some task.

One afternoon, as we were busy constructing a small water-mill, Jack stopped in his whittling and tossed the knife to his boy, saying:

"This thing wouldn't cut warm butter. Run over to the mill, Willie, and give it a rub on the grindstone. Sally, you go, too, and turn the stone for your brother."

The children trotted cheerfully off, and were soon swallowed up in the cavernous mill, while Jack and I sat down to rest, watching the sunlight creep up the eastern canon wall.

Suddenly shriek after shriek rang out from within the mill. Jack fairly flew in that direction, grabbing up an ax as he ran.

I made for the cabin to get the rifle. "Something wrong with the children!" I shouted to the astonished Mrs. Stevens, as I dashed into the house. I snatched up the rifle and rushed out again, followed by the frightened mother.

Half-way to the mill we met little Sally. She was almost out of her wits with fright.

"What is it, dear? What is it?" asked her mother, shaking her vigorously, from excitement.

"Great big dog—tried to—tried to—jump on us!" cried the child between gasps.

That was enough for me. I knew there were no dogs round, but several times lately we had heard the squalling of a mountain-lion close at hand, and had also seen the prints of his padded feet in the soft earth of the creek banks. We paid little attention to these signs, for the puma, generally speaking, is a cowardly brute, with but little stomach for attacking a strong foe, unless urged on by the pangs of hunger. Then, however, with his great strength and agility, he becomes a very formidable antagonist indeed.

"Evidently," I thought, "the brute has made his den in the mill, where there are so many nooks and crannies that he could stay a year without our being a whit the wiser, unless he chose to reveal himself."

By the time I had this reasoned out I was at the door of the building. "Where are you, Jack?" I called, for it was dark as pitch in there, and at first I could see nothing.

"Here—by the first set of stamps. Got the gun?"

"Yes, indeed! What happened?"

"Willie says that he and Sally were sharpening the knife, when they heard a noise and looking up, saw on the blacksmith's bench a—"

"Great big yellow animal!" burst in Willie. "Most as big as a horse. And he began to kind o' wriggle his nose at us an' holler, and Sally she screeched, an' I picked up the knife an' got ready for him. But he didn't like the noise that Sally made, I reckon, for he jumped clean over the boiler, an' he's in behind there somewhere now."

This little story without stops was effective.

"Weren't you scared, Willie?" I asked, father in awe of the youngster. "Well—kind o'," he admitted. "But I was going to stay with him just the same."

"Bretty sandy boy, eh?" said Jack, with fatherly pride.

"Well, I should say so! But what do you think it was, Jack—mountain-lion?"

"Sure."

"What are you going to do?"

"Dig him out," responded Jack, promptly.

"Um!" said I.

"What's the matter? Ain't afraid, are you?"

"No—no. Not at all," I answered, earnestly. "Of course not. Why should I be. The worst that he could do would be to scatter me all over the mill. To be sure, I should prefer a more collected end, as it were. What's your plan of campaign?"

"Why, Willie will run up to the cabin and get some candles and my six-shooter, and then we'll drive him into a corner and plug him full of holes."

I whistled.

"Well," said Jack, "don't you approve of the idea?"

"Approve? Approve of chasing a full-grown puma through this mess of stamps and beams and truck by candle-light? Why, I think it is nothing less than genius which suggests the scheme. The only thing that I don't like is the idea of shooting him when we get him cornered—or he gets us cornered, as the case may be. I think it would be more sportsmanlike to take him by the tail and snap his head off."

"Oh, quit your nonsense!" said Jack. "We can handle him all right. Now, Willie, hustle up to the house and get a handful of candles and my revolver. See that every chamber is loaded and fetch a box of cartridges besides. Tell you ma that we've got the hunt of our lives on hand. Skip now, son!"

Away went Willie in great glee. It seems that he got the needful article without attracting his mother's attention until it was too late for her to interfere; he had a well-grounded suspicion that she would enter a protest.

I tried to convince Jack that it would be the part of wisdom to wait for daylight, but he refused to listen. Jack was one of the best-hearted fellows in the world, but he possessed a lack of caution which was very irritating to more intelligent people.

Willie returned only too soon with the munitions of war, and we began our preparations.

"Are you going to get that candle lighted?" asked Jack impatiently.

I felt like answering, "Not if I can help myself," but I withstood the temptation, and said instead:

"It's the funniest candle I ever saw. I think it must be made of marble. Match doesn't seem to have any effect on it."

