

# ROANOKE BEACON.



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FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH.

W. FLETCHER AUBSON, EDITOR.

VOL. IV.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1892.

NO. 26.

## Directory.

**STATE GOVERNMENT.**  
Governor, Thos. M. Holt, of Alamance.  
Secretary of State, Octavius Coke, of Wake.  
Treasurer, Donald W. Bain, of Wake.  
Auditor, Geo. W. Sandefer, of Wayne.  
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Sidney M. Finger, of Catawba.  
Attorney General, Thos. F. Davidson, of Brunswick.

**COUNTY GOVERNMENT.**  
Sheriff, Levi Blount.  
Deputy Sheriff, D. Spruill.  
Treasurer, E. R. Latham.  
Superior Court Clerk, Thos. J. Marriner.  
Register of Deeds, J. P. Hilliard.  
Commissioners, H. J. Siarr, W. C. Marriner, B. D. Latham, Jos. Skittetharpe and H. A. Litchfield.  
Board of Education, Thos. S. Armistead, T. L. Tarkenton, J. L. Norman.  
Superintendent of Health, Dr. E. L. Cox.  
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Rev. Luther Eborn.

**CITY.**  
Mayor and Clerk, J. W. Bryan.  
Treasurer, E. K. Latham.  
Chief of Police, Joseph Fucker.  
Councilmen, E. K. Latham, G. R. Bateman, D. O. Binkley, J. F. Norman, J. W. Bryan, J. H. Smith, Sampson Lowe and Alfred Skinner.

**CHURCH SERVICES.**  
Methodist—Rev. W. B. Moore, pastor, services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 8. Sunday school at 9 a. m. J. F. Norman, superintendent.  
Baptist—Rev. J. F. Tuttle, pastor, services every 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night at 7:30. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. J. W. Bryan, superintendent.  
Episcopal—Rev. Luther Eborn, rector, services every 3d Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. L. I. Fagan, superintendent.

**MEDICAL SOCIETY.**  
Meets Tuesday after the first Monday of each month. Dr. H. P. Murray, Chairman.

**LODGES.**  
K. of H. Plymouth Lodge No. 2508—meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays in each month. W. H. Hampton, Dictator, N. B. Yeager, F. Fin. Reporter.

K. & L. of H. Roanoke Lodge—Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays in each month. J. F. Norman, Dictator, N. B. Yeager, Secretary.

I. O. O. F. Esperanza Lodge, No. 28 meets every Tuesday night at Burch's Hall. J. W. Bryan, N. G., L. P. Houston, Secty.

**COLORED.**

**CHURCH SERVICES.**  
Bible—Elder A. B. Hicks, pastor, services every Sunday at 11 a. m. 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m. E. G. Mitchell, superintendent.

Methodist—Rev. C. B. Hoggans, pastor, services every 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m. S. Wiggins, superintendent; J. W. McDonald, secretary.

1st Baptist New Chapel—Services every Sunday at 11 and 3, rev. S. H. Knight, pastor, Sunday school every Sunday.

2d Baptist, Zion's Hill—H. H. Norman, pastor, preaching every 4th Sunday. Sunday school every Sunday. Moses Wynn, Superintendent.

**LODGES.**  
Masons, Carthegian—Meets 1st Monday night in each month. S. Towe, W. M., A. Everett, secretary.

G. U. O. of F. Meridian Sun Lodge 1024—Meets every 2d and 4th Monday night in each month at 7:45 o'clock. T. F. Beaubry, N. G., J. W. McDonald, P. S.

Christopher A. Cooks Lodge K. of L. No. 1—Meets every 1st Monday night in each month at 8 o'clock.

Burying Society meets every 3d Monday night in each month at 8 o'clock. J. M. Walker, secretary.

## Roper Directory.

**CIVIL.**  
Justice of the Peace, Jas. A. Cheson.  
Constable, Warren Cheson.

**CHURCHES.**  
Methodist, Rev. J. F. Finlayson, pastor, services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock (except the first), and every Sunday night at 7:30. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school Sunday morning at 9:30. L. G. Roper, superintendent; E. R. Lewis, secretary.

Episcopal, Rev. Luther Eborn, rector, services every 2d Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Thos. W. Blount, superintendent; W. H. Daily, secretary.

Baptist, Rev. Jos. Tinch, pastor, services every 3d Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

**LODGES.**  
Roper Masonic Lodge, A. F. & A. M. No. 443, meets in their Hall at Roper, N. C., at 7:30 p. m. 1st and 3d Tuesdays after 1st Sunday. J. L. Savage, W. M.; R. L. Williams, Secretary.

