

Old And Historical Tree
A Feature Article by Mrs. Ralph White
Member Belvidere Home Demonstration Club

Nature has bestowed upon man many gifts; one of the greatest of these from the vegetable kingdom, is that of trees—God's chief masterpiece. Some of the trees, like men and nations, have a varied and interesting history connected with them. In Southport, Brunswick County, we find ancient trees more than 500 years old. There is an Oak tree known as "The Four-in-One Tree," which spread a floor of roots on the ground and pushed four trunks from it.

age is not known. However, as far back as the Revolutionary War it has stood prominent. Today it is a cherished relic of the War of Independence. It is also a monument to the memory of Colonel Benjamin Cleveland and the five Tories who, falling into the hands of the avenging patriot, were hanged from its stout branches. It is tottering from disease and age, still if "Old Tory Oak" could talk, what thrilling stories it could tell to the generation of today! In Athens, Ga., stands a tree that "owns itself." Colonel William H. Jackson, son of General Jackson, who was an officer in the Revolutionary War, planted a white oak, and in 1820 he recorded a deed which has become historic. Because of his affection to this tree he conveyed into its possession of itself, and land within 8 feet of it on all sides. Year after year, a marble marker was erected, and the tree is well taken care of by the State of Georgia and the City of Athens. So far as is known it is the only living tree in the world that owns itself. The oldest living tree in the world today is a Bald Cypress that grows in Mexico. It is 4,000 years old. The widest tree is a Rubber Tree in the Tropics, which is said to have 3,000 trunks, with a spread so wide that 7,000 persons could stand under it for shelter. The tallest tree is the Great Gum or Peppermint Gum of Australia, which measures 471 feet high. One of the most romantic old trees is the Evangeline Oak near Martinville, La., where Evangeline met her faithful Gabriel. There the exiled Arcadians landed in 1765. In Mexico stands a giant Cypress known as "The Great Tree of Tule," said to have been 1,000 years old when Columbus discovered America. Its branches have a spread of 140 feet, and it is about 160 feet high. Four feet from the ground its circumference is 160 feet. Twenty-eight people with outstretched arms and finger tips touching can barely encircle the trunk. Our National Tree is the Sequoia in California—known as "General Sherman." It is a giant redwood; 280 feet high, 103 feet in circumference and 37 feet in diameter. If cut into lumber it would fill 280 twenty-ton cars, and would build 150 five-room houses. Two thousand years before Columbus sailed to see America first, it had climbed to almost 200 feet in the air. It weighs about 6,000 tons and is 4,000 years old. It has been predicted that some of the Sequoia now growing will attain 10,000 or more years. The world over wherever the name of California is known, people have heard of the large groves of these gigantic Sequoias. These features of Nature are most entrancing and most impressive. The harmony and beauty of the matchless setting in which these trees grow is indescribable. Sword ferns 6 and 8 feet high carpet the redwood forest floor; also oxalis, dark green huckleberry, rhododendron trees and all sorts of mosses bury the ground with luxuriant growth. In recent years, the California Federal-

ed Woman's Club presented to the state the "Memorial Redwood Grove," 106 acres with 1,500 of the finest and largest of the redwoods. The value of this gift was \$90,000. Thus the women contributed a lasting gift to their state. Some old trees could tell marvelous tales if they could speak—such a group of Olive Trees in the Garden of Gethsemane on the Mount of Olives outside of Jerusalem. Here it is believed Jesus prayed and spent his night of agony preceding the crucifixion. They are large trees and with the passage of time have become more gnarled and picturesque. These noble old specimens of the forests silently say to us: "Sturdy and brave are we, Still full of mirth and glee. Tho' aged and weatherbeaten we stand To beautify and enrich the land."

