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SOMEWHERE.

There's a whisper in the branches of the heaven rearing pines, And a purple blossom smiling from behind the clinging vines; There's the chatter of a chipmunk, as he leaps from tree to tree. While the daisies yonder whisper: "Come out here and play with me."

There's a path, a winding ribbon, just the clover fields beyond That goes stealing through the meadows to the distant pick'rel pond; There's the cool, dank, grateful shadows; there's the lazy, droning bee, And I fancy them a saying: "Come out here and play with me."

There's an orchard where the fragrance of the fields come filting sweet, Where the sod is velvet tenderness to pavement weary feet; There are songs, without restraint, from songsters winging to the blue, And each feathered throat is singing of its song at me and you!

There's a quaint, old fashioned garden with its peas and hollyhocks, And its blushing, loving roses, timid pansies, flaming philos: And a sweet old fashioned lady, with a blossom in her bair. Winding in and out among them, watching every one with care.

And the dear old fashioned lady, with her crown or way and the Beams a smile and hums a love song as she patters to and fro.

And it's oh, so sweet—the dreaming! They're so much of life a part,
For they've somehow found a dwelling here within a rugged heart.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

SOUTH THE SECTION OF THE SECTION OF

tered the white muslin curtains and with Louise Humphrey. the roses on their tall bushes nodded across the window sills at the caller. The caller smiled back at them and drew a long breath of the delicately perfumed air.

He was a young man who liked roses and green fields and the charm of the countryside. And he liked the restful quiet of the little sitting

He arose quickly as a lady entered the room.

"Good morning, madam."

"Good morning." She was a slender lady of perhaps sixty, a gray haired lady of an old fashioned type, a lady of much dignity of movement, and yet with a quick manner that at times suggested the sprightliness of a bird.

She pressed her gold-rimmed glasses a little closer to her nose and carefully surveyed the young man.

"I trust you are quite well,

Quite well."

She drew her thin lips together. "If it's books," she said. "there fan't any use of your staying a minure longer."

The caller smiled.

"I'm not a book agent," he told her.

"I'm not a peddler."

"I bought an apple corer of a young man who was something of your build most three years ago. It broke on the second greening. He was a mite stouter, perhaps." She paused and again regarded him attentively. "If you are neither a book agent nor an apple corer," she said, "you may take a chair."

"Thank you, madam." He seated himself in the straight backed chair she pointed out and then the lady took the rocker, placing herself where she could study

the young man's face. "Is this a business call?" "Yes, madam."

He had been instructed how to meet the lady's advances. He was to remain strictly on the defensive and let her cross-examine at her Peisure.

Wait. It isn't lightning rods?" "No. madam."

"Nor windmills?"

He suddenly smiled, and there was no doubt his smile added to his agreeable appearance. That's a little nearer the truth,

madam. She looked at him sharply with

her gray head on one side.

"What do you mean by that?" "I only mean that I am a lawyer,

madam. He was glad to see that she caught

the point of the mild witticism at once. She even laughed softly. "A lawyer," she echoed.

I scent trouble." "I assure you I am quite harmless,

madam." She smiled a little grimly.

"Well," she said with a slight asperity, "you have been here now quite a spell and haven't told me a word about the business that brought you here, and really nothing worth

knowing about yourself." "Pardon me, madam," he said. "my name is Richard Barclay, and my home is in New York. I am in the law office of Renfew, Keene & Darnley and will be admitted to a partnership in the firm the first of

There is nothing very startling about that," said the lady. "Perhaps in time you will get around to the

business that brought you here." "Yes, madam. You have a niece." "Oh, it's my niece you want to

"No, madam, my business is with you.

"You are the strangest young man for beating around the busa I ever Richard Barclay. But there; let's met. Why don't you say what you want, and be done with it?"

'Madam, I want your permission to marry your niece. There was a little silence during

It was a remarkably cool and I was taking great chances when pleasant room. A gentle breeze flut- Clare made that visit in New York

> The young man wisely walted, but the lady relapsed into silence.

"I haven't much to offer her," he said; "at least, at present. I'm young and I'm making my way, and my chances seem good. I can give Clare a modest home in a rice neighborhood, a home in which there will always be room for you, dear madam."

