THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

VOL. XVII. FARMVILLE, VA. FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1907. NO. 15

TOWN DIRECTORY.

Mayor—W. T. Ligon.
President of Council—H. E. Barrow.
Town Council—By Committees.
Finance—H. E. Wall, H. E. Barrow, W. E. Anderson.
Ordinance—H. E. Wall, Walker Scott, W. M. Davis.
Streets—W. E. Anderson, H. E. Wall, Walker Scott.
Cemetery—W. C. Fallwell, E. L. Crumbert, W. M. Duvall.
Light—W. M. Duvall, J. R. Martin, W. T. Dayne.
Sewer—J. R. Martin, W. E. Anderson, E. L. Crumbert.
Sidewalks—E. L. Crumbert, W. E. Anderson, H. E. Barrow.
Health—H. E. Wall, W. C. Fallwell, J. R. Martin.
Opera House—W. E. Anderson, E. L. Crumbert, W. T. Dayne.
Fire—W. T. Dayne, Walker Scott, J. R. Martin.
Jail—E. L. Crumbert, W. E. Anderson, H. E. Barrow.
Poor—H. E. Barrow, W. C. Fallwell, H. E. Wall.
Safety—Walker Scott, E. L. Crumbert, W. M. Duvall.
Town Clerk—Jos. E. Garland.
Town Treasurer—S. W. Paulett, Jr.
Commissioner of Revenue—F. H. C. Rice.
Town Sergeant—R. D. Miller.
Police—Leslie Fowlkes and E. D. Ellyesonds.
Chief Fire Department—H. C. Kachon.
Street Commissioner—H. C. Kachon.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Judge of Circuit Court—Hon. George J. Handy.
Clerk of County and Circuit Courts—E. J. Whitehead.
Deputy Clerk of County and Circuit Courts—Horace Adams.
Treasurer—W. H. Ewing.
Commissioner of Revenue—R. J. Carter.
Sheriff—T. H. Dickinson.
Commonwealth's Attorney—A. D. Watkins.
Coroner—Dr. J. R. Spencer.
Board of Supervisors—Farmville District, L. J. Venable; Buffalo District, R. Lee Price; Hampden District, E. L. Dupuy, (Chairman); Lockett District, W. H. Hubbard; Leigh District, A. A. Haskins.

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—ATTORNEYS AT LAW,—
FARMVILLE, VA.
Practice in Courts of Prince Edward, Cumberland, Buckingham, Nottoway and Amelia, and United States Court at Richmond.
Special attention paid to cases in bankruptcy.

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Green Bay, Prince Edward County, Va.
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IN A MEXICAN GARDEN

By RUTH RAEBURN

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The bright sunshine streaming into her bedroom by the open French window wakened Cecilia, or, as her father loved to call her in the graceful language of his adopted country, "my pretty one."

Evidently her thoughts were pleasant, for she got up with a smile on her lips and stood for a few moments looking out on the view before beginning to dress. It was just six o'clock and the mist still hung in the valley, and already the garden was a blaze of light. The scent of the roses, the orange and lemon blossom, the moist earth and the myriad growing things filled the air with a delicious fragrance. One breathed life and happiness on such a morning, and love for all that lives in this glorious, beautiful world. Besides, was not her old friend and playfellow, Philip King, coming home after being away for seven years in the States, learning to be a doctor?

Cecilia was an only child. Her mother died when the poor little mite was only three days old, and her father never married again, but gave his small daughter into the keeping of a kind-hearted Mexican woman, who had from that moment spoiled her charge with the utmost fidelity, and now, at the age of 19 years, the tall, handsome girl was still old Concha's favorite.

The two families were near neighbors, and had been fast friends from the beginning, so it was no wonder that she and Philip should be constantly together, running about and playing at hide and seek in the woods round the ranch, and when they were older cantering over the pasture lands on their sure-footed Mexican ponies—and no wonder either as time went on, that the folks should nod their heads and smile knowingly as they watched the pair, a pretty little girl of 12 and a handsome lad of 15. In their imagination these good people already heard the bells ring for the betrothal.

