THE FRANKLIN PRESS.

VOLUME XXI. FRANKLIN, N. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1906. NUMBER 34.

"PUTTY-FACE"

A TALE OF A WEAVING-SHED.

By John Ackworth.

Number seven shed in Ridgeway Brook mill was admittedly the most exclusive and conservative room in the factory, and was managed not so much by its overlooker and "tacklers" as by an old and privileged hand called Peggy Pratt, who had been there time out of count, and was apparently as much a fixture as the iron pillar which stood at her loom end.

Nearly all the hands employed at the time of our story were her nominees, and how Jessie Gleave came to obtain the pair of looms which were vacant when Sally Hunter got married was a mystery which puzzled the rest of the hands and seriously piqued Peggy. It was a crisis. Peggy had a feeling that her prestige was at stake; but as the looms had been given by the head overlooker, who scarcely ever interfered in such matters, Peggy, after some reflections, was philosopher enough to see that the surest way to retain unauthorized dominion is not to strain it, and so she resolved to "take it out" of the newcomer.

She had been sulky and wordless all morning, therefore, but by the breakfast interval had made up her mind. At the entrance end of the shed, where the tacklers' stood, was an open space; and when the engine stopped the weavers assembled here, and, squatting about on the floor or on upturned copkips, took their morning meal. Engine and machinery being still, there was unwonted silence, except for the clatter of women's tongues. The new arrival did not join the company, but sank shyly down at the far end of her loom alley, almost hidden behind the beam. It was about two hours since Jessie Gleave came among them and in that short time every woman in the place had inspected her, and could have told almost every stitch she wore. They knew [illegible] she was married [illegible]ger to that part [illegible] had likewise dis[illegible]y," the tackler who [illegible]s care, was smitten [illegible]t she had the best [illegible] the shed. She had [illegible]

low, masculine sort of voice, the more reasonable were not surprised. In the dinner-hour the better singers, and those who could not sing but thought they could, were sometimes roughly constrained to give solos; and on several occasions Slippy Jane, who was a sort of self-appointed stage-manager, invited Jessie, whom she called "Putty-face," to "oblige the company." Jessie joined in her soft, quiet way in the laugh against her, but nobody thought seriously of pressing her to sing. Then Slippy Jane made a discovery. Spying in Jessie's temporary absence in the warehouse, among the newcomer's personal belonging, she came across a paper-back copy of "The Messiah." With a little whoop of triumph Jane held it up, and in a few seconds some thirty girls were standing round examining and discussing it.

The secret, such as it was, was out, and for three days poor Jessie was bullied and quizzed until her pale face grew pitiful to behold. And then an amazing thing occurred. One afternoon the telegraph boy—a rare comer, indeed—was led into the shed, and conducted straight to Jessie. A few minutes later he departed with a reply, and at four o'clock Jessie stopped her looms and went home. What could it mean? Some thought she was leaving the shop for good, but when Jessie came back next morning more weary-looking than ever, the queen of the shop was jeered so unmercifully for her failure that she determined to drive her away. On Friday, the pay-day, Peggy Pratt, who had all day been unusually taciturn, left the shed and went out.

In ten minutes she was back, with the still damp local paper just issued. She threw off her shawl, called to her side Dinah Belt, who acted as public reader to the shed, and, handing her the paper doubled down at a certain paragraph, laconically commanded her to read.

Dinah did as she was bidden and announced:

"Miscellaneous Concert at [illegible]cham."

The extract [illegible]

singer herself. All fear, all shyness had gone, the face had become impassioned; the singer had escaped them, forgotten them, floated out of their reach, her throat swelling, her face glowing, and her eyes ablaze with glory. She was somewhere else, singing to somebody else, and all the fire and passion of her soul were in her song. Every eye was riveted upon her, fascinated and hypnotized, the music forgotten in the musician; they watched and watched, and suddenly another flush and an eager, radiant smile passed over her face, tears gushed from eyes that seemed drowning in glory; she swayed a moment, expanded her chest for a last effort, and the next moment lay swooning on the floor.

When Jessie came to herself, nothing would induce her to go home, and by three o'clock, whiter and wanner than ever, she had set her looms going. But that was the quietest afternoon in the history of Number Seven shed, and though little was said, everything that those rough natures could think of was done to atone for the past.

Jessie was not in her place next morning, neither was Peggy Pratt. The latter, however, came at breakfast time, and as soon as the weavers had got all seated, with their eatables in their laps, and their cans at the corner of their knees, Peggy came out of her loom alley, and, standing in their midst, commanded, "Hearken!"

Attention was not difficult to get, for they had not yet recovered from the sudden sobering of the day before, and most of them felt there must be something yet to be told.

Even the rattle of spoons and can-handles stopped.

"I've found out all about that—that there singer."

The listeners were forgetting to eat.

