

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

Topics of Interest to the Planter, Stockman and Truck Grower.

The South and Live Stock.

W. C. Swope, of Courtland, Ala., lives just forty miles below the quarantine lines. He believes that a great future is before the South as a live stock country, but he shares opposite views of many cattlemen who consider the danger of Southern fever as a great handicap. Speaking on this point he says:

"If the cattle are handled rightly, the danger can be reduced to a minimum, but the moment the breeder of the exposition management gets a little careless his herd is gone. I have had only one death among my Northern cattle in the past two years, and now see that I could easily have avoided that. The case was that of one of my young bulls, which I served to a grade cow. She was ticky, which did not of itself mean that the bull would catch the fever, but I carelessly deferred spraying the animal with disinfectants until too late.

"There is a general impression among Northern cattlemen that the best thing to do with their cattle when the stock is shipped below the quarantine line or otherwise exposed to Southern fever, is to inoculate them. For my own part I am not in favor of inoculation. It may be effective in the long run, but a cow or bull that has been inoculated remains in a poor, half-sick condition for four or five months after inoculation. Thus the breeder loses so much valuable time.

"The way I handle my cattle is to spray them with disinfectants, and I have always found this works admirably, especially so when I keep my breeding stock in fenced pastures and do not allow it to mingle with the wild native cattle. I have constructed a corral or series of chutes into which I can drive the pure breeds from time to time and give them a good spraying. Such a course of procedure, combined with common sense management, renders Herefords as safe in the South as in the North.

"The crying need of my State as well as the whole South is better cattle. The people have at last come to realization of this, I think, and the future will see rapid strides made in the improved quality of our range and feed lot stock. The ever present Jersey is a too common class of cattle down my way. We have a few Durhams, but not enough to begin to fill the needs of the country. It is a good territory for the Northern breeders to work up, and I think they will find it as satisfactory an investment as their deals in the Southwest.

"Two years ago I bought five heifers and one bull from Missouri breeders, giving over \$2000 for the animals. With the single exception mentioned above they have done remarkably well. I have crossed my bull with native grade Durhams, and this spring expect fifty calves, which I will raise and fatten for the markets.

"Alabama offers plenty of inducements to cattlemen. We have no hard winters, and never worry whether there is a bounteous corn crop or not, realizing that the cattle will carry over just as well on hay. My heifers will average well with any of the stock offered in the ordinary present sale, yet their only feed all winter has been fifteen pounds of hay each day.

"We have the land and the wherewithal to handle Herefords and other fine cattle; all that is needed is a little prodding of our stockmen and my State will soon take a much higher rank in the blooded stock raising business."

Experiment With Upland Rice.

In 1900 I planted one pound on land that would have made fifteen bushels of corn per acre, writes W. D. Osborn of Logpit, Ala., in Home and Farm, and I harvested five and one-half bushels of clean, rough rice; shipped 115 pounds to a rice mill and had it cleaned and received back seventy pounds of clean rice, pronounced by one of our merchants in Alexandria City, Ala., to be as good as any that they sold. There were two grades—cracked and uncracked. I am satisfied that I made at the rate of sixty or seventy bushels per acre. I also had some of the rough rice ground on a grist mill and fed to my cow. I find it as good as cornmeal. I notice in a bulletin from the South Carolina Experiment Station on the feeding of rice meal to hogs they find that rice meal is as good as cornmeal or better. It is easily grown.

Plant after danger of frost in drills like sorghum, two or three foot rows, and cultivate two or three times and you are sure of a good crop. All stock love it. Cut in the dough state it makes an excellent hay. Last year I planted a small patch and harvested several bushels, but I didn't consider it a good yield. It grows from three to five feet high, and when it began to head the heads would curl up like they had been cut off. Has any other reader had a similar experience? I would like to hear from them as to what was the matter and the remedy.