Not much time was wasted over the toilet this morning. There was a great deal to be done before eight o'clock breakfast. First, the asparagus had to be cut, while the sun was still low in the sky, for later on when he had attained his full strength it was insufferably hot in the garden, and only the dark-skinned natives might work there with impunity. Then she would pick some ripe, juicy peaches for dessert. Her father loved asparagus and peaches, and so did Philip, if her memory did not deceive her—but seven years is a long time and tastes may change.

"Who knows if he is still fond of peaches?" and—she looked in the glass and smiled at her own reflection—"I think I can answer for peaches." Her thoughts ran on questioning and replying to themselves, "but as to asparagus and, and—other things—who knows?"

On a chair by her bedside Guadalupe, her maid, had placed a clean muslin frock, starched and white as snow. She fingered it lovingly, for she was going to put it on after her work was done. In the meantime a blue cotton, more than ready for the washtub, would do very well, and, having reached this stage in her proceedings, she did not stop to twist up her hair, but merely braiding it in two thick plaits, Mexican fashion, seized her sombrero and ran downstairs. At the kitchen door Concha was waiting with a basket and long knife with teeth like a saw at one end; this was used to cut the asparagus.

The dew drops on the feathery branches of the asparagus vines sparkled like diamonds in the sunshine and fell on her in showers as she brushed them aside to look for the white heads appearing above ground at their roots. By the time she had cut sufficient for a generous dish an hour had already gone by and she was very warm and decidedly muddy—but what did that matter? There was soap and water in the house, and a pretty clean white dress in her room waiting to be put on. The peaches could be picked in a few minutes, and then her morning's work would be done.

How beautiful it was that morning! From her perch among the peaches she gazed fascinated on the scene before her. Orizaba, glory of mountains, with its snow-capped peak, seemed but a step from the garden, but in reality one would have to travel more than 40 miles to reach the foot of it. On all sides were the hills as far as the eye could see, and right in front, only about a mile away, nestled the little town with its whitewashed houses and brown tiled roofs, half buried in trees.

Absorbed in the view she did not see a horseman who was maneuvering his way in and out the winding pathway which led to her father's ranch, and so it happened that Philip King was almost upon her before she was aware of it. When she did at last catch sight of him it was too late to fly to the house. The color leaped to her face in a crimson flood, and her knees trembled beneath her, with agitation, disappointment at the sudden collapse of all her plans and humiliation at the miserable figure she cut. She clutched her hair, which had long since freed itself from the plaits, and nervously, with shaking fingers, tried to twist it up and hide it inside her sombrero, but she had no hairpins, so it only fell down again in even greater disorder than before.

The young man had by this time reached the garden, and there was only the rose bush between them—then for the first time he saw her, and had he been a wise young man he would have become suddenly blind, discovered something of great interest in another direction and quickly walked away.

As it was he was not wise and had little experience in the ways of women and besides was very glad indeed to see his little playmate again, so he started forward with both hands outstretched to greet her.

"Cecilia," he cried, expecting she would run to him as in days gone by, but she drew back and gave him her hand very formally with stiff words of welcome which sounded unreal on her lips.

After they had both made a few commonplace remarks, a long and uncomfortable silence followed. The key to the situation appeared to be missing, and Philip at any rate was at a loss to understand what was the matter. This was indeed Cecilia, looking too much the same as on the day he left, only a great deal taller, and yet there was a difference, and a very great one. He couldn't disguise from himself that he was bitterly disap-

SHE GOT UP WITH A SMILE.

pointed, it was so unlike what he had expected and pictured to himself. Ye he hardly knew after all what he had expected. He had no claim on her, was not even any relation, and seven years is a long time—a girl makes oth friends. She would not meet hi look as in the old days, but kept he eyes fixed on the ground. He couldn' remember just what color they were, and wondered how it was that such important point had never inter ested him before. He could see, in fact, that the eyes were fringed wit long, dark lashes, and the outline o the face, which was so carefully turned from him, was perfect; her figure wa tall and straight, her head erect an nobly crowned with masses of dar shining hair, which fell below he waist. She was decidedly the mos beautiful girl he had ever seen—an for a moment he realized this fact, a per fect fury of jealousy took possessio of him. He understood everything now—it was clear as daylight—Cecili had a lover and did not want hi friendship any more!