**Important to Ladies.**  
Sir—I made use of your PHILTOXEN with my last child, in order to procure a safe and easy travail. I used it about two months before my expected time, until I was taken sick, and I had a very quick and easy confinement. Nothing occurred to prevent my convalescence, and I got about in less time than was usual for me. I think it a medicine that should be used by every expectant mother, for should they but try it as I have, they would never again be without it at such times. I am yours respectfully, Mrs. ELIZABETH DIX.

Any merchant or druggist can procure RILEY'S PHILTOXEN for \$1 a bottle.

CHARLES F. HINLEY, Wholesale Druggist, 62 Cortlandt St., New York.

## THE LAND OF USED-TO-BE.

By James Whitcomb Riley.  
Beyond the purple, hazy trees  
Of summer's sunset boundaries;  
Beyond the sands, beyond the seas,  
Beyond the range of eyes like these,  
And only in the reach of the  
Entraptured gaze of memory  
There lies the land long lost to me—  
The land of Used-to-Be.

A land enchanted, such as swung  
In golden seas when strains came  
Along their draping briars, and sang  
To Jason in that mystic tongue  
That dazed men with its melody;  
O, such a land, with such a sea,  
Kissing its shores eternally,  
Is the fair Used-to-Be.

A land where music ever girds  
The air with bells of singing birds,  
And soft sounds with such sweet words  
That even in the lowing herds  
A meaning vries so sweet to me  
Lost laughter ripples joyfully  
From lips bimber'd o'er with all the glee  
Of rare old Used-to-Be.

O land of love and dreamy thoughts,  
And shining fields and shady spots,  
Of cooliest, greenest, grassy plots,  
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots,  
And all the blooms that cunningly  
Lift their sweet faces up to lie  
Out of the past; I kiss in thee  
The lips of Used-to-Be.

I love ye all, and with wet eyes  
I turned at meeting on the skies,  
By dewdrops, like your perfumes rise,  
Till o'er my soul a silken lies,  
Sweeter than any song to me,  
Sweeter than any mood,  
Or its sweet coo, yea, all three—  
My dream of Used-to-Be.

## SWEET PHYLLIS.

There she is lying; how gracefully  
Her golden-brown curls fall over  
The dark blue plush pillow! Those  
Large, wondrous, brown eyes are  
Crossed; the pallid face is dyed with  
The last rays of the setting sun; those  
Delicately tapering fingers are clasped  
Over her poor, weary breast; from  
Her dainty skirts come peeping such  
Tiny feet. Quietly I draw the shades,  
Throw over her a warm shawl, draw  
Up my large chair before the bright  
Coals, and, as I hear her softly breathing,  
I trace in those coals the strange,  
Sad life of this gentle little creature.

And what do my coals show me?  
There it stands, the old manor house,  
Mingo. Mingo was the seat of nearly  
A whole county, owned by my great-  
grandfather. My eyes close, and  
The odor of locust blossoms come  
Back to me; the broad balcony with  
Great locust trees at each end; and  
That old well, with its cool, dripping  
bucket. It is 12 o'clock; the sun  
Has been blown, and over the hill,  
Out of fresh corn and cotton fields,  
The slaves are coming for their noon  
rest, each stopping at the family well  
for a drink. Across the highway,  
beyond the big gate, stood the orchard.  
It is the month of May; the  
apple, plum, peach and cherry trees  
are in full bloom, and near the gate,  
at one side, is a white rose bush, on  
the other a deep red. I never see  
either a white or red rose or catch  
its perfume, but old Mingo comes  
back to me. The violets are blooming,  
the pink crape myrtle and the  
china-berry trees, there they are,  
each one in my coals, and the blue  
jay birds are swinging on the limbs,  
and the sweet notes of the mocking  
birds thrill me.

But of all happy days at Mingo,  
this was the greatest. We were going  
forty miles away to see our Cousin  
Phyllis—a very little cousin—only  
a bit of a baby; but she was the first  
child of our beautiful and brilliant  
aunt. How my childish fancy goes  
back to that aunt. Her dark, sparkling  
eyes, her rare complexion, her  
golden-brown curls, her divine form,  
her ringing, joyous laugh, her merry  
jokes, her kisses and caresses. We  
were all going to see her, to kiss her  
baby, to smother her with our con-  
gratulations.