Brother farmers, wake up and plant

two or three acres of that land you intend to plant in cotton in upland rice and fill your barn with some of the best feedstuff that you have ever fed. I filled my barn last fall with rice hay, millet and peavine hay, as fine as ever grew, and have fed my mules and cows nothing much but this hay this winter, and have plenty to carry me through. I also make as much corn and cotton as any other man to the mule. Plenty of hay and corn and cattle to consume it is the secret of success in farming.

Sheep Made Big Cotton.

A correspondent of Farm and Ranch says: "One of the most difficult problems with which Southern farmers have had to wrestle is that of proper fertilizing for cotton. On black lands with alternate plots fertilized and unfertilized, the unfertilized have usually given the best results. On sandy loams heavy applications of nitrogenous manures have given too much 'weed' without a corresponding yield of lint and seed, and yet on our river bottom lands, rich in humus, the cotton plant frequently grows eight to nine feet high, and yields from 750 to 1000 pounds of lint cotton per acre. Here we have a heavy yield with enormous weed, proving that heavy yield and great growth of 'weed' are not incompatible, but under proper conditions of soil and good cultivation the 'weedy' growth is necessary to a large yield of cotton. The writer had seven acres of sandy loam that had been a sheep pen, or series of pens. For twelve years this ground was planted alternately with cotton and corn. The first year the cotton was left eighteen inches apart in four-foot rows. The result was an impenetrable thicket and not 500 pounds of seed cotton on the seven acres. Afterward it was planted in six-foot rows and thinned to four feet, and the average yield of five years (covering a period of twelve years) was 515 pounds of lint, and not a pound of additional fertilizer was used. The same land also averaged forty-two bushels of corn for the six alternate years. There is something more in this matter of fertilization for cotton than the character and quantity of the fertilizer. In one respect cotton differs from most staple crops, because the more fertile the soil, the greater distance the plants must have. It is the reverse in the case of corn.

Dairy Cow Rations in the South.

The following rations made up of our common feeding stuffs are suggested by one of the stations as being suitable for dairy cows in the South:

- No. 1—Cottonseed hulls 20 pounds, cornmeal 8 pounds and cottonseed meal 5 pounds.
- No. 2—Crab grass hay 10 pounds, cowpea hay 10 pounds and corn and cob meal 10 pounds.
- No. 3—Corn ensilage 30 pounds, bran 6 pounds, cottonseed meal 3 pounds and cottonseed hulls 12 pounds.
- No. 4—Crab grass hay 20 pounds, corn stover 12 pounds, cornmeal 3 pounds and cottonseed meal 3 pounds.
- No. 5—Corn stover 18 pounds, wheat bran 4 pounds, cottonseed meal 4 pounds and cornmeal 6 pounds.
- No. 6—Sweet potatoes 25 pounds, corn stover 10 pounds, cottonseed meal 4 pounds and cornmeal 8 pounds.
- No. 7—Corn shucks 12 pounds, cowpea hay 10 pounds, cornmeal 4 pounds and cottonseed meal 3 pounds.
- No. 8—Vetch hay 14 pounds, cottonseed hulls 10 pounds and cornmeal 6 pounds.
- No. 9—Cowpea hay 15 pounds, shredded cornstalks 10 pounds, cottonseed meal 2 pounds and cornmeal 2 pounds.
- No. 10—Corn shucks 25 pounds, cottonseed meal 5 pounds and wheat bran 3 pounds.
- No. 11—Cottonseed hulls 20 pounds, cottonseed meal 4 pounds and wheat bran 5 pounds.

Cotton and Cattle.

Where cotton is raised abundantly should be a good place to feed cattle. Yet in most of the cotton States few cattle are fed. The reason is that in these sections not enough attention has been paid to live stock feed to understand it. In all the Gulf States there is good pasture and plenty of water, which makes it an ideal country in which to raise live stock. In Alabama for instance, some cattle are raised, but they are chiefly scrubs and bring poor prices. The people have yet to be educated that there is money in producing and feeding good cattle, and nothing in raising knotheads.