At last the girl broke the silence "My father will be so pleased to se you," she said, "but if you will excus me now I will just finish cutting som roses and be with you presently."

She began to cut roses feverishly, not seeing or caring where she stepped in the thorny branches laid hold o her long loose hair and held her fast almost as though they knew what the were about, and determined to make her prisoner.

In her struggles she stepped at last on a loose mound of earth which gave way suddenly beneath her, and in a moment myriads of tiny brown insects, each carrying a precious egg almost as large as itself, were swarming about her feet and ankles.

She had stumbled into an ant's nest!

The young man was just disappearing into the house, but at the first cry he turned and with two or three bounds, which would have done credit to an active kangaroo, was by her side and had taken in the situation. It is to his everlasting credit that he did not laugh, but treated the affair with the seriousness it deserved. Fortunately he carried his "machete" with him, that useful if rather dangerous knife without which a Mexican seldom rides abroad—and with a few strokes of the sharp blade he freed the girl from the prickly branches, when she fled hastily into the middle of the path and commenced to stamp and shake her skirts vigorously long after every insect had taken himself off in a greater fright than her own.

Then the branches which still clung to her hair had to be disentangled, oh, so gently! Such glorious hair, too, the touch of it thrilled him. Then she looked up and their eyes met, and suddenly the disappointment and misery which had seemed so real a few minutes ago all melted away and they knew.

"Oh, Phil, I am so thankful you came," was all she said, but she gave a happy little laugh and tried to hide from his gaze by shaking her mane about her blushing face, but he took her hand and drew her to him.

"Do you know I have had such a terrible fright," he said. "I thought—oh, you can't think how wretched it made me—that some one had stolen you from me; but it isn't true, Cecilia, tell me it isn't true."

"And I thought," she answered, evading his question, "that the girls in New York—"

"There are no girls in New York," the young man gravely interrupted her. "There is only one girl in the whole world, and she is right here—in my arms!"

A neat appearance counts for a great deal. Don't let a dirty collar lose you a position or business.

Why Suffer from Rheumatism?

Do you know that rheumatic pains can be relieved? If you doubt this just try one application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It may not give you relief from pain but will make rest and sleep possible, and that certainly means a great deal to any one afflicted with rheumatism. For sale by The Winston Drug Co.

Nearly every person who is subject to attacks from the stomach suffers from a morbid dread of a dietetic treatment for relief, that is three-fourths starvation, and one-fourth toast and milk. On the other hand you can eat as you please and digest the food by the aid of a good digestant, thus giving the tired stomach equally as much rest. Eat what you please and take a little Kodol For Indigestion after your meals. It digests what you eat. Sold by all druggists.

Why Colds are Dangerous.

If you would be immune from disease, keep the system healthy. Each successive cold weakens the constitution and renders infectious diseases more liable. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will cure your cold promptly and restore the system to its normal condition. For sale by The Winston Drug Co.

TWO KINDS OF POULTRYMEN

The One Is Careless as to Details While the Other Is Painstaking.

