

Modern Farm Methods As Applied in the South.

Notes of Interest to Planter, Fruit Grower and Stockman

Sheep as a Side Issue in South.

There is hardly a farm in the Piedmont or mountain sections of the South but that would be benefited by having a small flock of breeding ewes to graze on it. Sheep, as every one knows who has tried them, are great cleaners. Three-fourths of the weeds that are so troublesome on our cultivated fields would, within a few years, be killed out entirely were sheep allowed access to the fields at different times of the year. This would require that our farms be fenced. However, we believe this should be done any way, in order that our hogs could be run in different sections of the farm, and gather their feed from the clover, cowpeas and soya bean fields. There is enough feed wasted on half of the farms of the South each year to feed a good sized flock of sheep and a good bunch of hogs. This matter of waste will need to be looked after more carefully as the price of our farm lands advance, if we are to make interest on their enhanced value. A gentleman told the writer some time ago he believed Sunny Home Farm to be the cleanest farm in North Carolina devoted to general farming. However this may be, a large amount of the credit for the clean fields is due to the fact that we keep as a side issue from fifty to seventy-five breeding ewes on the farm at all times of the year, and there is hardly a square rod of land on the farm that doesn't feel the presence of the "golden hoof." Aside from what they pick up in the fields, the feed of these ewes is only a small amount of clover, peas hay, and some little corn silage, fed in severe weather, during the winter, and a light feed of grain for ewes and lambs in the late winter, before the winter grazing crops get their spring start. The ewes average about 125 per cent. of lambs per year that are sold to the local butchers for from \$5 to \$6 per head, and are all gone by the middle of August. The wool sold from the ewes averages around \$1 per head, so we receive an income of around \$5.50 per year for each ewe handled. The majority of the ewes are the common scrub stock of the country that we pick up wherever we can find them at around \$4 per head, buying only young ones. As fast as their mouths begin to break the aged ewes are fattened on pea vines or clover, and sold to the butchers, and their places filled with a new lot. Only first-class registered Shropshire rams are used on these ewes, and the produce is a very good type of mutton lamb. By getting the lambs off the farm during the early summer we have no losses from stomach worms, so have not this loss to figure on. Going back to the above, my readers will see that our little flock brings us around 125 per cent. per year on the original cost of the ewes, the aged ewes, usually bringing when fat as much, if not more, than they cost when young. As nine-tenths of their feed is what would otherwise be a waste product we consider our little flock pays us very well for the trouble they give.

Dozens of meadows in our section are fairly yellow each spring from the grass that infests the fields. We have none of this pest, as there is nothing a sheep loves better than this plant when young and tender, and we prefer to handle the grass as a lamb rather than as hay, as when handled in the form of a lamb we do not have the seed to go into the stable manure, and from there back into the land to infest other fields. The ewes do away with millions of rag and other troublesome weeds while the plants are young and tender. Thus when sheep are kept there is a tendency toward cleaner fields all the time, and less weed killing necessary with the harrow and cultivator. And we have always found the lamb money to come in handy during the early summer. I advise our young farmers to book into the sheep business, as keeping a few breeding ewes is a good habit to get into. — A. L. French, in Southern Planter.

Short Notes About Swine.

It is not profitable to keep too many hogs in one bunch. If each sow and litter can be kept in separate lots until the pigs are old enough to wean, better results will be obtained. It is also generally best to keep no more than twenty or twenty-five pigs or grown hogs in one bunch. The practicability of this will depend on the cost of separating larger numbers. If it can be done at a moderate cost it will usually be found to pay. A sow that has recovered from cholera without having her general vigor lessened is much more valuable, other things being equal, than a sow that has never had cholera. If kept, she is an insurance against cholera.

A Conundrum.
Little Henry: "Say, pop, was Solomon the wisest man?" Mr. Erpeck: "Yes, my boy." Little Henry: "Was that why he had so many wives, pop?" Mr. Erpeck: "Run along, now, and don't bother me. I've got got a headache."

Her Friend.
Nan: "How is poor dear Lil this morning?" Fan: "She looks dreadful." Nan: "Oh, I know that; I'm asking you how she feels."

