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NO. 1

WHAT'S THE USE?

Don't coddle up a woe. Don't think about your foe.
What's the use?
It only makes you worry and keeps you in a hurry.
What's the use? There's no excuse.

Don't talk about your wrong. It makes it last too long.
What's the use?
It only gives you pain and suffering again.
What's the use? There's no excuse.

Don't talk of your disaster. It makes the tears flow faster.
What's the use?
It only keeps you weeping and hinders you from sleeping.
What's the use? There's no excuse.

Don't talk of your mishap. It's only one more rap.
What's the use?
It only can annoy and your peace of mind destroy.
What's the use? There's no excuse.

Don't talk of your affliction. It only causes friction.
What's the use?
It opens an old sore and worries you the more.
What's the use? There's no excuse.

Don't talk about your sorrow. Trouble you only borrow.
What's the use?
It only makes you sad and sore and glum and morose.
What's the use? There's no excuse.

The Dream and the Reality.

THE great ocean liner had entered Southampton docks hard upon sunset, too late to enable him to reach her that night.

A thousand times during the long journey from the South American States in which he had spent his exile, Mansfield had read her letter. He not only knew the wording backwards, but he had fully succeeded in shaping the rather prim phrases to the white heat of his own ideals.

She recorded the death of her husband; and how could he expect so noble a woman as Coralie to regard that event as he did? The late Mr. Brooke ought to have died ten years earlier; indeed, he ought never to have lived. No doubt, he had treated her kindly, although he could never have understood her.

Worldly parents had persuaded her to marry the fellow, Mansfield had long ago accepted the inevitable, though at the time life had been robbed of all sweetness for him and the future without her had seemed entirely void.

He had never reproached her. He had replied in simple, manly words to her hysterical letter announcing the parental decision. True, he had urged her to defy conventions and to face possible poverty with him. Coralie replied that such was her overmastering desire, but that her sense of duty held her bound as in chains.

Thus they had drifted apart—she marrying Brooke, he seeking distraction in South America, starting life anew, shaking the dust of civilization from his feet. A very ordinary affair, you will perceive.

But the death of Brooke had changed for Mansfield the gray hue of life. In these ten years of strenuous work he had grown moderately rich. No other woman had ever attracted him for an hour, except one or two who recalled some memory of Coralie.

Then the craze for motoring set in, and Brooke obligingly broke his neck on a dangerous hill. Mansfield read of the accident in an old newspaper, but exactly twelve months elapsed before Coralie wrote to him herself.

She wrote guardedly, but he read between the lines of her conventionality—or fancied that he did. Leaving his affairs in the hands of a friend, Mansfield at once started for England.

Next morning the early train from Southampton brought him to the nearest town by 8 o'clock, and thence he drove to Eggbotle in a fly. He had shaved off his beard on the previous night. Also he had sent her a telegram. About 8.30 a. m. the fly entered the village. Mansfield's heart beat fast.

The village was wholly strange to him, but he knew that she lived in a house called "The Laurels," and thither the cabman had been directed to drive. It may have been 8.45 when the cab stopped at the door of a prim cottage drive, flanked at mathematically exact intervals by prim shrubs. A solemn butler, looking unaffectedly hostile, opened the door.

"Mrs. Brooke at home?" gasped Mansfield.

"Mrs. Brooke does not breakfast till 9.30," was the chilling reply.

"I—I'm an old friend," said Mansfield. "I'll wait."

"I will take your card up if the business is urgent," said the butler.

Mansfield affected to search for his card. He had long ceased to use such things, but the butler, he felt, would not have condoned such a breach of fashion.

"I have no card with me," he explained. "Say Herbert Mansfield."

"The mistress never receives in the morning," objected the butler.

"The 'at home' days are the second and fourth Tuesdays, between 4 and 6 p. m."

Mansfield took a half crown piece from his pocket and the butler yielded.

"Well, sir, if you'll wait in the cab for a few minutes, I'll send your name up," he said.

After a long delay the butler returned.

"The mistress will see you, sir, in half an hour, unless you prefer to return to luncheon."

The message chilled him, but to postpone the meeting till luncheon time was unthinkable. He followed the butler to a large drawing room, and was left alone with yesterday's paper and a view of the prim front garden.

The room was crowded with furniture, neck-hacks, framed photographs, frail tables, footstools and fully draped statures. Some anaemic water color drawings (in gilt frames) and a bad portrait of the deceased in oils represented art. There was too much upholstery, too much of everything except literature, which was represented by four new novels from Mudie's library.