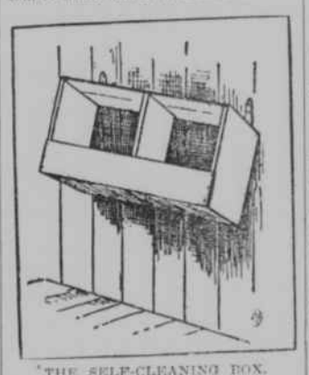
The most important idea to be impressed on those who are interested in making a success of keeping poultry, is thorough attention to small details. If you fail to do the little things you are pretty sure to fail. First, be your flock small or large, let them be thoroughbreds, bought either in the form of eggs or fowls, from some one on whom you can depend. This insures you a strong foundation and gives you an attractive flock. Second, plan your houses intelligently and supply the birds at all times with the very best conditions. Here, declares the Ohio Farmer, is where you beat the careless fellow who is all right as long as the sun shines, but a rainy damp, cold day will come and then it finds his chickens—where? Out in the rain with wet, bedraggled plumage, looking all forlorn, trying to keep warm alongside a wire fence or in some dark, unhealthy corner. Where does it find the careful man's? In the scratch pen, sheltered from wind, rain and dampness, busy all day long hunting for the grain that is thrown in litter. The hens of the careless man want something to help egg production and they go plodding around over muddy ground hunting for it and they find little and must seek some sort of shelter to mope around and do nothing. But the careful man's birds are enjoying inexpensive necessities such as grit, oyster shell, charcoal, etc. Water is cheap and easily supplied, but the careless man lets his hens hunt for it and get some stagnant water that will do them harm. The careful man has made a water fount and he has only to watch their enjoyment of this to realize its value.

And now they want to find a place to lay. The careless man lets them find any old place and has to search for what few eggs he gets. The careful man has clean nests, with china nest eggs literally coaxing biddy to come and tarry awhile. The day is over and night is at hand, and where shall biddy go to roost? On a dripping old apple tree, an old wagon or hinder, the edge of the horse stall, perhaps on a buggy top or seat, only to cause unsightliness and "cussing." But if you are the "careful man," the feathered lady roosts on a clean 2x3 scantling, underneath which there is a freshly-limed dropping board, in a well-ventilated pen, warm in winter, no cracks in the siding to let in cold drafts which will cause sore throat and roup, and a house that is cool in summer. I think I hear some say: "Oh, I have tried and they will not do any good for me." But before you give up try the careful way and I will guarantee that you will say that nothing can surpass, in profit and pleasure, your investment in a flock of carefully looked-after, thoroughbred fowls.

SELF-CLEANING NEST BOX.

Utilization of Orange Boxes for Sanitary Equipment of Hen House.

An excellent pair of nests is made from an orange box from which both top and bottom have been removed. Place the box on its side and nail a strip of the removed wood upon bottom to make the front as shown. Then



THE SELF-CLEANING BOX.

hinge the box to the wall by the top, as indicated in the cut. The box will rest firmly against the wall and can be provided with nesting material. When this is soiled and broken the box can be raised to the position shown in the cut, when all the material in the nests will fall to the floor, leaving the box clean. It is almost impossible, says the Orange Judd Farmer, to clean out the corners of a nest box that is nailed in place, and in the dirt that fills the corners vermin are sure to multiply. An orange box makes two handy nests, with almost no work, and hinged in this way makes cleaning easy.

For Young Chicks.

When young chicks lose their appetite, act droopy and have disease of the bowels, give them rice boiled in milk. As soon as they begin to eat as if they relished the food, feed for several days on the following ration: Boil a pint of milk and an egg together, then add cornmeal and white flour to thicken it like mush. It is a strengthening food and will usually bring them out all right.

Don't Overcrowd.

During hot summer days do not overcrowd little chicks. Move and clean coops frequently. A liberal whitewashing, with carbolic acid added, will help keeps chicks healthy and kill lice and mites.

Green Food for Hens.

While a hen can live without green food, she is better with it. Whatever benefits her health and adds to her comfort increases her usefulness.

Doan's Regulets cure constipation, tone the stomach, stimulate the liver, promote digestion and appetite and easy passages of the bowels. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents a box.

Special Announcement Regarding the National Pure Food and Drug Law.

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults. The Winston Drug Co.

WOMEN'S WORK.

Mrs. Mary S. Cobb, of Northampton, Mass., has presented Smith college with her magnificent estate in the suburbs of her city.

Miss Owen, of Warwich, England, who is 92 years old, has been teaching Sunday-school for 82 years.

Helen Gould will pay for the education of Leroy Irvine Dixon, the nine-year-old Denver boy who saved the Rio Grande train from running into a rock slide last October.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Wheaton, affectionately styled the "mother of Wheaton female seminary," has just died at Norton, Mass., at the age of 96. Nearly all of her large estate will become the property of the seminary. It is said to be valued at several hundred thousand dollars.

