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NO. 1.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

O stream descending to the sea,
Thy mossy banks between,
The flow rets blow, the grasses grow,
The leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,
The fields the laborers till,
And houses stand on either hand,
And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,
Our waking eyes behold,
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,
Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our minds possess,
Our hearts affections fill;
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,
And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,
Inevitable sea,
To which we flow, what do we know,
What shall we guess of thee?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,
As we our course fulfill;
Scarce we divine a sun will shine
And be above us still.

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

The First Wrinkle

CONCEALMENT was impos-
sible. Subterfuge availed
nothing. Besides I wanted
neither. She had run
straight into my arms,
there in broad day-lit Regent street,
And the place she had run from was
"The Beauty Shop," as Daniel Wood-
roffe calls it. In other words, she
emerged, like "emerged" properly
read it spells mystery, dark alleys, se-
cret doors in panels, furze-fringed com-
mons, assignation's masks, highway-
men, romance—she emerged from a
narrow passage that led to an office
where, with a childlike pretence of
knowing nothing at all about each other,
six or seven businesses got them-
selves conducted by one meagre staff.
The businesses were:

1. The Artemis figure improver.
2. The Sells Tablet (for reducing em-
bodiment).
3. The Athenian System of Physical
Culture.
4. The Turkish Bath Cupboard.
5. The — I forget the others, but
I know that one of them was the com-
pany for helping people not to get
drunk.

In less intimate circumstances I
should have looked the other way. But
when a lady is in your arms it does not
much matter to her which way you
look. To pretend that I had not seen
her would have been idle; to pretend
that I did not recognize her impossible,
as well as disingenuous, for she had
changed, in those six years, almost as
little as my thoughts of her.

So I said, "You?"

And she said, "How you frightened
me." Then she began to walk along
the pavement, and I walked beside her.

"I have just been to see my dress-
maker"—she spoke very fast. "The
number of times one has to be fitted—"
She broke off because she saw that the
he was wasted. She was never one to
be extravagant in her utterance.

"Our old friendship," I said.

She laughed then.

"Oh, well, our old love," said I.

"Your old love," she corrected.

"Well, what about it?"

"Does it—I'm very stupid about these
things, you know; I've no experience—
does it give one the right to ask ques-
tions?"

"No," she said, decisively, "but you
may if you want to, all the same."

"Then," said I, "let me ask whether
you'll come and have tea with me? I've
been away for nearly six years. I sup-
pose one still has tea? One used to once
upon a time. You remember; and—"

"Certainly," she said, sweetly. And
we went. After the tea question I
asked no more.

"But," she said over the teacups,
when we had said all we wanted to
say, and a good deal more, about Cen-
tral Africa and my six years, and Gil-
bert Chesterton's poems, and Sutro's
latest play, and the unemployed, and
the Russian revolution—"but didn't
you want to ask me something?"

"Yes," I assented; "but I won't if
you'd rather not."

Of course she protested that she not
mind in the least. I knew she would.

"Well," I began, "I should like to
ask you whether you've taken to secret
drinking?"

I wish I could paint her face for you.
But that can't be done with just ink.

"But," I persisted, "it really must
be that—because all the other trades
that are piled in that first can't have
anything to do with you. You don't
want the Sells Thinning Tablets, or the
Athenian Beauty Restorer, or the Ar-
temis figure—"

"Don't," she interrupted; "if you'd
be nice instead of being horrid I'd
tell you. I'd dearly like to tell some-
one," she added, musing.

"You've long longed to betray the se-
cret, but you couldn't find the right
person to betray it to? Yes? Tell me?"

"I have"—she spoke very solemnly,
and I don't know what I expected her
to confess that she had—"I have * * *

"It's invisible."

"That's because I've got a veil on.
And the light in these tea shops was
invented on purpose for wrinkled peo-
ple and people with dyed hair and
brand new fancy complexion. Besides,
it doesn't show very much, really. Only
* * * I know it's there."

"The case doesn't seem very desper-
ate," I said, eating muffin discreetly.

"Ah! but it's only the beginning.
Don't you see? It means that I'm
growing old."

"You've got a long way to go,"
I quipped.