I was sitting on the broad steps  
when up came the great old lumbering  
carriage. What a wonder that  
carriage would be today on Broad-  
way! It would have held a dozen;  
it took four mules to haul it; the driver  
sat up very high; such big wheels  
and steps that unfolded so we could  
climb in. There sat our big, black  
Sandy high up on the seat, holding  
the reins and whip, feeling the im-  
portance of his mission. Out came  
all my young aunts until ten were  
stored away. Soon we were off,  
passing the long line of white cottages,  
the homes of our slaves; but I  
felt they were happy homes.

Onward we went, over rickety  
country bridges, through fields of  
fresh, green, sprouting corn, now  
and then into a deep brook where  
the bridge had fallen in. The splash-  
ing of the waters seemed to sing  
Phyllis. The radiant butterfly had

put on a newer garb. The humming  
birds were flying from flower to flower,  
sipping new honey for our Phyl-  
lis. The forest of magnolia trees  
was in full bloom and seemed to give  
a richer perfume and rival the haw-  
thorn. All nature welcomed Phyl-  
lis.

I was wondering if she was pretty,  
and if my beautiful aunt would love  
me less now she had a little girl her-  
self.

At last we reached the line of  
weeping willows that gave my aunt's  
home the name of "The Willows."  
The old carriage lumbered up to the  
open hospitable doors. The master  
and servants received us, and, after  
a delicious country supper, we were  
shown Phyllis. On a white pillow  
she lay, her head was covered with  
brown curls, her eyes looked wonder-  
ingly. She was sweet, she was dainty  
she was beautiful. We then visited  
our dear aunt. How lovely she looked,  
but so changed. Her eyes were  
filled with tears, she was restless,  
with a strange light in her eyes. She  
was distraught, and seemed weary of  
everything, even of Phyllis. She  
scarcely noticed us. We turned from  
the room sad and troubled, and on  
our journey home were greatly dis-  
turbed, wondering what could have  
clouded her bright young life.

Here comes another scene in my  
coals. Old Mingo again, and every  
nook and corner of the big, old house  
was filled with summer guests; it  
was August, and all those sweet,  
dainty blossoms in the orchard had  
turned into peaches, apples, plums  
and pears. The bees are drowsy and  
hum around the ripe figs; the cool  
well is more inviting. The corn has  
changed its color. In the trough by  
the well luxuriant melons are cooling.  
So crowded is the place with visitors  
that the children are obliged to sleep  
upon mattresses thrown upon the  
floor of the parlor. The night had  
been one of pouring rain; we had  
been lulled asleep by the pattering  
on the windows. When I awoke day  
had dawned, and the light in the  
room was clear enough for me to dis-  
tinguish any object. I saw before  
me the form of a woman with a  
child in her arms; she seemed to say  
"Come! Come!" and leaned over my  
pallet and tried to put her babe in  
my arms, then vanished. I was so  
overcome with fear that I sunk into  
insensibility. Next day came the  
awful tidings from The Willows that  
our lovely aunt had gone hopelessly  
mad, and that we must come at once  
for Phyllis!

The little love was brought to us.  
Our aunt was confined and cared for  
at The Willows. Phyllis grew to be  
seven years old. She was a strange  
little creature. She was ever with  
the butterflies, or talking with the  
birds. She would make great wreaths  
of flowers and twine them about her-  
self. She lived in the Kingdom of  
Dreams and Shadows, and when she  
would grow tired and we would miss  
her she could always be found asleep  
under the white rosebush near the  
gate. She was not one of us. She  
lived in a far-away world of her own  
and would smile and talk to unseen  
persons. Those wondrous, velvety  
brown eyes looked upon us, but knew  
and felt us not, but all the world,  
human and divine, loved Phyllis,  
our spirit child.

Now my coals seem to burn bright-  
er, fiercer. The great civil war is  
upon the fair South. Old Mingo  
has felt the shock. The cyclone of  
adversity swept us far and wide;  
friends perished, homes, property  
lost, love dead and shattered; but  
still at The Willows remained that  
wreathed mind and her child. Fifteen  
years pass, and after many wander-  
ings I return to Old Mingo. Ah,  
indeed, those lines come back to me:

"All are parted now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead."