"That's 'cause your hand jiggles so," remarked Willie.

I bent a stern brow on the young man. "Willie," said I, "is it possible that you can make sport of the nervous agitation brought on by the knowledge of the danger through which you have just passed?"

"Beg your pardon," said Willie humbly.

Then I heard a sound that cheered my drooping soul. The mill door which Willie had closed—save us!—so that the lion could not get out, was opened, and a feminine voice shrilled through the echoing building with:

"Jack Stevens, come right out of there, and Willie, and you, too, Henry! I never heard of such foolishness! Come out, I say!"

"Look out, Mollie! Shut the door, quick! There he comes!" yelled Jack, in well-simulated fright.

Slam! went the door, and a rapid pattering of feet showed that my only ally had deserted me. Then the hunt began.

It is a strange fact by nature that the man who is the least interested in an occasion of this kind is always the one who finds the quarry. This time went by the rule—I discovered the mountain-lion.

We had poked around for about a quarter of an hour, with the candle shadows flitting strangely and unpleasantly about, and the foolish notion entered my brain that perhaps the lion was only a creation of the children's imagination; therefore I relaxed my vigilant guard of the rear and plunged carelessly ahead. As I stooped to pass under one of the big braces of the mill, a yell as of forty-seven demented Sioux Indians assailed my ear-drums, and I was knocked on the flat of my back in a twinkling.

"There he goes!" yelled Jack. "Are you hurt, Henry?"

"Oh, no!" I answered, cheerfully. "Nothing but a fractured skull and a few dislocated vertebrae. I hope the lion hasn't crippled himself. 'Twould be too bad to spoil the fun right at the start."

"Come on! Come on!" howled Jack. "Don't lie there talking!" And with that he and Willie tore after the fleeing beast.

The chase led up the rickety steps to the second floor of the mill. The lion made it in two jumps and Jack in four. I took it in a dignified one step at a time, not being in so much of a hurry. The scene which presented itself to my gaze as my head rose above the floor was a lively one.

The big cat, crazy with fright, bounded round the place in great leaps. After him went Jack and Willie, wildly excited and without any thought of possible consequences. All—myself included, as I found to my astonishment—were screeching and yelling their loudest.

The dust rose in stifling clouds from beneath the hurrying feet. The lion scrambled up one side of the mill, and galloped across the beams toward me. "Head him off! Head him off!" shrieked Jack.

I let six bullets fly in the general

direction of the animal before one could say "scat." I didn't hit him but the fountain of fire and noise caused him to change his mind.

He stopped midway between us, throwing quick glances first at one, then the other. He was a beautiful shot as he stood there, but the last shell had jammed in the gun, and I couldn't get it out to save me. As I tugged at the ejector Jack began to howl:

"Shoot! Shoot! You idiot! Why don't you shoot? He waded his revolver over his head in a frenzy.

I dropped my rifle and regarded him calmly. "Think a moment," said I. "What's that in your right hand?"

He brought his hand down and looked at it. Then, I am pleased to state, he looked exceedingly foolish. "Oh!" said he, and pulled up to fire.

Before the hammer fell, though, the cat had jumped—one last beautiful spring of at least forty feet, right down into the open door of an ore-chute that seemed to present a means of escape.

He landed fairly in the opening. There was a scratching and flurry, and then he slipped down to the floor below.

With a whoop of triumph Jack and I rushed to the chute. He was our captive now, beyond peradventure, as the chute, a mere box of wood, about four feet square, that led from the top floor of the mill to the stamp floor beneath us, was closed at its lower end by a hopper-shaped spout with an opening too small for anything larger than a house cat to crawl through.

The upper part of the chute, that portion above the door, was filled with jammed instead of sliding down, as it should have done. We were ready at the doorway, in case the brute managed to crawl up the nearly perpendicular sides. Thus his escape was cut off in every direction.

We bent eagerly over the doorway, and peered own through the darkness at our victim. There he was, his eyes shining green in the candle-light, growling and sputtering.

As, rifle in hand, I leaned to get a better view, I lost my balance, and nearly pitched head first down to that incarnation of fury below. I struck out vigorously to recover myself, and in the flurry managed to discharge the rifle. The bullet smashed into the ore in the top of the chute. In an instant the whole mass, released by the shock of the bullet, slid down the chute with a dull roar. Clouds of dust puffed out into our faces, covering us with a coat of grime. There came a squawk from beneath us.

