

"Not a sick cow since feeding Buckeye Hulls"

Mr. A. Thompson, Kennesaw, Ga., runs a dairy. He has been feeding fifty head of stock with Buckeye Hulls for the past year. He says that he has not had a sick cow in all that time.



agree with cattle. They do not clog or flux the digestive tract. When wet, they combine perfectly with other feed, insuring forage of uniform value down to the last particle. No farmer should pay for lint which is worthless as food and may cause trouble when he can buy Buckeye Hulls which are lintless and certain to give good results. Even at the same price, Buckeye Hulls would be a better buy than old style hulls. But they cost so much less that any feeder can see it is poor business to use anything else.

To secure the best results and to develop the ensilage odor, wet the hulls thoroughly twelve hours before feeding. It is easy to do this by wetting them down night and morning for the next feeding. If at any time this cannot be done, wet down at least thirty minutes. If you prefer to feed the hulls dry, use only half as much by bulk as of old style hulls.

Book of Mixed Feeds Free

Gives the right formula for every combination of feeds used in the South. Tells how much to feed for maintenance, for milk, for fattening, for work. Describes Buckeye Hulls and gives directions for using them properly. Send for your copy to nearest mill.

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WAR TIME MEMORIES

"Mid Scenes of Confusion and Creature Complaints"—A Mule and a Cart—City Beak's Discomfiture—Crops and Personal Items

Correspondence of The Robesonian.

Old Fork (Maxton, R. 1), Sept. 10

Several of the Robesonian correspondents have been soliciting a continuation of my little "war stories", which seem to interest them more than anything else that I can write and as there is but little news in the Fork at present, I have decided to comply with these various requests. Your Broad Ridge correspondent is especially anxious for a repetition of the history of four young Robeson girls during Sherman's raid, which was contributed to The Robesonian a few years ago by the present writer, who was one of the quartette; but having been given to your readers before I fear they might not all be so interested in it again.

Only recently a young gentleman cousin of mine asked me to relate some experiences of the young people after the war, when we were living "mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints." Recalling the following incident, I proceeded to gratify his request.

The Yankee raiders found my father's mules and horses hidden away in a remote spot in a dense pine forest. Of course they took them all away, except one mule which a faithful colored boy saved by riding off with it when he found that the enemy was in close proximity. This mule and an old-fashioned two-wheeled cart was our only conveyance in those strenuous days of devastation. Church-going, social visits, parties, weddings, etc., all depended upon this mode of locomotion, but we were young and gay and through the contingencies of war had grown accustomed to many hardships; so the mule and cart were a source of lively enjoyment and corresponded well with the general conditions existing at that period.

In our home at old Queensdale were three sisters, the youngest of whom was about fourteen, the eldest twenty, and "Aunt Becky" in between. A young girl cousin from your town of whom we were very fond, was a visitor during the fall and winter of '65, and as a natural consequence we sometimes entertained young gentlemen, too. One there was who hailed from the town of Fayetteville, and divided his attentions between my beautiful cousin and my younger sister, neither of whom seemed flattered by his repeated visits. One Sunday a. m. this young gentleman and one of our young soldier boys, recently returned from the war, were our guests, and they, together with the four girls, started off to church, about three miles distant, in the one common vehicle, with one of our little slave boys driving. There was no door to the cart and the "city beau" was seated in a little low chair near the rear end of the chariot. All went well until we arrived at a bridge across the creek, when the mule had a stubborn fit and refused to go. The little driver boy resorted to the use of a big stick, the result of which was that the mule gave a sudden lunge forward, and our dandy little escort cut a summer-sault in the air, when his chair turned over and he speedily came in contact with the earth.

He was awfully mortified by his mishap, which was increased by the uncontrollable laughter of the two younger girls and the smiles of the entire crowd. His appearance was not calculated to inspire reverence, it is true; he was perhaps 19 or 20 years of age, very diminutive in size, egotistical in manner, assuming the airs and dignity often noticeable in those of short stature, and therefore, failed to elicit the sympathy which should have been his due. Poor little fellow! that memorable ride was the finale to his visits at Queensdale, and we never saw him again.