The house stands there, half fallen  
to the ground. The orchard has  
been invaded by cattle and the trees  
are no more. The well has fallen  
in and the locust trees have been  
blown away by storms. In the car-  
riage-house I picked up an old iron  
strap, a bit of decayed leather, all  
that was left of that grand old fam-  
ily carriage, and the driver, Sandy,  
he, too, had passed away. Mingo  
was a desolation born of desolation.  
Far over the hills stood the tower  
of the asylum for the insane. I asked  
of one of the old negroes, still alive  
and clinging to the wreck, what had  
become of the inmates of The Wil-  
lows? Pointing with a stick to the  
asylum, with shaking hand and voice,  
he said:

"There, there; both!"  
I turned from this sad place and  
went at once to the asylum, there I

found my beautiful aunt. Old,  
worn, with lined face and hair as  
white as snow, still hopelessly mad.

The Willows had burned to the  
ground; her husband was dead;  
friends fortune, all gone, yet this  
beautiful wreck lived on, and by her  
side her ill-fated child. Closed in  
behind cruel iron bars, with the com-  
panionship of depraved and demented  
creatures; deprived of the sunlight,  
flowers and birds she loved so well.

Her eyes looked more wonderingly  
than ever; her long curls hung over  
her like a shower of bronzed gold.  
She was thin and pallid, almost too  
weak to stand, and told us she was  
dying, and begged to be saved from  
her awful doom. When we said  
farewell, and the clang of the heavy  
iron door clashed on that gentle child,  
my heart bled for her; and I never  
rested until I obtained her release.  
And here she is with me, lying over  
there; but it is too late; the soul is  
fast seeking another realm; per-  
haps she sees it now. \* \* \* A  
moan, a sob, I go to her. The sun  
is dying; it's rays grow dimmer.  
Phyllis is sinking with it; it's last  
rays flicker, so does her life. She  
whispers very softly:

"My eyes are weary; take me to  
Mingo; let me sleep under the  
white rose bush."

The sun has disappeared. Dark  
shadows hang about the room. I light  
the lamp and try to raise her; she is  
gone.

Ah, Phyllis, you shall go to old  
Mingo; but like yourself, the white  
rose bush is dead; I shall plant an-  
other in the same spot. You never  
belonged to us, poor, tired little soul.  
\* \* \* \* \*

She is lying there whiter than the  
roses I have placed in her hands; a  
smile is upon her lips; the spirit  
child is at rest.

I am again looking into my coals.  
What do I see? A tiny grave in the  
old orchard of Mingo, a small white  
slab upon which is the name of Phyl-  
lis. White roses are blooming there  
and shedding a pall of petals over her  
head, and as I lift my eyes I can see  
the towers of that awful abode of  
misfortune, and there still lives the  
white-haired mother that cannot  
even comprehend that her firstborn  
has thrown aside her inheritance of  
darkness; does not even feel or realize  
that life is still hers.

When the prison gates have opened  
and her soul has fled we will place  
her also at Mingo; never at The Wil-  
lows, that are always weeping at the  
unaccountable misfortune they  
brought to the joyous, beautiful  
young bride and her child.

## WASTE.

Let us not find fault with the world.  
The world generally puts men of brains in their  
proper places, and it is all both, these lines  
of Gray's, "Full many a flower is born to  
blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on  
the desert air." I tell you it is not so. The  
birds of the forest smelt the fragrance of  
that flower unseen, and sang sweeter as they  
rose to meet the sun, or perchance the  
wild bees lit upon the beautiful bud and  
changed its sweetness into honey. Oh no!  
Nothing in God's universe is lost—absolutely  
lost. What seems so is but laid in store.  
It shall be brought forth when the days  
of its concealment are over. Lo! the seed lies  
in the ground for many days, but it is not  
dead. In good time it shall spring forth  
into new life and beauty.

Oh then, you who work blindly, your  
labors all unseen, believe me your reward  
is sure if you but wait, and though to your  
lips a thousand burning questions come,  
they shall be answered sometime, sometime!  
There are sights that you cannot see. There  
are sounds that you cannot hear, for your  
eyes are blind and your ears are dull of  
hearing and your heart is clay.

