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# The Lincoln County News.

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TWICE A WEEK

How to Live. Let the Chips Fall as they May.

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**HINTS FOR STOCK OWNERS.**

The manure from each cow is worth from \$25 to \$30. Don't let it waste.

With a good stool to hold up pail you can rest at milking time, after a hard day's work.

It pays to fuss a little with the cows, and they relish a little change in diet, with some dainties added, as well as we do.

Don't forget that a few beets, turnips or cabbage mixed with the regular rations of the dairy herd toward taking the place of the juicy grazing the animals relish so much in summer, when they filled the milk pail to overflowing.

Drafts under the floors are death to pigs and even to grown hogs.

Hogs and hens do not go well in the same house. Don't try it.

Do not let the brood sows that are to farrow in the spring become too fat.

Dark hog houses are not healthful. Let in the light and keep your porkers healthy.

If a small pig is chilled it can be revived by wrapping it in warm flannel.

An uncomfortable, suffering pig can not be a profitable one.

Because sheep have warm coats it does not follow that they can be exposed to wet and storms.

If any sheep or lamb is heard coughing, put it by itself and give special care and treatment. Find the cause and remove it.

Don't feed out all the clover to cows. Save a nice lot for the sheep. They will get as much good out of it as any animal on the farm.

Millions of pounds of wool are imported annually to supply the home demand. Why not grow this wool on our own soil and keep the money in the family?

It pays to feed the colts grain.

Good feed and exercise must go together.

Turn the colts in the yard every day for exercise.

A horse's pulse beats from thirty-six to forty times a minute when he is in health.

Carrots must be fed sparingly to working horses. Cut them in slices. They are a laxative and affect the kidneys also.

It is impossible to develop a colt into a sound serviceable horse if it is kept tied on a hard floor day in and day out through the winter.

Stuffing the colt with hay or straw or any coarse food will spoil its looks. Keep this ration down by the use of some grain and less coarse feed.

Loop off the rations of all kinds when the horses are doing nothing. They are too much like a man to stand heavy feed while lying still.

Watch the hired man with your horses. If they cringe, dodge or show signs of fear while with him take my advice and "fire" him. A good horse is spoiled when he is a victim of fear.—From January FARM JOURNAL.

It is a false economy that induces people to use cheap butter cheap meat cheap flour; and other cheap articles of food. In nine cases out of ten, cheap articles of food are either damaged or adulterated and are dear at any price. They are seldom what they purport to be, and if not really dangerous to use, generally prove unsatisfactory to the purchaser or consumer. Of all cheap things, cheap articles of food should be most carefully avoided. Bread that is heavy or sour has passed the bounds of redemption. Butter that has become rancid cannot be regenerated by the addition of coloring. Meats that are tainted can by no chemical process be restored to their original condition, and the secret of infusing freshness into stale vegetables and decayed fruits remains undiscovered. To use low-priced stuff for food is not only extravagant and foolish, but criminal. It is a flagrant violation of the laws of physiology and hygiene, and a reckless defiance of disease and death. Beware of low-priced articles of food.

**IRONTON NEWS**

Iron Station, Jan. 10.—The first of our people attended the meeting at Henry Smith's last week.

Mr. Henry Ballard is well very sick.

Mrs. Henry Womac was taken to the Lincolnton Hospital last week for treatment.

Owing to the sickness of his wife, Mr. Henry Womac has not been able to teach regularly at Elbow, but Mr. H. H. Ballard is wielding the rod in his absence, and so far as we can learn is giving entire satisfaction. A heater has been installed at Elbow which adds greatly to the comfort of the room. Another room is needed at Elbow, but thus far our people have not made up their minds to press for it.

While in Lincolnton last Monday we met Hon. A. L. Quickel who was shaking hands with his friends preparatory for his departure for Raleigh to attend the meeting of the General Assembly. Mr. Quickel invites his friends to correspond with him when they think they can make any suggestions that will be beneficial to all the people of the county. Lincoln county never had a more earnest and painstaking representative in the legislature than Gus Quickel, and we feel sure that our best interests are perfectly safe in his hands.