Her Safe Proposition.
She was trying to persuade her husband to give up smoking, and she had pointed out to him one day the exact amount of his expenses for tobacco during the course of a year.
"Besides, my dear," she persisted, "you will be better off mentally, physically and financially without the pipe and the cigars."
"Well, maybe so; but all great men have smoked," he argued.
"Well," she sighed, "just promise me dear, that you'll give up smoking mail you are great."

Chance For Butter Makers.

There are numerous families in all the larger towns of the South that are regularly paying thirty-five cents to forty cents per pound for Elgin creamery butter and would willingly pay the same price for butter of equal quality, delivered each week by the farmers of the section. Many farmers over the State make a contract with a merchant, hotel or private customer to furnish butter regularly each week at about thirty cents per pound, and when a farmer has to accept a low price for his butter it is usually on account of its inferior quality. — Archibald Smith.

The Whorefore.

"I like to visit that collection of musical instruments in the museum."
"What pleasure can you derive from viewing a lot of musical instruments locked up in cases?" "I like to see 'em safely out of circulation. I live in a flat." — Pittsburg Post.

There's the Kub.
He: "I promise, darling, that you will find me an indulgent husband."
She: "To me, sir, or to yourself?" — Boston Transcript.

Journalistic Setback.

"We would like," said the anxious young reporter, "to secure the trowel with which you laid the corner stone yesterday." "Young man," said pompous looking individual, "I am sorry to refuse you, but I am not friendly to your paper, and can therefore not give you the scoop you want."

The Only Alternative.

Stella: "Did the doctor say you shouldn't eat between meals?" Bella: "Yes, so I just have more meals." — New York Sun.

GOOD ROADS

How Not to Oil Roads.

"The macadam streets of Louisville," says Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, in her report upon "The Sanitary Conditions and Needs of Kentucky," "are in need of much repair. It would be a great advantage if the city could connect all of its parks, and their beautiful Paducah gravel roads, by boulevards such as bel: Kansas City, for example; a road made by plowing up the ground to the depth of four inches, mixing it thoroughly with crude oil containing much asphaltum and rolling it with heavy rollers. Such a road may be flushed and hand-swept like an asphalt pavement, and lasts well if heavy wagons with narrow tires are kept off of it. It is, of course, much cheaper than asphalt pavement. Oil of a proper kind might be well used to lay the dust of some of our unpaved streets. Why not use oil as freely to alay the dust nuisance of roads as to abate the mosquito nuisance on stagnant water?"

Louisville's lack of outlets has long been an annoyance to all persons who ride or drive a motor, and a source of humiliation to the citizen who would have the visitor appreciate the beauty of the parks, but who knows that the deepest impression left upon anyone who goes to them is that part of the journey must be made over ill-paved streets. A park system such as Louisville has is a tremendous asset, but it remains, to an extent, unavailable when the ways to the parks and to parkways, are so difficult of passage as to discourage the pleasure-seeker.

A more general use of oil as a dust layer and road preserver would, of course, prove beneficial. But in the meantime much good would result from a more careful—rather, less careless—distribution of oil upon roads and streets where it is used. To attain results the oil should not be applied in wide pools and deep puddles unless the object in view is to increase the business of persons who earn an honest livelihood by repainting gasoline-driven and horse-drawn vehicles, and those who sell divers garments of woolen and cotton. Oil applied in puddles makes a road impassable for a considerable length of time, then just passable, and finally good. By the time it reaches the stage last described the work is done over again, and again those who use the road splash through a slippery loblolly at the risk of wheel and limb and life in a motor car and with damage to vehicle, clothing and disposition in either car or carriage. Gobs from the parent mass of oil disengage themselves and land here and there upon the person or property of the unoffending user of the road where they display an adhesive quality unequalled by that of liquid court plaster. A little more care—a little more time perhaps, even a little more money if necessary—expended upon distributing oil evenly, makes a road upon which it is a pleasure to ride or drive.

A private driveway oiled with some care for consequences is the best illustration of the carelessness with which public roads and streets are usually oiled. And the public roads and streets, oiled upon the wide pool and deep puddle plan illustrate the adage that what is everyone's business is nobody's business.

Let us have more oil on the highways, by all means, but it should be applied with a view to usefulness and in a manner calculated to cause the least annoyance, inconvenience and expense to those who travel over it. It should not be dumped and left to distribute itself at leisure over the road, the running gear of passing vehicles and the wardrobe of the body politic. — Louisville Courier-Journal.