Accustomed to the simplicity of a semi-tropical land, the crowded, ugly room jarred upon Mansfield. He laid the blame upon the deceased. Coralie must have retained the furniture out of respect for the dead man's mid-Victorian tastes.

Thus waiting, while she made an elaborate toilet, he vividly recalled all the qualities of heart and mind that had lifted her so high above her sex and held him constant to her. Her splendid freedom from conventionality and her bright humor had been, in his eyes, her greatest charm.

He tried, but rather unsuccessfully, to remember definite instances of her breadth of mind. But she had often expressed her impatience of those conventions that hedge the freedom of young Englishwomen, and once, as he distinctly recalled, she had allowed him three dances in succession.

Another proof of her originality was her contempt for her own sex. She had gloied, he remembered, in her lack of women friends.

Then he tried to recall, but with curious lack of success, examples of her rich and original humor. Well, it must have been her quaint way of saying things—the bright little touches, no doubt, that evade the memory. Yes, and he clearly recollected her appreciation of good puns, and of jokes from the comic which she used to retail to him.

Thus, time might dim her beauty, but the clever, merry girl of twenty would most surely have developed at thirty into the ideal comrade of his dreams.

Then, at last, the door opened, and they stood face to face. The lonely years fell away and were forgotten as he looked upon her untarnished beauty.

There was no change, save that she had grown a little thinner. The color mantled her cheek and her bright eyes sank modestly under his eager gaze. He tried to speak her beloved name, but emotion held him speechless in this supreme moment of ecstasy upon which he had counted for more than a year. His ecstasy lasted some five seconds at most; but emotion is not to be measured by time or weighed like so much bacon.

She came forward briskly, offering him her hand, at arm's length, just as if he had been some rather unwelcome acquaintance. Simultaneously a chilling torrent of words poured from her red lips. "How do you do, Mr. Mansfield? I'm so glad to see you again. I'm afraid I've kept you waiting quite a long time; but, you see, I'd no idea you would come so early, and I seldom have breakfast before half-past 9."

"Why, yes," he said, dreading, feeling as if he had lost his individuality. "Yes, I'm afraid I'm too early."

"I'll tell Harris to have something cooked at once," she said. "You must be furnished after your journey. They seldom prepare anything but an egg or two for me."

"Pray, don't trouble," he said, trying to hide his disappointment. "I'm not hungry."

Silence fell upon them for a moment, but she cloaked her embarrassment, as before, with a rush of empty words. He could not tell whether or not she felt any real emotion, but it was wholly evident she wished to display none. She asked the usual questions about

his voyage, spoke of the defects of the local train service, keeping him rigidly in the conventional rut.

She had a great deal to say to him about a local bazaar in aid of some deserving mission, and he could not tell whether any of the old love lay hidden beneath this flood of foolish words. It was at least certain that she meant to avoid a scene, and he could not battle against her volubility.

He found himself lying in wait for some indication of her bright humor or of the breadth of mind that he had so confidently looked for. And, at last, she did say something which might have amused him from a girl of twenty. He responded to the poor little jest with a ghastly grin and a sinking heart.

The butler announced breakfast; Mansfield followed her to the breakfast room. He would not admit to himself that he was disillusioned.

"Coralie," he whispered, fervently, as he walked after her through the long, slippery hall. She did not hear him, because she was talking fast over her shoulder. Even the beloved name now seemed cheap, tawdry, theatrical.

Mansfield seated himself at the table—their places had been laid many feet apart—and tried manfully to eat the food prepared for him. She, sitting at the head of the table, behind a barricade of jugs and plated ware, talked on incessantly. It required some effort on his part to follow what she said.

The human interest was wholly lacking until, at the close of the meal, she blundered upon something which gave him the clew to his disillusionment.

"Mrs. Huntley?" he said, "I seem to remember that name. Is she a friend of yours?"

"Oh, no," she answered plaintively; "a mere acquaintance. I don't get on with women, as you may remember."

"I remember," he said; "but I supposed you would outgrow that little prejudice."

"Women are so jealous and spiteful to their own sex," she replied, with an air of profundity.

He remembered that she had expressed the same generality in the very same words at the age of twenty. It dawned upon him that Coralie's mind had aged as little as her body.

"You have not changed at all," he said, wistfully, as he looked at the foolish, girlish face above the barricade of jugs.