"Don't be vulgar. I know I'm not
old yet, but I'm getting old. And I'm
afraid, afraid."

the table. "Mrs. Basingstoke ought to
be contented with the love of her hus-
band and her children."

"She hasn't any," she said triumph-
antly; "she's no more married than I
am—not so much really."

"My dear Lady—"

"Well, her husband's dead, and when
he was alive she never looked at any-
one else; and she hasn't any children.
And she never was fond of him."

"And you have been fond of some
one? Yes. That gives you the advan-
tage. And so you went to the beauty
shop to get the wrinkle taken out,
so that for a few more years you
might show your wit, and your good-
ness on the magic-lantern screen of
your beauty?"

"I do want people to go on liking
me," she admitted plaintively.

"Wouldn't one person do?"

"If he were the right one, of course
he would. But when he wants to be
he never is. I'm talking nonsense,"
she said, and rose. "Let's go."

"Don't you want a hansom?" I said,
on the pavement outside.

"I don't want anything," she said.
"Goodby."

But we took the hansom. One can-
not talk well in hansoms. We did not
speak another twenty words till we
were in her drawing room and she had
taken off her hat and fluffed up her
hair before the mirror. Then I said,
"It's six years since—"

"I know," she said. "I'm nearly
thirty. Go home to your wife and
bairns, laddie."

"I am more than forty," I said; "it's
a chill age. And I haven't any bairns."
"Then I pity you," said she.

"I've been out of England a long
time. You haven't changed half as
much as you ought to have changed."

"That's because I've always had
some one to like me."

"Show me the wrinkle," I said.

She pushed her hair back from her
white forehead.

"There!" she said; "now go. I wish
I hadn't said all the things I have
said. Go home to your wife and for-
get them."

"I haven't any wife," I said.

"But you told me—"

"I only told you that when my wife
was old I expected her to be dignified
and beautiful and beloved. Do you
think she will?"

"Oh—" The pause was long. I
said something.

"Yes, I believe I do," she said, "and
you have, all the time—really?"

"With interludes," I owned, "but—
well—yes, all the time."

"But it's impossible," she urged, and
it was the last defense. "You know so
much about me—"

"Don't you think," I said, "that that's
rather an advantage?"

"And the interludes?" she began.

"Are mine the only ones?" I asked,
coming nearer.

"Ah, don't," she said; "all that
doesn't count."

"Exactly," said I.—Westminster Ga-
zette.

The Britisher Who Thinks.

I'd know I'm beginning to find that
thinking is quite a pastime. I've
studiously avoided playing the game
hitherto. I was brought up in the
belief that it was bad form to think
unless necessity or temperament drove
one into taking up a useful career. I
still think it's bad form, and I only
think when I'm utterly alone. Like a
secret sin, it's growing into a habit.

A man of my age, who has never
thought about a single thing, fish, flesh,
or good red herring, has got quite a
lot to do. I feel just like a man who
has looked at French comic papers
for years without any knowledge
of the language, and who sud-
denly finds that he can read it. Do
you follow me?

One of the first things I've found out
is that I've never really known any-
thing about the men I know. I've al-
ways known that they do their hair
properly, put their clothes on well, and
talk the correct incoherent English. But
as to whether they were sane or rot-
ten, nervous or blatant, unbecomingly
merely humorous, why, these are ques-
tions I've never stopped to ask myself.

But now that I've taken to thinking it
seems to me that it would be a very
sound thing to drop nearly all the men
I know.—London World.

A Thought For The Week.

I always believed in life rather than
in books. I suppose every day of earth,
with its hundred thousand deaths and
something more of births—with its loves
and hates, its triumphs and defeats, its
pangs and blisses, has more of humani-
ty in it than all the books that were
ever written put together. I believe
the flowers growing at this moment
send up more fragrance to heaven than
was ever exhaled from all the essences
ever distilled.—From "The Autocrat of
the Breakfast Table," by Oliver Wend-
ell Holmes.

Smokers' Content.

The Concordia Club in Berlin carried
out a novel smoking contest a short
time ago. Fifteen competitors took
part, a prize being offered to the one
who smoked half an ounce of tobacco
in a large German pipe in the shortest
time. The prize-winner completed the
task in eighteen minutes.