\$1,000,000 For Seven Highways.

To provide for a survey for seven great National highways, including one to be known as the Roosevelt National Roadway, Representative Maynard, of Virginia, introduced a bill in the House at Washington, D. C., appropriating \$1,000,000 and authorizing the President to appoint a National roadway commission. The measure proposes to survey roadways to Portland, Me.; Niagara Falls, Seattle, San Francisco, San Diego, Austin and Miami, Fla., from the National capital. These highways shall have no grade that is more than four per cent and shall have a separate roadway in the centre for automobiles. They are to be named after Washington, Lincoln, Monroe, Lee, Jefferson, Roosevelt and Grant.

Spell Prosperity.

Good roads spell prosperous communities, and railroads that pay good dividends are never found serving poor communities.

Wildcat Attacks Woman.

A remarkable story of an attack by a wild animal has reached this city from Pinos Altos, a mining camp north of here. While Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Campbell, an aged couple, were sitting in their home about noon, a wildcat emerged from a nearby thicket, dashed through the open door and attacked the woman.

Mrs. Campbell, who is nearly blind, was terribly clawed and scratched by the ferocious beast before it could be beaten off. It was finally driven under the bed and when it emerged to renew the attack, Mr. Campbell, who had hastily secured his rifle, put a bullet through its body.

Mrs. Campbell was so badly injured that it was found necessary to place her in the Ladies' Hospital of this city, where she is receiving medical treatment.

It is very unusual for a wildcat to attack a person unless cornered, and the remarkable action of this one is hard to account for. The woman would undoubtedly have been killed but for the presence of her husband. — Silver City Dispatch to El Paso Times.

The Radium Institute, of Heidelberg, to be opened before the end of the year, will be the first of its kind to begin actual work, as an endowment has been raised for it.

FAMOUS DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.



PE-RU-NA FOR DYSPEPSIA CATARRH OF STOMACH

Pe-runa is sold by your local druggists. Buy a bottle today.

Celestial Communication.

A story comes from a Kentucky town that is worth repeating. There lives there a woman who says that she has immediate communion with the Almighty, and now and then delivers to those of common clay a message that she has received from on high. The fact that these messages sometimes take on a very materialistic hue does not alter their effectiveness, in her opinion.

Defended the Baby.

Tommy's mother had had him a present of a toy shovel and sent him out in the sand lot to play with his baby brother.
"Take care of the baby now, Tommy, and don't let anything hurt him," was mamma's parting injunction.
Presently screams of anguish from baby sent the distracted parent flying to the sand lot.
"For goodness' sake, Tommy, what has happened to the baby?" said she, trying to soothe the wailing infant.
"There was a naughty fly biting him on top of his head and I killed it with the shovel," was the proud reply. — Lippincott's.

Fertile in Explanation.

She—George, did you mail that letter I gave you last Monday morning?
He, cornered, but fertile in expedients—No, I didn't! And what's more, I demand to know its contents!
She, amazed—Why, George, what's the matter?
He, inwardly delighted—I'm jealous—that's what's the matter! Madly, desperately, insanely jealous!
She—You dear old goose! It's only a letter to Cousin Sue.
He, apparently much relieved—Is that all? How foolish of me. I'll go out and mail it at once.

A Complex Relation.

She—"Who was the lady you just bowed to?"
He—"That was the second wife of the third husband of my first wife."
—Fliegende Blaetter.

Nothing to Worry Her.

"My wife is very miserable."
"What's the reason? She hasn't a thing to worry about."
"That's the reason."

A monkey remains a monkey though dressed in silk—Spanish.

A brain is worth little without a tongue.—Punch. So. 42-'09.

FOOD QUESTION Settled With Perfect Satisfaction by a Dyspeptic.

It's not an easy matter to satisfy all the members of the family at meal time, as every housewife knows. And when the husband has dyspepsia and can't eat the simplest ordinary food without causing trouble, the food question becomes doubly annoying.

An Illinois woman writes: "My husband's health was poor, he had no appetite for anything I could get for him, it seemed."
"He was hardly able to work, was taking medicine continually, and as soon as he would feel better would go to work again, only to give up in a few weeks. He suffered severely with stomach trouble."

