

The Enterprise.

State Librarian

VOL. III. - NO. 33.

WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1902.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$1.00 A YEAR.
SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS EACH

RESTORING A WORN-OUT FARM.

I do not doubt that a great many of your readers are getting to a point when they begin to think they must do something to restore the falling fertility of their farms. If they are not they ought to be, for I know by my own experience that it is much easier to keep land rich than to make it so again after it has been badly run down. I will, therefore, give your readers some of my experience in putting back into the soil the fertility it had lost, and hope that some may be wise enough to take warning and begin to feed the land before it gets hungry.

I inherited a farm in Virginia. The land had been in cultivation over two hundred years and all the virgin strength was gone even before my father bought it sixty years ago. But he was a man of wealth as well as a good farmer and it was not hard for him to make the land rich again, but he had slave labor and used hundreds of tons of guano. When I got possession, it had been in the hands of a very poor manager for many years and was poorer and had more gullies on it than when my father bought it. Still I tackled the job with the determination to make it what it was in my boyhood.

The first thing to be done was to divide the farm into suitable fields and get more sheep, hogs, cattle and horses, for there was very little stock on the place. The next thing was to build a roof over the barn yard so as to protect the manure from leaching rains. Then as fast as could, I had the undergrowth, pine, willow and persimmon, grubbed out and the gullies filled up. All this was done by the regular hands on the place and did not cost very much. All this had to be done you see, before I could even get in shape to begin the improving of the soil.

The land nearest the house was not a very difficult problem though some of it was awfully poor. I divided it into lots of three to five acres, planted it in different crops for hog pastures, using some fertilizers and some manure. The crops I used were crimson clover, winter oats, Canada field peas, early corn, cow peas early and late, soja beans, and sweet potatoes. I got two crops off each lot as the later crops followed the earlier ones. My hogs ran on the different lots in succession, and were fed some grain all the time. I kept an account with them, everything except the manure and fertilizers, and the pork cost me \$2.25 dressed, and I sold it for \$4.25. Two or three years of this treatment, taking nothing off but pork, improved the lots so rapidly that it hardly looked as if they had ever been as poor as death. The amount of stuff left on the ground to be turned under, soon filled the soil with humus and then I began to get the full benefit of the fertilizers used, and the crops of all kinds, in three years' time, got to be very rank. Then the land was devoted to growing tobacco, which is the most profitable crop to grow in that section, and more was fenced for the hogs.

The farthest outlying land was used for sheep pasture, but as there was a great deal of it, I grew a lot of fine sheep as I ever saw, without any feeding to speak of except when the ground was covered with snow, which was very seldom. I never did do anything more with that part of the farm, so will not refer to it again. But the remainder of the land to be devoted to cultivation was a hard problem. Where the soil was washed off entirely, or the gullies filled up, there was no humus at all, and I noticed the first year that nothing would grow on such absolutely bare places however much manure or fertilizer was put on them.

For such places I found that the only thing to be done to get a start, was to get some vegetable matter into the ground. And the best way for to do it is to spread over their face just as early in the season as possible, as much straw, weeds, grass or any other vegetation as

can be had, keeping the land shaded during the summer, then plowing under the fall and sowing to oats, rye, or something else, to be grazed off or plowed under early in the spring.

I had some of these galled spots in field of tobacco, and quite an area of it was in some fields sowed to cow peas. All of it was both manured and heavily fertilized, but the first year these spots did not make either tobacco or peas six inches high. It is absolutely necessary that there shall be some humus in the soil or you cannot make a crop. After learning that, I made it a rule to spread my manure on the land that had the least vegetation in it and put the fertilizers on most liberally where the soil had not been so badly washed. After once getting the soil pretty well filled with humus, it began to respond very well to fertilizers.

The rotation in common practice in that section is tobacco, wheat and clover on the best land, and corn followed by oats on the rest. The best farmers also sow clover on their oats. I adopted the rotation for my tobacco land and after my wheat, got a fine stand on clover the first year it was sown, and on land that was as poor as it could well be. Some of my wheat to was very fine. My conclusion after two years was that the soils with clay subsoil was chiefly deficient in humus and nitrogen, and that the supply of potash and phosphoric acid was fairly good still. I therefore came to rely mainly upon clover and cottonseed meal, they being both very rich in nitrogen.

