

"Old Farmer" Thinks Brothers Are Blessed

We've had a delightful year. The spring was so late that winter lapped over in summer, so that we could truthfully say:

"And winter, lingering, chills the lap of spring."

for when the winter frosts stopt, nature just busted forth in the good old summer time and then after we got the crops up and plowed out, dry weather set in for a spell and we all got terrible gloomy fer it looked like we was sure goin' ter have another drought like we had in 1921 and folks begun to talk 'bout having prayer fer rain—what I mean is to git together at the Meetin' House and pleadin' with the Giver of all Good and perfect Gifts to send us a bounteous shower, but I don't believe that any meetin's were ever held but the folks just worked on and on and watched the weather and clouds but no rain come and we just kept on diggin' and plowin' and killin' grass and while times begun to look shore nuff squally, by and by the windows of heaven opened and out come the blessed showers. You know that you've heard that "a dry June never begs her bread" and then too you've heard that if it rains on the first day of June that it will rain for 30 or 40 days and I've forgot which, so I watched the first day of last June and it didn't rain and I felt mighty powerful good and the old sayin' hit right and do you remember that it rained on the first day of June last year and it's no use ter tell you that it just kept right on rainin' little or much every day for a spell and then stopt short. Well, a dry summer scares us jam by to death and a wet one starves us jam by to death. The corn crop was cut off right much in places and much depended on the time it was planted, fer old corn suffered. But our peanuts and cotton has done pretty good and now the prices is almost double what they was expected and joy and a merry heart is in the land again. So all of us are busy gittin' out the crops and are sellin' as fast as we can git it fer the prices have been fine—who'd thought 'bout cotton bringin' 33 cents a pound? Well 'tis. And peanuts is movin' long pretty peart.

Now listen ter Old Farmer—when Thanksgiving Day comes, don't stay at home and deny the Good Lord a

day of real heartfelt thanks but go to your church and enter into the spirit of the day fer if ever we had a cause to be happy and thankful it's this year and let's show it. Give some money to the orphans and make a gift to the poor. I was over ter 'Hoskie town last Saturday and I couldn't hardly git cross the street fer automobiles and as I looked down the long rows of cars I was made to feel glad and sorry too. Why? Because I saw so many new cars. I felt glad to know that folks that are really able to git 'em had 'em and I was sorry fer the feller that thought he was able to git a car and he was not. Ham-bones said a few days ago that if all the cars was paid fer there would be more parkin' room. Back yonder in 1920 we all said that if there ever was a return of good prices and we got hold of a little mite of money that we'd show folks how to spend it by lettin' folks see how we'd learnt nuff sense ter keep it. But man is a strange animal. O, yes most of us give out the proclamation that we'd show folks how to salt down the dollars if we lived to git hold of any more of 'em, so that the eagle would have to squeal 'fore we'd turn one loose, but O! forgetful man!

***** be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

Stop nabors, go slow, take Old Farmers's advice, remember that you can't save when you hain't got it ter save.

I wonder if any farmers in Hertford county is goin' ter leave any of his farming 'utensils out in the weather ter rust and rot this fall and winter? That is sinful waste. I've seen plows left in the field after the crops was laid by and of course by next spring all the rust and rot of winter has made the plow shakky and here goes the clodhopper back to the merchant and tells him that he must have a new plow fer the old one is worn clean out. Such waste is sinful. I believe I said and by golly I stick to it. Instead of takin' the plows up to the shelter and giving the wood parts and metal parts that don't go inter the ground, a good coat of paint and wipe off with an old sack the wings to keep off the rust and then when spring comes you'll have almost the same plow you had when you laid by the crop. Think of this Brother Clodhoppers.

Will the editor of the HERALD please go over to Gerock's and git a piece of cheese and feed the Office Cat fer me? I want this done fer

tellin' some things that was done in Winton last first Monday. Just score another big mark fer Frank Tayloe fer callin' down members fer hirin' lawyers without authority from the Board. I thought the Commissioners had a lawyer retained to advise 'em. Nothin' aint happened that made the county lawyer call fer help, if he's called fer help, I haint heard it. Then after seein' what the Office Cat had ter say 'bout that lawyer business over in Winton last first Monday, I sorter asked some questions 'bout it and Lo! and Behold! It turns out that the lawyers was out-of-the-county-lawyers. It 'pears ter me that if the county Board hires them fellers that it will be a slap in the face ter every lawyer in Hertford county. Old Farmer said a few weeks ago that Frank Tayloe warn't so long and lank fer nuthin'. That's right Frank, hold 'em down. And Mr. Editor, let the Office Cat tell on 'em.

OLD FARMER.
November 14, 1923.