THIS WEEK'S RECIPE

SLICED GREEN TOMATO PICKLE
1/2 gallon sliced green tomatoes.
1 pint onions, sliced.
1/2 teaspoonful ground black pepper.
1 small red pepper.
3 tbs. white mustard seed.
2 tablespoons celery seed.
1 pound brown sugar.
1/2 tablespoonful allspice.
1/2 tablespoonful cloves.
1/2 cup salt.
All measures level.
Sprinkle sliced tomatoes and onions with salt. Let stand 4 hours in separate bowls. Place each in thin muslin bag and squeeze gently until

juice is removed. When ingredients are prepared, place in porcelain kettle, mixing with them the mustard and celery seed, sugar and pepper. Cover with good vinegar (1 1/2 pints) to which the spices tied in a bag have been added. Boil slowly until quite soft and tender. This pickle is not good if removed from the fire before the tomatoes are tender. After cooking, pour into jars and seal while hot. Be careful to use a liberal amount of the vinegar in which pickle was cooked when packing.

INCOME DROPS
American farmers' cash income from marketings in August, including Federal payments, totaled \$631,000,000, a drop of 19 per cent below the same month a year ago.
BIRDS GET FED
Lancaster, Pa.—It was a thankful flock of swallows and an unlucky swarm of moths which met here recently. The swallows flying southward, met thousands of Alabama Argillacaca, migratory moths, which had been blown north by high winds. Result—a good meal for the hungry birds.

TOWN OF HERTFORD NOTICE OF DELINQUENT TAX SALE

Sale of property for delinquent taxes to be held Monday, October 31, 1938 (1937 taxes) at 12 o'clock noon at the Court House door, Hertford, North Carolina. By W. G. NEWBY, Tax Collector

Table with columns: WHITE, Amt., Pen., Cost, Total. Lists property owners and amounts for tax sale.

Notice of Sale of Real Property For Non-Payment of Taxes For Year 1937

Table with columns: (Continued From Page Six), Amt., Pen., Cost, Total. Lists property owners and amounts for tax sale.



RESUME
Marie Antoinette, young vivacious, beautiful, is sacrificed to the Austrian-French Alliance when her mother, Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, arranges for her marriage to Louis August, Dauphin of France. To her horror and dismay, Marie discovers on her bridal night that her husband refuses to make her his wife in anything but name. For two years the fact that she is childless makes her the object of Court ridicule led by the King's Favorite, the Duke of Orleans, who decides to play Marie Antoinette against the Favorite and Marie falls ready victim to his intrigues against du Barry. With him as sponsor, she becomes the most talked about woman in Paris. At a gambling house she meets and is spurned by Count Axel de Fersen, young Swedish nobleman visiting the Court of France.

Paris. I'm sure, Madame, that you could tell me something about that." Du Barry all but sprang at her; the King held her back. "Madame du Barry — you prefer to leave — as do I —" he said sternly, and offering her his arm, he led the flaming trembling woman from the room. They had hardly gone when Marie Antoinette received the command to appear at once in the King's study. There she learned the true extent of du Barry's power. The King informed her that her marriage would be annulled due to her childlessness. Further, that she would return to Austria. The French-Austrian Alliance, however, would remain intact. She fled from his presence and sought out the Duke D'Orleans to whom she imparted the fearful news of her disgrace. She begged his aid. He eyed her through his jeweled lorgnette. "I should be ruined if I befriended you," he said coldly. For a moment she was stunned. "You never loved me," she said at last. "You were only interested in the future Queen of France."

screamed — "Monsieur!" she interrupted. "How do you know?" He smiled. "Your old governess, Madame Cordat — Pecky, you called her — became my sister's governess. I spent my childhood listening to her stories about you. When she left, Madame, she left you with me. I fell in love with you. I dreamed of daring feats in your defense. The world rocked in some tremendous upset and I rode through seas of blood to your side. "You were very foolish," she said wistfully. "I was jealous, too," he declared. "Insanely jealous. It maddened me to think that paid menials could hear your voice — see your hair unbound. And when you were married, I was in despair. "I begin to understand," she said softly. "That's why you were so angry with me that night we met. You had always thought of me as something quite wonderful — and you found me an empty headed, ill-mannered fool. So sadly changed." "No, Madame," he protested. "You have made pleasure a shield against loneliness and slander. Everyone — even the highest — has some dream of love in his heart. Unless he