In buying fertilizers I always bought the ingredients and mixed them myself, so as to be sure of getting what I wanted and paid for. I also found that having the barnyard manure fully protected I got a great deal more and very much better manure. When it is under cover, however, one must be careful that it does not heat and become fire fanged. For this is more destructive of its value than washing.

Pursuing the plan mapped out above in three years the old farm began to look like another place, and when finally business interests elsewhere induced me to sell it, was so vastly improved in appearance, and in fact, that I sold it at a fair price with very little trouble.

There is but one other point that is worth mentioning in this connection and that is that in some cases as I wished to follow one hoed crop with another, I sowed on the land a crop of rye in the fall and plowed it under in the spring. I found that it would, if plowed under about knee high, rot in a few weeks and would keep the land mellow and moist all summer. As this keeps the land supplied with humus, it is a great thing to do. I believe the plan I have outlined will work well anywhere and is worthy of a trial by all who begin to think they must do something to help their land.—G. M. Baxter, Campbell Co., Va., in Journal of Agriculture.

Switzerland stands high considered from a standpoint of clocks and watches. A watchmaker at Zurich has lately displayed in his shop window a wonderful piece of Swiss workmanship in the shape of the smallest watch ever made. The watch is in the form of a rose and is so small and minute that a strong magnifying glass is needed to read the time indicated by its tiny hands. A specially prepared contrivance is resorted to in winding the little watch. The manufacturer has been offered large sums for this curious article, but he will not sell. The watch keeps accurate time.—Ex.

WANTS OTHERS TO KNOW.

"I have used DeWitt's Little Blue Pills for constipation and torpid liver and they are all right. I am glad to endorse them for I think when we find a good thing we ought to let others know it," writes Alfred Heinze, Quincy, Ill. They never gripe or distress. Sure, safe pills. S. R. Biggs.

One Minute Cough Cure For Coughs, Colds and Whooping Cough.

The Ballad of the Colors.

A gentleman of courtly air,
Of old Virginia he;
A demsel from New Jersey State,
Of matchless beauty she;
They met as fierce antagonists—
They reason why, they say;
Her eyes were of the Federal blue,
And his, Confederate gray.
They entered on a fierce campaign,
And, when the fight began,
It seemed as though the strategy
Had no determinate plan,
Each watched the other's movements well
While standing there at bay—
One struggling for the Federal blue,
One for Confederate gray.
We all looked on with anxious eyes
To see their forces move,
And none could tell which combatant
At last would victor prove.
They marched and countermarched with
skill,
Avoiding well the fray;
Here, lines were seen of Federal blue,
And there, Confederate gray.
At last he moved his force in mass,
And sent her summons there
That she should straight capitulate
Upon conditions fair.
"As you march forth the flags may fly,
The drums and bugles play,
But yield those eyes of Federal blue
To the Confederate gray."
"You are the foe," she answer sent,
"To maidens such as I,
I'll face you with a dauntless heart,
And conquer you or die
A token of the sure result
The vaulted skies display;
For there above is Federal blue,
Below, Confederate gray."
Sharpshooting on each flank began,
And 'mid manœuvres free
The rattle of the small talk with
Big guns of repartee,
Mixed with the deadly glance of eyes
Amid the proud array.
There met in arms the Federal blue
And the Confederate gray.
Exhausted by the fight at length
They called a truce to rest;
When lo! another force appeared
Upon a mountain's crest,
And as it came the mountain down,
Amid the trumpet's brai,
Uncertain stood the Federal blue
And the Confederate gray.
Agorps of stout free lances these,
Who poured upon the field,
Field Marshall Cupid in command,
Who swore they both must yield;
They both should conquer, both divide
The honors of the day;
And proudly from the Federal blue,
March the Confederate gray.
His troops were fresh, and their's were
worn;
What they but agree
That both should be the conquerors,
And both should captives be?
So they presented arms, because
Dan Cupid held the sway,
And joined in peace the Federal blue
With the Confederate gray.
Twelve years have fled I passed to-day
The fort they built and saw
A sight to strike a bachelor
With spirit thrilling awe,
Deployed a corps of infantry,
But less for drill they play;
And some had eyes of Federal blue,
And some Confederate gray.—Selected.

DON'T START WRONG.

