\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

Roanoke

VOL. XVI.

## PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1906.

NO. 46.

#### THE BREAKING PLOW.

I am the plow that turns the sod That has lain for a thousand years: Where the prairie's wind tossed flowers nod And the wolf her wild cub rears,

I come, and in my wake, like rain,
Is scattered the golden seed;
I change the leagues of lonely plain
To fruitful gardens and fields of grain
For men and their hungry breed.

I greet the earth in its rosy morn,

I am first to stir the soil, bring the glory of wheat and corn For the crowning of those who toil; I am civilization's seal and sign,

Yea, I am the mighty pen That writes the sod with a pledge divine, A promise to pay with bread and wine For the sweat of honest men.

I am the end of things that were. And the birth of things to be: coming makes the earth to stir With a new and strange decree;

**基** 

After its slumbers, deep and long, I waken the drowsy sod. And sow my furrow with lifts of song To glad the heart of the mighty throng Slow feeling the way to God.

A thousand summers the prairie rose Has gladdened the hermit bee,
A thousand winters the drifting snows
Have whitened the grassy sea;

Behind me rise—was it God who spoke? At the toil enchanted hammer's stroke. The town and the glittering spire.

give the soil to the one who does, For the joy of him and his, rouse the slumbering world that was To the diligent world that is; Oh, Seer with vision that looks away

A thousand years from now, marvelous nation your eyes survey

0.2(0.0)2(0.0)3(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.0)2(0.

B. C. A. STEPHENS

HE Market Street Ferry a scamp. Pablo laid heavy tribute on Station is to San Francisco all the parrot money. what Brooklyn Bridge is to New York, the great artery of its life tides, morning evening. Of the thousands who

foregather here, not a few must know Babilla-laughing-eyed little Babilla, who sells flowers. She has been there for a year or more, but her home was far down the coast of Central America, and the story of her coming to San Francisco is a strange one. San Jose de Gautemala is the seaport

on the west coast of the sadly misgoverned little republic of that name. San Jose likelf consists merely of a rusty iron pler, a few warehouses, the consulates, and a ramshackle railway station. There is no harbor, merely a long, straight shore-line of disintegrating sandstone, with the whole Pacific Ocean outside. Harbors are few and far between along that dreary coast.

Behind, thirty miles inland, rise the grand cones of Agua and Atitlan, the twin volcanoes of Guatemala, 12,000 feet in height, descending in a magnificent sweep to where Old Guatemala lies in ruins.

A little narrow guage railroad extends from San Jose up into the country to New Guatemala, the capital. The business of the line is chiefly to bring down coffee for shipment by steamer to Panama and San Francisco. The steamers—those of the German 'line have to anchor three-quarters of permits, take in or discharge cargo by means of lighters of from twenty to foriv tons' burden.

These craft are rigged for stepping a mast, and carry a sheaf of long oars, but are usually towed back and forth from the steamers to the pier by a small tug-the only steam vessel owned by Guatemala. Each lighter has its

. ... Junuo painted at the bows. When there are no steamers in port they lie at anchor, or tied to buoys, just offshore. Great care must be taken in securing them, for if they go adrift a refluent undercurrent of the vast, heaving restless expanse draws them away. In a few hours they disappear to seaward, and in some cases have pever been seen or heard of afterwardly The Pacific has taken them. Either they are swamped at sea in storms, or drift to the shores of distant islands or continents.

It was here at San Jose-on-the-Coast that little Babilla Mais lived and gained a divelihood by coming off to steamers to sell to the passengers green Mexican parrots with yellow heads, also frijoles and sea-shells, but chiefly

Down at La Union, on the Gulf of Fonseca, and at La Libertad the parrot girls come off in canoes. But here at San Jose the sea is too rough for canoes, and the jefe of the port allowed Babilla a nook in the stern of the lighter Amiga for her pole of parrots and her rush basket of shells and frijoles.

When a steamer came down the coast, and the Amigo had gone off to it Babilla's mellow little voice might be to fall in with it. heard raised entreatingly, and her 'small brown face be seen upturned to the high rail, her black hair bound been one of the fishing boats. back with a red fillet, as she cried:

"Loros! Loros bonitos! Habladores! Tres pesos solumente! Loritos dulces!" (Parrots! Pretty parrots! Such talk-

sweet little dearsh Then she would add; in most endearing, low accents, "Do buy a bird of

The parrots, climbing clumsily on they would bite the nose off any one else buickly enough.

Imbilia's brother, Pedrillo, caught The parrots in the forests on the mounminside, and it was a joyful day when these children could sell one for three but for Pablo Mais, their father, who not speak English fluently. was a lazy fellow with a thirst for mercal, and mercover a gambler and after a pause; and that I found was blue and yellow.