"She won a scholarship for singing, an' wur goin' to London fur t' larn to be a perfessional."

One or two looked a little supercilious.

"And her folks wanted her to breik it off wi' her chap, 'cause he wur sickly."

The mention of her "chap" raised a little giggle among the juniors, but it was suppressed by sternest glances.

"An' 'stead 'o that she married him and chucked London up."

A low murmuring, supported by fifty pairs of shining eyes.

"And her folks took agean her for it; and when he wur took bad she had to tak' to her weyving agyin to keep him and his mother."

Short little gasps of interest and several biting epithets.

"An' she's gotten him big doctors [illegible] expensive things to do him good, [illegible]rly worked herself to death. [illegible] her to stop wi' him yester[illegible] couldn't, they were too

CUSTOMS OF NAVAJOS.

WIVES ARE BOUGHT AND THE MOTHER-IN-LAW RULES.

Old Husbands for Young Girls—The Marriage Ceremony Simple—Superstitions Prevent the Navajos From Digging Graves — Funeral Feasts and Customs.

The Navajo is somewhat polygamous in tendency, but as he has to pay roundly for each wife only the most wealthy of the tribe can afford the luxury of several wives.

When a young wife has grown old and ugly, the husband often discards her, taking unto himself a younger and prettier one. Thus he takes his wives tandem, instead of abreast as the Mormons did.

The Navajo secures his wife by purchase and the Navajo maiden never lacks offers of marriage. She is not at liberty to choose for herself, but is a sort of standing invitation, which her mother holds out, for informal proposals.

The Navajo mother-in-law is the greatest on earth, for the daughter belongs to her mother until married, when the bridegroom also becomes the property of his mother-in-law, with whom he is required to live. As he is also required never to look her in the face, existence becomes a complicated problem.

The young girl seldom gets a young husband and the young man seldom gets a young wife. Property among the Navajos is mostly possessed by the old men, so they are, as a rule, able to offer a larger price for the girl than is the young man who has not yet had time to accumulate his fortune. It requires several ponies and a good flock of sheep to buy a young and buxom Navajo maiden.

"I recently witnessed an old squaw leading a young girl about 10 years old, in the school grounds at the Navajo agency," says a writer in the Indian School Journal. "As she approached the agent's office she fell upon her face by the sidewalk and immediately set up a loud, mournful wailing.

"'Some of her people must be dead,' I said to the agent.

"'No,' he replied. 'I know the old lady well. You see that little girl sitting there on the sidewalk beside her? Well, that girl is about ten years old. A short time ago her mother sold her to an old man for his wife.'

"'He is 70 years old and stone blind. The matter was reported to me, and I ordered her to bring the little girl to the agency and put her in school, and that [illegible] she is [illegible]

gan and burn it up, with its contents, thus cremating the body.

Believing that an evil spirit enters a body at death, and that if they come in contact with the dead this evil spirit will enter into their bodies, they are afraid to touch a corpse or even the house in which the person died.

Upon the death of the head of a Navajo family all of his possessions go to his relatives—brothers, sisters, etc.,—instead of descending to his wife and children. This custom is, perhaps, the most harmful in effect of any practised these days by the Navajo.

It often leaves the wife and children destitute, especially where the husband owned the flocks as well as the cattle and the ponies. However, the Navajo women usually own the flocks, in which case the mother and children have some means of scanty support at least.

SEEKS TO GROW OUR TOBACCO.

Japan Imports American Product Now But Plans to Raise It at Home.

Under authority of the tobacco monopoly bureau of Japan, which is operated as an adjunct of the Department of Finance, T. Abe of Tokio called at the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., with credentials from Viscount Aoki, the Japanese Ambassador, to ascertain exactly the amount of tobacco raised in Virginia and North and South Carolina, a part of which is sent to Japan, as well as the method of production.

Mr. Abe made no secret of the fact that the Japanese government desired all information possible regarding the culture of this particular grade of tobacco in order that Japanese farmers may successfully grow it, and thus do away with the necessity of importing American-grown tobacco. Several attempts have been made to cultivate the American product in Japan, but failure inevitably resulted because the tobacco produced lacked the aroma characteristic of the American product. Such information as the department had was given to Japan's representative, who later left for Connecticut to inspect the Government experimental station in that State.

The Government has become alarmed over the effect on American tobacco exports due to Governmental monopolies abroad, having in mind the conditions existing in France, Italy, Spain, Austria, and Japan, and to meet these conditions and to prevent, so far as possible, a curtailment of American exports of tobacco, there was incorporated in the Agricultural Appropriation bill recently an amendment providing for an investigation in countries where the business [illegible] ing, and [illegible]ing tobac[illegible]

Killing Dandelions.

