

Agricultural Department

What we Should Plant For the Coming Year.

There is no more important question confronting the farmer today than how to plan his crop for 1908. Conditions have changed since this time a year ago, and no man is wise enough to foretell what next fall will be, but "straws indicate the flow of the current," and "coming events cast their shadow before," while some general principles can safely be counted upon for use. Now, on general principle: It is always best for a farmer to diversify his crops, then all special indications emphasize the importance of this course for 1908. Our farmers have been receiving a good price for their staple cotton. We can not produce it so cheaply as we did several years back. The crop was short in 1907 over the whole cotton producing world. This is likely to be reversed in 1908. Labor being turned off from mines, railroads and factories, is returning to the country. There will be more cotton planted this year, and a probable higher yield per acre. The only way to control the masses is by controlling the individuals. Do not wait on the union or any organization, but let each farmer plan wisely for himself. This is only safe rule to go by, viz: Your first duty is to make your farm self-sustaining by growing home supplies. You will never grow too much cotton when you have done this. Grow your wheat, oats, corn, hay, hogs and cattle, then all the cotton you can. Grow a bale or two bales per acre if you can, but do just as good farming with the other crops. It will be wise for each farmer to plant some one crop for a money crop other than cotton. It is best to have "two strings to your bow." "We know the right and we approve it too," so lets leave the wrong and the right pursue. Whether you are a renter or a small land owner, a large planter or city farmer, see if you can not change your plans for the better. Rotate your crops and add greater variety to the list you grow. Our farmers are greatly disturbed over our efforts to organize and to secure a higher price for our cotton; but finally the questions of successful farming must largely be worked out at home, and depends upon carrying out of a wise, systematic course upon our own farms. It is refreshing to see a man, young or old, who is doing the right kind of farming. Wherever you see one, you will find if he is a young man he is achieving success; if he is old, he has already won it, and is a blessing to himself and to his community. Make a broad, definite plan and work to it for 1908. This way of having to put more struggle and strain into selling our cotton, than it takes to produce it, will not do.—Southern Cultivator.

Keeping Open House

Everybody is welcome when we feel good; and we feel that way only when our digestive organs are working properly. Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the action of stomach, liver and bowels so perfectly one can't help feeling good when he uses these pills. See at J. F. Mackey and Funderburk Pharmacy.

How the Housewife can Make Poultry Pay.

The Progressive Farmer.

I wonder how many of our Home Circle readers are interested in poultry. To all who are contemplating making a start I will try to give some of my experience and hope it may benefit some one. In the first place, if you wish to make a success get a good breed. Don't waste your time and money on scrubs. It costs no more to raise a hen that will lay 250 eggs a year than one that will only lay two or three dozen.

I have been raising poultry sixteen years, experimenting with several different breeds, and I find none to compare with the Reds. They are beautiful fowls, are very hardy, mature early and are most excellent layers. I kept eighty hens last year and sold about 200 sittings—of eggs, raised over 300 chickens and had plenty of eggs for table use, besides selling several at market price. I didn't try to raise chickens to sell, as we need so many for home use, but I had so many fine cockerels that it seemed a pity to kill, that I put a little advertisement in The Progressive Farmer offering some for sale, and in less than two weeks I received more orders for chickens than I could fill. I sold \$77.00 worth and my advertisement only cost me \$1.00.

To have a plentiful supply of eggs it is necessary to have a good warm house, give a variety of food with plenty of green stuff. I give my hens a morning mash of chops and wheat bran moistened with warm buttermilk. I scatter wheat and oats in the straw to keep them busy scratching, and feed on corn, wheat and oats at night. I also feed meat scraps occasionally and always keep plenty of crushed oyster shells in their yards. I have their yards sown in rape, clover, oats and rye and give them all the turnip tops and collard leaves they can eat besides, and when I go in the evening to feed I always bring back a basket full of eggs.

Mrs. H. P. McPherson,
Moore Co., N. C.

Another Acquittal of Murder Charge on Insanity Plea.

Roanoke, Va., Feb. 19.—The jury in the case of Frank Cauthorn, the young white man on trial at Christiansburg for the murder of his former sweetheart, Mrs. Ada Jones, returned a verdict of "not guilty of murder but insane," after being out two hours. Judge Moffett ordered Cauthorn locked up in jail until he can be committed to a State insane asylum. The trial lasted five days. The alienists testified that the defendant was insane when he committed the crime and that he is still insane. Cauthorn said he slew Mrs. Jones because he loved her and she married another.

Neighborhood Favorite

Mrs. E. D. Charles, of Harbor, Maine, speaking of Electric Bitters, says: "It is a neighborhood favorite here with us." It deserves to be a favorite everywhere. It gives quick relief in dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney derangement, malnutrition, nervousness, weakness and general debility. Its action on the blood, as a thorough purifier makes it especially useful as a spring medicine. This grand alternative tonic is sold under guarantee at J. F. Mackey's and Funderburk Pharmacy.