A friend informs us that a copper still was hauled by Punchville going in the direction of Denver, one night last week. It is supposed that this one is to take the place of the one captured a few weeks ago. If this thing goes on much longer Denver will become a veritable "Cherry Mountain."

We would again remind the good people of the county that the people of North Carolina have said by a majority, 40,000 strong that the soil of North Carolina is too sacred for the manufacture of intoxicants. We would also remind them that the man who will deliberately trample under foot the will of the people on this most important of all moral questions, is an arch enemy to society. We would further remind them that it is the duty of every moral and upright citizen to do his part in seeing that our prohibitive law is enforced, and let us not through fear or for any other reason fail to do our duty as law abiding citizens, and when we have done our duty let us see to it that our officers do theirs. ALPHA.

**A Tale of Statistics.**

A reporter is said to have once asked John Jacob Astor if it were true that he had twenty seven automobiles, five chauffeurs, thirty three horses and forty eight carriages. Mr. Astor interrupted: "Statistics are always dry, stupid and even irritating. Let me tell you a story of a temperance exhorter who while in the suburbs found a man lying full length on the path with flushed face and tousled hair. He touched him with his foot to rouse him and said in a voice full of gentle reproach: 'My friend, did you ever pause to consider that if you had placed the price of one glass of whiskey out at compound interest at the time of the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon you would now have \$7,816,472?' The red-faced man lifted his head, brushed the place where the other's foot had touched him and replied: 'No, I haven't worked that out, but I'm something of a statistician myself and if you don't go back 119 feet in seven seconds I'll hit you forty three times and make you see 17,598 stars, for I've just had six teeth pulled for \$8—that's \$1.33 a tooth—and I tell you, you old meddler, I'm in no mood for fooling.'"

The cost of 20 or 30 bushels of oats fed to the colt during the winter will be worth more than twice as much in its growth and development.

**THE POULTRY YARD.**

Keep the dust box supplied with nice clean dust, and see that the grit box is never empty.

Keeping many breeds is a poor way to succeed. Get down to one or two varieties and give them the best of care.

If the hens were compelled to work a little harder these days for what grain they get, it would be a good thing for them.

As the new corn gets dry and hard it is safe to feed more than when it was soft and green. It is more easily digested and gives better results.

Never feed meat scraps that were made of rotten meat. Good, pure feed is the only thing that ever ought to be fed to a fowl of any kind.

During the winter the drinking vessels must be emptied each evening; it is much easier to do that it is to break a solid cake of ice in them the next morning.

If it possibly can be done, clean up the droppings each day. It is work that well repays one. Never allow this cleaning to be delayed longer than a week.

Leaving the birds to fight their own battles against lice and other enemies may save some work, but it will cost some eggs; and eggs are worth money these days.

Do not delay any longer the job of calling out the poor stock. It is a mistake to keep even a single unprofitable fowl. Have the stock up in quality rather than quantity.

If the hens are fed hot corn for supper, they will go to bed happy these cold winter nights. Feed it just as hot as they can eat it comfortably. Shell some in a baking pan and stir and heat it in the oven.

At the weather grows colder, increase the supply of corn. It is a heating food. But never feed it alone. A good grain mixture for winter is two parts whole corn, one part each wheat and oats; all well mixed.

Many hens never know what it is to be comfortable from one end of the winter to the other except on a day when it thaws. You can not expect hens to do well under such conditions. To do well they must be comfortable.

The worst thing is to make poultry drink ice-cold water; chills them clear through. They must warm that water before the work of digestion can go on again. Warm the water for them—not hot, but just comfortably warm.

Start up the trap nests. They are invaluable in pointing out the productive hens as well as the drones. They make it possible by picking out the poor layers, to get more eggs from a fewer number of hens. This is economy—it saves feed and it gives the workers more room.