HE IS FULL OF LIFE AT HALF CENTURY MARK

As I am one of the old-timers, I guess I, too, can say something of the ways and fashions of the long, long ago, if the limit has not already been reached by the HERALD'S indulgence. There are many things, the styles in particular, that I had ceased to think about until reminded by other scribes in your paper, which carried me back vividly to forty or even fifty years ago. Young folks don't this seem a long time sure enough? Well, it does not to me, and I am "about fit to say" I can go back still further.

I remember the old styles of ladies' dresses and they looked as good to the boys and men folks then as the present mode of dress does, to me at least, today. Leaving the ways and fashions alone I will talk about other things I remember quite distinctly.

It was when I was eight years old we saw from our home great volumes of smoke rising from the burning of Winton by the Yankee gun-boats shelling the town. I could always tell the direction of Winton, 12 miles away, as the smoke was due east. Such an exciting time that was. We were all frightened nearly to death, fearing Murfreesboro would go next, and it was not long before the same boats came up the river and fired a shell over the town and repeating it not long after with three

shots. But they went beyond the town and did no damage save causing consternation to reign for miles about.

Then later came a regiment of the Yankee Cavalry through our town and the stragglers left behind used the opportunity to ransack the private homes and I well recall three of them coming to our house and taking what they wanted or could find, as my mother had everything of much value hid away. My father was dead, my oldest brother was in the army. Another brother five years older than myself, three sisters still older than my mother (who was the bravest of brave, I thought) were without protection save two dogs (Hector and Hamburg) which seemed to be on the watch and would bark at night as if someone was trying to take us or all we had. But enough of this unpleasant story.

I really did not intend to tell anything about the war of 1861-65. I

will now relate something of the by-gones which left more pleasure for our dreams. I will call it the paper-collar period, in the seventies. All we boys in town and in the country about had our hearts set on the February concerts and the June Commencements. We got by with our collars in February but look out in June! for it seemed hotter at commencement time than any other, on account of the crowd and excitement of trying to get an engagement with our best girl for a promenade. I have carried an extra collar in my pocket in case I lost the one I wore, from perspiration. If another boy had our girl at recess it would destroy all the pleasure of the great occasion.

Such a time we use to have taking the girls down to get ice cream and lemonade sold by Goodman D. Parker, the old confectioner, under the big front steps. I don't know of but one of my old companions living and that is David A. Day, and he is just one year my junior.

There was no newspaper in our town in those days, and when I was allowed to go up town as we called it (we lived down town and on the edge) my sisters would always want me to tell them who I saw and what I heard and not to forget to go to the postoffice.

Now folks, if you were ever homesick, you may know how I felt when I had to go to Windsor at sixteen to

clerk in a store. But I soon had a sweetheart there and all was lovely again. Then, to Lewiston I had to go and then to Harrellsville, with the same results. So bless the Lord, that Adam's rib was taken out; for we can always forget our cares when the girls are about.

Ah, those were dear old days and the memory of them is fond and green today and will ever linger with me. I was always fond of the Sunday School and church hymns and as a tune pops in my head now I associate it with a certain town I have lived in or a certain church and of course with a certain girl who sang them best; and the love songs particularly. I loved, too, the "country breakdowns" and wedding celebrations, to hear the old fiddlers and trip the light fantastic toe. I would "shake a foot" even now if I could hear George Outlaw of Perrytown play, or Doc Davenport of Plymouth; or especially John Askew play Swananoa Waltz, I think he called it. I never have heard anything to beat it and I find myself whistling it every now and then when my spirits are light, or my skies are bright.

I see I am taking too much of your space where more valuable matter might be, that is, should you even decide to accept it, which I fear after all. Your readers might term this a second childhood racket, so I had better wave my hand to them and say Ta! Ta!

W. E. DUNSTAN.
Elizabeth City, Nov. 14, 1923.

A Wish

"I have taken Cardui for run-down, worn-out condition, nervousness and sleeplessness, and I was weak, too," says Mrs. Silvie Estes, of Jennings, Okla. "Cardui did me just lots of good—so much that I gave it to my daughter. She complained of a soreness in her sides and back. She took three bottles of

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic
and her condition was much better.
"We have lived here, near Jennings, for 26 years, and now we have our own home in town. I have had to work pretty hard, as this country wasn't built up, and it made it hard for us."
"I WISH I could tell weak women of Cardui—the medicine that helped give me the strength to go on and do my work."
E 85

Baked At Home

Instead of adding to the fortunes of the fellow away from your home town, Drop in the Home Bakery, and select what you want, right hot from the oven. We bake it here, and let's eat it Here. We invite your patronage.

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- HOT ROLLS NOVELTY CAKES MACAROONS

We make them to your order, for all regular and special occasions. Once tried always bought here; Try It.

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Hertford County Herald

AHOSKIE, N. C.