Prevents Rust on Tools.

Half a pound of vaseline and one
ounce of blue cement, thoroughly
mixed, makes a good rust preventive
for tools.

LIVE WITHOUT STOMACHS.

Important Organ is Not Absolutely Neces-
sary to Existence.

Although the stomach is a valuable
organ, it is perfectly possible to get on
along without it, as was set forth re-
cently by Professor H. J. Patterson, F.
R. C. S., in a lecture delivered at the
Royal College of Surgeons, of England,
at London. During the course of his
remarks the lecturer discussed the re-
moval of the whole stomach as a rad-
ical cure for malignant disease. The
lecturer observed, says The London
Standard, that while the value of a
good stomach is undoubted, fortunately
Nature is able to dispense with this
organ, as most of its functions can be
performed vicariously by other por-
tions of the alimentary canal.

Nature has duplicated three of the
four functions performed by the
stomach, although the loss of the gas-
tric secretion cannot altogether be
compensated. "Those who have lost it,"
says one authority, "have one
weapon the less in the struggle for ex-
istence." It has been shown that
dogs may gain in weight and remain
in perfect health after removal of the
entire stomach, while the elaborate
observations made on a patient prove
that the same holds good of human be-
ings. These observations record that
the absorption of albumen was unaf-
fected, and no putrefactive changes oc-
curred in the intestines, which shows
that the absence of the gastric juice
does not lead to decomposition in the
intestines.

Until some other cure for cancer is
discovered, wide removal is the ideal
operation.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Inspiration is mightier than exhortation.
Faith in God makes some hope for man.
Flashy people give the world little light.
The strong man never crushes the weak.
Big conceits often go with small receipts.
The best offering is that of our obedience.
Fatted breaks the heart in which it is born.
Religion is more than a get-rich-quick system.
Death breaks the shell to set the kernel free.
A man is not called pig-headed because he is greedy of intellect.
You do not win a front seat in Heaven by taking a back seat in church.
The great objection some men have to the sun is that it shines on others.
It takes more than a "rottenly" manner to make up for a lack of business method in a religious work.
Many men think they would obey the Ten Commandments if they could just clip off one or two.
If life is a voyage, the cargo and the port are of much more importance than the ash that may be caught on the way.
When the cracked choir sings, "O, for the wings of a dove," they can be sure of the congregation being with them on that.—Ran's Horn.

A Large Family.

McDonald Hall and his wife, of
Champaign County, claim the honor of
being the most notable supporters of
President Roosevelt's anti-race suicide
doctrines. Mrs. Hall has just present-
ed her proud husband with their thir-
tieth child. The latest was a girl, and
was named Margaret.

The parents honored many great
characters in the selection of names for
some of the thirty. Among them
were George Washington, Thomas Jeff-
erson, Patrick Henry, Victoria Regina,
Abraham Lincoln, Luerella Borgia,
Victor Emmanuel, Susan B. Anthony,
Clydesdale Grant, William T. Sherman,
Phillip Sheridan, Cassie Chadwick,
Gover Cleveland (the latter subsequent-
ly changed to Benjamin Harrison for
political reasons), William McKinley,
Henry Ward Beecher and Shedd's
Bible.

The others are only able to boast of
commonplace cognomens. Mr. Hall
is a laboring man of Champaign County,
and but for the assistance of his
older children might have some diffi-
culty in feeding the hungry mouths
of this remarkable family.

Buttons From Potatoes.

A large number of buttons now in
use, purporting to be made out of horn
or bone or ivory, are in reality made
out of the common potato, which, when
treated with certain acids, becomes al-
most as hard as stone. This quality
of the potato adapts it to button mak-
ing, and a very good grade of button
is now made from the well known tu-
ber. The potato button cannot be dis-
tinguished from others save by a care-
ful examination, and even then only
by an expert, since they are colored to
suit the goods on which they are to be
used, and are every whit as good look-
ing as a button of bone or ivory.

San Francisco is said to contain the
largest families in the world. It boasts
of having thirty-nine families each
having more than fourteen children,
and sixty-five families with more than
eight children each.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

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

Preparing a Peach Orchard.

