



POULTRY

TRAP-NESTING IS ADVOCATED

Only Certain Method of Separating Good Layers From the Poor is to Keep Daily Records.

That the only sure way to know which hens in a flock are doing the work and which are not "earning their keep," is by using the trap-nest, is the belief of Prof. James Dryden of the poultry husbandry department of the Oregon agricultural college.

"High egg production is not a characteristic of any one breed of fowls," says Professor Dryden. "The trap-nest has demonstrated this. There is no particular shape or type that indicates good laying qualities, so far, at any rate, as our present knowledge goes."

"The only certain method of separating the good layers from the poor is to use the trap-nest and keep a daily record of eggs laid. It is not always the fault of the feed and care that they don't do better. It is the misfortune of the hen herself very often; she couldn't lay if she wanted to."

"It requires considerable time to keep a trap-nest record of a flock of hens. Not every farmer has the time, but if a few farmers in every county would trap-nest a flock of hens, in a few years all the farmers of the county would very likely have stock that were from heavy-laying, trap-nested fowls. Where it is possible for a farmer to devote a little time to it each day he will be well repaid for the labor."

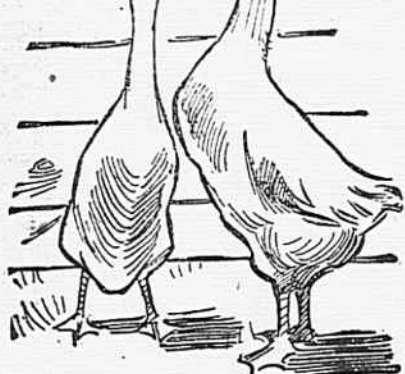
"The Oregon experiment station is trap-nesting a large flock each year and it is doing the best it can to furnish the farmers of that state with stock from good layers, with the object of increasing the egg yield in the state. It is desirable, of course, to keep a full year's record for each hen, but if that is not possible, a record for a part of the year would be valuable. For instance, a record of the first six months of laying, beginning probably in November, would show which were the good winter producers."

PREPARE GESE FOR MARKET

Closer Fowls Are Confined, if Allowed Sufficient Exercise, Better They Are.

A goose that is being fattened for market should never be permitted to swim in the water or to wander any distance. The closer they are confined, as long as they have a pen for sufficient exercise, the better table poultry they make. To keep them clean while being fattened, cover the floor of the building in which they stay at night with a thick covering of straw. Remove this in the morning with a pitchfork, either into the air or sunlight where it will dry. Thoroughly scrape the floor, and cover it with dry sand or earth; as night approaches throw down the bedding again, and in this way they can be kept perfectly clean, and under these conditions they will improve much faster.

When the time comes for selling them, the geese should be confined in a limited space, provided with a building for shelter only, plenty of water to drink, and be fed all they will eat of a dry mash made of one-half cornmeal, one-fourth bran and middlings, the balance of ground oats.



Pair of White China Geese.

This is best mixed with boiled milk, buttermilk, sour milk or skim milk, which, when thoroughly cooked, can be mixed into the meals to make the dry mash, and fed in boxes or troughs once or twice a day. In addition to this, a small amount of green food, the best of rye, clover or grass, may be provided with good results.

Remove Dead Carcasses.
Never allow the carcasses of birds that have died to lie around and decay. Either bury them good and deep or, better still, burn them. If you have no furnace or stove in which you want to burn them, saturate them good with kerosene and set fire to them. If you leave them uncovered and allow them to decay, your whole flock is liable to be stricken.

ESCAPING BY A HAIR

By MAURICE SMILEY.

It was no evidence of any special shrewdness on my part that I knew what Wilson was watching the train for.

The papers were full of the details of Judson's last exploit. The trick he had turned on this particular occasion was the lifting of a tray of diamonds from the importing firm of Couvier Freres.

The police had followed Judson pretty sharply and I knew that Wilson must have got some tip to the effect that Judson was going to take a train for a cooler habitat—most probably the 9:40 for the west.

Now, Wilson and I knew each other by sight. We had had a professional rub or two on former occasions, and I knew with what I had to deal. It just happened that I saw him get a telegram at the station office and that gave me two ideas which I proceeded to put into effect. One was to intercept the messenger boy attached to the office, and for a quid pro quo induce him to hand to Wilson this message, scribbled on a telegraph blank: "Mr. Wilson: I forgot in my hurry to copy the message just delivered to you. Kindly return it to me for a moment and I will hand it to you at any time.—Mary Emerson, Operator."