"I'm so glad you think so!" she said, and a slight blush confined her pleasure. "But perhaps you only say it as a compliment, Herbert?" she added, softly.

"No," said Mansfield; "it is the literal truth."

Half an hour later he caught a train to Southampton. Coralie never fully understood why he returned to South America.—London Sketch.

Man vs. Beef.

The lunch counter man walked in airily, took his usual piece, and gave his customary order. "Fine day, gentlemen," he said gaily. "I've got a pepper for you today. See who'll guess first. Why is a man like beef?"

"Always wanted," panted the waiter, slapping down the portion before him.

"And wanted worst when it can't be had at all," added a young man who had several maiden aunts, and whose recollections of the strike menu were vivid.

"Generally tough," growled a man with his elbows in the air as he struggled valiantly with a refractory stew.

"Often gets too much done," ventured the dude, hunting in all his pockets for a coin to match his check.

"Variable in price," offered the politician.

"Greatly improved by a good roast," laughed a stout farmer who was rapidly disposing of a huge red slice.

"Very ingenious, gentlemen, all of your answers, but not quite right. My answer is a good one—roast steak, or even—is very rare."—Miss M. C. Kittredge, in Lippincott's.

One Way Round.

An old man who sells produce in the town near Lowell, Mass., has his share of the best kind of wit—the unexpected. Not long ago, according to a writer in the Lowell Citizen, he delivered a pair of dressed chickens to one of his customers. She was in the kitchen when he brought them in, and, woman-like, silvered a little when she saw the headless fowls.

"I should think you'd simply hate to cut off the heads of those innocent chickens!" she exclaimed, involuntarily.

"I do," replied the old man, "and so I never do it. I manage to get round it."

"How?" the housewife demanded, with eager interest. "The heads of these chickens are gone?"

"Oh, yes," said the old man, cheerfully. "I chopped the chickens off."

Scented by Muskats.

The steamer Swan sank at her pier here as a result of a leak caused by muskrats. The rodents gnawed a hole through the hull near the water line, and the boat settled until she rested on the bottom.

The craft was successfully raised with the assistance of a tug, whose pumps were employed. The muskrats that caused the trouble were killed.—Portland Oregonian.



ABOUT THE GARDEN

NOTES ON SPRAYING.

If apples tend to be wormy, spray with arsenicals; if the skin of this fruit is rough or diseased, spray with Bordeaux.

Spray for plant diseases before the buds burst, and repeat as soon as pollen falls and before all petals drop. "A spray in time saves nine," says the gardener.

A fine mist is necessary to insure perfect application of all liquid poisons.

Where the woolly aphid troubles apple trees, use tobacco dust in late winter or early spring applied about the roots close up to body of tree.

In using arsenate of lead on orchards, spray with two pounds to fifty gallons of water.

Moist locations for orchards and vines demand the greatest amount of spraying.

The codling moth winters in the larval state, changes to a miller, deposits eggs on leaves and blooms.

New York Station sprayed Irish potatoes for blight; the yields were 153 bushels per acre when not sprayed and 286 bushels when sprayed thoroughly. Used Bordeaux.

Combine one-half strength arsenicals and Bordeaux for protecting plants and trees from both the biting insects and from fungus diseases.

The peach and plum worms are fought most successfully by the cleaning up process.

CULTIVATING THE PEACH.

I see by the note in the Indiana Farmer that you appreciated my invitation to come and get peaches with me last fall, and the only obstacle that seemed to be in the way was the time and distance, which I admit was a fair and reasonable excuse; and I also see by the article that I have an invitation to write a few lines on peach culture, to which I will reply, to the patrons of the Indiana Farmer in the northern part of the State, of which I am a resident for many years, and have had quite a large experience in growing and trying to grow fruits of various kinds.

I will confine the article to the growing of the peach in my section. First, the varieties are of most importance. A peach that is not hardy, both in wood and bud, will be a failure, even though other conditions are favorable, such as soil and tillage. I have planted many varieties and will say all that have been profitable with me are the Lemon Free, a large yellow peach, quite late, but fine quality; next comes the Champion, a large white peach with red cheeks, extra large and extra fine flavor, ripens about from the tenth to the twenty-fifth of August. Next comes the Gold Drop, a September peach of remarkable good quality, but not very large.