But the problems of being are unfolding  
every hour, and the mystery of social wrong  
untangles and the races of men are getting  
in line with the truth. Hear the words of  
a poet: "This fine old world of ours is but  
a child, yet in the go-on!" Patience! give  
it time to learn its limbs. There is a hand  
that guides. I said that nothing in the  
world was lost. Let me follow out that  
idea a little further. If I drop a pebble  
upon the smooth waters of the placid lake  
what happens? The waters are disturbed.  
Beautiful concentric circles are formed that  
ever widen and as they widen grow fainter  
and fainter until they strike the shore. At  
length to the eye of man the impulse is  
lost, but we, who live in this age of science,  
know that it is not so. We know that the  
motion once given to the waters shall never  
cease, and that the effect of the impulse  
shall circle the globe forever. No, nothing  
in this world is lost! Every word that we  
utter, every act that we perform, even our  
thoughts, those secret unuttered acts, are  
somewhere heard, somewhere seen, some-  
where known. Upon the universal sea of  
air in which the whole creation floats all

these things are enrolled. Somehow, some-  
where, sometime the people of this un-  
dane world shall reclaim their own. All  
the shadowy whisperings imprinted upon  
the pages of the universe shall be heard  
once more. Then the scroll of time en-  
graven with the deeds of men shall be re-  
solved into one grand photograph, and  
men shall listen again to the words long  
since forgotten, shall remember once more  
the vile purposes and the vile act, and what-  
ever the judgement of the Deity may be,  
they will acknowledge that it is just and  
right.—Exchange.

## THE ARIZONA KICKER.

N. Y. Sun.

### OBITUARY.

News reached us two or three days ago  
of the sudden death of our esteemed fellow  
townsman, Capt. John Williams, who was  
temporarily sojourning at Rockville, U. T.,  
in hopes to benefit his health. His demise  
came about just as we had many times  
predicted it would. While the Captain was  
honestly itself in all business affairs, he  
would slip an ace up his sleeve in playing  
poker. We had personally detected him  
in the trick at least fifty times, and every-  
body here thoroughly understood his fail-  
ing and made allowances. He shouldn't  
have attempted to play with a stranger at  
all, as he never carried a gun; but it  
seems that he set down to a game with a  
man from Salt Lake, and had worked  
three out of the four aces up his sleeve  
when suddenly called from earth away.  
The Salt Lake man didn't know of his  
falling, of course, and the Coroner's jury  
will doubtless return a verdict of "justifi-  
able homicide." The deceased was charit-  
able, kind hearted, and a loyal friend,  
wherever he gave his friend-ship. He leaves  
a wife who was devoted to him, although  
his sudden taking off was no surprise to  
her. She knew that he must either quit  
fooling with the aces or it was inevitable  
that he would some day run up against a  
stranger full of business.

### LOST HIS MULE.

Among the freighters who arrived here  
Friday afternoon was a fellow named  
Lightning Joe. When some of the boys  
told him that the Mayor of this town (who  
is our self) not only attended church on  
Sunday, but led the choir, passed the con-  
tribution box, and assisted in a general  
way to run things, and aside from that  
wore a pug hat, a boiled shirt, a pair of  
yellow kids, and had his pants made in  
Denver, with regular creases in the hind  
part of the legs, Joseph decided that the  
wave of civilization must be checked. After  
cleaning up his guns and buying fifty extra  
cartridges he bet his mule against \$10 that  
he could shoot the hat off his Honor's head  
and get away without a scratch. The trial  
was made Sunday afternoon within a block  
of the church edifice.

Joseph was waiting for a jim dandy to  
come along, and when it appeared he  
started in to win the wager. There was a  
smile of confidence on his face, and the  
expression in his eyes went to show that  
he considered he had struck a soft susp.  
Thirty seconds after his first move he was  
sitting on the ground covered by his own  
guns, and the expression in his eyes had  
changed to surprise and alarm. He spent  
his Sunday in the lockup, and Monday  
morning had ten dollars fine and had his  
guns confiscated for the benefit of the road  
fund. He had nothing whatever to say,  
except that he wanted to go off somewhere  
for a week or two, and think it over and  
try and make out just how it all happened.  
Our esteemed contemporary is out in a  
column article to this week headed, "The  
Mayor Attempts to Assassinate a Stranger,"  
but that was to be expected. We have  
given the facts in the case as scores of our  
citizens know them.

### A CANARD.

We notice that a Salt Lake paper has an  
item to the effect that we shot the Post-  
master at this place for the fifth time last  
week, and that he is not expected to sur-  
vive. The item is a canard. The present  
official was appointed two years ago. Dur-  
ing this interval, in order to expedite the  
mail service and secure fair pay for the  
Kicker, we have been compelled to shoot  
him on three different occasions, and in  
three different portions of his anatomy. On  
his part he has wounded us twice. We  
seem to have come to a satisfactory and  
mutual understanding, and there is no call  
for further shooting.