It is a good rule to keep fowls indoors during rainy snowy or windy weather. While the rains during the summer will do no harm to the fowls, the cold rains of winter are injurious. Exposing fowls to bad weather is but to invite sickness. Therefore, the more room in the hen house, the more contented will the fowls be when confined.

At this time of the year colds may develop in the flock. It is always best to nip these in the bud. In the first stages a one-grain quinine pill each night for a week will be found effective. Remove the fowl to separate and dry quarters. Generally in a week the cold will have disappeared. Colds are caused by exposure, or by closely-built houses, or by overcrowded flocks, making the fowls sweat at night while on the roost and chill when they leave their perch the next morning. Have litter in the house, throwing the grain feed amongst it in the evening at feeding time, and the fowls will start to scratching the moment they get off the roost at break of day. This exercising warms up the blood and puts the fowls in good condition to appreciate and thoroughly digest the morning mash.—From January Farm Journal.

**LINCOLN CIRCUIT.**

Dear Editor:—By your consent I would like to use your valuable paper to express my thanks to the good people of the Lincoln circuit for the many kindnesses shown to both my wife and myself, since arriving at the parsonage on the 22nd day of December—while these kindnesses are too numerous and varied to mention in detail and are so highly appreciated for their own sakes, yet it is the consciousness of the warm-hearted, generous, loving, christian souls who conferred them, and among whom we are to live and labor which brings the genuine joy and highest sense of appreciation.

May the dear lord bless them and help us to bring to them such spiritual blessings as will do them good.

But with all the pleasures of the situation our experience here has not failed to remind us that "In the midst of life we are in death," for in our short stay we have been called upon to mingle our tears with, and offer the consolation of the gospel to two homes made sad by the vacancy caused by the translation of two, of whom it is said "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Brother Richards little son of a little more than two years old was buried at Asbury on Dec. 26th and an infant of Brother Navy of Marvin, was buried at Salem on the 29th. May the Lord bless those parents and inspire them to seek their absent ones in heaven.

J. H. ROBERTSON.

**A Sneezing Teacher.**

"Yesterday," said the pretty girl, "I met a sneezing teacher. 'I do not mean a teacher who sneezes, but a person who teaches the proper way to sneeze. I had always known that New York attractors in every art known to modern education, but a professor of sneezing struck me as a decided novelty. I am going to take lessons. He argues that he is a most useful member of society. Nobody, he says, can prevent sneezing, no matter how many formulas and medicaments he may absorb. But though a sneeze may not be avoided it may be cultivated, and from a stertorous snort it may be modified into a gentle, melodious trill. For anybody who startles the neighborhood with frequent sneezes the experiment is worth while.'"

**Taking no Chances.**

An old Pennsylvania citizen, while on a visit to Philadelphia, was taken with a violent tooth ache, and, calling on a dentist, was informed that the tooth must be extracted and that he had better take gas for the operation.

The patient agreed to this, and then started to count his money.

The dentist remarked, "Oh, you need not pay me until I have finished."

"I reckon not," replied the fellow, "but if you are going to make me unconscious, I thought I'd just like to see how I stand."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Patrick O'Rourke, a familiar character who was known to practically every one in town had occasion to appear before a police magistrate to answer a charge of larceny. After hearing the testimony of two witnesses who said they saw Pat take the goods the magistrate said:

"Well, Pat, I think you are guilty."

"And what makes you think that?" asked Pat.

"These two men, who say they saw you take the goods."

"And is that all?" asked Pat, in surprise. "Why, mon, I can bring two hundred men who will swear they didn't see me take them."—Green Bag.

If each of us would abstain from throwing tin cans and waste papers in the alleys and empty lots, the appearance of the neighborhood would be greatly improved.

**DEATH OF A GOOD WOMAN.**

On December 27th, death visited the home of Mr. David Mosteller who lives about one mile from Long Shoals and claimed Mrs. Lyda Mosteller.

She was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Cooper and was born Oct. 1, 1843 and died December 29th, 1910, age 67 years 2 months and 28 days. In the year 1879 she was married to Mr. David Mosteller and to them was born 4 children, 3 sons and one daughter, viz: Messrs Peter, John and David and Mrs. John Painter, all who lived near Long Shoals. She joined the Salem Baptist church when young in life and has remained a faithful member ever since.