Before me curls the wavering smoke Of the Indian's smouldering fire,

Was born of the purpose that here to-day Is guiding the breaking plow! -Nixon Waterman, in Success.

On March 13, last year, Babilla bad been off all day alongside the Pacific Mail steamer City of Sydney, and had sold two parrots. The lighter did not get its cargo out until after dark. When finally it was towed back empty to its buoy, Babilla did not wish to go ashore. The Werra of the Cosmos line was looked for early the next morning.

The real reason, perhaps, was that she and Pedrillo did not wish their father to take the money from them. They wanted to buy food and clothes with it, and they had planned that if Babilla had sold more than one parrot she was to remain on the lighter until after dark, and that Pedrillo was to come off in a boat and get the money to buy the things they needed.

Not later than S o'clock that evening Pedrillo went off to the lighter and got the money from Babilla. He carried her a tortilla and some oranges for her parrots, of which she still had five left.

When he had gone Babilla fed her parrots, and settled herself comfortably on some coffee sacks in the deep lighter to pass the night. March nights are warm at San Jose, where the pole-star shows but a hand's breadth above the northern horizon. The great and farther to sea. swell of the Pacific slowly rocked the green birds,

And that was the last seen of Babilla or the lighter Amigo at San Jose de Guatemala!

What happened was something like

as 10 or 11 o'clock that night. But as at anchor, Babilla slept till 4 or 5 o'clock the next morning.

A flying-fish, falling into the lighter with a spatter of water on her face, wakened her. Opening her eyes, she saw the white-finned little creature flooping about and that seemed strange met with out at sea. Hastily she climbed up the inside cleats of the lighter and looked over the rail.

The great volcanoes looming against she first saw. San Jose, with its pier and warehouses, was already below open ocean, with two sea-gulls hovering over, their bright eyes turned inquisitively down upon her.

Babilla knew instantly what had happened; she had often heard of lighters going adrift. Terrible fear fell on her. nothing that she could do in that huge,

And that was the beginning of Baballa's voyage of nearly five days. The vagrant ocean current was bearing the lighter northward instead of the south. as was conjectured at San Jose; and take her back to San Jose on his next with a thousand sacks of coffee, then for this reason, probably, the tug failed

About noon that day Babilla saw a

Toward night the mountains focked misty and farther off. The next morning they were still in sight, but more to the southeast. The weather was ers! Only three dollars apece! Such caim; the Amigo rose and fell lazily on the great swells.

Babilla had four of the six oranges which Pedrillo had brought her. The torfilla she had caten, but her little stack of five or six round frijoles was their pole, would reach forward and still in her rush basket, and out astern take orange seeds from Babilla's small there was a bucket containing three manula, or nestle up to her cheek. But or four quarts of not very clean, fresh water, from which the lightermen had drunk the previous day. Such were Babilla's "provisions" for her voyage!

When I asked her whether she had felt very much alarmed or very lonely, Babilla turned silent, as if it were dollars-or it would have been painful to talk of it. As yet she does was soaked .- Cleveland Leader.

"I did a tiburen see!" she exclaimed,

a shark, which swam round the lighter with its back fin out of water.

Babilla thought that this shark heard her parrots screaming, for she attempted to husband her oranges giving them but one that day, with the result that they squalled constantly, and evinced so strong a disposition to fly out of the lighter that she tied each by the leg to the pole.

With the five parrots screeching inside the heaving lighter and a shark coursing round outside it, life on the Amigo was not exactly jolly.

The night following was quite uncventful, the parrots being more quiet after it grew dark, even on short rations. They began again at daybreak, however, and were but slightly appeased by an orange. When Babilla essayed to break her own fast on a frijole, they squalled frightful remonstrances, bit the pole, and tugged at their strings.

The uproar they made called down an unlooked-for response. With a whistling scream, a large, fierce-looking bird suddenly made its appearance, and alighted on the rail above Babilla's She cried out to frighten it head. away, but the big bird dashed at her parrots, and then rose with a mighty flap of its broad wings, clutching a wildly shricking parrot in the talons of each foot-the strings snapping like threads! The bird was perhaps an eagle at sea, and hungry from long fasting.

After a flight round the lighter, the eagle again settled near the bows, to tear the parrots in pieces and eat them. With a fragment of a boat pole that lay in the bottom, Babilla attacked and drove the savage bird away. But it constantly returned to alight on the rail-probably because it had no other place to go. In the end the girl was obliged to witness the progress of its gory meal off her pets.

