

RAISING HOGS IN THE SOUTH. The Swine Industry is Growing and Packing Plants are Going up in Pork Producing Areas.

Southern Field. Daily almost, evidence accumulates showing the great advantage there is in raising live stock of different kinds in the Southern States. The swine industry is one that is growing. The Southeastern states are now taking their right full place among the corn producers of the country, and that means an immense advantage in pork raising and in all kinds of stock. These states can produce to the best advantage not only their own supply of pork, but compete with any of the country for the markets of any other section. The South must eventually look to the South for a good part of its supply.

So good an authority on stock as the Breeder's Gazette, Chicago, which keeps in touch with the stock interests and developments in all sections of the country, recently said: "The South is a large consumer of bacon. Southern table delicacies still count for much among their ingredients. But the attempt to produce these staple food products on Southern farms has been difficult. Mangel or native hogs could not be kept quiet enough to fatten. Improved breeds of hogs could not live as the razor-back lived and make lard where it failed to make it. Through misunderstanding of fat hog type some unfortunately poor selections from Northern herds found homes on Southern farms, contributing to the discouragement of progressive men. The Southern demand for pork products is promised by the steady persistence with which foundation sows have been taken from Northern herds while owners have solved the problem of turning their native feeds into a combination on which hogs great thrive.

"The South grows cowpeas, soy beans, and alfalfa, which are the backbone of cheap pork supply. The long growing season obviates the necessity for a large amount of concentrated feed. Enough is supplied by the corn which has been required to weevil and the cotton seed meal that careful feeders are supplying to their hogs in small quantities and for short fattening periods with pasture to reduce the possibility of fatalities. Progress has been steady, and the industry has been recognized by the establishment of packing plants in the new areas of pork production. The growing industry, now already past the experimental stage, seems destined to make rapid progress under this new impetus."

PHOTOGRAPHING HEART BEATS.

Interesting Process in Vogue in Many European Hospitals.

From the Chicago Tribune. The heart beat is photographed in many important European hospitals. The patient is ushered into a pitch-dark room from which every ray of light is excluded. Without removing his clothes or making any other preliminary preparation he is invited to sit down on an ordinary chair before a large glass bulb. The operator switches on the current and in response the electric sparks flash in the glass bulb, filling it with a pale, green light. Then the operator moves in front of the patient a plate which has been prepared with a compound of barium platinum. On this is thrown a clearly defined image of the heart, and the electric rays are so arranged that the shadow of the rib bones is scarcely perceptible and does not in any way interfere with the examination of the heart.

The image is so distinct that one can clearly observe the opening and closing of the valve as the blood is being pumped through it. The patient feels nothing of this whatever. It is thought that before long the action of the heart as seen on the screen may be transferred to a cinematograph film. At present the movements are recorded on an electrocardiogram.

In order that this may be obtained the patient has to place his bare arms in two large vessels filled with water. Into each of these vessels is led a copper wire charged with electricity. Where these wires meet a thin platinum wire is attached to them, resting within a highly charged magnetic field. As soon as the contact is completed this platinum needle begins to move, its movement being regulated according to the strength of the electric current passing through it.

Since the human body is a conductor of electricity the contact circuit is made when the patient places his arms in the vessels of water into which the wires are led. The movement of the needle follows the contraction and expansion of the heart impelled by the electricity generated through the action of the heart muscles while performing that function. When the contractions are strong the scoring of the needle is much greater than when the contractions are weak. Under the moving needle a photographic film is slowly passed and the light above it so arranged that a faithful imprint of the beating of the heart is recorded on the electrocardiogram.

The Demon of the Air

is the germ of LaGrippe, that, breathed in, brings suffering to thousands. Its after effects are weakness, nervousness, lack of appetite, energy and ambition, with disordered liver and kidneys. The greatest need then is Electric Bitters, the splendid tonic, blood purifier and regulator of Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Thousands have proved that they wonderfully strengthen the nerves, build up the system and restore health and good spirits after an attack of Grip. If suffering, try them. Only 50c. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed by J. G. Hall.