Five minutes later the boy handed me the message Wilson had received. It read:

"Anderson says Judson will take the 9:40 train for Chicago. Will wear a long white beard.—Foley."

Foley was the chief. His dispatch threw new light on the Judson tip. So Anderson had turned against Judson. It happened that I was going to take the 9:40 train myself, and I determined to keep a sharp lookout for anybody with a long white beard. I was smooth shaven myself.

But the second idea. It was ridiculously easy to write a message myself, and my convenient messenger friend for another quid pro quo handed it to Wilson. My message ran like this:

"Made a mistake. Judson will leave on the 9:15 for Montreal.—Foley."

It was already 9:05 and Wilson had barely time to catch the 9:15 train, for he swallowed the spoon, hook and bait.

With Wilson safely side-tracked, I boarded my train.

"Message for Henry Wilson. Is Mr. Wilson in this car?"

"Ah, yes, I guess that's for me," I remarked, casually, reaching out my hand for it as the conductor stopped at my berth. Of course it was from Foley. It read:

"Anderson makes complete confession. Says story of Judson being disguised was a blind. He will, so far as Anderson knows, be smooth shaven, as he does not suspect he will be followed, but thinks he has sidetracked us. Williams is at Buffalo, and will meet the train at Lee's Landing.—Foley."

The plot was thickening.

"How far are we from Lee's Landing, porter?" I inquired.

"Next stop, sir."

I started on another exhaustive inspection of the car, but there was nobody there whom I thought Williams would be likely to spot as Judson.

But there was a gentleman with a long brown beard, sitting all alone in one end of the car. A white beard might be dyed overnight.

"Would you mind stepping into my drawing room compartment, sir?" I said in a weak voice as I bent over the brown-whiskered gentleman.

"Certainly, sir," he replied, rising and accompanying me to my drawing room. Once the door was locked and there was something doing in two minutes.

"That's a very fine bunch of whiskers you have there, my friend," I said fiercely, "and I shall have to trouble you for them! Don't make any fuss now and you won't get hurt!"

The sheer absurdity of my words made him blink bewilderedly and before he got through blinking I had him tied hand and foot and two minutes later I had neatly snipped off his beautiful brown beard.

I had become suddenly alive to the fact that a pair of whiskers was something that I needed in my business. I usually went provided with spirit gum and other toilet accessories, but I had neglected to grow a bunch of side whiskers or provided myself with a set of false ones.

"Lee's Landing!" shouted the brakeman, as I stepped out of the drawing room to run plump into Williams, whom I spotted instantly.

"He's in the drawing room there!" I whispered hurriedly in Williams' ear.

"Yes. This is Wilson! I am detailed on another lay; that's why you were wired to meet me. Grew these over night. Good luck."

Then half holding my whiskers with my hand to keep them from falling off, I pulled my hat down over my eyes and made my getaway.

It wasn't a very close shave for the person, but it was for me, all on account of that traitor Anderson. I just escaped by a hair—that is, by a conveniently large number of hairs, judiciously used.

Oh, yes, I was Judson. You have guessed that.
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LIKE PITCHED BATTLE

RAILROAD IN FINISH FIGHT WITH HORDE OF CATERPILLARS.

Though Defeated in the End, the Insects Succeeded in Demolishing All Train Schedules on Long Island Railroad.

About a month ago a column-long telegram from Montauk, L. I., appeared in the newspapers under a big-type caption: "Caterpillars Lose War on Railroad."

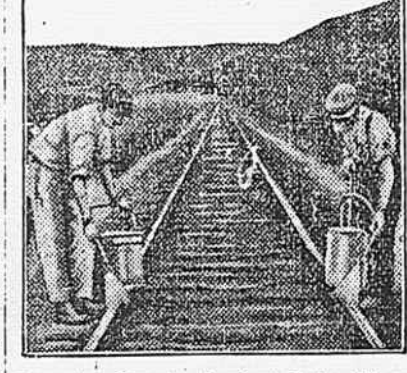


There was no picturesque exaggeration in that caption. One of the most offensive tactics of an invading army is to cut railroad lines in the enemy's country, and this is exactly what was done by a countless army of caterpillars that invaded the Long Island railroad's right of way, between Amagansett and Montauk. The fatalities among the invaders were appalling; billions of them were squashed; but for two weeks the dead and the dying, their number constantly increased by willing hordes from the ranks of the living, succeeded in smashing train schedules.