The lady slightly sniffed. "You are getting ahead a little too fast young man. I've no thought of moving just at present. Does Clare know about this-this delightful arrangement?"

"Yes, madam."

"It's all settled, then?" "No, madam. It all depends on VOII.

Again the lady slightly sniffed. "My niece was in New York just a month. During that month you contrived to persuade yourself that she was the only girl in all the world you could ever care for. Did you, or did you not?"

"I did, madam."

"Seems nonsensical, doesn't it?" "No, madam."

She shook her head at him reprov-"You look like a fairly sensible

young man. Does my niece reciprocate this-this fanciful attach-

"Yes, madam."

"And she sent you to me?" "Yes, madam."

"But why come to me if you are both agreed?"

"Clare owes you too much, madam, to do anything contrary to your approval."

"Hoity-toity! And suppose I refuse?"

"We can wait, madam."

"That's just what you should do. How silly this seems. You have met my niece twenty times, we'll say, and no doubt think her the one perfect flower of all girlhood, Do I use the right expression?"

"Yes, madam " She drew the gray shawl a little closer.

"Do you appreciate what you are

asking of me?" she suddenly flamed out. "What do we know about you?" "Very little, madam. I can only tell you that I am clean and honest,

and have a good profession.' "That is what you say." Then her eyes suddenly twinkled behind her glasses. "I'll admit that I'm a little prejudiced in you favor-although you certainly are not as good looking as Clare would have me believe. And I like your letters."

"Did Clare show them to you?" "How else could I have seen them? They were not nearly as slushy as might have been expected."

"Thank you." "That one that told about the Italian child in the police court was as good as a book. I'll admit that Clare and I both cried over it." She very silly in me, I know, but never having had any love affair of my own

interest in Clare's." She took off her glasses and again wiped them with much care. He

looked at her curiously. "I begin to have a suspicion," he said.

"Of what?"

"That you knew me all the time." The lady laughed softly.

"I wasn't particulary startled by your appearance." "And you didn't really take me for

a book agent?" "No."

"Aunt Lucy, said the young man, you certainly are a very clever

woman." "Aunt Lucy! Holty-toity! You are taking a good deal for granted, be frank and straightforward. I promise you nothing. You will stay and take dinner with us and then we three will talk this all over. We are estimates can say no more of the going to be perfectly independent on losses (other than those credited to which the lady regarded the young our side, you understand. We may San Francisco) than that they are man with a steady gaze. "I knep," she presently said, "that rich, but we are proud. We come choly one .- Philadelphia Ledger.

by it naturally. That's my father's picture up there, Jethro Holt. He was as proud as a lord." The young man looked up quickly,

"What did you call his name?" "Jethro Holt."

The young man's eyes sparkled. "Jethro Holt, of Petunia, Me.

Born there in 1815; died in 1863." 'Why, yes. He was my father." The young man drew a narrow book from his pecket and rapidly

leafed it over. "Jethro Holt left three children, a boy and two girls, Arthur, Lucy and Emily."

"Yes. I am Lucy Mellin Holtcommonly called Aunt Lucy Meilin. At least that's what Clare has called me ever since she could talk. Emily was Clare's mother. She died when Clare was a baby, and Clare's father died the year later.'

The young man stared hard at her, "Can you prove this relationship?" "Why, yes, of course. I have the old family Bible and many letters and my father's picture and the deed of the old home."

He drew a quick breath. "This is wonderful," he said.

Tell me about your brother." "He was older than I-nine years older. He was a wayward boy and greatly worried my father. When he was eighteen he ran away from

home and shipped on a whaler. The

ship was lost in the Pacific and all

the crew were reported drowned." "Your brother escaped," said the young man. "He was picked up by a Russian sealer and landed at a Siberian port. He found his way to Australia and roughed it as a sheep herder. There, through some mad fancy, he changed his name. He was no longer Arthur Holt, he was Henry Harlan. He became a trader and prospered; he prospered greatly. Finally he made his residence in New York. He lived there twenty years.

He died there seven months ago." The lady, a strange look in her eyes, stirred suddenly.