Best Varieties of Onions.

Onions are not grown in the South to anything like the extent they are in the North and West, but some of our growers are growing them very successfully. The varieties best adapted to the South are the Bermudas, Extra Early White Pearl, and the potato onions, although the standard varieties of other sorts also succeed and do very well.

"PURTY GOOD."

Success is comin' kind o' slow;
Luck never balked my game,
I hoped for it some years ago;
Somehow it never came.
I git 'most all the ills that fly
Around the neighborhood;
But otherwise I can't deny
I'm doin' purty good.

I must admit a certain pride
When countin' up the score.
No tunnel, nor no trolley ride
Has left me smashed an' sore.
The gold brick an' the bunco game
As yet I have withstood.
I've made no hit, but, jes' the same,
I'm doin' purty good.
—Washington Star.



"Faix!" protested the chauffeur, "an' it's not so aisy, what wit' two levers an' a Frinch accent 't' luk atther?"—Puck.

Mr. Marke—"How are fish biting, sonny?" Tommy Bobs—"Same as usual, sir—with their mouths."—Philadelphia Record.

"So you're in society?" "Yes." "In real society?" "Yes." "Way-up society?" "Yes." "Does society know it?"—Chicago Post.

At a meeting of engine-drivers the following toast was offered: "To our mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."—Tit-Bits.

Lots of men would leave their footprints
Times eternal sands to grace,
Had they gotten mother's slipper
At the proper time and place.
—New York Sun.

"If some folks could be as eloquent in lookin' foh work," said Uncle Eben, "as dey is in kickin' 'bout deir luck, I reckons dey'd git a job."—Washington Star.

"No man," said the large waisted philosopher, "will ever succeed in politics if he says everything he thinks, or thinks everything he says."—Indianapolis News.

Short—"If I had as much money as you have I wouldn't be so blamed stingy with it." Long—"My dear boy, that is the very reason you never have it."—Chicago News.

"The Blowlets seem to be very much cut up over their uncle's death." "Yes. I believe they're about fifty thousand dollars more sorry than they expected to be."—Brooklyn Life.

A floorwalker, pacing his aisle,
In a day covered many a maile.
"How rarely," quoth he,
"Is it granted to see
A man of my figure and staisle!"
—Puck.

"Have you ever written anything that you were ashamed of?" inquired the severe relative. "'No," answered the author. "But I hope to some day. I need the money."—Washington Star.

"That new neighbor of ours must be a very wasteful woman," he commented. "Why?" she asked. "Because," he replied, "she's throwing that voice of her's all about the neighborhood instead of saving it up for use as a file."—Chicago Post.

"Can't somebody part them?" exclaimed one of the horrified bystanders. "Part them? Not much!" said the man who was nearest to the scene of excitement. "Stand back and let them fight it out. One's an encyclopedia canvasser and the other's a map peddler."—Chicago Tribune.

Ascum—"Your husband appears to be a man of—er—great self-control." Mrs. Strongmind—"Yes." Ascum—"I suppose he inherited that trait from his father, who was so famous." Mrs. Strongmind (significantly)—"No. It's a virtue he acquired since his marriage."—Philadelphia Press.

Stands For the Best.

Commercialism, that force which now subordinates all other forces in the world, is making—indeed, it has already made—the larger newspaper press, generally speaking, its own.

But much of the old professional spirit of journalism, founded by Franklin and adorned by Greeley, Bowles and Dana—survives in the community newspapers of the country. Too small in learning power to excite the interest of the commercial exploiter, too close to the public to be able to deceive it, too weak financially to disregard public respect, the country press continues to be, in its essential character, measurably what the metropolitan press was in its better days. While the editorial work of the great papers is inevitably the product of professional or hired writers, the country press speaks the voice of a more definite responsibility, for in ninety-nine instances in every hundred the country publisher and the editor are the same. The combination of duties in which the country editor and publisher spends his time does not promote vast learning nor intellectual greatness; but it creates and supports a body of men sound in mind, in close sympathy with the practical work of the world and tempered by a wholesome sense of personal responsibility. On the whole, it may be said of the country editor that he stands for the best spirit in American journalism; that he is among the potent and wholesome factors in American life.