Good results always follow the use of Foley's Kidney Pills. They give prompt relief in all cases of kidney and bladder disorders, are healing, strengthening and anti-septic. Try them. Sold by All Druggists.

WHEN CITY MAN FARMS.

Now and then we see a city man move out onto a farm and in a short time build up a very successful business. This is happening oftener than it did a score of years ago. We wonder why it is that one who has not been engaged in farming, can so quickly adapt himself to modern methods of agriculture and do things after the most improved style.

One reason is that we older farmers get in the habit of doing some things pretty well, but along others are not as progressive as we might be. For instance a farmer who is making money hand over fist with hogs, and handles two or three lines of his business in the best possible manner, may lose out in two or three other lines.

He may keep a bunch of old cows that eat their heads off every year. He may let the orchard lie barren and fruitless. He may raise some light, scrawny colts, stuff that a buyer will pass upon as indifferent, if not undesirable. In half a dozen different ways like this, he gets rid of most of the profit that the hogs and wheat are giving him, and he wonders why he is making barely more than a living.

Here is the trouble: He is a progressive man in a few lines, but is in the deepest ruts in others. We get in this fix because we do not once or twice a year give our business a complete investigation. We take farm papers with a department on every phase of our farm operation, but we have the habit of rarely looking at anything but the columns that treat of our pet branches of agriculture.

The city man takes up only those branches of work he has investigated and understands. He gets his information directly from the most successful men in those lines, studies every phase he desires to take up, handles only those things that he is almost sure are going to pay. His interest does not flag; every department is looked after, because he is not so sure of his footing in any one.

Then the city man knows he is watched by his old chums as well as by the farmers of his vicinity. He stays in the rut. He forgets his reputation to make all along the line. While the veteran farmer, all day of his seasons spends his outside agricultural college is issuing bulletins upon almost every point in which he is interested and unlike the city man, awake to the importance of every source, he does not read and profit thereby, nor go to see most successful farmer and find out how he does things.

Then the new man takes up no more departments than he can handle while we old fellows get swamped right along, year after year. Let us watch the city man as he farms. He may teach us something after all. Two of the biggest, and most successful farms in Nebraska are managed well. Hundreds of other smaller ones are being handled at a profit by the fellows whom we farmers call city-bred. Put on your thinking cap and watch the city-bred farmer with unprejudiced eye.—J. O. Shroyer, Nebraska Farm Journal.

(Written for Nebraska Farm Journal)

A Nebraska youth who was determined to be worthless and tough was one day presented by his father with a hunk of Limburger cheese. "What do you suppose I want of this stuff?" asked the alecky youth as he gave a sniff of disgust. "Take it, my son," said the old man, "I got it for you to carry about in the hope that people in your vicinity might forget for the time being the odor of your general reputation."

A swaggering bully was boasting to a slender and rather frail man about his feats of agility and strength. "I can," said the boaster, "climb to the top of that flag pole quicker than any other man in this town, and I can carry you and twice as big a load as you can lift and not half try." "I haven't a doubt of it," said the frail man quietly, "but if that is a measure of greatness both that monkey which travels with that son of Italy and the muckle dum mule tied to yonder post have the advantage of you. The monkey can climb that pole twice as quick as you and the mule can pack three times as much as you can carry."

A lean and hungry cat was scouting along the back fence when she saw an empty can that had at one time been filled with packing house meat. In a minute the cat had her head in the can and was licking up the remnants that had been left in the can when it was thrown out of the kitchen window. The cat was enjoying herself well until she undertook to draw her head out of the can and found that she was fast. And as the unfortunate cat was dashing about trying to get loose from that can another cat that was trapping about in company with a couple of her offspring, took in the situation and said: "You may learn from the movements of that feline two things, one is that what seems like a good thing often turns out to be a lot of trouble and the other lesson I want to impress on your youthful minds is this: Don't be too blamed greedy about your eating. Now if that cat had reached into that can politely with her paw and dug out that delicious meat in a moderate and polite sort of way, instead of trying to get her whole head into the can, she wouldn't have been humping herself to get loose the way she is at present."