Miss Myrtle B. Parke, who has been called to the pastorate of the Christian church at Ramsey, Ill., is noted as an evangelist and is a student of Eureka college, where she fitted herself for the ministry. She formerly occupied the pulpit to which again she has been called, but resigned in order to enter college. Miss Parke's home is at Staunton, Ill. She is but 18 years of age and is thought by her instructors and church associates to have before her a successful future.

Miss Caroline Hazard, who has completed her fifth year as president of Wellesley college, Massachusetts, has demonstrated the fact that a college president need not necessarily be a college graduate. Although she did not attend a women's college, she pursued with a private tutor a course of study equal to that at Brown university, Providence, R. I. Miss Hazard is a woman of remarkably broad culture and has shown during her leadership a comprehensive grasp of the needs of her college and an intelligent sympathy with the aims and ideas of her coworkers.

THE KING'S CORNER.

The king of the Cocos islands, near Sumatra, rules over the smallest province in the world.

The emperor of Germany takes his meals with his whole family, the children being allowed at the table from the time they are old enough to sit in a highchair.

King Edward's father used to be referred to as "Albert the Good. A certain French writer declares that the present sovereign should be referred to as "Edward the Shrewd."

The young king of Spain comes of a long line of royal ancestors, including such rulers as Charles V, Philip XIV, Empress Maria Theresa, and the inevitable Mary queen of Scots, from whom many royal families of Europe are descended. He is now 19 years old.

King Edward wanted to see the biggest diamond on earth after it had been taken from South Africa to London. He asked that it be brought to his private apartments in Buckingham palace by a court official, but the custodian of the gem respectfully refused to allow it out of his sight. The king was much amused at this, and rallied his entourage on the suspicion evidently entertained as to their honesty. The bank having custody of the diamond finally agreed to its absence for one hour, charging $625 as a premium on a special policy of $2,500,0000 insurance, the custodian accompanying the precious lump.

MERE MAN.

E. H. Sothern, the actor, is soon to issue a book of poems.

M. Sebillot has succeeded M. Deniker as president of the Anthropological society of Paris.

Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist and poet, will write no more, it is said, although his mental and physical condition is practically perfect.

M. Jean Richepin, author of "Du Barry," was born in Medeah, Algeria, in 1849, and has, in his time, been a circus clown, sailor and a miner.

Dr. Pollock, president of the Georgia university, has given his fine library to that institution. It is the result of 25 years of strenuous collecting.

Theodore Hansen, first secretary of the Russian embassy at Washington, D. C., is an accomplished pianist and frequently gives concerts for charity's sake.

George Leyron, a well-educated Parisian, earns a comfortable livelihood by figuring as the fourteenth guest at dinner parties, to help superstitious 13 people out.

The late Guy Boothby, who wrote many novels, called himself a mechanical author. He composed through a phonograph and rarely used pen, pencil or typewriter.

ODD FACTS AND FINDINGS.

Norway is more correctly Nores, meaning "North Isle." It is commonly spoken of by the natives as the "North Kingdom."

"Shagreen," now applied to sharkskin goods, came originally from the Persian word "Saghri," which means the back of a beast of burden.

Although the population of New York is fewer by a good million than that of London, the number of deaths last year in the two cities was practically the same.

Bloodhounds are not naturally cruel. Their mission is to track a fugitive, not injure. Those whom they follow are rarely, if ever, torn or injured by the pursuing hounds.

An array of statistics has been published to prove the danger of horse traction on our highways. The returns are brought down to the end of the year 1904, the whole period covered being two years and four months, for which period the figures are: 9,567 accidents; 6,935 persons injured; persons killed, 939, or more than one death per day.

How to Avoid Appendicitis.

Most victims of appendicitis are those who are habitually constipated. Orino Laxative Syrup cures chronic constipation by stimulating the bowels and restores the natural action of the bowels. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate or gripe and is mild and pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes. The Winston Drug Co.

The Price of Peace.