Don't start the summer with a lingering cough or cold. We all know what a "summer cold" is. It's the hardest kind to cure. Often it "hangs on" through the entire season. Take it in hand right now. A few doses of One Minute Cough Cure will set you right. Sure cure for coughs, colds, croup, grip, bronchitis, all throat and lung troubles. Absolutely safe. Acts at once. Children like it. "One Minute Cough Cure is the best cough medicine I ever used," says J. H. Bowles, Groveton, N. H. "I never found anything else that acted so safely and quickly." S. R. Biggs.

Mr. Thomas Jones, of Greene county, while returning home from Kinston last night, was held up and robbery took place about a mile beyond Glenfield. Mr. Jones was driving along at a good pace when the three men suddenly rushed upon him, covering him with pistols. One of them held the horse while the others rifled his pockets, securing about \$5, all the money he had on his person. Not a word was spoken. Mr. Jones does not know whether the men were white or black. He says he was too frightened to offer resistance.—Kinston Free Press, 30th.

A POINTER FOR INVENTORS.

If you wish your patent business properly and promptly done send it to SWIFT & CO., PATENT LAWYERS, opposite U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C. They have no dissatisfied clients. Write them for their confidential letter; a postal card will bring it, and it may be worth money to you. See their advertisement elsewhere in this paper.

AVAILABLE STANDING TIMBER.

The wooded area of the country—the area upon which the timber crop is growing—has recently been surveyed, or rather estimated, by Henry Gannett, chief topographer of the Geological Survey. He finds that including Alaska, 37 per cent of the country is still forest. In some of the States the wooded area is very small—in North Dakota it is but 1 per cent. In that large State there are but 600 square miles of woodland and in Rhode Island but 400, and in Maryland 700. These are however, extreme cases of woodland scarcity. Most of the States still contain plenty of standing timber.

The wooded area in Alabama is put at 38,000 square miles, or 74 per cent of the State. In other words, three-quarters of the State is timbered land. There are 18,885 square miles of long-leaved pine in that State; 2,307 square miles of short-leaved pine, and 17,108 of hardwoods. The consumption in the State in the census year was 1,101,386 thousand feet, or about one thirtieth of the consumption of the country.

Arkansas contains the highest percentage of woodland—84 per cent. Main has 79 per cent. Washington, West Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia and Florida, each have over 70 per cent. These are the States that have the highest percentages of timber. It is impossible to say with any degree of accuracy what proportion of all this timber is of merchantable size, but be it large or small, it is all liming timber. It is growing, and will be available, if preserved, for commercial use sooner or later.

The figures that Mr. Gannett furnishes make it plain that there is no man living who will see a timber famine in this country. He may feel higher prices as the timber near navigable streams is swept away, but he will not see an entire exhaustion of the timber supply. These facts do not however, lessen the importance of protecting against fire and the like the forests of the country. These forests are a great blessing in many ways, and they should be made to serve mankind as long as is possible. The wooded area of the country has been and still is a great source of wealth, and all of it will become increasingly valuable. None of it therefore should be wasted unnecessarily.—Elm City Elevator.

DANGEROUS IF NEGLECTED.

Burns, cuts and other wounds often fail to heal properly if neglected and become troublesome sores. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve prevents such consequences. Even where delay has aggravated the injury DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve effects a cure. "I had a running sore on my leg thirty years," says H. C. Hartley, Yanketown, Ind. "After using many remedies, I tried DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. A few boxes healed the sore." Cures all skin diseases. Files yield to it at once. Beware of counterfeits. S. R. Biggs.

Please Stop My—What?

"Times are hard, money is scarce business is dull, retrenchment is a duty. Please stop my—Whisky?" "Oh, no; times are not hard enough for that yet. But there is something else that costs me a large amount of money every year, which I wish to save. Please stop my—Tobacco, cigars and snuff?" "No, no—not these; but I must retrench somewhere. Please stop my—Ribbons, jewels, ornaments and trinkets?" "Not at all. Pride must be fostered if times are ever so hard but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction. Please stop my—Tea, coffee, and needless and unhealthy luxuries?" "No, no; not these; I cannot think of such a sacrifice. I must think of something else. Ah, I have it now. Stop my paper. It cost me two cents a week, a dollar a year. I must save that. Please stop my—paper. I believe in retrenchment and economy.—Ar-mory.

McDuffie's Little Blue Liver Pill make blue people bright, cleanses the system of all the deleterious and unhealthy matter and makes a new person of you.