"Hooray!" said Jack. "Now we've got him."

As there was about five tons of dirt pressing down on the beast, I accepted the conclusion.

After the jubilation of victory came a council of war. Should we leave our victim to die a prolonged death from suffocation, or pull a board off and give him a more merciful end by bullet? While we were arguing a brilliant thought came to me.

"Why not take him alive?" said I. "Old Bronson, up at Deadwood, would give twenty dollars for such an addition to his menagerie."

That caught Jack immediately. We needed the money, for one thing, and then there was something novel in capturing a living puma.

We rushed down stairs and started to hunt up material for a cage. Fortune favored us. We soon found a strong crate, in which machinery had been shipped, that with a little changing served the purpose well. We put the open end of this over the mouth of the hopper; then, working with a crowbar between the slats, we pried the top board off the hopper.

A little round patch of yellow head showed above the smooth surface of the dirt. We dug round it with sticks until at last we had the whole head uncovered. At first we thought the brute was dead, but soon he opened his eyes and gazed about him.

His expression was meek and humble. Indeed his experiences were enough to break the proudest spirit. It was impossible for him to move in the closely packed earth.

Then we fell to work, and completed the excavation. When at last the puma was free, he shook himself vigorously, walked into the cage and lay down. He paid no attention while we moved the cage out and nailed the front on.

Willie and Jack went out to bring Mrs. Stevens in. We had completely forgotten that the coating of dirt altered our appearance remarkably. Therefore Jack didn't know what to make of it when his wife, after casting a glance upon him, gave one piercing shriek and shut herself up in the closet. It took some time for Jack to convince her that he was of a verity her husband, and not some strange, new kind of Indian. Then she and Jack and Willie and Sally marched into the mill.

Now I had watched the beast and can testify that he never moved a muscle. We all stood round the cage, wondering and admiring. The puma certainly was a fine animal. His body must have measured four feet.

"Head him off! Head him off!" shrieked Jack.

"Dear me, isn't that strange!" said

Mrs. Stevens. "I should have thought that he would have raised ructions."

At that moment, as if the words had convinced the animal that he was not acting a proper part, he sprang to his feet with a yell that stopped our circulation.

Jack, the hitherto untrifled, grabbed his wife and jumped backward. Willie and Sally ran behind their parents. I was too astonished to move and watched open-mouthed.

The puma went ramping, tearing mad. He hit and tore at the cage with such speed and fury that he rolled it over the place, snarling, growling, coughing and roaring, until it seemed that all the unpleasant noises of the world had been let loose in the mill.

The cage was fairly strong, but it was never intended to hold such a compound of active volcano and concentrated tornado as now raged in its midst. There came a sharp crackling; some slats flew across the floor; then, with a farewell yell, the puma sprang over the heads of Jack and his family and vanished through the open door of the mill.

"There goes our twenty dollars," said I, as soon as I was in a condition to speak.

"Yes," piped up Willie, in a tone that showed his disappointment, "and I don't believe he'll ever come back again, either." This was a true word. He never did.—Youth's Companion.

### A STREET SIGN HINT.

How Minor and Multifid Things Can Be Made Objects of Art.

Minor and multifid things, like street signs, can be made objects of art, however simple their character. Care may easily be had to give them proper proportions, an agreeable color compatible with legibility and good lettering. In the case of wayside guide-boards there is yet further opportunity to make them attractive in design. In Boston, when street signs stand detached from buildings, a pleasant decorative effect is given by some simple wrought-iron scroll-work in the angle between board and post.