Just previous to Sherman's raid, a neighbor of ours had borrowed the family carriage, a large closed vehicle with the coachman's seat high up in front. This old gentleman had lost all of his horses to the raiders, including a pair of fine carriage horses. One day I heard coming up a hill near our home a hilarious sound of voices, laughter, clapping of hands, interspersed with the commands "Gee, haw, get up here." Finally the procession appeared to view, the carriage being drawn by a yoke of oxen, and driven by my younger sister and the old gentleman's young daughter, of the same age, both seated in the driver's box, and having all the fun imaginable.

I often think of these two devoted chums, the incarnation of buoyant life and mischievous spirit. One journeyed in the bloom of youth and beauty to the "Land of the leal," the other lingers mid the shadows of "the misty lower land," a child of many sorrows.

Our young people are flitting away to their various schools and cottages and some of our splendid boys to the training camps.

Miss Gladys Hamer, Ruth and Ethel Caddell and Cora and Sarah McCormick, also Mr. Ernest Caddell, have entered the Maxton graded school. Miss Dorothy York goes to Carolina college on the 12th, and Messrs. Lacy McLean, Angus Stewart and Coit Whitlock will enter the Philadelphia high school on Tuesday, the 11th—a delegation of ten from the Fork section.

Mr. Robert McPhail of Jonesboro is visiting at the home of his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. George Whitlock. He is to join the colors at an early date.

Mr. Tom Caddell, a favorite neighbor boy, left yesterday for the training camp at Columbia, and his brother John Caddell has accepted a position with Mr. J. T. McKee of Maxton.

Accompanied by my grandson, Mr. Robert McLaurin and Mr. C. J. McCall, I made a brief but pleasant visit to the McLaurin home in Dillon county last week, motoring by Cljo, Little Rock and Dillon. We saw some fine crops on the route and others not so good. Many acres of cotton on the lighter lands were afflicted with the old-time rust, which was disastrous here before the introduction of kainit and potash into the South. In many instances the leaves had withered and fallen from the stalks. The disease also has pervaded this section, to a somewhat serious extent, doubtless aggravated by the August drought.

Down in Dillon county, where much tobacco is grown, signs of prosperity are apparent, and the number of new automobiles seen all over the country and on the streets of Dillon were a revelation. One or two years ago the dearth of autos was a noticeable feature in that section and now even the white and colored tenantry are sporting their new cars.

Velvet and soy beans were much in evidence, great fields of hay after small grain, fields of splendid corn, with rarely any fodder stripped from the stalks, patches of fall Irish potatoes and turnips, and upon the whole a refreshing change from the former aut-crate reign of "King Cotton".

Home products are receiving due attention and the tables are supplied mainly from the fruits of the fields, gardens and orchards, with chickens, eggs, milk and butter as a supplement.

The cotton picking season is at hand, and the fields are growing lively with the hum of many voices; but our farmers are discouraged by reduced prices, after the enormous expense of production.

Mrs. Katy Thompson and little Billy of Red Springs, are visitors in our home.

Mrs. Olmstead, after a pleasant sojourn at Jackson Springs, returned home last week.

Miss Laura E. Meares left recently for Albemarle, where she will teach this year.

Messrs. G. M. and J. D. Ward are spending today with their sister, Mrs. M. H. McNeill, near Lumberton.

Attorney J. B. Clark of Elizabethtown was greeting his many friends for a short while one day last week.

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DOWN BOARDMAN WAY

A Marriage—Sunday School Anniversary—Farmers Busy—Personal Correspondence of The Robesonian.

Boardman, Sept. 7—Mrs. W. A. Tyner has been very sick for the past several days.

Mrs. Hendricks Freeman and Mrs. Livey Kelly and little daughter Edith are spending some time at Fairmont with Mrs. Freeman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Kelly.

Mr. Dayton Lennon and Miss Nettie Lennon were quietly married at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Ballard Lennon, Wednesday afternoon. Rev. A. H. Porter officiated. We wish them much happiness.

Mr. Wilbur Brown and sister, Miss Sallie, are Chadbourne visitors today.

Mr. A. J. Branch had the misfortune to lose a fine mule last week with indigestion.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Jordan of Whiteville spent Sunday with Mrs. Jordan's father and step-mother, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kelly.