Not until it had finished did the eagle soar away and leave her in peace. Pole in hand, she watched for its return during much of the remainder of the day.

As an evidence that parrots possess considerable intelligence, I record Babilla's statement that the three survivors afterward remained very quiet and subdued, scarcely venturing to squall.

That night the sea was rougher for several hours, with wind from the southeast. The lighter rocked and plunged violently. At daylight Babilla could barely distinguish the two volcanoes, now low in the dim blue distance. The lighter was drifting farther

One of the parrots died that forenoon. lighter, heaving it ponderously at its Babilla had fallen asleep, for during anchorage; but Babilla was used to the night the sea had been too rough Gosmos line and of the Pacific Mail the Pacific swell. She felt quite safe to sleep. When she waked, the parrot out there, and fell\_asleep as she lay was hanging head downward, by his a mile offshore, and when the weather giving little conversation lessons to her string, quite dead, having fallen off the

Toward afternoon the sea became unusually smooth, and Babilla again fell asleep. A dash of water into the lighter waked her, and she heard a moaning sound that seemed to come The Amigo slipped its cable and from the water beneath. Climbing up drifted out to sea, probably as early to the rall, she was greatly alarmed to see the back of a huge creature roll up it rose on the swells, much as when out of the sea close at band. It was larger than the lighter.

This one had no more than gone down when another rose near by, and with a soft, whistling sound sent a white jet of water high in the air. It was a whale blowing. The lighter was in the midst of a school of whales. to Babilla, for flying-fish are usually They were rising and spouting on ail sides.

One of them seemed curious, and poked the lighter with his big head rereatedly. Then it sounded, and in dothe already brightening east were what ing so hurled up torrents of water, most of which came in over the rail in one huge douche! Babilla's terror the horizon. All round her heaved the can hardly be described. But the whales did not long accompany the

lighter, and did it no injury. Early in the morning of the fifth day Babilla was asleep when the Cosmos line steamer Alene, bound from Mazatlan to San Francisco, sighted The great oars, the mast and sail, all the lighter, and coming alongside, took were beyond her strength. There was it in tow. The German sailors were astonished at finding Babilla aboard. clumsy lighter but feed her parrots and made a great deal of her and her and husband her little stack of frijoles. parrots. She had the best the ship afforded.

Six days later Babilla reached San Francisco. Naturally she wished to go home, and the captain promised to trip south,

But this was before she had been ashore. When the Alene was in port sail at a great distance. It may have Babilla went and came as she pleased, and the Sisters of a convent induced her to go home with them. She sold her "talker" parrot for twenty dollars and the other for ten; and strange to say, she entirely changed her mind about going back!

Babilla found San Francisco a very satisfactory place in which to live. Now she is saving her money to send for Pedrillo,-Youth's Companion

## Welrd Muscovite Humor.

The Russian high admiral was vexed, "Why," he asked of the naval secretary, "have you drawn on the sinking fund for these battleship expenses?" "Well," answered the official, evasvely, "I did it for divers reasons."

But the explanation dldn't go down with the admiral, and the functionary

In Greenland wemen rolul their faces

A silver solution, called collangol, has been used successfully in Germany in the treatment of appendicitis.

An Englishman in Paris named Crabbe has invented a paper waistcoat, which is designed as a protection against chills. The garment weighs only an ounce and a half, and can be folded so as to go into an ordinary envelope.

A device has been patented in Australla whereby a number of radial or curved V-sectioned vanes of blades are disposed between the hub and rim of the wheel of a cycle for the purpose of assisting the propulsion of the vehiele by means of the air currents induced by the vanes.

The Paris Journal offers prizes to makers of automobiles for (1) a field gun mounted on an automobile carriage; (2) an automobile wagon for the rapid transport of field pieces mounted on the carriage at present in use, and (3) an automobile wagon for bringing up provisions and ammunition.

Tinfoil as a wrapping material for fatty matters and other articles is being largely replaced in Germany by a kind of parchment paper coated with aluminum. The aluminum is made to adhere by spirit varnish and pressing by rollers, and the so-called aluminum paper is cheaper than tinfoil.

An inventive genius has patented a detachable fur collar for overcoats, and some local clothing manufacturers think highly of it. It fastens over the permanent collar with flaps, and when adjusted it would puzzle an expert to detect its on and off feature. The economy herein presented is obvious.

### He Was Patient.

Bishop Ellison Capers, in an address at Columbus, S. C., praised the virtue of patience.

"We may have industry," he said, "sobriety, ambition - all the virtues that make for success, and yet without patience we will accomplish nothing.