In many parts of Boston are to be seen bronze tablets with appropriate inscriptions, marking some historic building or commemorating some notable event. Certain patriotic orders, like the Sons of the Revolution, have made the placing of such tablets one of their duties. In various New England communities local historic societies mark notable sites in a similar way, perhaps at first with painted legends, to be replaced, when means permit, by inscriptions more enduring. This service might well be extended. Street names often bear intimate relations with local history, but for lack of record the circumstances of their designation are likely to be forgotten. Here, then, is a rich field of work for local societies, in placing in each street that bears a name of historical purport an inscription giving the facts of the case. Lincoln street, in Boston, for instance, might now commonly be supposed to be named in honor of the great President. But a suitable inscription would recite the fact that the name was given, on such a date in honor of Levi Lincoln, governor of the commonwealth, etc. On School street the inscription would be to the effect that the first public Latin school in America stood there. In such ways the streets of a town could be made a veritable book for the public, in which literally they that run might read. These tablets could be given attractive shape, as simple or as ornate as desired, and perhaps fashioned after some standard design, as street signs are. Or, where the street bears the name of a person of note, the tablet might include a medallion portrait in low relief. The thoroughfare itself would thereby more fully serve the function of a commemorative monument. Inscriptions might at first be affixed in temporary shape, gradually to be reproduced in bronze, perhaps a certain number each year. Such a work would add greatly to the interest of a place. Particularly in the older parts of the country, as in New England, the historic character of which attracts tourists from other parts of the country in increasing numbers every year, it would be a remunerative outlay for a community to undertake the task as completely as possible.—From Sylvester Baxter's "Art in the Street" in the Century.

When the Dog Runs Sideways.

"Look at that dog," said an observant man this morning. "That dog's best. How do I know? He's running sideways, with his tail down low and his ears drooping. That dog's lost."

The wanderer, looking for a friendly face, a horse or a wagon that he recognized, took a course down Grand avenue which a tactician would call right oblique. He dodged street cars and drays and sprang, yelping, into a doorway when a messenger boy came along. A man came out of the door and patted the dog's head, and the dog, instinctively knowing that the man was a friend, followed him joyfully down the street, looking up and smiling and wagging his tail at every jump.—British Australian.

## SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

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

### Churning.

Of the numerous styles of churns on the market, there is none better for the small dairyman than the barrel churn. Before adding the cream, the churn should be scalded with hot water and then rinsed with cold water. This will freshen the churn and fill up the pores of the wood with water so that the cream and butter will not stick. The churning temperature should be such that the cream will churn in from thirty to forty-five minutes. Strain the cream into the churn, as this removes the possibility of white specks in the butter, which usually consist of curd or dried particles of cream. The amount of color to be added is determined by the demands of the market. Color the butter to suit your customers.

Butter should be churned until the granules are about half the size of a pea. When larger than this it is difficult to remove the buttermilk and distribute the salt. When smaller, some of the fine grains are liable to pass out with the buttermilk. When the granules have reached the right size, cold water should be added to the churn to cause the butter to float. Salt will answer the same purpose. The churn is now given a few revolutions and the butter drawn off.

After the buttermilk has been thoroughly removed, cold water is added to the butter and the churn revolved a few times. This amount of washing usually suffices. As soon as the wash water has drained away, add fine dairy salt at the rate of about one ounce per pound of butter and revolve the churn eight or ten times to thoroughly distribute the salt. Where only a small amount of butter is made, the butter may be worked with a ladle in the churn. For larger amounts it is desirable, however, to have a separate worker.

Butter is preferably worked twice. The first time, it is worked just enough to fairly incorporate the salt. It is then allowed to stand six or eight hours, after which white streaks are usually noticeable on cutting the butter with a string. The second working should cease as soon as these streaks or mottles have been removed.

In small dairies where only a few churnings are made weekly, care should be taken never to mix sweet and sour cream just before churning. This always results in a heavy loss of fat in the buttermilk on account of the difference in the churnability of sweet and sour cream.

A common difficulty in churning is to get the cream to churn in a reasonable length of time. This trouble may be due to one or more of the following causes: too thin cream, too sweet cream, too high or too low speed of churn, too low temperature, colostrum milk, and milk from strippers, or cows far advanced in lactation.—John Michels, Clemson College, S. C., in the Southern Farmer.

### Seeding Clover.

The highest success in farming invariably includes the legumes as a part of the carefully developed system of crop rotation. The Middle South is especially fortunate in having both summer and winter legumes, which are of the highest excellence. We are all realizing the value of the cowpea plant, but there is an astonishingly limited number who are employing the clover plant as an aid to soil improvement and food production.