She was laid to rest in the Harrell graveyard to await the resurrection morning. She leaves an aged husband, 3 sons and 1 daughter, 6 sisters and 2 brothers to mourn her departure. She was a kind mother loving wife and a good neighbor and will be greatly missed by everybody.

B.

**The Roads to Improve First.**

"A road between two important towns, which are, perhaps, already connected by a railway or by a trolley line, may seem to owners of automobiles to be of more importance than the more utilitarian roads leading back into the country away from the railroad. At the risk of seeming to be officially actuated by selfish motives, however, I will suggest that an interurban road of this character is not the one that, generally speaking, should receive first attention." There is just about a peck of good hard sense in this statement of President W. W. Finley's. We have insisted time and again, and we wish to repeat, that it is folly to begin road building with these interstate and "from city to city" highways. The road that you are interested in is the one you must travel to get to your market town, to the schoolhouse, the court house, the church. And these are the roads that need first attention. Begin at the towns and railway stations and improve the roads that run from them out into the neighboring country. When these are made passable, there will be time enough to begin talking of the big "highways," that are more ornamental but of less practical value.—Raleigh (N. C.) Progressive Farmer.

**Too Much of Reading.**

Reading which should be a marshaling out of all our faculties has become our arch dissipation, says a writer in Book News. It is declared that we read too much and are weakened by many books. "The mission of a book," continues the writer, "is not in the reading matter itself, but in its resultant value to the life of the reader. If we, therefore, allow ourselves impressions without any correlative expression, the book falling as a factor in our lives has not fulfilled its mission."

**Neither Reached the Pole.**

Toledo, O., Jan. 9.—Royal Stanton, of New York, a student in the Western Theological Seminary of Hudson, near here, has received a letter from the Arctic Circle written by "Mene" the Eskimo, who was with Peary on two dashes to the North Pole, declaring neither Peary nor Cook reached the pole, but that Cook went as far as anybody. He declares Cook is loved by all and Peary hated for his cruelty.—Raleigh Times.

We pay more for labor in this country than is paid in any country in the world, and labor pays more for rent, food and clothing in the United States than it does anywhere else. What the end will be no one knows but every thoughtful man anticipates the anxiety.

**SALEM DOTS.**

Newton, Route 3, Jan. 9.—Mr. Kent Turbyfill spent Saturday and Sunday in Charlotte.

Mrs. Press Rudisill and children of Lincolnton are spending a few days with Mrs. Rudisill's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. McCaslin.

Mr. Sam Biggerstaff spent Sunday at Mr. G. C. Biggerstaff's.

Misses Pearl and Ida Michum spent Saturday and Sunday with Misses Carrie and Annie Reep.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. McCaslin and son, James and Mrs. Press Rudisill spent Sunday with Mr. Joe Finger.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Reep spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Biggerstaff.

Miss Lizzie Turbyfill has been on the sick list.

Mrs. G. C. Biggerstaff and little daughter, Ruby, spent Sunday with her parent Mr. J. F. Reep. BLUEBIRD.

**An Explanation.**

An alienist came wandering through an insane asylum's wards one day. He came upon a man who sat in a brown study on a bench.

"How do you do sir?" said the alienist. "What is your name may I ask?"

"My name?" said the other, frowning fiercely. "Why, Czar Nicholas, of course."

"Indeed," said the alienist. "Yet the last time I was here you were the Emperor of Germany."

"Yes, of course," said the other quickly; "but that was by my first wife."—Argonaut.

**The Unquiet Stairs.**

In a recent suit in a Cincinnati court, says Harper's Weekly, a lawyer was cross-examining a German, the point under inquiry being the relative position of the doors, windows, and so forth, in which a certain transaction was alleged to have occurred.

"And now, my good man," the lawyer said, "will you be good enough to tell the court how the stairs run in your house?"

"Yes; how do the stairs run?"