The terrible itching and smarting, incident to certain skin diseases, is almost instantly allayed by Chamberlain's Salve. Price, 25 cents. For sale by The Winston Drug Co.

Kidnaped the Wrong Person

"Well," resumed the man from Missouri, thus encouraged, "according to the way they tell it up at Sitka, there were two Eskimo villages somewhere above the circle, but not very far apart, and for some reason or other that doesn't figure in the tale, these two villages were not on speaking terms with each other. In fact, there was a sort of 'n east Kentucky feud on between them, and whenever a man from one village met a man from the other there was some kind of trouble between them. I don't know whether it was a battle with snowballs or a blubber-eating contest, but anyhow it nearly always ended fatally for sometody, maybe an innocent bystander. Well, in one of these villages there was a beauteous maiden. Now, gentlemen, you understand I am simply repeating what they told me up there, and they didn't crack a smile when they said it. There was a beauteous maiden in one, and in the other there was a young man who could outrun, outspear or lick any other man in that section of the ice box, according to claims of his fellow-citizens, and, of course, they set great store by him. This here mighty man of valor was scootin' around one day, when he happened to meet the beauteous maiden aforesaid, who had inadvertently strayed from her parents' Christmas castle. The result was the same as usual. The Eskimo man was smitten sore and the Eskimo maid was clean gone on him before the aurora borealis could give warning. Well, the young feller made all kinds of overtures to the girl's pa; offered him walrus tusks and husky dogs, and the Lord only knows what else, for the young woman, but the old man laughed him to scorn. Then the youngster played what he thought was a winning card—rolled in a barrel of Standard oil, enough to feed the family all winter, and offered to swap even. This staggered the stern parent and he came pretty near makin' a deal, but the neighbors butted in about that time and the whole party chased the lover out of the city limits. He went back home, swearin', by jiggers, he'd have that maiden if he got his feet wet in the attempt, and that, they say, is a terrible oath for an Eskimo.

"Well, after considerable figgerin' and nosin' around he decided the only way to get her was to sneak in at night, or when they was all asleep, and carry her off by force. Now, according to what they told me up there, these Eskimos don't sleep in feather beds like civilized people, but they crawl into bags, pull the draw string tight over their heads and snooze until the alarm clock rings. Young Lochnivar he puts out from town along about ten o'clock in the evening, accordin' to our reckonin', and, after trampin' miles over the ice, climbin' a mounain, slidin' down a glacier and crossin' a great chasm on a log, he reaches the land of the foe and the home of the girl. He bribes the night watchman with a bottle of hair oil and then slips into the snow palace of the obdurate sire. Of course, the whole family was sleepin' in the reception hall. That's a way the Eskimos have, they told me up there. They say it's warmer and more sociable. But when they're all sleepin' in sacks and the 'lumination is poor this congregatin' together adds to the difficulties of making a selection. But Lochnivar didn't hesitate. Could his heart be mistaken about which sack contained his beloved? Gosh! No. He picked up the likeliest bundle, threw it over his shoulder and hiked for the suburbs. It was a pretty hefty package and there was evidently some objections from the inside of it, but our hero toted steadily homeward. It was a risky job to skin across that chasm on a slippery log with such a load, but he did it, and he climbed the glacier and he scaled the mountains. 'Long about gettin' up time he staggered into his own village and up to his own hut, tired out, but safe and victorious. Now, by jiggers, the beauteous maiden was in his possession. Now he would feast his eyes upon her shining countenance. Now for one long, fond embrace. Trembling with impatience, he tore open the sack.

"Gentlemen," said the Missourian, as he paused to relight his cigar, "if what they told me up there is true, the shock must have been terrible."

"Well, don't keep us in suspense," exclaimed the red-headed man, "what was in the sack?"

The Missourian blew three smoke rings and then calmly replied:

"His heart was mistaken. It was the old man he had carried off."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Thrifty French Peasant.