We are now at the season for seeding common red clover and crimson clover. Red clover, of course, can be seeded in February and March, and even as late as April, and very successfully done at these seasons of the year. But crimson clover is a fall seeding plant. It should go in not later than the middle of October. If possible, I can frequently asked, should one plow the soil as a preparation for any of the clovers? I am satisfied beyond a single doubt that nine times out of ten better stands will be obtained if the land is not plowed, but simply harrowed with a disk harrow, or any sort of a harrow, and stir up and loosen the top soil. In fact, it is the general practice in seeding small seeds to put the same in a soil that is thoroughly compacted. Seeds as large as wheat, for instance, will do better in a thoroughly compacted seed bed than in a loose open seed-bed. For this reason we believe that seeding wheat with a disk harrow is far more satisfactory than with a plow. Crimson clover should be seeded on a compact soil. Corn land, cotton land or cow-pea land, any of these crops may precede clover, and the only preparation needed is a thorough harrowing, so as to give the seed a covering.

The clover plant is always a good soil-saver, and if the soil is not acid and a good stand is obtained a good feeding with phosphorus and potassium, the clover roots will go down in the sub-soil and loosen it up and put that same soil in a good condition for the crop that is to come on next

spring. The clover, therefore, is the most economical institution for sub-soiling lands. If constantly employed, clover will do it effectively, safely and profitably.

Now, aside from crimson clover as a soil improver, you will get plenty of good feeding stuff for next spring, and this is something that every Southern farmer must carefully consider. We have to buy too much hay and grain not to grow what we can produce. While crimson clover is not a very satisfactory feed for horses, and should not be given to them in any regular manner, on account of the fibre in the head, still it is one of the best roughage foods that we have for cattle and sheep, and is also an excellent grazing crop for hogs.—C. W. Burkett, in the Progressive Farmer.

### Feeding Root Crops.

The raising and feeding of root crops is not appreciated in the South. We think turnips, potatoes and beets are nearly all water, and do not stop to consider that milk is 85 per cent. water, also. As milk producers, turnips, beets and potatoes cannot be excelled. We have always wondered why Northern stockmen and English stock-raisers paid so much attention to the root crop; we thought it was due to their climatic conditions and to no worth or merit in the root crop. However, in the winter time, we have often fed sweet potatoes and turnips our cows and noticed the increased flow of milk. Still, we were blind and considered this wholly due to lack of green food at this season, and thought their merit due to aiding the digestion of the dry food. Within the last month our eyes have been opened, and it came about this way: We have been digging our sweet potatoes, a few rows at a time, to sell in the market. We feed the vines to our cows and hogs. We found the vines to increase the flow of milk some. But having more small potatoes than the hogs could well dispose of, and being without any other food at the time, we gave our milk cows about a peck of potatoes and a gallon of bran one night, and expected to have the cows fall off in milk in consequence of their short ration, but to our surprise they increased. Our regular feed has been cut corn, bran and cottonseed meal. This is very fine, but my cows will leave this food in the troughs, and go to a barrel of string potatoes and devour them greedily. They will do the same with turnips or beets. We are thoroughly convinced that it will pay our dairymen to plant sweet potatoes, turnips and mangels for their cows. If you do not believe it, just try it on a small scale and convince yourselves. We advocate the building of silos, and they are certainly a fine thing, but we all advocate a cellar or silo full of root for your dairy cows. You can feed them until Christmas right from the field and save your silage two months longer.—G. F. Hunnicutt.

Making Cheap Milk and Butter.

Large amounts of timothy hay are often fed to dairy cows because it is thought to be a very rich and nourishing foodstuff, but in experiments made with twenty-four cows at the station last winter, it would seem that shredded clover when well made and served can often be used to replace timothy hay to advantage. As timothy hay brings from \$10 to \$15 a ton on the market and shredded store practically a waste product on the farm, the economy of utilizing the clover is apparent to all.

There is another question of more than passing interest to the dairyman and that is the balancing up of ration with some concentrate rich in protein. Gluten meal and cottonseed meal were fed on the basis of content of digestible protein for purpose and provided the market is the same per pound of digestible protein, there is little to choose between the two, except that the gluten meal was not as readily eaten by cows and it made the butter-fat whereas, cottonseed-meal was readily eaten and increases the melting of butter, which gives it a decided advantage for feeding in summer.

These results show that the basis of comparing foodstuffs according to the amount of digestible protein they contain. It is the mistake that farmers often make in mistake of feeding wheat-bran contains only twelve per cent. digestible protein, as compared with cottonseed-meal, which contains 37.2 per cent. of digestible protein. As cottonseed-meal and bran can often be bought at practically the same price, the farmer who wheat bran pays three times as much for the digestible protein contained in it.—Andrew M. Soule, Dean, Director Va. Ex. Station.

New Haven has a bachelors which was organized to repel a kind.