## WISE SAYINGS.

Life is a quarry, out of which we are to  
mound and chisel and complete a character.

That which history can give us best is  
the enthusiasm which it raises in our hearts.

The only failure a man ought to fear is  
failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees  
to be best.

For words are wise men's counters, they  
do but reckon by them; but they are the  
money of fools.

There is in every man a certain feeling  
that he has been what he is for all eter-  
nity, and by no means becomes such in  
time.

We ought to regard books as we do  
sweetmeats, not wholly to aim at the pleas-  
antest, but chiefly to consider the wholes-  
omest; not forbidding either, but approv-  
ing the latter most.—Ex.

## A REMARKABLE RIDE.

Greensboro Record.

Mr. Weldon Schenck, on his Columbia  
bicycle, rode 107 miles in eleven hours and  
thirteen minutes, easily making a record

for the State and proving himself the  
champion long distance rider of North  
Carolina. He finished in a fast run and  
showed up strong after the long ride. A  
correct idea of this splendid athletic feat  
may be formed by remembering that fifty  
miles in fourteen hours is considered a hard  
journey for a horse. Mr. Schenck made  
his 100 miles in a little over ten hours. He  
rode from Greensboro to Winston and re-  
turn, thence to Burlington and return,  
using the ordinary wagon roads. He was  
checked by reliable men at each place.

## TIMOTHY STRAWS.

Selected.

Don't try to run the other fellow's end of  
the Golden Rule, and your own too.

The raw traffic is trying to stone gospel  
temperance to death, and Saul, the strict  
church member, is standing by holding the  
coat of the stoner and consenting to it.

High license is a high humbug.  
The dollar ain't no more almighty than  
the devil is.

The five largest Protestant denomina-  
tions could shut up every legalized saloon  
in the country, if they had a mind to.

The remedy for nabelief, outside the  
church, is more belief in the church.

There is no virtue in a sinner abusing a  
devil. A hog can't commit a trespass on  
his own master's ground.

Because a man hates hell it isn't any  
sign he loves heaven.

Heaven ain't a chromo, that you can  
throw in with a dish of ice-cream or an  
oyster stew, for the benefit of the church.

The preacher who is always preaching  
that it pays to be a Christian, mustn't be  
surprised if he gets the kind of church  
members that join it for pay.

## POULTRY NOTES.

Lime is necessary for shells.

Pekin ducks do best where there are no  
ponds.

Plan to have some chickens hatched by  
January first.

Ducks should never be kept in the same  
house with chickens.

The bare earth kept clean is a good floor  
for the poultry house.

Ducks and geese should have warm, dry  
quarters during the winter.

Thrifty poultry leave the roosts early,  
hence the necessity for feeding early.

There is a very wide difference in the  
prices between early and late chickens.

A little care in selecting eggs from the  
best hens will insure better chickens.

After the weather gets cold care should  
be taken to gather the eggs frequently.

It lessens materially the possible profits  
by keeping too large a number of cocks.

There is nothing gained in fattening the  
turkeys intended for breeding next spring.

Fowls thrive better if given a good vari-  
ety, not only with their soft feed, but with  
their grain.

A small quantity of carbolic acid in the  
drinking water is a good preventative of  
disease.

If the hens get to laying in the stables  
or sheds examine the nests in the poultry  
house for lice.

Care should be taken not to handle the  
eggs in the incubators too much; it helps  
to close the parts.

After goslings get well started to feather  
they need very little attention, as they are  
very hardy.

Sunflower seed will help materially in  
egg production, but a very small quantity  
will make a feed.

Kerosene applied liberally is one of the  
best remedies to use for lice in the poultry  
house; apply liberally.

Under no condition should the fowls be  
allowed to drink from pools of water stand-  
ing in the barn lots.

For the larger breeds of fowls especially  
the roosts should be placed low, not over  
two feet from the ground.

Wheat or oat straw cut into two or three  
inch lengths makes a good material for  
litter during the winter.

Tobacco leaves kept in the nests is a  
good preventive of lice at all times with  
the laying and sitting hens.

The poles for roosts should always be ar-  
ranged so that they can be taken down  
readily when necessary to clean them.

It does not pay to keep a single pair of  
fowls on the place unless your mind is  
fully made up to take good care of them.  
Good feed, good shelter, pure, clean water,  
and even chance will show a larger  
profit in proportion to the amount invested  
than is derived from the pet Jersey cow.—  
Ex.