Nothing else has so impressed John D. Rockefeller during his stay in France as the thrift and industry of the people. "There is no waste," he says with admiration, "in farm or field; there is no waste in the kitchen." Mr. Rockefeller put his finger at once upon a source of France's strength. Kings have gone and come, empires crashed in the dust, fashions in republics changed, but the French peasant has gone on steadfastly tilling the soil with a passionate love of production. The revolution made him a land owner and no shift of governments or change of industrial conditions has weaned him away from the land.

Arms and the Man.

Ethel—Charlie doesn't say much, but I think he has something up his sleeve.

Maud—Think! He must be a pretty poor lover if he hasn't made you fully aware of the fact.—Boston Transcript.

An Insidious Danger.

One of the worst features of kidney trouble is that it is an insidious disease and before the victim realizes his danger he may have a fatal malady. Take Foley's Kidney Cure at the first sign of trouble as it corrects irregularities and prevents Bright's disease and diabetes. The Winston Drug Co.

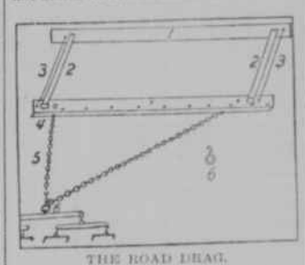
You will not find beauty in rouge pot or complexion whitewash. True beauty comes to them only that take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It is a wonderful tonic and beautifier. 35 cents Tea or Tablets. The Winston Drug Co.

ROAD AND FARM IMPROVEMENT

MAKING OF GOOD ROADS.

Methods Applied Successfully by a Road Supervisor of State of Nebraska.

I have been road supervisor in this locality and have used the King method of improving our bottom roads, writes a Nebraska correspondent of the Rural New Yorker. As the road drag does not give satisfaction on level roads, so as to give a good drain from center to ditch. Remove all rocks and roots possible, and see that water does not stand in ditches more than is necessary, on account of not being able to drain them. After every rain, as soon as ground is crumbly, hitch up to a drag, stand it so as to work dirt toward center of road, and you will soon see a difference in the roads; they will not get as muddy, or be cut up as badly as before.



THE ROAD DRAG.

As to the construction of drag, which must be made of good strong material, it requires two planks 3x6, six feet long, marked 1 in diagram; two pieces of 4x4, three feet long, 2; two iron rods with bur, 3; one steel plate three inches wide, sharpened and bolted on front plank slanting slightly forward, 4, one heavy long chain, straight link, 5, ten feet long, and bolted on front plank; one adjustable ring on chain to fasten doubletree, 6. Always hitch four horses to drag if you wish to do good work. Nail boards across drag on 4x4 so a common farm wagon seat can be fastened on for the drivers to ride, or if the drivers prefer to walk place some other weight on drag. If drag should slide toward ditch adjust link on chain, so as to run more level, and if it does not deliver dirt to center slant it until it does.

MARKETING MUSK MELONS.

How One Producer Disposed of His Crop at a Gratifying Profit.

Before beginning to ship we made arrangements with a commission firm to handle our whole crop, says an Illinois gardener. We told them about how many baskets we expected to have and how we would grade and mark them. This arrangement proved much more satisfactory than shipping to half a dozen or more firms, as had been our previous custom.

My experience the past season confirms the belief that the way to make money out of melon growing is to build up a reputation for shipping good goods and have your own brand or trade mark. We made 18 shipments to our commission man and had goods in every shipment that sold at the highest price. This result was secured by holding up the quality. As the season progressed we culled closer and closer. This naturally gave us a smaller proportion of fancy and No. 1 melons, but we had the satisfaction of getting the top price from first to last for our best goods—that bore our trade mark.

A month after the melon season was over the salesman who had charge of selling our fruit said it was a pleasure to handle such goods. It hurt the customers at first to pay more than they could get other melons for, but after they once got started they almost fought to get our fruit before it was gone and it attracted the attention of salesmen of other houses who could not get such prices as we got for your melons. The crates containing our fancy melons were ordered ahead and the salesman often had to cut down all the orders so as to divide up the goods and let each customer have some. He said he will have no trouble next year selling all the fancy and No. 1 stock we can raise, as the buyers had a good enough sample this year to remember the brand.

FARM PICKINGS.