A Nebraska farmer who was troubled with birds in his corn put up a scarecrow in the middle of the field. It was a tough looking figure and for three or four days the birds were fairly shy, but finally a blackbird, who had his nerve with him, concluded to investigate. "That thing appears to be bad medicine, but my private opinion is that it is a bluff." The blackbird ventured a little nearer and still nearer, until he finally came to the scarecrow and found that

it was stuffed with straw. Then the blackbird went back and told his companions, and the next day when the farmer went to his field, he saw, from a distance, over 400 blackbirds pulling up his corn, while a couple of dozen sat on that scarecrow and watched for his coming so that they might tell the rest of the flock when to hike out.

MORAL—The things that we are most scared about amount to the least when we come to investigate them.

A shepherd dog that had been set to watch a flock of sheep, seeing a lamb straggling about that maternal aunt, shaking its tail with great vigor as it filled its interior, finally asked the lamb, after its appetite had been satisfied: "Why do you yank your tail about in that manner when you are feeding? It strikes me as a useless waste of energy." "I will answer you," said the lamb, whose ancestors had been rough from Vermont ancestors, which had inherited Yankee characteristics, "saying I will tell you why, when you explain why you follow your tail around in a circle once or twice before you lie down."

MORAL—Nearly every one notices that his neighbor has some habit that there does not seem to be any particular sense in, but it does not occur to him that he has quite a collection of foibles himself.

On a certain range in western Nebraska grew a clump of cottonwood trees near a stream of water. Out on the prairie the grass grew rank and sweet, but the owner of that range noticed that the most of his herd instead of filling up in the shade of those trees and fighting flies, they were putting on no flesh and the prospects for profit on that herd were getting mighty slender. For a day or two the owner of the range tried driving the herd out to graze, but as soon as he would leave them they would hike back to the shade. Finally the ranchman called his hired man and together they strung a wire fence about that clump of shade trees so that the herd could not get under them. And when the steers found that there was no chance to lie around in the shade they betook themselves to the rich buffalo grass and the way they laid out on fat was a pleasant sight for sore eyes. Seeing which the ranchman said: "After all, there isn't so much difference between a man and a steer. Give a man the chance to lie around in the shade and the chances are that he won't be worth the powder necessary to blow him into the auriferous hence."

MORAL—Luxury doesn't generally tend to success.

A NATURAL BORN FOOL.

Man who thought Republicans would Reduce the Tariff.

Exchange. The recent tariff debate in Congress was occasionally illumined by some welcome bits of humor, says a Washington correspondent. One of the brightest of these was a story told by Representative George E. Burgess, of Texas, who insisted that the country was no going to be fooled by the Republican promise of tariff downward. He said the public would take the view of it that the lunatic did in the following story: "Two lunatics were being conveyed to the asylum. One said to the other: "Where are you going?" The other one said: "I am going to the lunatic asylum."

"What is the matter with you?" "Why I got to studying predestination and foreordination, and God's election and man's free will, and all that, and I got mixed up."

"I talked with the preachers and deacons and it all got worse. I got so I couldn't sleep, saw all kinds of visions, and they just took me and said they were to send me down to the asylum to straighten me out. Now, what is the matter with you?" "Well, said the other, 'I am going down to the asylum, too. They say I am crazy.'"

"Well, what is the matter with you?" "Why, I got to studying tariff revision, free trade, tariff for revenue, reciprocity, free raw materials, the maximum and minimum, and drawbacks, and all that, and I got all mixed up, and I thought the country was being ruined. One night I had a vision, and I heard a voice that told me the Republican party was coming into power at the next election and that they were going to revise and reduce the tariff in the interest of the people and straighten all this out. I believed it, and told my friends of my vision, and they took me and sent me down to the lunatic asylum."

"Well," the other man said, "you did not believe in avision like that, did you?" "Yes."

"What, did you believe that the Republican party, as at present organized, would reduce the tariff in the interest of the people?" "Yes, I did."

"Well, you ain't crazy; you are just a natural-born fool."

One Conductor Who Was Cured.