"Well," continued the witness, "ven I am oop-stairs dey run down, and ven I am down-stairs dey run oop."

**Lucky.**

A census taker, while on her rounds, called at a house occupied by an Irish family. One of the questions she asked was, "How many males have you in this family?"

The answer came without hesitation: "Three a day, mum."—Harper's Magazine.

Sweet are the uses of advertising. They dispel the season's dullness and remove one's wrinkles from the brow of business men. They loosen purse strings and impart a motion to the nimble dollar. They are the delight of thrifty housewives, and the male bargain hunter cannot resist their blandishments. They create values, beget competition. They are barometers of trade. They create fortunes. Their friends are on both sides of the counter. They educate the people and swell the ranks of shoppers. They are a stirring force in every community in which their arts are employed. Their extent indicates the city's business and their style the city's style. Show me, says a distinguished merchant, the advertisements of a city, and I will show you the city's balance sheet.

It is a great waste of money to leave valuable machinery out in the weather or the plows and harrows caked over with earth and rusting so that it will take time in the spring to get them to running smoothly. Clean them well and clean off from machinery the old gummed oil and dirt and put some kerosene on them.—Raleigh (N. C.) Progressive Farmer.

**Stick to the Staple Crops.**

I continually get letters from farmers in the South asking for information in regard to growing sunflowers and broom-corn and ginseng, and what not. These letters are almost invariably from men who have been growing cotton only, and whose methods have not proved successful, and instead of endeavoring to improve with the crops they are familiar with, they want to try some that they know nothing about and the success of which with them would be very problematical. I do not believe in single cropping of any sort, whether of cotton in the South or corn or wheat in the North, but I do believe in specialized farming. That is, to have a crop as a money crop that is suited to your conditions, and then so arrange your farming as to give that crop the best possible chance in your rotation. In the Cotton Belt there is no crop that can compete with cotton as a money crop if the farmer farms and does not merely plant cotton year after year on old dead soil with the aid of a little low grade fertilizer. He should associate in his farming the legumes for forage and feeding; and corn and oats as auxiliary crops, and if he farms with these in a good rotation and makes manure, he will soon find that these auxiliary crops are not merely "supplies," but are profitable crops to grow for sale. The South is rapidly getting into the Corn Belt, for Louisiana and Mississippi have corn to sell, and when this takes place all over the South the feeding of farm animals will naturally follow, and bigger cotton crops will be made on less land.—W. F. Massey, in Raleigh (N. C.) Progressive Farmer.

**Muggins Was a Good Christian.**

H. B. Smith of a western town has a remarkable bay horse, Muggins, which appears to have more religious instinct than the majority of animals, says a Monterey letter to the Boston Globe.

The horse has been used by Mr. Smith for the last twenty-five years to draw the family to the village church. In the last twenty years there have been only two Sundays on which Muggins didn't have to carry some member of the family to church. The second occasion was a few Sundays ago.

A year ago the horse was turned into the yard for a little Sunday recreation and nothing more was thought of Muggins until the far distant toll of the church bell was heard. Then the horse pricked his ears, and, realizing that he was late, started off at a quick pace for the church. He went directly under the shed and took his accustomed place, where he remained until it was time to go home.

A couple of weeks ago the horse made his second appearance at the church alone. Mr. Smith had placed Muggins in a stall and had left the stable door slightly ajar. The old bell tolled exceptionally loud and long, and Muggins could not resist the call. In some manner he slipped his halter and made his way from the stable to the church, where he remained until the service was over. The parson patted the horse affectionately as he trotted up to the door, and then he started on his homeward journey.

A distinguished lawyer, when a small boy, made a visit to friends, after giving his mother a solemn promise that he would ask for nothing to eat, having no children they were unaccustomed to the ways of boys. One day he endured the pangs of hunger as long as he could, and then sang out, "O, there is plenty of bread and butter in this house; but what is that to me?"—Junior C. E. World.

Figs are not protected from cold by warm coats of hair, and suffer greatly if exposed.