Green grass as a mulch rots too quickly.

In harvest time a scythe in the hand is worth two in a tree.

Try to keep seed out of the ground until it has been made fit.

Mow the weeds by the highway and scatter blue grass seed.

Young man, wash the buggy before the mud dries.—Farm Journal.

Weeds on the highway deteriorate from the appearance of the farm.

The home of the farmer should be as attractive as the home of the citizen.

To a hungry man the distance from the back field to the dinner table is long.

It is evident that sheep are becoming more popular on many farms. We wish we had a few right now to eat the grass and weeds in fence corners.

The work of plant lice on pea vines is sometimes mistaken for blight. Whale oil soap solution will kill the lice if you can spray it all over the vines.

Mothers who give their children Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup invariably indorse it. Children like it because the taste is so pleasant. Contains Honey and Tar. It is the Original Laxative Cough Syrup and is unrivaled for the relief of croup. Drives the cold out through the bowels. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drug Law. Sold by all druggists.

Disturbed the Congregation.

The person who disturbed the congregation last Sunday by continually coughing is requested to buy a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar. The Winston Drug Co.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a Safe Medicine for Children.

In buying a cough medicine for children, never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it, and relief is always sure to follow. It is intended especialy for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and there is no better medicine in the world for these diseases. It is not only a certain cure for croup, but, when given as soon as the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. Whooping cough is not dangerous when this remedy is given as directed. It contains no opium or other harmful drugs, and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by The Winston Drug Co.

When the cold winds dry and crack the skin a box of salve can save much discomfort. In buying salve look for the name on the box to avoid any imitations, and be sure you get the original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by all druggists.

Clear up the complexion, cleanse the liver and tone the system. You can best do this by a dose or two of DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Safe, reliable little pills with a reputation. The pills that everyone knows. Recommended by all druggists.

There's nothing so good for a sore throat as Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Cures it in a few hours. Relieves any pain in any part.

Food don't digest? Because the stomach lacks some one of the essential digestants or the digestive juices are not properly balanced. Then, too, it is this undigested food that causes sourness and painful indigestion. Kodol For Indigestion should be used for relief. Kodol is a solution of vegetable acids. It digests what you eat, and corrects the deficiencies of the digestion. Kodol conforms to the National Pure Food and Drug Law. Sold here by all druggists.

Three little babes were nestled in bed,
"I'll name William, Willie and Bill,"
mother said;
Wide was her smile, for triplets they be,
She lays her good luck to Rocky Mountain Tea. (Great baby medicine.)
—The Winston Drug Co.

"They like the taste as well as maple sugar" is what one mother wrote of Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup This modern cough syrup is absolutely free from any opiate or narcotic. Contains Honey and Tar. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drug Law. Sold by all druggists.

Reckoned Up.

"How long is it going to take to get through this case?" asked the man who was under remand for housebreaking.

"Well," replied the young lawyer, thoughtfully, "it'll take me about two weeks to get through with it, but I'm afraid it's going to take you about five years."—Cassell's Journal.

Of Course.

He spends his money in riotous living—
He's a spendthrift.
I'm constantly "loaning" to him (i. e., giving)
Ain't I a lendthrift?
—Cleveland Leader.

ANNUAL GREEN GOODS STORY.

NOT A TEACHER.

He—I never kissed a girl before.

She—Then don't start in on me. I'm running no training school.—Chicago Journal.

How Could She Know?

"What are you making, dear?" he asked,
"An angel cake or bun?"
"How can I tell you," she replied,
"Until I get it done?"
And how could she?
—Houston Post.

Thrift.

Suspicious Wife—What did you want to buy such eggs as these for? I don't like the look of them.

Mr. Pneer—I got the best bargain in those eggs I've had this winter. They cost the firm 20 cents a dozen and I bought 'em for less than half that.—Chicago Tribune.

Emphatic.

Tom—Why shouldn't I feel blue? She has refused me.

Dick—Don't be discouraged. A woman's "No" often means "Yes."

Tom—A woman's "No" might, but she said "Nit."—Philadelphia Press.