Anyone planting the trees above named will never be sorry for doing so, either for home use or market; they are money makers. I have one orchard planted sixteen by sixteen feet, and one ten by twenty feet; will plant still another in the spring, and will plant eight by twenty-five feet, making the wide rows to run north and south, so the sun can have a chance to get at the peaches better; when I set the trees I set the top off to about twenty inches high; that starts the heads low down. Don't let two buds start close together, as that will make a crooked tree, and it is easily broken. When one year old cut back; leave only about one-third of the previous year's growth; that will make short, stout, stubby heads that will not break easily when full of peaches.

To prepare ground I plow and harrow fine, then run a furrow up and back by stake, with a two-horse plow, making a dead furrow; then take a stony, steady horse and run in the bottom of the furrows, which makes a good place to set the trees; then take a chain and tie a knot in the end and set stakes and drag chain straight across the furrows; that will make a mark good enough to see where to set the trees. Two men will set 1000 trees this way in a day, and they will be set straight and good. Or you can set them with a check plow wire; but this is not as easy as to plow out the furrows. I will answer any patron in regard to this subject, so good-bye.—A. Shultz, in Indiana Farmer.

Albumen in Food.

The amount of albumen necessary in man's food has been proven by French physiologists to be much less than has been supposed. From three to five ounces daily was once thought to be required, but later investigators found that two and a half and even one and a half ounces would suffice. In the new experiments, continued for thirty-eight days, the real need was shown to be less than an ounce per day.

Mansfield, Nevada's latest gold mining camp, which is eighty-two miles from Tonopah, now has a newspaper, the Mail.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER

Feeding Cattle.

No phase of the cattle industry has received so much attention in recent years as that relating to the principles and practice of feeding. We have come to learn that certain underlying principles must be observed if anything like success is to be achieved in stock feeding.

One of our first duties is to make a study of the feeds available for our purpose. In comparing one feed with another, we should be guided by the following factors: (1) composition; (2) digestibility, and (3) succulence and palatability.

To discuss the subject of feeding intelligently, we must familiarize ourselves with three important groups of nutrients found in all feedstuffs, namely: protein, carbohydrates and fats.

Protein is the nitrogenous part of food and is used in the body of the formation of muscles, nerves, hide, hairs, etc. The white of an egg is almost pure protein. Cotton seed meal is one of our leading nitrogenous feeds because it is exceedingly rich in protein. Of the different groups of nutrients, protein is by far the most valuable.

Carbohydrates are a group of nutrients rich in carbon, but devoid of nitrogen. Sugar and starch are examples of pure carbohydrates. All carbonaceous food such as corn and rice are rich in carbohydrates. The function of the carbohydrates in the animal body is to produce heat, energy and fat.

Fats (oils) serve the same general purpose in the nutrition of animals as carbohydrates and like these, contain no nitrogen. A pound of fat, however, has 2.4 times the nutritive value of a pound of carbohydrates. Cotton seed is a feed exceedingly rich in fat.

The amount of the different nutrients found in some of our common feedstuffs is shown in the following table:

Table I. Total nutrients in different feeds:

Feed.	Protein, drats.	Carbohy. drates.	Fat.
Cottonseed meal.....	23.3	29.2	33.1
Cottonseed.....	13.1	47.9	19.9
Corn.....	10.3	72.5	5.0
Wheat bran.....	16.0	61.8	4.0
Cowpea hay.....	16.6	62.3	2.2
Alfalfa hay.....	14.3	67.7	2.2
Cottonseed hulls.....	4.2	79.7	9.9
Corn silage.....	3.8	51.2	1.1
Corn stalks.....	1.7	17.0	0.8
Artichokes.....	2.6	18.7	0.2
Beets (Mangel).....	1.4	6.4	0.2
Turnips.....	1.1	7.4	0.2

The table shows that feeds differ very widely in the amount of nutrients they contain, especially in protein, the most valuable portion of the feed.

To show the great difference in the digestibility of different feeds, we submit a table containing the same list of feeds presented in the preceding table, but instead of showing the total nutrients, the figures given represent only the digestible portion of the feeds.

Table II. Digestible nutrients in different feeds.

Feed.	Protein, drats.	Carbohy. drates.	Fat.
Cottonseed meal.....	37.2	16.9	32.5
Cottonseed.....	12.5	39.0	17.3
Corn.....	7.8	66.7	4.3
Wheat bran.....	12.3	37.1	2.6
Cowpea hay.....	10.8	38.6	1.1
Alfalfa hay.....	11.0	39.6	1.2
Cottonseed hulls.....	0.3	33.1	1.7
Corn silage.....	1.7	32.4	0.7
Corn stalks.....	0.9	11.3	0.7
Artichokes.....	2.0	16.8	0.2
Beets (Mangel).....	1.1	5.4	0.1
Turnips.....	1.0	7.2	0.2

Comparing table II with table I we find that in some feeds not half of the nutrients are digestible. In cotton seed hulls, for example, only seven per cent. of the protein is digestible, forty-two per cent. of the carbohydrates and seventy-seven per cent. of the fat.