The State vs J. B. Sims.

The Recent Homicide in the County—Testimony Taken at Inquest and Affidavits Submitted in Habeas Corpus Proceedings before Judge Jones.

Mr. J. B. Sims, charged with the murder of Mr. Hampton Stogner, executed his bail bond of \$3,000 and was released from jail last Saturday. The following is the testimony taken at the inquest held by Magistrate Carkey and the affidavits submitted to Judge Ira B. Jones in the bail proceedings:

INQUEST.

B. F. Stogner, sworn, says: I am a brother of deceased. I was present and saw the trouble. Took place on New Cut road about three miles from town of Lancaster, Feb. 3, 1908. Me and Hamp were coming to town in a one-horse wagon. I had Hamp's clock in my lap. J. B. Sims and Charlie Steele overtook us. Charlie Steele hollered to us and our mule stopped. They were right behind us. When we stopped Charlie pulled his mule out to one side of the road. Hamp said: "Hello, J. B., what you treat me so the other Saturday in town?" Sims says, "G—D— you, if you want trouble you can get it." By that time Sims was on the ground, pistol in hand. Brother saw he was going to shoot him. He jumped behind me. He threw his pistol on us. I turned. He commenced shooting. When he shot the mule ran. Brother fell on the spring seat and mule went to running and threw me out. He shot at me twice after I fell out on the ground. I got up and asked him what he was trying to kill me for. He said he hadn't shot at me. Hamp never had any pistol at all. I had his pistol. He shot me through the clothes in front. Don't know how many shots were fired—think four. I discovered my brother was shot when I got to him about 100 yards away. He was showing Richard Wallace and two negroes where he was shot. We put him in the wagon and carried him on to Gregory's. Brother never shot at all—I had his pistol.

(Signed) B. F. Stogner.

R. C. Brown, M. D., sworn, says: I was called upon to attend deceased. Found him two and a half miles west of town at the residence of Cleveland Gregory. He had a gunshot wound right of abdominal region. Punctured the large and small intestines, also the liver. Death was due to hemorrhage and shock secondary to this gunshot wound. Said wound was sufficient to cause death and did cause death. He told me on the train going to Chester that he thought he was going to die and wanted to make a statement. He said J. B. Sims shot him for nothing. Said he and his brother were coming to town in a one-horse wagon. He met J. B. Sims at Gills creek bridge. He said: "J. B., why did you treat me as you did Saturday evening or night?" Sims said nothing but commenced getting out of buggy and commenced firing as soon as he got on the ground. Fired on him while

he was sitting in his wagon. He said he jumped behind his brother the first shot. First shot his mule jumped and threw his brother out of wagon over the wheel. He thought that the second shot is the one that hit him. Sims fired three shots at his brother while he was lying in ditch. He made no attempt to shoot Sims, nor had no pistol. Said he "shot me like a dog," and commenced praying.

(Signed) R. C. Brown M. D.

C. B. Steele, being duly sworn, says: On Feb. 3rd, 1908, I was coming to town. J. B. Sims was at J. L. Kennington's; asked me to ride to town with me. I slipped over to the left side of my buggy. He got in on the right side. Shortly, he said: "I believe I will change my gun, I might lose it." Changed his gun from his right side, put it between he and I. It was a blue steel pistol. About 100 yards further Hampton Stogner and Ben Stogner came into the road ahead of us 75 to 100 yards north of Gills creek. We all crossed the bridge, they in front of us. 25 or 30 yards south of the bridge, Hampton Stogner stopped his wagon in the road right in front of my buggy. I said: "Hello, Hamp." He spoke to me very low; said "Hello, Charlie." He then turned on his seat,

toward his brother Ben, who was on his left, said: "Hello, J. B., you G—D— son of a bitch." I just then started to rein my mule to go around his wagon to the left. Sims grabbed his pistol and got on the ground as soon as possible. I jumped out on the left hand side. Sims said: "G—D— you, you have been running around here hunting me and now I am ready for you." Hamp says: "All right"; jumped right down at Ben's face, brought up a bright pistol and fired. After he fired they both fired two or three times each. After first shot, Stogner jumped to his feet in the wagon. Ben Stogner started and fell out of the wagon. He had not spoken. Sims fired at him. He said: "Don't shoot me; I have done nothing and got no pistol." At this time the mule and wagon and Hamp had gone from there. Hamp fell face foremost, lengthwise in the wagon, body toward back end. Ben left and came on to Hamp in wagon, was stopped in road with some other man. I went around to see if my mule was shot. Sims says, "Steele, is your mule hurt?" I said "No but my buggy is." Sims was at right fore wheel of buggy in time of shooting. Stogner shot two holes through my buggy curtain. Stogner shot first. Sims dodged toward the ground. I left Sims

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