"Tired of everything I had been able to get for him to eat, one day seeing an advertisement about Grape-Nuts, I got some and he tried it for breakfast the next morning."
"We all thought it was pretty good, although we had no idea of using it regularly. But when my husband came home at night he asked for Grape-Nuts."
"It was the same next day, and I had to get it right along, because when we would get to the table the question, 'Have you any Grape-Nuts?' was a regular thing. So I began to buy it by the dozen pkgs."

"My husband's health began to improve right along. I sometimes felt offended when I'd make something I thought he would like for a change, and still hear the same old question, 'Have you any Grape-Nuts?'
"He got so well that for the last two years he has hardly lost a day from his work, and we are still using Grape-Nuts." Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Turtle Lived on Ducks.

"I can't think of anything more pleasant," said a clerk in one of Washington's big stores, "than a visit to the home of one's boyhood, such as I just returned from, after an absence of 15 years."
"I tell you, boys," he said to the friends he was telling of his visit, "it brought the tears to my eyes, when I sighted the old farm down in Virginia. Everything was the same as when I left there a mere boy. There was the old house without a bit of improvement, the garden full of all kinds of truck, the ice pond, and a loving welcome by all the people in the vicinity."
"I don't propose to be sentimental. Not a bit of it," he said, "but I thought it might entertain you to hear of a turtle hunt in which I took part while I was down at the old place. You heard me speak of the ice pond on the farm. It was a little lake in its dimensions, and I have skated on it many a time when I was a youngster."

"My uncle, who is running the estate, had a number of fine ducks, and these divers had great times swimming on the pond, which they seemed to prefer to other waters in the vicinity. The little old lake seemed to have a peculiar fascination, not only for them, but for some of the neighbor's ducks who paid visits to them and joined them in their nataratorial exploits."
"At last one day one of the hands on the place declared that he had seen a turtle gazing up out of the water. Then everyone was convinced that he was a marauder and had been living of duck meat for a long time."
"Right away a searching party was organized and two or three of us armed with guns patrolled the banks of the pond, but without any success. The old pirate was wise and kept under cover. Then the pond was drained and we went for him with spades, and at last dug him up out of the mud with duck bones all around him." — From the Washington Post.

Can Anybody Beat This?

Mr. W. B. Dowdy living at the edge of town on the northeast, has one-third of an acre of corn that beats any thing we have ever seen. It is on top of a hill and such a deep green as to be almost black. This is the second crop on the land, he having raised and sold \$52.50 worth of cabbage off the same land in the spring, and from this crop of corn he expects to get 50 bushels, also \$15.00 worth of fodder, and peas growing in the rows, which will pay for the fertilizer and harvesting of the crop. If any body can beat that we would be glad to hear from them. — Sanford Times. So. 42-'09.

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GERRARD HILL WORKS, Atlanta, Ga., 1224 Cassell Bldg. Chicago, Monroedock Block New York, 93 Nassau St.



It was in this very cottage in Brookside, 15 miles from Birmingham, Ala., that three Italians nearly died of Fever. They had been sick 3 months. Johnson's Tonic cured them quickly—read letter below:

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The two physicians here had 5 very obstinate cases of continued Malarial Fever. All were Italians and lived on a creek 50 yards from my store. These cases were of three months standing, their temperature ranging from 100 to 104. The doctors had tried everything in vain. I persuaded them to let me try Johnson's Tonic. I removed all the printed matter and let the medicine go out in a plain bottle as a regular prescription. The effect in all three cases was immediate and permanent. They recovered rapidly and there was no recurrence of the Fever.
S. K. SHIPLETT.
Write to THE JOHNSON'S CHILL & FEVER TONIC CO., Savannah, Ga.

Facts For Sick Women

We know of no other medicine which has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women, or secured so many genuine testimonials, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every woman you meet has either been benefited by it, or knows some one who has.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made exclusively from roots and herbs, and is perfectly harmless.

The reason why it is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the female organism, restoring it to healthy and normal activity.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials such as the following prove the efficiency of this simple remedy.

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women, I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. Within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

"I want this letter made public to show the benefits to be derived from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." — Mrs. John G. Moldan, 2115 Second St. North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

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