"And that man was my brother?" "Yes." She sighed. "My poor brother."

The young man leaned forward. "Oh." he said, "we have searched for you in so many places! The nead of our firm was your brother's attorney and one of the executors of the estate. The matter of finding the heirs was placed in my hands. I have traveled many miles on false clews; I have advertised in many secnow, to stumble

"Then we are heirs to his property?" said the lady. "He died without a will. You and

Clare are the only living kin." "Does that mean we are rich?"

"Very, very rich."

They were both silent for a moment or two. Then the lady sighed. "That comes a little late for me," she softly said, "but it will be beau-

tiful for Clare.' A troubled look crossed the young

man's face. "Clare," he murmured, "This changes everything.'

"What do you mean?" "Don't you see? Clare is now a great heiress. A new world opens before her. She can choose where she will."

"True," said the lady.

"It puts me in a painful, a false position. Why, even you might believe that I knew her relationship to Henry Harlan before I asked her to be my wife."

"True," said the lady again, "Such a suspicion is shameful," he went on. "The one manly thing for me to do is to release Clare from her promise."

The lady arose and went to the window. It was plain that she was agitated by his startling news.

Presently she beckoned to him. "Here," she said. "Do you see that young woman coming up the roadway? That is the great heiress, And she's something much better than that. She's a sweet and lovable girl whose womanly heart can't be spoiled by any amount of money. I know her better than any other livpaused and drew a long breath, "It's ing person, Richard Barelay, and I tell you you have nothing to fear.' She turned and looked at him and it is natural I should feel an extra laid a slender hand on his shoulder.

'Besides-" she began. "Yes, dear lady." She softly laughed.

"It really looks as if we ought to have a lawyer in the family."-W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

National Fire Losses.

There is no feature of the national life of America upon which patriotic Americans can dwell with less pride than upon the record of our waste by fire. For the first half of this year the fire loss of the country aggregated \$367,635,000, a sum greater by nearly \$100,000,000 than the entire customs revenue of the United States Government. Of course this enormous aggregate includes an abnormal item-the losses from the San Francisco conflagration - but when the experts who formulated the



ARTICHOKES, WHITE SAUCE.

Wash them well, peel and shape them to a uniform size. Throw them into boiling salted water, and let them boil fifteen to twenty minutes; drain them at once thoroughly. Put them on a dish and serve with the following sauce poured over them: Mix over the fire one and one-half ounces of butter with a tablespoonful of flour, add one-half pint of boiling water, white pepper and salt to taste; stir till the sauce thickens, then take the saucepan off the fire and stir in the yolks of two eggs beaten up with the juice of a lemon, and strain .-New York Witness.

CUCUMBER JELLY.

This is delicious with cold meat, fish or salads: Pare some cucumbers and sieve enough of the pulp to fill two breakfast cups, and stir into this salt and pepper to taste, and the juice of a lemon; aissolve from onehalf ounce to three-quarters of an cup of hot water; stir this thoroughly into the pulp (which should be kept in a cool place), then pour this mixture into the mold, and turn out when cold. The cucumber pulp never goes onto the fire, but only the gelatine. A drop or two of vegetable green coloring would probably be an addition .- Indiana Farmer.

MAKING NUT CRISP.

Chop your nut meats, and for each cupful of these have one cupful of granulated sugar; put the chopped nuts where you can reach them from the stove where you cook the sugar, and have a buttered pan at hand. Put the sugar in the skillet, and put nothing with it save a spoon for stirring; stir and watch closely until it is melted in a pale yellow liquid, then instantly pour in the nuts and take off the stove, pouring at once into the buttered pan. Try a little at ter. first, as the whole process must be very rapid. This makes a delicious confection, if prepared right. A in this candy .- S. M., in The Com-

CONUNDRUM PIE.