so glad — so glad!" With a last, tender embrace, she turned and disappeared inside the door. She reached her chambers to find the Princess de Lamballe anxiously awaiting her. "Toinette! Where have you been?" "She threw her arms about her friend in radiant joy; then stiffened, as she heard, for the first time the low rumble of muffled drums. She stared white-faced at the Princess. "What has happened?" she cried. "The King is dying," answered the other and proceeded to impart the happenings of the night. The Dauphin had visited the King and quarreled with him — for what reason, no one knew. The King had collapsed during the quarrel. Malincol was the Court physician's diagnosis. It was only a matter of hours before the King's death. A knock at the door ushered her and the Duke D'Orleans entered. He bowed to Marie Antoinette. "I had to see you to explain," he said anxiously. "Last night — I think you misunderstood my — my decision." Her look pierced his elegant hypocrisy. "No, Cousin. I quite understood your indecision — I am willing to forgive it — but in the future I shall do without your help."

Chapter Two LONG LIVE THE QUEEN!

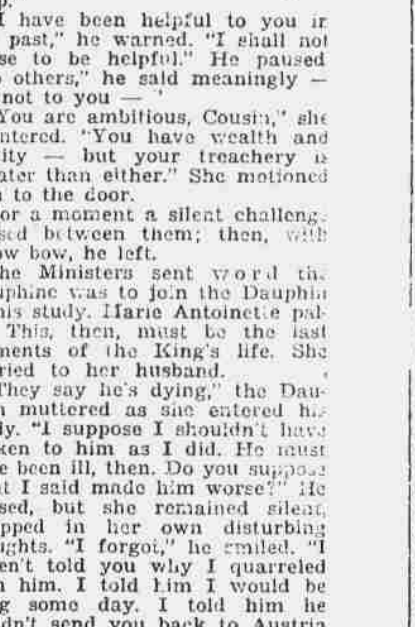
Marie Antoinette eyed her mirrored reflection with approval as the bells rang joyously in celebration of her fourth wedding anniversary to Louis August, Dauphin of France. That her husband still refused to make her his wife, except in name, mattered not at all. The forlorn, ridiculed little Dauphine had become the most glamorous woman in France. True, she had exchanged her reputation for that of glamour. Rumors of liaisons with the Duke D'Orleans and other courtiers had spread the length and breadth of the country. She laughed aloud. Lies! All lies! Her vices were gambling, dancing, extravagance. So far as love was concerned, she might still have been the charming, innocent Archduchess of Austria who had come to Paris four years ago to marry the Dauphin. Why? she wondered. Because she had met no man who could win her favors? She frowned momentarily. There had been one. Count de Fersen, the Swedish nobleman she had met briefly in the gambling house. There had been something about him... she shrugged her shoulders. He had flouted her, spurned her, repulsed her kisses. The cut to her vanity had been deep — but the need, in the face of Court intrigues, to sustain her supremacy as the brightest figure in Court, had been deeper. She had answered both with such new, unheard-of escapade that eventually her conduct threatened the French-Austrian Alliance.



"You may go." She buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. So intent was she upon her grief that she failed to hear the door open. A young man entered and stopped short, agitated at having blundered in upon her. She raised her eyes in vexed surprise. Her tears dried on her cheeks as she recognized him. He was Count Axel de Fersen — the man who had spurned her in the gambling house. "Is there anything I can do?" he asked helplessly. "May I get you a glass of sherry?" Her silence made it difficult for him to continue. He smiled desperately. "I'm trying to tell you that my life is at your service, you know." "You've heard the news, I suppose," she remarked acidly. "You want to be my friend in disgrace?" "Yes," he replied gravely. "I'm not impressed, Count Fersen," she said flatly. "I've lived too long at Court. Confess I attract you. I saw it in your eyes that night at the gaming house. You want to profit by the occasion — you'd like to make love to me, wouldn't you?" He met her challenge with clear, honest eyes. "I would like to make love to you, because I've loved you all my life." She stared at him in amazement. "You saw me for the first time at the gaming house —" He shook his head. "You are mistaken, Madame. At thirteen you could neither write German, nor French correctly. You knew nothing about history; you trifled with music. You came down to breakfast every morning and announced that something wonderful was about to happen to you. On rainy days you sat at a small gilded table and pressed roseleaves — and