If the land is fresh and has just been
cleared, it should be cultivated at least
two years in cotton or some other crop
adapted to the locality. Should this
new land be too rich for peaches, the
fertility should be reduced by planting
corn or some other exhaustive crop
for a year. If it is old and worn out,
it should be restored to a state of fer-
tility before setting out the trees. The
land should be broken up to the proper
depth with a two-horse plow, followed
with a subsoiler if necessary. Crim-
son clover, cowpeas, potatoes or other
crops which will require fertilization
are excellent as cover crops to turn
under.

After the land has received the
proper plowing and subsoiling, I recom-
mend broadcasting or drilling in
peas in May, using one bushel to the
acre; 150 to 200 pounds good fertilizer
per acre will materially increase the
growth. In February or March I break
up the peavines by running over the
ground with a chisel harrow, then
turn under with a good turn-plow. As
the depth of the top soil has been in-
creased, the land can be plowed to a
greater depth than at the previous
plowing. I subsoil again, if necessary,
and in November the land is ready for
the orchard.

Another excellent mode of prepara-
tion is to sow crimson clover in Sep-
tember, first broadcasting with stable
manure or applying good commercial
fertilizer. The clover is plowed under
in May and peas sown. All peach
lands should be deeply and thoroughly
plowed, because after the trees are
planted and are in growth, they can
not be plowed deeply. All places in
the orchard where the top soil has
been washed away should receive care-
ful and special attention; such places
are devoid of humus. This must be
supplied by a liberal application of
stable manure or compost. Peas or
clover, which must be plowed under
in March, should follow in two years
by treating as above mentioned, these
depleted parts of the orchard can be
made very fertile.

The land is checked off at the proper
distances with a good two-horse turn-
plow. At the intersections holes two
feet square are dug, the top soil is
thrown to one side. I use a liberal
amount of well-decomposed stable ma-
nure in each hole, and have this thor-
oughly incorporated with the soil. If
stable manure is not available, then I
use from one to two pounds bone-meal,
or the same quantity of a mixture of
two parts acid phosphate to one cotton-
seed meal. When using chemical fer-
tilizers the best results are obtained by
first setting the tree, filling up the hole
one-half its depth, and then applying
the fertilizer, but mixing it thoroughly
with the soil. The earth must be firmed
well about the roots of the tree and
leveled off.

After the trees have put out a growth
of one and one-half to two inches, I
rub off all but three growths, so dis-
tributed that the tree will be well bal-
anced. The early rubbing off can not
be too thoroughly emphasized; a great
saving of time is effected by rubbing
off before the young growth becomes
tough. The trees should be gone over
once or twice during the growing sea-
son to remove all superfluous growth.
If these are allowed to attain some
length it is then necessary to use the
pruning knife, a slow and more expen-
sive operation.—L. A. Berkman.

Some Rules For Fattening Hogs.

The following rules, published in the
Farmer's Home Journal, are good, but
do not apply to razor-backs, which pick
up their living in the woods. But
if you have an improved breed, it will
pay to treat them properly.

Mr. Forest Henry, writing on the
above subject in the Minnesota Farm-
er's Institute report, advises the hog
breeder to get all the growth possible
while warm weather lasts. Feed lib-
erally while it is good weather, says
Mr. Henry, even though it takes lots of
corn, but do not let the brood sows run
in with the drove that is being fed
for the market, as they get too fat, thus
endangering their breeding qualities.

While your pen of hogs is changing
so much corn into pork look out for
the health of your herd. This is the
time swine plague and hog cholera get
in their work.

I cannot give you a positive pre-
ventive for these diseases, but this
much is certain: Anything that will
keep your herd in a healthy condition
is a preventive of that dreadful disease,
and at the same time will pay twice its
cost in the general thrift of your hogs.

There are several hundred hogs that
died in our neighborhood last season.
I made it a study; took close observa-
tion and laid down these rules to guide
me in my own herd, and succeeded in
bringing them through without any
loss:

1. Breed from mature stock.
2. See that they have dry, clean
sleeping quarters.

Indiana's steam roads, in 1905, a
\$218,397,624.