CHINESE HELP THE CRIMINALS

Great Difficulty Experienced in Convicting a Celestial Murderer.

Just to see how hard it is to convict a Chinese accused of participation in one of the highbinders' wars, I will cite a single instance that came under the notice of one of the representatives of a great San Francisco newspaper.

A Chinese gardener named Ah Luk was shot in the back by a binder while he was sitting in the Chinese Theater on Jackson street. He was instantly killed. Immediately following the fatal shot the usual movement took place around the body, but the actors on the stage never even so much as hesitated in the delivery of their lines. When the man fell from the bench the lookout at the main entrance of the place called out in Chinese that the white devils were coming. The man who did the shooting so far forgot himself as to run, and the police on a hot scent saw him and started after the fugitive. The man ran out of the side entrance to the auditorium and made his way to Fish Alley. The police were close to him and saw him enter a building at the corner of the next block. The squad hurried into the place and captured two well-known binders. Neither of them had a weapon, but there were powder burns on the right hand of one of the men. Nothing could be learned from either of the prisoners, and they were locked up with a charge of murder against each of them.

The next morning in court two brothers of the murdered man swore that they were with him at the time of their brother's death and saw the man who did the shooting, and positively swore that neither of the prisoners had anything to do with the killing. The accused men were forthwith released. But that night both of the brothers were arrested for killing one of the men who was turned loose by their evidence in the morning and dangerously wounding the other. When the wounded man recovered he swore that neither of the brothers had anything to do with shooting him. Which all goes to prove that it does not matter much what a Chinese has to swear to, and also that in his poor, weak Mongolian way he does not take a great deal of stock in the brand of justice dispensed by the white devils. —New Orleans Time-Democrat.

It does seem that kings ought to confine themselves to their legitimate business, and not come into the field in competition to impecunious and ambitious young men. King Oscar of Sweden has just published a book of poems, in face of the fact that both Georgia and Indiana are endeavoring to exploit the genius of their own poets.

Story of Wise Dog.

Sir Walter Scott tells of one of his dogs that one day furiously attacked the baker and was with great difficulty called off. But as the dog observed the baker coming every day to leave bread for the family, he began to regard him in a more favorable light, and in time the dog and the baker became great friends. One day Sir Walter was telling somebody how the dog had attacked the baker, and as soon as he began the story the dog skulked into the corner of the room, turned his face to the wall, hung down his ears and lowered his tail and displayed every sign of being heartily ashamed of himself. But when he came to the end of his story, and said, "But Tray didn't bite the baker," the dog turned around, jumped and frisked about, and was evidently quite restored to his own good opinion. To try the dog, Scott repeated the story in a different tone of voice in the midst of the conversation, but it was always the same. Directly he began the dog crept into the corner, but when he came to "But Tray didn't bite the baker," he always leaped back in triumph.

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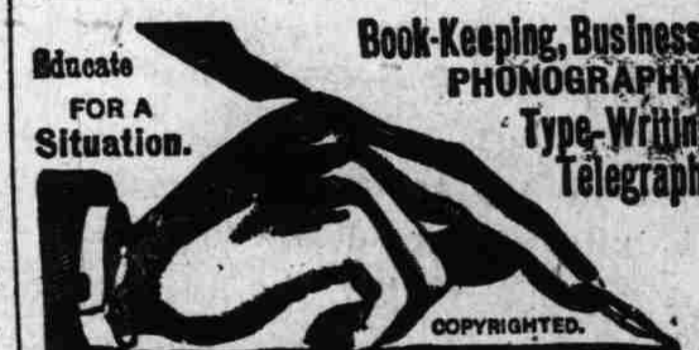
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