Messrs. C. C. Britt, Dwight Harvey and Ashley Kelly attended the soldiers' picnic at Elizabethtown Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Bullard of Brazil spent last night with home folks. Mrs. John Evans' health is, we regret to say, unimproved.

Mrs. A. M. Kelly and Miss Maud Kelly spent today near Orrum with relatives.

Master Garland Davis returned home the 31st inst. after spending two months' in Rollins, S. C., with his uncle Mr. G. F. Davis.

The Sunday school anniversary was held with the Corinth church September 1st and was very largely attended and many good speeches and songs by all the schools. It will be held with Lennon's X Roads church next year.

Miss Ollie Branch had a very painful attack of appendicitis last week but has not had an operation performed as yet.

Farmers are busy picking cotton and stripping cane.

CLARKTON NEWS NOTES

Better Save All the Hay Possible—Personal Mention

Clarkton, Sept. 11—Mr. G. Monroe Ward of Dothan, Ala., is visiting his mother, Mrs. Mary J. Ward, this week.

Miss Lillie Belle Phifer, after spending some time with relatives in Charlotte, returned home last week. Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Josylin and little son, H. L. Jr., are spending a few days here with Mrs. Josylin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Clark.

Mr. John D. Ward spent a few hours in Whiteville Sunday.

Mr. N. A. Currie is spending a few days in Statesville this week.

Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Goodman returned home after spending their vacation in Montreat, Concord, and other places.

Hay-cutting is beginning to be the order of the day around here. The hay crop is very sorry, notwithstanding the enormous crop of grass we had in July. The prepared hay fields are not as good as the voluntary ones. The farmers had sure better save enough hay for their own use if not save to sell, for hay will, as the older time folks say, "hay will be hay" next year. It will compete with other feed crops in prices.

Miss Laura E. Meares left recently for Albemarle, where she will teach this year.

Messrs. G. M. and J. D. Ward are spending today with their sister, Mrs. M. H. McNeill, near Lumberton.

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BROAD RIDGE BEEZES

Cotton Picking—One Way to Impress Help—Wildcat Visits a House

Correspondence of The Robesonian. Broad Ridge (Lumberton, R. 4), Sept. 8—Cotton picking seems to be the order of the day around here, but it won't last very long after all. Fodder pulling is over and past. While fodder was passing we learned a new rule to make idle people

Corn Pain Stopped Quick

Corns Lift Right Off With "Gets-It"

Blessed relief from corn pains is simple as A B C with "Gets-It." When you've been limping around for days trying to get away from a heart-drilling corn or bumpy callus, and everything you've tried has



only made it worse, and then you put some "Gets-It" on and the pain ceases right away, and the corn peels right off like a banana skin—"ain't it a grand and heavenly feeling?"

"Gets-It" has revolutionized the corn history of the world. Millions use it and it never fails. Ladies wear smaller shoes and have pain-free feet all day, and the corn peels right off like a banana skin—"ain't it a grand and heavenly feeling?"

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SOW RYE EARLY

We have on hand a large supply of North Carolina and Western Rye. This Rye is well adapted to this locality and should make big yields. Prices exceedingly low compared with other grain.

Give Us Your Orders Early.

K. M. BIGGS

DEPARTMENT STORE

LUMBERTON,

N. C.

WHO'S YOUR TAILOR?

We want to sell you what YOU want and have made it possible for you to gratify your preference for tailoring in

Ed. V. Price & Co. superb made-to-order clothes. Call and leave your measure today.

JOHN THOMAS BIGGS,

Lumberton, N. C.

A TOAST TO BREAD.

Here's to the backbone of civilization—BREAD. It satisfies when nothing else can satisfy. When the nectar of the gods tastes flat and insipid in the merry quaff, and when the menu with its surfeit of viands and victuals fails to please, good, sweet, nutritious wheat bread comes like a ministering angel to put courage and spirit into the hearts of men. Arrayed in no delicious frostings or tempting garnishments, bread wields the scepter in its regal sway. Companion of prince and peasant, at home in cabin and castle, it is, indeed, builder of men and of nations—our daily bread.

Made fresh, clean and sweet every day at your home bakery