"A young man was overheard on a street corner the other wight reproaching a young girl. That young man was patient. He had so highly developed this excellent quality that I shall not be surprised some day to see him a millionaire, a college president or even a

"The young man said, as the young girl drew near him, on the corner; "'What a time you have kept me

"The girl tossed her head. "It is only 7 o'clock,' she said, 'and I didn't promise to be here till a quar-

ter of. "The young man smiled a calm and

patient smile. "'Ab, yes,' he said, 'but you have mistaken the day. I have been waiting for you since last evening." "-Cleveland Leader.

# Faith in God's Promise.

When Rome was closely invested by Hannibal's victorious army, nothing so encouraged the despondent Romans, nothing struck such terror to the hearts of the Carthaginians, as the news which was brought to Hannibal that the land upon which his camp was pitched had been sold that day in the Forum for a good price. So great a confidence had some public-spirited Roman in the ultimate triumph of

Rome. There is a similar story in the thirtysecond chapter of Jeremiah. While the army of the King of Babylon was besleging Jerusalem, Jeremiah bought the field that was in Anathoth in the laud of Benjamin, and weighed out the money, even seventeen shekels of silver. He delievered the deed of the purchase unto Baruch before all the Jews that sat in the court of the guard. For thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: Houses and fields and vineyards shall yet again be bought in this land."-Ram's Horn.

## He Understood.

He was unshaven and unclean, seedy and very shabbily dressed. He stood disconsolately on a street corner. He had had a bad day of it and was wondering where there was a corner where the nickels and dimes would flow more plentifully. As he was about to cross the street he noticed a kindly, motherly looking woman approaching Assuming a most woebegone, destitute expression he took his stand on the curb and tentatively proffered his greasy palm. She produced a nickel and said:

"Now, I want you to understand that I am giving you this not because I think you may be starving or from any foolish notions of charity, but simply because it gives me pleasure to do so. "Well, mum," he replied, "if you look at it that way, why not make it a dime and have a real jolly good time," -San Francisco Chronicle.

The Alsatian city of Maulianson not mly provides free baths for its school children, but free medical inspection and dental treatment.

# SOUTHERN . FARM . NOTES.

Beacon.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

The Onion Crop.

onions in this Piedmont country the crop is increasing in importance. There have been some wonderful yields reported, especially in Texas, in which State an acre has been made to produce \$1000 worth. This is a good climate for onions. With a little pains they can be kept well during the warm summer. The usual way to raise them is from small sets. The red and yellow varieties are generally considered best. The sets may be put out October 1 to December 1, or in open weather in February. The way to raise sets with least trouble is to select a thin piece of land that will not produce grass and weeds. Poor lands make the best sets. Plant the seed in rows about a foot apart, putting a little fertilizer or finely pulverized manure in the hill. Cultivate them several times. They will be ready to gather as soon as the tops die. Solid sets, a half inch in diameter, are best size. The intensive system of culture should be used for onions. That is, they should be planted thick and highly manured. If the rows are a foot apart and the sets twelve inches apart, 5435 may be raised on one-eighth of an acre, or a plat 60x91 feet. The potato onion is the heaviest yielder, and will make about three times as many as the sets. The best plan to get sets is to plant the seed thick under cover, and then transplant them. That plan is not practiced in the South. The onion demands nearly equal quantities of nitrogen and phosphoric acid, and twice as much potash as nitrogen. Wood ashes worked into the soil will furnish the potash and lime necessary for onions. If commercial fertilizers are used, the phosphoric acid and nitrogen should be about equal and twice the quantity of potash. For oneeighth of an acre about 200 to 250 pounds of a fertilizer that would show five per cent, each of phosphoric acid

#### potash would be about right. Lessons For Southern Farmers.

1. The South should never buy Western corn. To do so is an acknowledgement of a dismal failure to make use of the abundant bestowments of nature upon the Southern States in the way of soils and climates.

2. Too much money is expended for commercial fertilizers. This could be greatly reduced by using home-made manures and by plowing under green crops, which would add humus to the soil and benefit its physical condition.

3. The failure to produce meat enough to supply the population should be utterly condemned by every sensible man. Some of the finest grazing lands in America are in the Southern States, and the capacity of the soil to produce corn, cowpeas, peanuts and other forage and green crops suitable for fattening cattle and hoge, not to mention the indigenous grasses, renders the present practices unwise and fatal to continued prosperity among the plant-

4. The cropping system is most demoralizing, both to land-owner and laborer, destroying the habits of systematic industry in the latter, and a most effectual preventive to the carrying out of a proper rotation of crops, fertilization of the land and a judicious supervision of the land-owner. The practice of tenant farming is the frequent cause of agricultural depression. The country store becomes the creditor of master and tenant, supplying food and raiment and all other necessities at a rate of interest or profit so great as to consume all the profits which should be derived from the crops. A cash basis should be established and bring about a golden era for the cotton States, as it is now doing for the corn-growing States.-Col. J. B. Kille-

# Indigestion.

Almost every week we are called on to give remedies for fowls troubled with liver disease in some form or other.