Many inquiries have been addressed to this department asking for advice on how to kill dandelions in lawns. The best means, of course, and surest, is to dig them up, root and all. This is tedious, however, and expensive. Try in case the digging process is not employed, the sulphate of iron solution. Use a good sized handful to three gallons of water and sprinkle this over an area twenty feet square. It will not injure the grass and will kill the dandelions—at least some of them.

Show Birds for Egg Production.

One of the best investments the writer ever made was a $25 cock introduced among a flock of pullets raised from a-dollar-a-dozen eggs. The pullets were fairly well bred, and from good laying stock, but the introduction of the high-bred cock, a show bird in the sense that he was bred for perfect markings and form according to the standard and scored over 90, gave me chicks that were a good many percent better from the standpoint of egg production than their mothers.

Summer Use of Grains.

The feeding problem in some sections is quite formidable in the summer as in the winter, and this is particularly the case where the feeding is largely done in the barn, which, by the way, is becoming more popular every year among dairymen. What grains one shall use depends largely upon the methods which individual feeders have found most profitable in the past, but corn, in the summer ration, must be sparingly used. The stock foods or the concentrated grains, purchased already mixed, ought also to be handled carefully and particularly so when little or no pasture is given the animals.

No All-Round Poultry Food.

A correspondent asks for some poultry food which will answer for general purposes—that is, a food which [illegible] hens lay, which is also good [illegible] and which may be [illegible] desired.

The Onion Maggot.

Every onion grower should prepare to combat this destructive pest and begin early. The onion maggot is the immature stage of a small fly that lays eggs in the onion when they are very small. The fly looks something like a small house fly. The maggot appears when the plants are quite young and works directly into the bulb entirely destroying it for use. Of course all infested plants should be carefully taken out and burned as soon as discovered.

Treatment with kerosene and sand for small patches of onions and treatment with commercial fertilizers for large fields is recommended. The kerosene and sand treatment consists of placing sand with kerosene oil alongside the young plants, but not quite touching hem. It keeps the flies from laying their eggs and kills some young maggots outright. Use a cupful of oil to a bucketful of dry sand.

The fertilizer treatment is as follows: With hand plow turn aside the soil from the rows of young plants, making a little furrow on each side of the row, then sow broadcast about 600 pounds of kanit and 200 pounds of nitrate of soda per acre; turn back the soil and wait for rain. When the rain comes it will wash the salty fertilizers into the soil and kill the maggots, besides stimulating the plants to fresh vigor and thus help them to overcome the effects of the pests.—The Epitomist.

Earth for Hog Pen Floors.

While the cement floor may be the ideal one for the hog pen, as claimed by many swine breeders, our experience has been that the floor of earth, if it is of clay and gravel, will answer the purpose equally well with a small number of swine. If we had large herds we should certainly use cement, which can be applied at any time with the earth floor as a foundation.

The one floor which ought not to be used is that of plank, and the reasons are obvious to every one who keeps [illegible]ine. They ar[illegible]old, wet and [illegible], retain [illegible] [illegible]

PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Did you ever observe when you ride on a car,
How funny the people all seem?
If you sit, or you stand, or you hang on a strap,
It appears very much like a dream.
There's the man who is grinning as hard as he can,
The woman whose hat is ajar,
The fellow whose nose is as red as a beet—
These people we see on a car.

There's the man who is wearing a very black wig,
Another with no hair at all,
A sport with a very loud checker-board vest,
His neighbor done up in a shawl;
A woman with diamonds worth thirty-five cents,
A girl chewing gum, with a scar—
You smile for you think they are funny indeed,
These people we see on a car.

There's the girl who is bowing to men on the street,
The woman who can't find her fare;
The fellow you ask to get off your toes,
And the kid with the yellow-red hair;
The man who has remnants of egg on his chin,
Another with half a cigar,
A gray-haired old sinner who's trying to flirt—
These people we see on a car.

L'envoi.

But wait! Now, perhaps, I'm forgetting myself—
The thought almost gives me a jar;
Perhaps they are thinking the same things of me—
These people I see on a car.

—Yonkers Statesman.

"Papa, what is satire?" "Well, for example, when your mother asks me how much I've won at the prayer meeting."—Life.

Wigg: Do you believe that every man has his price? Wagg: No. Lots of men give themselves away.—Philadelphia Record.

Preceptor—Your translation today bore marks of distinction. Student—Yes, I put 'em there because people were always borrowing it—er——.—Princeton Tiger.

"If a thing is worth doing at all it should be well done," remarks the man who butts in. "Except when you order a rare steak," replied the ready retorter.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mrs. Upperten: Yes, my daughter refused Lord Addlepate because he was old, poor, corrupt, weak-minded, a physical wreck and she didn't love him! Mrs. Newlyrich: What fools young girls are!

Rimer: I think the idea is certainly poetical. I might make it into a quatrain; would you? Crittick: I would not. Rimer: How would you put it out, then? Crittick: I would not.—Philadelphia Press.

"I've been reading about [illegible]