It is noteworthy to observe that the total digestible nutrients in corn stalks (which are ordinarily not harvested) are greater than that in the hulls which are purchased at a comparatively high price. Not only do the stalks contain less digestible matter than the stalks, but what is of no little significance, a much higher proportion of indigestible matter, which makes them so much the harder on the digestive tract of the animals consuming them.

Succulent or juicy feeds, as a rule, are more palatable than dry feeds. Corn silage for example is far more highly relished by stock than dry corn fodder. Not only are succulent feeds very palatable but they seem to act as a tonic to the system of the animal.

Where dry feeds are fed exclusively for long periods, as in the case of meal and hull feeding, the health of the animals is frequently seriously impaired. For best results in beef and milk production, especially the latter, a certain amount of succulent feed must be fed as a part of the daily ration. Every cattleman should raise an abundance of corn silage.

By a ration is meant the amount of digestible nutrients required per 1000 pounds of live weight in twenty-four hours. Scientists and practical feeders have adopted the following as standard rations: A cow weighing 1000 pounds and yielding about twenty-two

pounds of milk should receive pounds of digestible protein, pounds of digestible carbohydrate, 0.5 pounds of digestible fat daily ration increased about ten per cent will give the amount of feed by fattening steers per 1000 live weight.

To get the best results from there must be balancing of different groups of nutrients as the above standard rations. Lowering may be considered as men ration for a dairy cow, calculation being made from table presented above.

Table III. Ration for a dairy cow.

Feed.	Digestible Nutri. Carbohy.	Protein, drats.
Three pounds cotton-seed meal.....	1.16	0.5
Three pounds cotton-seed.....	0.38	0.9
Four pounds wheat bran.....	0.49	1.4
Ten pounds corn-stalks.....	0.17	3.2
Forty pounds corn silage.....	0.36	4.5
Total.....	2.56	10.4

As the above ration indicates difficult to get the required carbohydrates without exceeding requirements for protein and fat is due to the relatively high age of protein and fat in the seed and cottonseed meal.

We have learned, however, fat plays essentially the same role in animal nutrition as carbohydrates, and that a pound of the latter, if we multiply the excess of fat in the ration by 2.4 and add this to the carbohydrates we shall find the ration has been properly balanced.

The standards for balanced presented in this article should means be considered inflexible should be looked upon rather guide and as such are exceedingly. It is evident that a forty pounds of milk daily more food than that of the same giving only twenty pounds, a dry cow requires still less than one giving twenty pounds. Moreover, there is the inherent individuality which must be reckoned with in the feeding.

We have in contemplation of a creamery in this State object shall be to furnish a market for all producers of cream who have hitherto had in disposing of their produce satisfactory prices. Before we can do to have the creamery must be assured of an amount necessary to such an undertaking, therefore, request that all milk and cream who read this write us a postal card stating amount of milk and cream produced. In return they will be furnished describing everythin connection with the creamery, for the Columbia State by chels, Associate Professor of Husbandry and Dairying in College.

Water Cress For Home.

Many, who are fond of water cress, suppose that it cannot be raised in running water. In nature it is only found in streams, but many plants can be grown fairly well under various conditions. A correspondent from Farm and Home tells how for home use was grown.

When I first tasted cress, I was surprised to have some from the way seemed open where a catalogue in which true was advertised. But my changed to regret when I must be transplanted to shading water."

Last summer, despite my this important essential, I experiment, and I found I water cress successfully.

large stone jar, first putting stones and pebbles till a layer inches was formed. This afforded drainage. I filled within an inch of the top garden soil, in which some from the road was mixed. were next scattered the covered with a light layer. The soil was moistened, and set on the north side of the a shady situation.

After the seeds had germinated the plants had begun a thrill I began to fill around the sand till finally they were in a sandy bed. The jar filled with water, which kept account of the sand. The rapidly. A few of the best a fine cress sandwich. By this way, a few plants were quite an amount of cress.

It only takes a few minutes sation with a woman to a fact that her friends are a fact as they should be.—W. J.azine.