

The Live Stock Association

Mr. Editor:—Last Thursday the Catawba Dairy Stock Breeders and Chicken-fanciers Association had a meeting on the Robinson farm five miles out of the city. Col. J. T. Johnson the jovial old veteran and father of all the doctors in and around Hickory, gave us a fine ride. Every plant we passed he told reminiscens, of his professional work, of life and death, wounds and bruises and petrifying sors, covering many decades of his past busy life.

We found here the grand old antebelum mansion, two storied four chimneyed, with a strong ever flowing spring of cold water, shaded by giant white oak trees that have withstood the storms for many centuries. Could these old trees talk, what tales of love romance, ambition and disappointment could be told. Here is the home of the Robinson family for many generations. You think of the promise made to old Judah—that the scepter should never depart, nor a law-giver from between his feet.

The present incumbent is a hopeful son in the lineage: He understands business laws, and enforces them, as the herd of fine, fat, thorough bred Jersey milk cows, dairy fixtures, silos and up to date barns, and lot of purest bred Berkshires, and concrete floored pens all attest.

Henry Robinson, who represents the second generation, owned 100 slaves and three to five thousand acres, with much river bottom land, and cattle on a thousand hills, (almost.) He was ahead of his generation in books, kind to his slaves, fed the poor—he was a good man.

A herd of black pol cattle were on exhibition, owned by Mr Lightfoot. These cattle combine both milk and beef qualities. The exhibition of horse flesh was good. Horses, mules, brood mares, three year olds, down to unweaned horse and mule colts.

Quite a lot of chickens were on hand, all fancy birds owned by Mr. Yoder. Coops containing most all of the known varieties.

Though the wind was cold and piercing, a goodly number of old ladies, nursing mothers and young ladies were present.

Seeing three ministers in a group we presumed to inquire why they came. Dr. Yoder explained that it was the home of a son in-law. Mr. Miller was there by special invitation, and Dr. Fritz well, he came to fetch Dr. Yoder. Mr. Conover of Kansas and

Mr. Curtis of Iowa state gave short talks, all along the regular lines: The comparison of Kansas and Iowa fields of clover, alfalfa rolling fat horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, fed on home raised corn, all of which we Tar Heels had to buy from them, and when they spoke of our leading agricultural products, as red gulleys, partridge corn, bum-bee cotton, high horned scrub cows, razor backed pine rooster and no hogs, but plenty of mangey dogs and lazy niggers, the comparison was real drastic. We are an ex-farmer, and the boys rubbed it on thick, and it's the truth that hurts, and we thought, by gum, you can't prove all that by us.

We wanted to talk back and ask the speakers, if they were posted on the history of the old Tar Heel state: did they know that North Carolinians were farming and planting, carrying on commerce, interstate and foreign, one hundred and fifty years before Kansas and Idaho were hatched and a heap more that we could say back.

Let us mention that we want immigration. The colored man, alias, lazy free nigger, is a dead letter as far as farming is concerned. He jobs around the towns and cities and serves as a yes-sir and a no-sir flunky for wealthy citizens and their worthless sons. Our young white men all want to smoke and boss around. Give us old world immigrants from the rural and agricultural districts. Children of the soil they are morally clean and hold contracts sacredly, and have aspiration, to own land. They will show us by example how to save and economize and do intensive farming.

They call the farmers old hay-seeds

And red eyed rascals sure,
Who entertain anarchist cre eds,
And are morally impure.

They do dearly love to chew
Tobacco and to cuss,
Are mighty fond of mortgage law,

And in good luck to trust.

They farm sucessfully with wind
And run a big time bill,
At Xmas they come out behind
And have no pigs to kill.

On Saturday they go to town,
Or to the black-smith shop;
And have their mules shod all around,

And may-be make a swap.

But if all men should make sucess,

In every trade and line;
Why that would stop all business
And run down margins fine

Entertainment at Claremont College.

The students of the Academic Department of the College will give a one Act Comedy—"Piper's Pay"—and tableaux Monday night April 19 at 8 o'clock. This promises to be a most enpyable entertainment and well furnish an occasion for no small amount of fun. A large audience will no doubt witness this play. Admission 15 cents.

FOR CONSTIPATION.

Mr. L. H. Farnham, a prominent druggist of Spirit Lake, Iowa, says: "Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are certainly the best thing on the market for constipation." Give these tablets a trial. You are certain to find them agreeable and pleasant in effect. Price, 25 cents. Samples free. For sale by W. S. Martin & Co.

Character is to wear forever; who will wonder or grudge that it cannot be developed in a day?

School Tax Election.

The School Board has asked the Board of Alderman to call an election the last of May to submit to the qualified voters of Hickory the question of increasing the tax levy for schools to thirty cents on the dollar property valuation. A special election is desired because so many other matters are to be voted on at the regular municipal election. There is great need for more room and more teachers for the graded school, and the board has taken this action in order that the people may have an opportunity to provide for these needs.

W. F. Burns,
Chm. School Board.

March 23, 1909.

In the morning fix your purpose; and at night examine yourself, what you have done, how you have behaved yourself in word, deed, and thought.



LITTLE GIRLS,

This Little Range Given Away Free

Can you draw, little girl? If so, you may be the proud possessor of this miniature "Buck's" Range, a perfect little stove. We are going to give it away—absolutely free—on **May 15th**, to the little girl, of fourteen years or under, who draws the best reproduction of the "Buck's" trade mark, here shown.

Come to Our Store Today, register your name, and get a pretty little booklet, which will tell you all about the contest.