Find as many riddies which you can answer with an object as you got in around the nuts. have guests. Many can be taken drums upon tiny slips of paper and and the metal parts from rust. put them in English walnut shells tied together with baby ribbon. Have a long ribbon reaching from the nut at each place to the centre of the pie, which is covered, child party fashion, with tissue paper. guests are asked to read their riddles when they first sit down and after the real is finished, each pulls out his answer from the pie. For in- the least of the soil influences that stance, "When is a lady's arm not a | the farmer has to contend with. It bear, or any other small bear from th: pie, which is left as a souvenir, and from which the real answer to the riddle has still to be worded: "When it is a little bare." "Where less weeds. There are weeds that is happiness always to be found?" is answered by a tiny dictionary, "What is it that is always ready for action?" is answered by a pair of SCISSORS.



Soak ink stains in sour milk. If a dark stain remains, rinse in a weak solution of chloride of lime.

Stick a few cloves into the meat for making stock. It will impart an | weeds, known to man as the dock, agreeable flavor to it.

A woman who enjoys cooking says she finds that thickened soups require nearly double the seasoning | besides these a score of others, more used for thin, clear soups. When creaming butter for sugar

for, a cake, beat with a fork in-

stead of a spoon. The work will thereby be hastened. In putting away knives and other steel instruments, oil them slightly, and wrap them in tissue paper. This

will prevent their rusting. If when making apple sauce you find you are without a lemon for flavoring, use in place, if convenient, the grated peel of a very tart orange and the apple sauce will be found delicious.

Rag carpet rugs are having a renaissance in homes where old-fashare woven into a harmony much old-style rag carpet.

SOUTHERN * FARM * NOTES. -d _____D-@-d ____D-

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

Care of the Harness.

care of harness, which it would be a of the future South. good plan to cut out and preserve for future reference.

If properly cared for there is many ears' use in a well made harness. If ast but a short time.

thing to find harness wet with rain or | doing, that is, spending their time and moisture from the horse, hung up to strength on crops which will not be dry with the traces tied into knots, he reins rolled up, the pads and brifles hung upon pins, without a moment's time having been spent on hem to remove mud or moisture.

In a little time the leather dries, he strapping becomes set to a greater or less extent, taking the shape given it when wet, so that when subsequently straightened out the stitching is damaged.

To keep it in good condition care emy to leather. It sucks the grease to its original condition. The worst enemy to harness is the sweat from stitching, and to and around the iron.

rots all it comes in contact with. With such enemies to contend measures to counteract their bad influences. The first step to be taken is to remove all foreign matter from the surface. This may be done by the use of tepid water and good soap, on other sources of revenue in the using no more water than is really farm, he would have had a large balnecessary to remove the foreign mat-

After the washing, dry the straps with a chamois, and rub them well than sheep, that our enormous wheat with a greased rag. If the leather crop is not much greater in value anhodge-podge of nuts and fruit is nice has been thoroughly wet the straps should be unbuckled, and then well washed. Where possible remove the mountings, and, after cleaning them. warm the bolt ends before screwing them into nuts. The heat will dry

When hanging harness remember from the lists given for the picture that light and air drive away mois-

The Useless Weed.

The following is an editorial from

the Savannah News: It seems to us that the adjective is superfluous. When a weed becomes useful it ceases to be a weed. Weeds perhaps are far from being

lady's arm?" pulls out a little white has been said that any plant out of ing, greasing it, and when necessary place is a weed, and again, a weed is putting on a coat of paint. We see any ussless plant. There are weeds and weeds. There

> possess high medicinal virtue and yet are very pernicious to the farmer. There are weeds that are quick to tivation. The very nicest cultivation

the valuable crop. Their presence

were no other reason for it. Weeds infest pastures and meadof hay and of pasture. While the tion. damage they cause is not calculable, It is well known to be considerable. Much of the best pasture land in the South is rendered almost worthless by some of the most pernicious the cocklebur, the "Jimson" weed, the spring amaranth, the bull thistle, the two dog fennels, the thistles, and or less bad and difficult of destruction. Such as the mullens, the ragweeds, running brier, altogether fully two score of evil plants that divide the food and moisture that the valualbe grass and clover should alone

The richer the soil the more it is infested with these useless weeds, and that can only be partially de- ples as though they were made of stroyed by the persistent labor of years with the mower and the grubbing hoe.

Altogether there are thousands of time and kept up for several years Winnsboro News and Herald.

would accomplish this in a reason-Southern farmers are very careless able time. And it would be work about their harness. The Harness that would well pay for itself. Good Greette gives some good rules for the pastures are one of the great hopes

Poultry on the Farm.