Mr. Willford Adams is his name, and he writes about it—"Some time ago, I was confined to my bed with chronic rheumatism. I used two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy with good effect, and the third bottle put me on my feet and I resumed work as conductor of the Lexington, Ky. Street Railway. It gave me more relief than any medicine I had ever used, and it will do all you claim in cases of rheumatism." Foley's Kidney Remedy cures rheumatism by eliminating the uric acid from the blood. Sold by all druggists.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership of S. C. Lyon and B. G. Rogers doing business in Creedmoor, N. C., under firm name of B. G. Rogers & Co., has been dissolved January 24 1910. S. C. LYON.

MARRIAGE IN HENDERSON.

The following clipping taken from News & Observer is interesting to many people in Oxford. It is the contracting parties, in the pretty Henderson marriage on the 12th, are well known:

Mr. Guy T. Horner, of Boykin Va., and Miss Lelle C. Horner, of Henderson, were united in marriage at the First Baptist church in Henderson, yesterday, at noon. Rev. J. R. Doan performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Mr. Green, of Boykin, Va. A large concourse of the friends and relatives of the parties witnessed the contract. Some of those from a distance were Mrs. Col. T. L. Hargrove, Mrs. Capt. A. S. Peace, Mrs. Dr. E. T. White, and Mr. and Mrs. James W. Horner, of Oxford; Mr. and Mrs. Willis G. Briggs, of Raleigh; Mr. and Mrs. William D. Horner, of Rosemary Dr. and Mrs. F. O. Mookler, of Boykins, and Mr. and Mrs. Harris, of Branchville, Va. Mr. Horner is a lawyer of fine ability and good practice of Southampton county, Virginia. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Horner, of Henderson. Her modesty of demeanor has "won upon all beholders," her attractive personality is the admiration of her acquaintances independent of the honorable name to which she was born, and has not yet discarded. Henderson has been the scene of many handsome weddings, exhibiting fair women and brave men attired in elegant apparel. The occasion here recounted will be memorable for its wealth of personal attractions, the health and comeliness of the contracting parties and the high hopes entertained by their friends for the success and happiness of this couple.

A fine supper was served to the family and friends of Prof. and Mrs. Horner on the evening before the wedding.

Shortly after the ceremony the bride couple left on a fast train northward for a bridal tour, amid showers of rice and myriads of blessings and good wishes.

Saved From The Grave.

"I had about given up hope, after nearly four years of suffering from a severe lung trouble," writes Mrs. M. L. Dix, of Clarksville, Tenn. "Often the pain in my chest would be almost unbearable and I could not do any work, but Dr. King's New Discovery has made me feel like a new person. Its best medicine made for the throat and lungs." Obsolete coughs, stubborn colds, hay fever, la grippe, asthma, croup, bronchitis and hemorrhages, hoarseness and whooping cough, yield quickly, this wonderful medicine. Try it, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free. Guaranteed by J. G. Hall.

The Sound Sleep of Good Health.

The restorative power of sound sleep can not be over estimated and any ailment that prevents it is a menace to health. J. L. Struthers, Eau Claire, Wis., says: "For a long time I have been unable to sleep soundly nights, because of pains across my back and soreness of my kidneys. My appetite was very poor and my general condition was much run down. I have been taking Foley's Kidney Pills but a short time and now sleep as sound as a rock. I eat and enjoy my meals and my general condition is greatly improved. I can honestly recommend Foley's Kidney Pills as I know they have cured me."

We handle the best makes in shoes known to the trade.

There are other good shoes but they cost you more than Crenshaw's.

Candidate's Notice.

I hereby announce my candidacy for nomination for the office of Clerk of the Superior Court of Granville Co subject to the will of the Democratic voters of the county. If nominated I will serve to the best of my ability. Respectfully, D. CAM HUNT.

The Call of The Blood

for purification, finds voice in pimples, boils, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin,—all signs of liver trouble. But Dr. King's New Life Pills make rich red blood; give clear skin, rosy cheeks, fine complexion, health. Try them. 25c at J. G. Hall's

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