Woman Defeats Southern.

A plucky woman scored an unusual victory in a contest with the Southern Railway Friday night. She got on a Pullman car attached to the Southern's train at Birmingham Friday afternoon, and showed a ticket and Pullman car coupon for Washington. When the train arrived at Atlanta Friday at 11:30 it was found that the woman was the only person on the car ticketed for the north. When she was asked to transfer to another car attached to the north bound train she produced her pullman coupon from her card case and said:

"This entitles me to a section in this car to Washington."
"That is all right, madam," replied the conductor. "Other arrangements have been made and this car will not go through."
"I think it will," said the lady. "My coupon says I am to ride in this car to Washington and I don't propose to leave the car."

Efforts of the officials to make the woman leave the Pullman were in vain. She was perfectly cool and determined; and finally the railway officials admitted defeat by attaching the Pullman, with its single passenger, to the northbound train and carrying it through to Washington.

The car was without conductor or porter, and the passengers along the way thought it a dead head car but Mr. J. M. Culp, traffic manager of the Southern, and J. L. Cox, of Atlanta, a soliciting freight agent for the road, who were on the train told the story of the occurrence at Atlanta, and admitted defeat for their company. The name of the woman was not given by the Southern officials. She was well dressed and distinguished looking.—Charlotte Observer.

LIKE A DROWNING MAN.

"Five years ago a disease the doctors called dyspepsia took such hold of me that I could scarcely go," writes Geo. S. Marsh, well-known attorney of Nocona, Tex. "I took quantities of pepsin and other medicines but nothing helped me. As a drowning man grabs at a straw I grabbed at Koolol. I felt an improvement at once and after a few bottles am sound and well." Koolol is the only preparation which exactly reproduces the natural digestive juices and consequently is the only one which digests any good food and cures any form of stomach trouble. S. R. Biggs.

POULTRY POINTERS.

A dark comb is an indication of a congested state of the system.

Land that dries quickly after a rain is well adapted to poultry raising.

When one does not care to raise chickens, it is better on the score of economy to keep the layers without cocks.

See that the hens are well developed and not too fat. Mate them to males also well developed, and the chicks will be all right.

When the hens are too fat, reduce them in flesh by giving them shorter rations and give more bulky and less fattening food.

Fowls appreciate good food as well as other animals, but it is unwise to limit them to one kind, be it ever so good and wholesome.

Crude petroleum thickened to a proper consistency with red or brown mineral paint is good to use on the outside of poultry houses and other farm buildings.

Bone and grit of some kind are an absolute necessity to fowls confined in small yards and unable to supply themselves with these little items always obtainable by birds at liberty.

An Indiana man wants a divorce just because his wife, who found him unconsciously drunk in a field, tied his hands and feet together and then covered him with salt, so that the cattle might lick him to death, which they came very near doing. She says she wanted the cattle to lick him to death to get even with him for licking her nearly to death while he was in a drunken rage a few days before that.—Wilmington Star.

The Tide of Progress.

Rapid Strides in Material Development in Eastern Carolina—Martin County Forging Ahead—Tobacco Culture Doing Wonders for the Farmers—Williamston Keeping up With the Onward March.

(Correspondence of The Messenger.)
Williamston, N. C., May 2.

That the tide of progress in North Carolina is tending eastward has never been more clearly demonstrated than in the material development of Martin county since 1896. Up to that date the farming element had seemingly remained ignorant of the great storehouses of wealth in the soil around them. The key to the door of this storehouse might be properly called "confidence" for 'tis proven to have been the only thing lacking; but like a strong man when aroused from sleep, they arose and in an intelligent and industrious manner began the cultivation of tobacco—the commercial value of which has made more towns than any one thing in the state.

The soil peculiarly adapted to the production of tobacco had lain in many instances neglected year after year, and there are thousands and thousands of acres in the county. Upon the soil is grown the finest tobacco North Carolina has ever produced. In the Bear Grass section, particularly, one will find a grade of the leaf taking prizes, not only in the state, but at the Paris exposition. But, perhaps, no one section may boast—all parts are fitted if properly cultivated.

It is said and clearly proven by results, that the finest wappers, produced heretofore only in Cuba, grow abundantly in this soil. This year the increase in acreage is immense and the prospects were never better for any section of North Carolina.