There were battles daily between the big, powerful engines of the road and the tiny caterpillars, the former aided by skirmish lines of trainmen armed with brooms, shovels, and pails of sand, the latter aided by nothing but their ability to climb up on the track and grease it with their squashed bodies.

If these two opposing forces—the big locomotives and the tiny caterpillars—had been left to fight it out between themselves, it is a grave question but what history would have had a different story to inscribe upon her tablets.

Acting under hurry-up orders, however, from President Ralph Peters, H. B. Fullerton, the railroad company's director of agricultural development, bore down on the invaders



Spraying Tracks Against Caterpillars. With a couple of hand-car batteries manned by section gangs, and swept the field of action with solution of sulfocide and nicotine shot from hand spray pumps.

Day after day Fullerton and his hand-car batteries raked the battlefield with their spray pumps, and day after day caterpillars and yet more caterpillars immolated themselves before any and every Long Island train that juggernauted that way.

Then Fullerton bethought himself of the method by which mediaeval castles were defended. He ran a six-inch moat along both sides of the invaded stretch of track and flooded it with crude oil. Then did history repeat herself and tell over again the story of the French cuirassiers and the sunken road at Waterloo; rank after rank of caterpillars dashed into this moat of Fullerton's, but not a caterpillar reached its other side. The Long Island railroad had won the war of the caterpillars.

But though vanquished, they had established a record. Bugs and worms before this have crippled railroads, but never before has any army, either bug or worm, succeeded in continuing its campaign for so long a time.

Railroad Cat's Long Life.

"Tiger," the remarkable cat of the Great Eastern Railway company's freight shed at Peterborough, England, which is reputed to be about twenty-seven years old, is peacefully ending a life crowded with rat extermination and other happy incidents. Few cats live much beyond fourteen or fifteen years. During her long life Tiger has killed thousands of rats. She is a light tabby, and came to the sheds for refuge during a fire at a timber yard close by over twenty-six years ago, having been driven from her home in a timber stack by the flames. Tiger has always been wild, and has obtained her own food, consisting almost entirely of rats, of which she would kill as many as fourteen and fifteen in one night. Her custom was to bring all the rats alive to one of the men employed in the sheds, and would not eat one until she received permission.

Veteran Railroader Dead.

William Graham, one of the earliest settlers of Grafton, W. Va., who was born in Preston county, W. Va., died, aged eighty years. He spent fifty years in the service of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, having been placed on the retired list in 1900. His family were among the first settlers to cross the mountains and seek homes in the western portion of what was then Virginia. He moved to Grafton in 1861, and entered the Union army, was discharged with honor and resumed work with the railroad.

TREAT POTATOES FOR SCAB

Corrosive Sublimate Solution and Bordeaux Mixture Applied to Seed Gave Excellent Results.

At a German experiment station, experiments with potato scab have been carried on for two years.

Corrosive sublimate solution of 0.05 per cent, and Bordeaux mixture of two per cent, both applied to the seed potatoes for 1 1/2 hours, gave excellent and about equal results in the prevention of scab, as was also the case with Bordeaux mixture of two per cent applied to two lots for three and fourteen hours, respectively, and with two lots treated with four kg. per acre (856 pounds per acre) of sulphur mixed with the soil, one lot having been also thoroughly rubbed with sulphur before planting. A peat mold dressing of 85 cm. depth appeared to give some protection against the development of scab, while a sand dressing of the same depth afforded none. On both the plots treated with soil dressing the next year's crops were found to be healthy.

KILL OUT CANADA THISTLES

Most Practical Way of Getting Rid of Patch is to Cut Off All Leaves Below Surface.

In response to a query as to the best way of getting rid of a patch of Canada thistles the Wallace's Farmer makes the following reply:

Anything which keeps Canada thistle leaves from getting to the sunlight for two or three months during the growing season will give them a severe set-back, and in some cases kill them. Putting a heavy coating of straw on the patch has in some cases proved successful, but in other cases the straw has become disarranged and the thistles have grown up



Canada Thistle.

through it. Really, the most practical way of getting rid of a small patch of Canada thistles is to go over it every week and cut off all leaves below the surface of the ground. If a conscientious job of this is done for the summer, the thistles will not bother much the next year, although it is best to keep an eye open for them and cut them off regularly. A careful job must be done, for if the leaves are allowed to grow very long in the sunshine enough energy will be stored up in the roots to hold the pest over for a considerable length of time.

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