There is much truth in what a corresponden of Successful Farming eglected, the best made harness will says about the keeping of poultry on a farm. Our readers do not raise Mointage in the great enemy of wheat nor large crops of corn, but cather, and the first aim should be to many of them no doubt are doing, as emove it. It is not an uncommon the Northern farmers are said to be so profitable as well a pt poultry.

Let every farmer carefully estimate the cost of things he produces in the form of labor. He need not put down the sum he expends out of his pocket but simply endeavor to place a value upon the labor he, himself, bestows on every department of the farm and for each crop. If he is a business man, that is, if he knows what he is doing by keeping account Unless harness leather is kept soft of his operations, as every man who ounce of gelatine in half a breakfast and pliable it soon loses its strength. is in business does, or should do, he will have no difficulty in classifying must be had to have it well filled the receipts and expenses, and eswith grease. Mud is a persistent en- pecially the cost of labor. Next let him estimate the space or number of from the leather while drying. In acres of land he has given every one cases where the mud is of a clayey of his crops, and as well as the plownature, its action is to harden the ing, harrowing, seeding, cultivating, leather. Then it cannot be restored harvesting, hauling and shipping, and charge interest on the capital invested. After he has done this let the animal. It penetrates leather, him take up poultry, place a value upon the meat and eggs, the cost of Owing to its salty nature, it rusts or the labor and food bestowed, the labor particularly, then compare the result from the poultry with those against it becomes necessary to adopt from the large stock and regular

crops. He will find that if he had kept more hens and given them only onefourth of the care and labor bestowed

ance in his favor. By looking over the statistics he will find that poultry produces more nually than the products of the fowls.

With the market always ready and with cash returns every month in the year for poultry and eggs, the farmer uses the most profitable source of income as a "side business" and exout whatever moisture that may have pends his energies over large areas, being fortunate if he can clear as much as \$10 or \$20 an acre a year. while right under his eyes his fowls galleries game. Write the conun- ture, preserve the leather from mould on a few rods or acres, give him a quick return both summer and winter which he does not recognize as belonging to farming but which source of revenue he could utilize to the best advantage if he would give poultry his attention as a business.

Put Machinery Away.

We must build more shelter room, and get in the habit of putting the machinery away carefully. Gleanhundreds of disc plows, two-horse plows, mowers, reapers and binders are useful weeds and there are use- left out of doors the whole winter, or from one season to another. Such carelessness is inexcusable. It results more from lack of thrifty liabits than from lack of shelter. We must spring up on land opened up for cul- improve along this line. Farm machinery is one of the most potent facof the land thereafter does not suc- tors in our business now, and we ceed in aunihilating them. The best must learn to care for it as a matter that the farmer can do is to keep of thrift and economy in preserving them in check during the growth of it, and render it all the more effective when we go to operate it. Many good renders cultivation essential if there hours' work are lost by not having our machinery in first -class condition when it is needed. We know ows, and they diminish both the yield this by experience as well as observa-

Don'ts For Apple Packers.

Harold Hume, of the North Carolina station, gives these don'ts for apple packers: Don't mix windfalls with hand-picked apples. Don't pack bruised, badly worm-eaten or partly decayed fruit. Consign it to the cull-heap; it will pay better; it will do more for the reputation of the region there than it will in the market. Don't put up a snide package. Don't put all the good apples in the ends of the barrels and poor fruit in the centres. The buyer is not fooled; or at least not more than once, by this practice. Don't put your name on inferior packages. Don't handle apstones. Instead, handle them as eggs.

Get Your Nitrogen Free.

Nitrogen is the most expensive acres of the very best land in the commercial fertilizing ingredient on South that are yielding almost no re- the market. And yet the whole atturns at all, and that might be made | mosphere is fust surcharged with it the most profitable soil on the farm, The only thing/to do is to extract it. toned furniture is used. The colors once the weeds were fairly put in and for this perpose there is nothing check for a senson or two. Two mow- else equal to the cow pea. Sow peas more pleasing than the crudities of ings a year given just at the right and get your nitrogen free of cost .-