Our farmers are a sturdy, industrious and intelligent set and the growing of the weed is no fad with them, but a determined effort to make Martin the banner county in tobacco culture.

The cultivation of tobacco must, of necessity, bring before the minds of the people the need of an accessible and practicable market for its sale. The business men of Williamston, the chief town in the county, realizing the importance of the movement and what it had done for sister towns, formed a stock company with all necessary capital. Dennis S. Biggs, a man young in years, but full of those qualities which go to make the successful business man, with an able corps of assistants, were placed at its head. Perhaps, no other market in the state will begin so prosperously.

This company is erecting two warehouses with a floor space of 20,000 feet; two prize houses, three stories high, and a stemmy with full capacity for caring for every pound of the leaf. Buyers will find every facility for shipping in excellent order.

Judging from the acreage there will be between three and five million pounds sold on the floor.

An added impetus will be given to the market by the opening of a roadway through the lowlands of Bertie to one of its main thoroughfares, affording an excellent opportunity for the farmers of that county to bring their tobacco to the Roanoke and then bring across on the ferry to within half a mile of the warehouses. Bertie is engaging in tobacco for the first time and will, so say experts, produce a fine grade. The roadway to Williamston will materially benefit both sections, and the tobacco can be marketed in a very convenient and satisfactory manner.

Williamston is naturally situated to become an important place in the commercial world. Transportation is excellent. Daily lines of steamers directly in touch with northern markets, and the Atlantic Coast Line with its commodious and handsome depot and four daily trains, give all the outlet one may ask. Telegraphic and phone lines

are excellently managed, and no place in east Carolina is better prepared to please. To those seeking a home, there is offered healthful location, pure water and the satisfaction of knowing that they are to dwell among a people kind, energetic, hospitable to strangers. The town is growing rapidly. The Land and Improvement Company has opened new streets and sold numerous lots to those contemplating building in the near future. Handsome residences are in course of erection, and the building force is taxed to the utmost to complete contracts. There is no boom, but a steady stream of improvement set in motion by men of means and enterprise.

The merchantile business has always been profitable but never so much as now. The crops of tobacco have brought money into the pockets of the farmers and they keep it in circulation. The Martin bank has gained the confidence of the people, and its facilities for accommodating are most excellent. It will move into a handsome new building in a short while and be better equipped to serve.

One of the best weekly papers in the state is published here and its editor is an energetic promoter of all that is best for the town and county. The office is fully equipped to do as good job work as any in North Carolina.

It may be truly said that no market has a fairer prospect of success. The directors of the company have been very careful in the selection of men to manage the warehouses. Men of wide experience and energy will ultimately bring success. The tobacco will be at our very door, and the quality being known throughout the state must bring the full complement of purchasers. All things necessary for the convenience of both seller and buyer will be had and the Williamston tobacco market is even now an assured success.

THE TELLTALE THUMB.

Its Marks and Lines and Its Signal From the Brain.

A tremendous amount of nonsense has been written about thumb marks. It is claimed that the curious skin configuration on the ball of the thumb is never the same in any two people and that it never changes. The first statement is correct, and the same thing can be said of the lines on the palm and the creases on the bottom of the feet. But the assertion that the thumb marks never change throughout life is a decided exaggeration. The alteration may come from a variety of causes—anything, in fact, that destroys the outer layer of skin.

Another modifying cause is the tendency of the thumb to develop little horizontal creases as one grows old. This is especially true of mechanics and other working people who use tools, and eventually the creases will break up the lines to such an extent that it is equivalent almost to a rearrangement of the pattern. Specialists in nerve diseases by an examination of the thumb can tell if the patient is affected or likely to be affected by paralysis, as the thumb signals this long before it is visible in any other part of the body. If the danger symptoms are evidenced there, an operation is performed on what is known as the "thumb center" of the brain, and the disorder is often removed.

No matter how carefully the individual may attempt to conceal inipient insanity, the thumb will reveal it infallibly. It is the one sure test. If the patient in his daily work permits the thumb to stand at a right angle to the other fingers or to fall listless into the palm, taking no part in his writing, his handling of things, in his multifarious duties, but standing isolated and sulky, it is an unanswerable confession of mental disease.—Kansas City Independent.

McDuffie's Turpentine & Nutton Suet Lung Plaster is a certain cure for whooping cough, easy and comfortable, works while you sleep.