Liver disease or, more properly direct or indirect, of improperly feed- turist. ing fowls.

It may be that the food is not whole some, or perhaps the fowls are permitted to eat decaying animal or veggiven the fowls is not of the kind that | they died. they need, and is not given at the proper time and way.

is impaired, and by degrees the system | all kinds of vegetable product for some gives way, until final breakdown, and time and they are too much. then it is that we begin to search for the cause and the cure.

they gather.

the fields, and the fowls enjoy them. get exercise, but they obtain the very with perfect safety .- Home and Farm.

kind of food that gives them health Since there are many buyers of

and vigor. Fowls that show symptoms of indigestion, that droop or decline to eat, should be driven to a shaded field or pasture and left to seek their food as best they may. A few weeks of such outdoor living will restore them to

A Need of the South.

health.-Home and Farm.

Fertilizers are more often abused than used to advantage, though Southern farmers pay out by far the larger part of the \$54,000,000 annually spent for this purpose in the United States. In spite of this tremendous drain on their resources, there is an abundance of plant food in Southern soils if properly handled to insure maximum crops for many years to come. Thus the greatest difficulty arises from the fact that our people do not fully appreciate the great fundamental truths on which agricultural progress and crop growing rest. To increase the yield of corn ten bushels in the South would be to add millions to the revenue of Southern farmers, and bring happiness and contentment into many a Southern home where it is now a difficult problem to make ends meet. What a desirable consummation this would be. and could there be a more inviting field for the employment of trained and skilful agriculturist? The chief need at the present time to bring about some of the changes which are most desirable is the return to the farm of a large number of boys who take courses in agricultural colleges that they may become leaders, indeed and in truth, to the people of their respective communities, blazing out, as it were, 'a trail that shall lead to newer and better things, and place within the reach of hundreds of farmers whose opportunities have been limited in the past that inspiring information about their profession which will change their condition from that of stolid indifference to one of optimism and unboundand ammonia and eight per cent, of ed faith in the future.-Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

Feed Lot Suggestions. The success of a young sow with her first litter has much to do with

her future value. Good clean, wholesome food will

never hurt a hog. Linseed meal is especially useful to the pregnant and suckling sows. A stunted fall pig is exceedingly

if he does live through the winter. A hog with a short nose and thick head, short legs and plenty of heart and lung room is generally a quiet and

poor property. He never gets over it

good grower. Large hog houses are, as a rule, unsatisfactory. They bring too many hogs together, increasing the liability

When the sows are all bred there is no special objection to allowing the boar to run with them and the growing pigs. With good grass, plenty of water,

shade and full feeding grain, hogs should make a rapid growth at this time. The manipulations of the meat curer will not make choice meat from an animal grown on filthy food and fed

in filthy quarters.

Distance an Item. In an article that we have just read the statement is made that it is cheaper to pay \$100 per acre for land near to a railroad station, or other shipping point, than to take land five miles away at \$10 an acre. That depends upon what you intend to do with the land. If you expect to grow oranges or bulky vegetables, such as tomatoes, potatoes, etc., then by all means locate as near your shipping station as posthe credit system destroyed. It would sible. The added cost of hauling such crops one extra mile would soon make up for any saving in first cost.

But, on the other hand, if you are going into the stock business, it does not make so much difference. Cattle can be driven on their own feet for several miles at very little cost.

Even in the stock business, a location near to transportation is to be preferred. Fat hogs, either dead or alive, are not easily transported for a speaking, indigestion, is the result, long distance.-The Florida Agricul-

Raw Pointoes For Fowls.

A Mississippi reader asks us if raw Irish potatoes will kill chickens, saying etable matter, or oftener still the food | that he gave some to his chickens and

Irish potatoes are not poison, and will not kill any fowl or animals unless By degrees the digestion of fowls it be that they had been deprived of

Man or beast can eat enough of the simplest foods to cause death, but such During the warm months fowls need cases are far beyond reason, and inbut little food other than that which stinct alone will forbid such foolish acts-except in the case of those ani-Eugs, worms and insects swarm over | mals that have not touched green food

for months. During their pursuit they not only | Raw potatoes may be thrown to fowls