achieve it, he must fill the emptiness with noise, fame, excitement, pleasure." She bent her head. "You loved me, you said." "You!" he cried. "You as you are — loyal, sweet and brave —" Her lips trembled. "I must go —" she rose suddenly. "Madame!" he pleaded. "Let me alone," she wept. "Let me go. You bewilder me, what are you telling me?" "That I love you! What else have I been saying? With every word — too plainly — and with no right." "That you love me?" she murmured. She closed her eyes. "When first we met, Monsieur, my heart stood still. I knew then, really. But I put it away from me. I knew then that something had happened — glorious, terrible — and everlasting." She raised her lips to him and with unbelievable sweetness met the ardor of his embrace. He drew her cloak swiftly about her and together they hastened from the Ambassador's home. The first golden edge of dawn showed against the somberly beautiful sky when he led her to the secret entrance of the Palace. "I must let you go," he murmured as he kissed her in farewell. She slipped a ring from her finger and gave it to him. "Will you keep this, always?" she asked softly. He turned it over in his hand and read the inscription: "Everything leads me to thee." "My darling!" he held her close. "When shall I see you again?" "I shall send for you," she promised. Her face lighted with happiness. "Can you imagine! I shall never be Queen of France and I'm



"I can do without your help, Cousin." "You may go." "I have been helpful to you in the past. I shall not cease to be helpful." He paused. "To others," he said meaningfully — "if not to you —" "You are ambitious, Cousin," she countered. "I suppose I should have ability — but your treachery is a greater than either." She motioned him to the door. For a moment a silent challenge passed between them; then, with a low bow, he left. The Minister sent word that the Dauphine was to join the Dauphin in his study. Marie Antoinette paused. This, then, must be the last moments of the King's life. She hurried to her husband. "They say he's dying," the Dauphine muttered as she entered his study. "I suppose I shouldn't have spoken to him as I did. He must have been ill, then. Do you suppose what I said made him worse?" He paused, but she remained silent, wrapped in her own disturbing thoughts. "I forgot," he smiled. "I haven't told you why I quarreled with him. I told him I would be King some day. I told him he couldn't send you back to Austria because I wanted you here." He shifted uneasily. "I didn't like our marriage at first," he faltered, "but I — I grew to like you — I —" he averted his gaze. "We can be one indeed, now," he stammered. "Not only as King and Queen — but as husband and wife. That's what I was trying to tell the King. That's why I said he could not send you back to Austria —" he stopped suddenly and looked at her white, staring face. "I care for you very much," he whispered. The image of Fersen and the memory of her night of love enveloped her. "Louis!" she cried. "I must tell you —" "The drums!" he interrupted in a fearful whisper. "They've stopped." Through the corridor came the first surge of voices: "The King is dead! Long live the King!" Marie Antoinette faced her husband slowly. "You're King of France," she said gravely. A confused confusion of hurrying feet broke in upon them and a sea of faces filled the opening doors. "Long live the King!" thundered the crowd and fell to its knees. With an instinctive gesture that had in it the pathos of appeal, Louis turned to Marie Antoinette and offered her his hand. The enthusiastic cries rang out anew: "Long Live the Queen!" Marie Antoinette stood motionless, grave and awed. In that moment she knew she was putting Fersen and love forever out of her heart and accepting her great and terrible destiny.

Will Marie Antoinette be able to forget Fersen? Will she be content to live without love? Do you mean the third and concluding chapter. Printed in U. S. A.